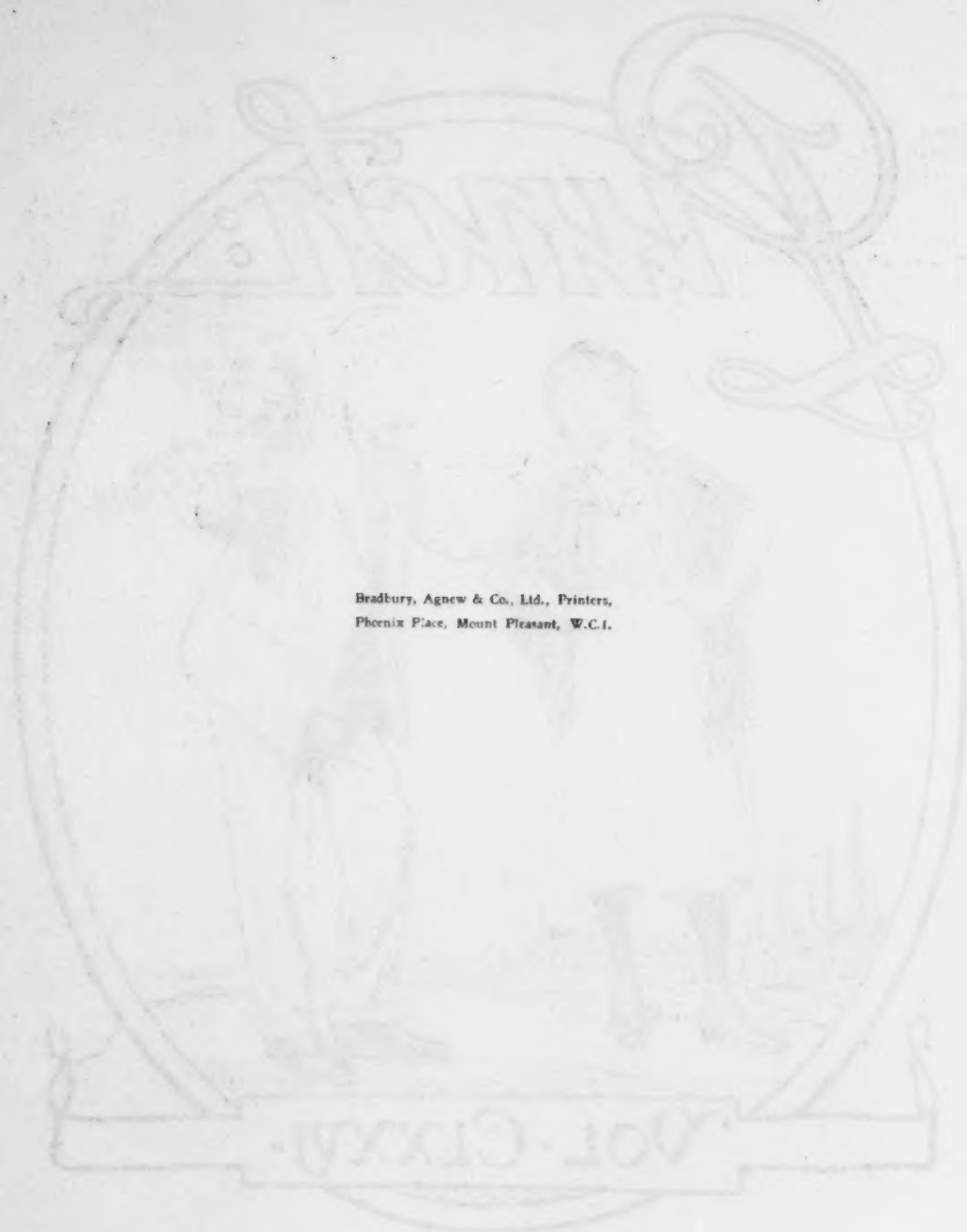




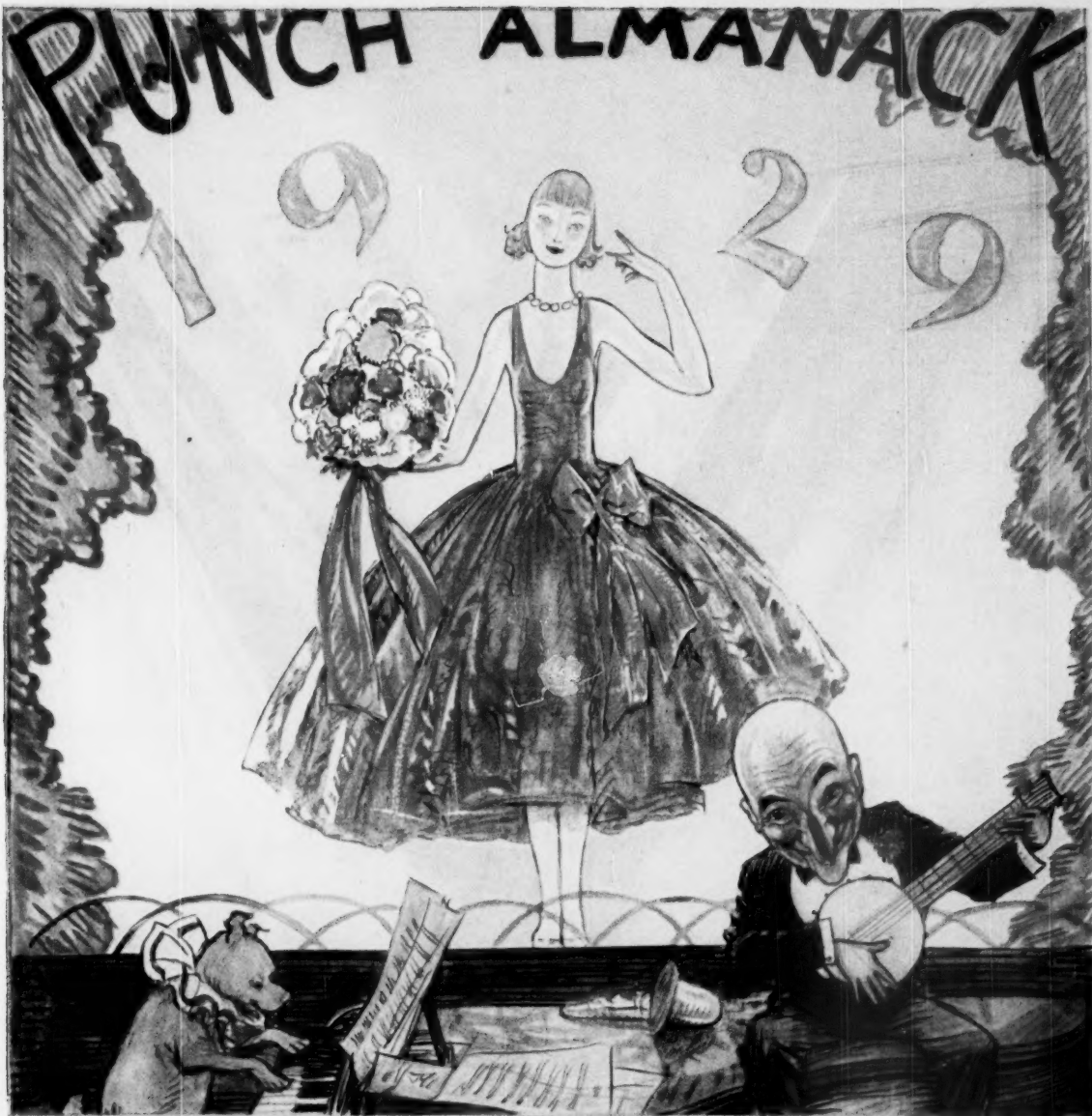
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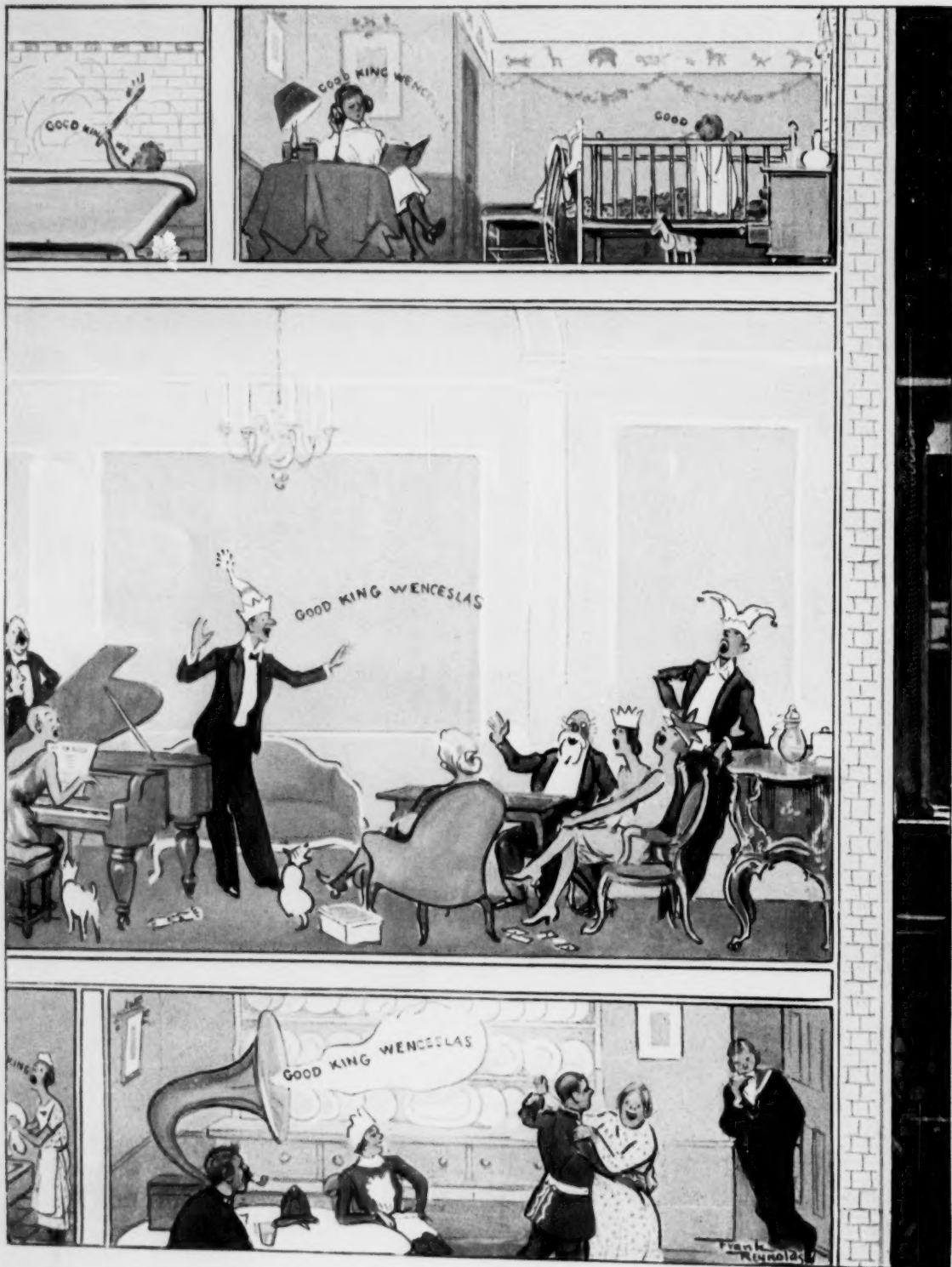


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January	February	March	April	May	June
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WHAT OUR CAROL-SINGERS—



-HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE INVITATION TO THE DANCE.



IN THE DAYS OF THE MINUET—



THE QUADRILLE—



THE WALTZ—



AND THE FOX-TROT.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



"HULLO, SMITH, DOING YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING RATHER LATE, AREN'T YOU?"
"No, I'M NOT. THESE ARE FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS."



Butler. "THE POST, M' LADY."
Old Lady. "AH, CHRISTMAS-CARDS, I SUPPOSE, JENKINS. WELL, JUST EXAMINE THEM, WILL YOU? AND IF YOU CONSIDER ANY OF THEM ARE TOO FAMILIAR, JUST DESTROY THEM, JENKINS."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

ABOUT THE BANANA.



IF



BANANAS



WERE



CULTIVATED



IN



THIS



MANNER



AND



IF



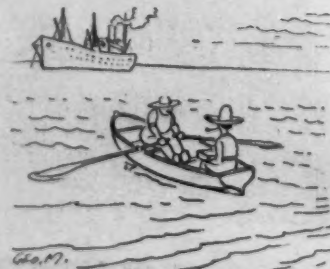
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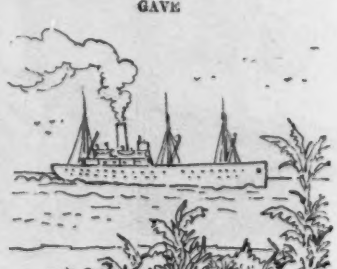
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ALL



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TRUBLE

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

ABOUT THE BANANA.



THEY



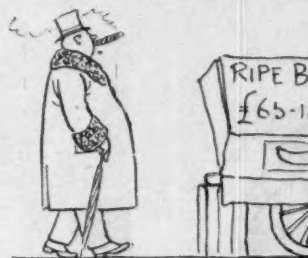
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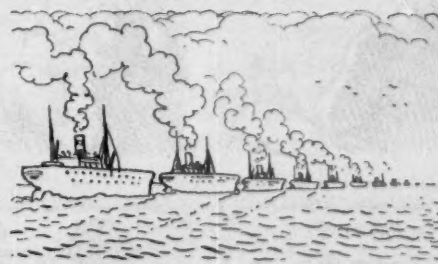
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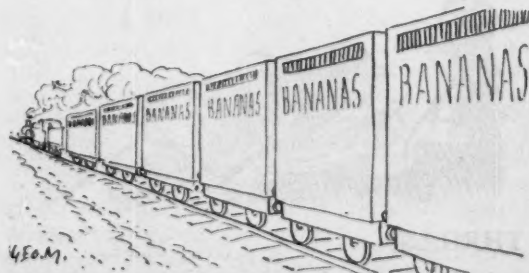
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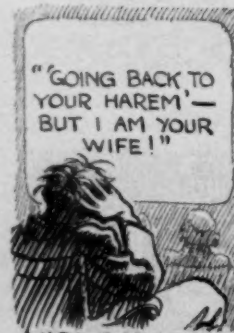
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DONE



DIFFERENTLY.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



J. H. DOWD-28

BROKEN THRILLS.

WHAT OUR FILM-FAN HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Wife (helpfully). "JOHN, DEAR, HERE ARE THE BULLET THINGS YOU FORGOT TO PUT IN."

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

OWING to the anti-noise campaign it is rumoured that this year's crackers are to be fitted with silencers.

In connection with this same movement there is some talk in Scotland of introducing a new type of saxpence that won't go bang.

The coming vogue with smart children is actually to play with the toys they get instead of allowing father to monopolise them.

It is useful to know that, if there is any difficulty about setting the plum-pudding alight with brandy, petrol is an effective substitute.

This is the time of year when pantomime jokes stir uneasily in their sleep.

Now that a girl has married her mother's fourth ex-husband we ought to get something fresh in the way of a mother-in-law joke.

If MUSTAPHA KEMAL decides to adopt the calendar of Western Europe for Turkey, it is anticipated that he will engage Scottish experts to assist in bringing in the first New Year.

The experiment of importing reindeer into Switzerland is said to have been a failure. They are now believed to be unable to stand the yodelling—a form of music which is also uncongenial to Santa Claus.

Historians agree that the legend of *Good King Wenceslas* is a myth. Carol-singers don't care.

The authorities say that the exhibition of policemen in the Harlequinade deters recruiting. But surely men who are old enough to join the police are also old enough to know that it isn't a real red-hot poker.

You can sell nearly anything in the shape of a Christmas-card excepting one that's got the year printed on it.

When giving one of those small cars as a Christmas-present to a girl, it is just as well to remember that an artificial silk stocking will hardly hold it without "laddering."

Old customs are dying out, but in literary circles that of rolling the Yule log is still observed.

The age of a goose may be determined by the colour of its feet. These, however, are usually removed in the kitchen.

When it is night in England it is day in Australia. In our comfortable beds let us think of the Test Match spectators trying to sleep on hard seats.

In Georgia, U.S.A., there is a girl's Rugby club. So far, however, they have not been invited to send a team over here for the Christmas sales.

Very large fountain-pens are going to be popular as Christmas presents. Of course one can always use the overlapping grip.

Various ingenious contrivances for concealing the loud-speaker are advertised, but our experience is that somebody always finds it.

Just about fifty years ago, we are reminded, the first typewriter that would write faster than a pen was put on the market. The machine that writes faster than thought is of course a recent development.

It is said that ghosts are so booked up this year that the only way to make sure of one is to fix an appointment through Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

A dog-breeder says that very few Alsations are fond of music. Carol-singers, please note.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



IN VIEW OF THE UNDIMMED POPULARITY OF DANCING—



THE EMPLOYMENT OF EXHIBITION DANCERS—



(WHOSE EXPERT DEMONSTRATIONS—



FULL OF RHYTHMIC NUANCES—



POISE—

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.



FLAMBOYANT FLOURISHES—



VIBRANT VITALITY—



AND DARE-DEVIL ABANDON—



ARE SO ACCEPTABLE A FEATURE AT MOST DANCE-CLUBS)—



CANNOT FAIL TO RAISE APPRECIABLY THE GENERAL LEVEL OF AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE FINISHES OF THE FAMOUS.



A POLITICIAN.



A NOVELIST.



AN ACTOR.



A SCIENTIST.



A WELFARE WORKER.



A PAINTER.



A GENERAL.



A FOOTBALLER.



A FILM-STAR.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

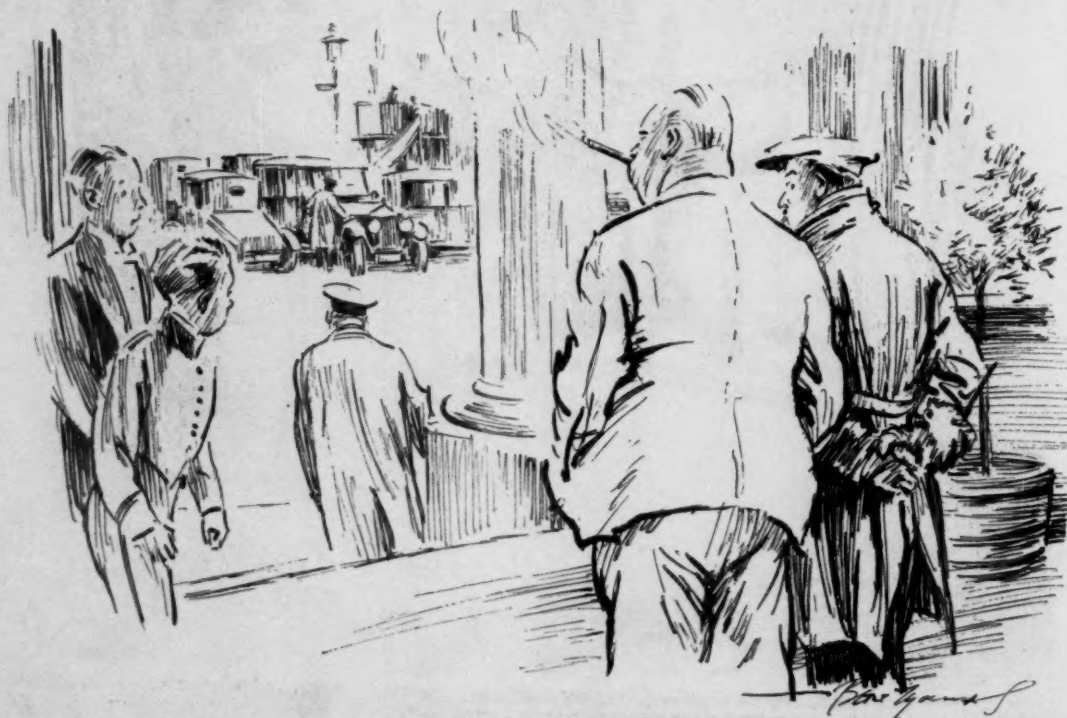


Small Boy (in a whisper). "LOOK, MUMMY, AT THAT FAT LADY."
Lady. "DON'T WHISPER, DARLING; IT'S RUDE."
Small Boy. "WELL, WHAT'S A WHISPER FOR?"

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



"C-COULD YOU CHAT WITH ME FOR A BIT, MISS? THEY'VE P-PUT ME IN THE HAUNTED ROOM."



Very Rich Man, "I DON'T BELIEVE IN PARKIN' ON PRINCIPLE. I ALWAYS ABANDON THE CAR."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Extract from Aunt Jane's Diary: "CUTHBERT TOOK ME TO DINNER AT HIS NIGHT-CLUB BEFORE THE THEATRE; BUT, ALTHOUGH OF COURSE IT WAS A THRILLING EXPERIENCE, THE PLACE WAS NOT QUITE THE WHIRL OF GAIETY I EXPECTED."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE SPLIT IN THE CABINET.

[Showing the course that will probably be taken by the political novel of the nineteen-thirties or thereabouts. How different, reader, from the days of BULWER LYTTON, or even Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD!]

CHAPTER I.

Cynthia Smith at twenty-seven. O incomparable girlhood! Hair that is golden and ripples like a field of corn. Deep-blue eyes, set rather far apart. The slim line. Her height was five foot ten inches and a-half. Dawn stood abashed at her presence and sub-titlers were in despair. The cynosure of cameras. Cynthia Smith.

At twenty-one she had twice floated the Channel. At twenty-three she had flipped the Atlantic thrice. At twenty-four she had won the whole of the flappers' vote in her constituency. At twenty-five she had taken silk and written two novels and a play. At twenty-six she was a director of Amalgamated Dentifrices. At twenty-seven she found herself Prime Minister of England, beating by three years the record of the younger PITT.

And was there, nonetheless, a frown on the white girlish forehead as she stood gazing at a bowl of Parma violets in her oft-photographed Downing Street boudoir and stroked with one slim hand the head of the pedegree Seluki? There was.

"The marriage arranged between Sir John Carruthers," so the curt announcement in the newspapers had run, "and Miss Cynthia Smith will not take place."

There lay behind those bare words more than a mere romantic disillusionment. They told also of the severance of a political bond.

Sir John Carruthers was Home Secretary. Dark, burly, confident, self-made, with eyes that fascinated even policemen on point duty, his popularity was almost equal to that of the girl he had been about to wed. Magnetism radiated from him. An electric current ran through his veins. It was often said of him that he had sufficient power in his personality to drive a train.

And now?

The white-haired butler startled Cynthia Smith from her reverie.

"Mr. Butterby to see you, Madam."

"Show him in," she said.

The tall young detective, who had so often put to shame the clumsy efforts of Scotland Yard, came into the room.

"You sent for me?" he said, taking

off his hat with an old-world courtesy which she could not fail to appreciate.

"I did, Mr. Butterby."

"Why?"

He had a brusque manner of speaking which served partially to conceal his kindliness of heart, and long full trousers which served almost entirely to conceal his shoes.

"You have heard of the Albanian trouble?"

"No more than is known to everyone."

"You know at least that the rumour of a secret treaty between ourselves and Albania has been rocking the Chancelleries of Europe and caused the wildest confusion at Geneva?"



"ENGLAND'S GIRL-PREMIER ROMPS UPON FRINTON SANDS."

"So much I had heard."

"Stones were being flung at the windows of the Albanian Embassy last night."

"I know," said James Butterby simply. "One of them hit me."

"Mr. Butterby," she cried, turning and clasping her hands, "I want you to help me! My Government, as you know, has repudiated any knowledge of a secret treaty; I scouted it in my photophone speech in the Bootle bye-election last week. And yet there was a time, Mr. Butterby, when I toyed with the idea. It was discussed in the Cabinet. Letters have passed. There is one in particular that I sent to—"

"To?"

A blush mantled her features.

"To—Sir John Carruthers, the Home Secretary."

"He has it still?"

"He has. And he proposes to make use of it. You know that I am deeply divided from him in this matter of the Abolition of High Heels Bill. He has with him Lucinda Vane."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Yes. Oh, Mr. Butterby"—and as she spoke her official reserve dropped from her like a kimono—"oh, Mr. Butterby, that girl is a cat!"

There was a pause.

"And at the General Election?" queried James Butterby when she had recovered her calm.

"He means to take a line against me. And he will have this indiscreet letter, this terribly indiscreet letter, in his pocket. When we go to the country next year he can read it from platforms, he can publish it in the newspapers. And he will—I am sure that he will. He is wholly in the power of that woman."

"Have you a copy anywhere?" asked James Butterby.

She blushed again and handed him a type-written sheet.

"Heart o' mine!" he read, "cannot we do something for these poor Albanians? The Foreign Office tells me, in a rather stupid minute, that the rectification of the frontier line previously adopted in the discussions prior to the negotiations which led up to the Agreement of January last, and partially re-ratified by the Concordat of April, forms a basis of further conversations which does not admit of the reopening of the original subject of dispute. I think this means that the League of Nations refuses to stand by the poor old man who had his trousers torn by an

Italian dog. After all, we have given Cyprus to M. already, and I met a very nice Albanian girl at my aunt's the other day who was most indignant about the whole affair. Ring me up at Chequers, ownest own, and let me know what you think.

CYNTHIA. X X X

The words swam before his eyes. What a weapon was here in the hands of an unscrupulous enemy! In the hard school of politics it would be no excuse that the writer showed all the warm generous sympathy of her girlish heart. Was this one mistake to mean the ruin of a career that had dazzled England?

Pictures floated up to his memory—pictures in the illustrated daily Press: "The First Lady of the Treasury feeds her pet gazelle. A scene on the lawn at

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

Chequers"; or again, "*England's Girl-Premier romps upon Frinton sands.*"

There were memories too of stormy debates in the House; of the day when her impressive rhetoric had steered the Compulsory Calisthenics Bill safely to port; of that other day when she had succeeded in placing the Registration of Babies (Weights) Act on the statute-book; of her forceful action against the Dutch boot-leggers on the shores of Kent; of the prowess she displayed during the Non-Throat Tobacco Riots of 1931. Were all these things to be forgotten? Never! thought James Butterby; and, gazing earnestly into those deep blue eyes, "Madam," he said, "I will do all to help you that I can."

"Thank you," she answered, smiling at him; "my knight-errant, I feel sure that you will;" and with a swift impulse she placed a Parma violet in his button-hole.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks of closely shadowing the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Home Secretary at clubs and restaurants established one important fact. The Chancellor of the Exchequer held the incriminating document. It was in her vanity-bag. Disguised as a waiter, James Butterby had seen it, as she touched up the line of her lips after a lunch at the Megatherium. But Lucinda Vane was not the kind of woman to allow herself to be lightly robbed of her vanity-bag. Sinister, snake-like, darkly handsome, always with that mocking smile upon her lips, of a fabulous wealth whose origin none knew, the Mystery Woman of the Cabinet, accustomed to glide to her place on the Front Bench across the extended legs of her colleagues, and answer with an easy nonchalance the most intricate financial conundrums of the Opposition, she continued to baffle the investigator's skill.

Was there some secret in her past? James Butterby felt that there was. He could have betted on it. But what? How, again, did she balance her Budgets? None knew. They were a financial juggle which defeated the wisest

heads. Time and again she had been able to save them from collapse by "the gift of an anonymous donor," as she stated in the House.

Who was this anonymous donor?

with a mocking smile upon her lips, and this magnetic darkly-burly man with the electric eyes? James Butterby resolved to find that out too. Was it merely by physical beauty that she had lured him from Cynthia Smith, and often now would sit holding one of his burly hands in her two snake-like ones during Question-time in the House?

Why, again, was John Carruthers so rich? He came of humble stock. He boasted of it. Until quite recently he had been too poor to fly to Westminster in his own machine. Now, as he negligently parachuted down into Parliament Square, portfolio in hand, he looked every inch a plutocrat.

A sudden quick suspicion stirred in James Butterby's mind. Strange things were sometimes known in the

"DISGUISED AS A WAITER, JAMES BUTTERBY HAD SEEN IT."

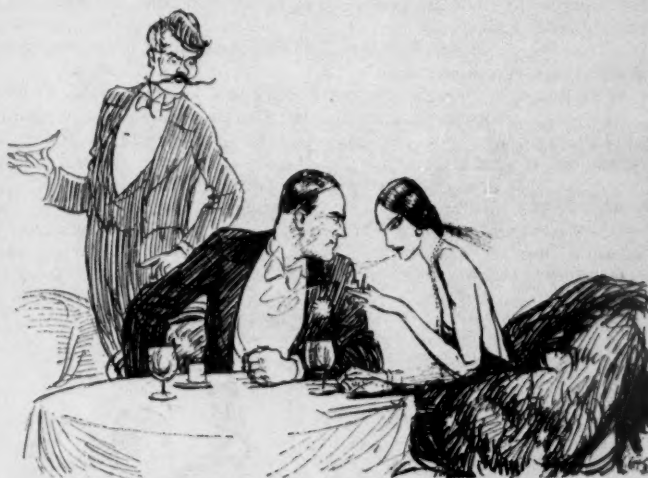
James Butterby determined to find out. His thoughts turned also to John Carruthers, the Home Secretary. What was the bond between this sinister, snake-like, darkly handsome woman, always

Nut and Fruit Night Club, in Old Compton Street, where two-thirds of the motley riff-raff of the half-world drank raspberry-vinegar together. He would disguise himself as a piece of motley riff-raff and go there that very night.

Half-past nine found him standing on the western edge of Piccadilly Circus waiting to cross the road. Less than three-quarters-of-an-hour afterwards he was in Soho.

CHAPTER III.

The deputation of protest against the Rear Lights for Rustic Labourers Regulation filed up the stairs of the Home Office as fast as age and rheumatism would permit, to discover, seated by Sir John Carruthers at the head of the long table, his now inseparable companion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the eve of a General Election, rumours were already rife of a new romance in the Cabinet and a new split in Ministerial policy. But who, the British public were told by the Press to ask themselves, could shake the prestige of Cynthia Smith? How could that be done? No one had even cartooned her yet. He would have been lynched for it. Even her known approval of the long-standing Prohibition Act had failed to weaken the authority of one so dentally perfect, so noble and so fair.



"NEGLIGENTLY PARACHUTED INTO PARLIAMENT SQUARE."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

And yet a shadow seemed to loom before her path, of whose chill even these aged rustics were aware as they watched the sparks that flashed from John Carruthers' pupils and saw the mocking smile on the lips of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the narrowed greenish eyes, the jewelled cigarette-holder held lightly in the exquisitely manicured hand.

The deputation was received with scarcely-veiled insolence. With many a low cry of "Eh bor!" "Iss fey!" and "Sure-ly!" it began to clump slowly in its hob-nailed shoes out of the room.

The Home Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer looked up from a short whispered confabulation to find that two yokels yet remained standing irresolutely near the door.

"That is all, my good men," murmured Lucinda Vane, lifting her pencilled eyebrows in contempt. Came then the sharp click of a key and the almost incredible query—

"Afore we goos, me an' my mate here, what we'd be tedious glad to know is: 'Who is the anonymous donor?'"

The Ministers leapt to their feet.

"Or in other words," said James Butterby, removing his white whiskers and beard, "I should be interested to learn whether a little bootlegging story which has recently come to my notice might not be very well exchanged for a certain private letter concealed in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's vanity-bag."

"What in thunder—?" cried John Carruthers with a menacing glare. The voltage of his eyes was magnificent in the December gloom.

"Stop, John!" It was the voice of Lucinda Vane. "Get out, you two fools, before I ring for the undertaker;" and the Chancellor of the Exchequer stooped to draw a tiny silver-plated revolver from her silk-gartered knee. "Put up your hands, both of you!" cried Butterby, who had not removed his right hand from the pocket of his velveteen coat. "I have had you covered for two minutes and a-half."

With muttered curses they complied.

"The newspapers, at any rate," went on James Butterby in calm authoritative tones, "if not you, Sir John Carruthers, will be interested to learn what makes

Ann Patcham so wealthy that she can afford a service flat in Park Lane."

"Ann Patcham!" cried the Home Secretary. As he spoke something tinkled to the floor. Butterby picked up the little revolver and put it on the table.

"You can drop your hands now and sit down."

"Ann Patcham!" gasped the woman, sinking into a chair.

"Ann Patcham, bootleggers' decoy, commonly known to the British public as Lucinda Vane, Chancellor of the Exchequer."

"I don't know what you mean," she murmured. Even underneath their carmine her lips showed pale.

"This is monstrous!" shouted the Home Secretary.



"WITH MUTTERED CURSES THEY COMPLIED."

A figure advanced. It was that of the second rustic.

"Perhaps you will deign to recognise your erstwhile husband, Ann?"

"Luther!" she screamed and fell in a heap upon the floor.

James Butterby took the letter from the red vanity-bag, which she had had stamped in gold with the initials of the Crown, and placed it carefully in his coat-pocket, then, raising his left hand but still keeping a hold on the trigger of the automatic in his right, "Scotland Yard," he said, "is powerless to deal with this matter, but, thank Heaven, we still have a Press in England to mete out justice to the evil and the good! If the least step is taken against the Prime Minister the people of this country shall know whence came the private wealth of the so-called Lucinda Vane, from what source the unexpected gifts to the Treasury and why the police so seldom interfere with the nefarious liquor traffic in the night haunts of the

West End. Ay, Sir John, profitter by police bribes, associate of smugglers and all but, had it not been for my action to-day, bridegroom of a bigamist! To a sorry pass in politics are we come if gin stalks unashamed in high places such as these!"

Then, lest the loudness of his voice should rouse from slumber one of the Assistant Secretaries, who were doubtless on the premises, he motioned Luther Patcham to unlock the door. A hollow groan resounded through the Home Office as their feet clattered down the stairs. The serpent had failed in its spring.

CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Eve. The pavement of Whitehall was crusted with a finesprinkling of snow as James Butterby turned into Downing Street and walked lightly to the door of No. 10.

"Does the Premier sleep?" he asked the old grey-headed butler.

"Soundly," he replied. "And her stocking is hung at the foot of her bed, as it has been every year since she was a child."

"Put this into it," said Butterby, handing him the letter signed "Cynthia."

The outside passengers on the motor-buses were singing "Nowell! Nowell!" as he returned towards the Strand. He took from his note-case one crushed Parma

violet and pressed it reverently to his lips.

EVOC.

"NEW FEATURES FOR WOMEN."

Morning Paper.

Far better than to keep on trying to improve the old ones with face-creams and other aids to beauty.

"Wearing gas-masks, firemen descended into the tunnel and tried to extinguish the fire with the aid of flash-lamps."—Daily Paper.

But most fires know better than that.

"Post hoc is not necessarily proper hoc."

American Magazine.

It is far more likely to be one of those deadly beverages concocted by bootleggers.

A student of culture at Tring Supported his trousers with string.

"For Society's sake

This concession I make,"

Said he, "to the look of the thing."



SUCCESS AT LAST.
THE COMIC ARTIST PAINTS A SERIOUS PICTURE.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

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"I don't know what you mean," she murmured. Even underneath their carmine her lips showed pale.

"This is monstrous!" shouted the Home Secretary.



"WITH MUTTERED CURSES THEY COMPLIED."

A figure advanced. It was that of the second rustic.

"Perhaps you will deign to recognise your erstwhile husband, Ann?"

"Luther!" she screamed and fell in a heap upon the floor.

James Butterby took the letter from the red vanity-bag, which she had had stamped in gold with the initials of the Crown, and placed it carefully in his coat-pocket, then, raising his left hand but still keeping a hold on the trigger of the automatic in his right, "Scotland Yard," he said, "is powerless to deal with this matter, but, thank Heaven, we still have a Press in England to mete out justice to the evil and the good! If the least step is taken against the Prime Minister the people of this country shall know whence came the private wealth of the so-called Lucinda Vane, from what source the unexpected gifts to the Treasury and why the police so seldom interfere with the nefarious liquor traffic in the night haunts of the

West End. Ay, Sir John, profiteer by police bribes, associate of smugglers and all but, had it not been for my action to-day, bridegroom of a bigamist! To a sorry pass in politics are we come if gin stalks unashamed in high places such as these!"

Then, lest the loudness of his voice should rouse from slumber one of the Assistant Secretaries, who were doubtless on the premises, he motioned Luther Patcham to unlock the door. A hollow groan resounded through the Home Office as their feet clattered down the stairs. The serpent had failed in its spring.

CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Eve. The pavement of Whitehall was crusted with a finesprinkling of snow as James Butterby turned

into Downing Street and walked lightly to the door of No. 10.

"Does the Premier sleep?" he asked the old grey-headed butler.

"Soundly," he replied. "And her stocking is hung at the foot of her bed, as it has been every year since she was a child."

"Put this into it," said Butterby, handing him the letter signed "Cynthia."

The outside passengers on the motor-buses were singing "Nowell! Nowell!" as he returned towards the Strand. He took from his note-case one crushed Parma

violet and pressed it reverently to his lips.

EVOK.

"NEW FEATURES FOR WOMEN."

Morning Paper.

Far better than to keep on trying to improve the old ones with face-creams and other aids to beauty.

"Wearing gas-masks, firemen descended into the tunnel and tried to extinguish the fire with the aid of flash-lamps."—Daily Paper.

But most fires know better than that.

"Post hoc is not necessarily proper hoc." American Magazine.

It is far more likely to be one of those deadly beverages concocted by bootleggers.

A student of culture at Tring Supported his trousers with string.

"For Society's sake

This concession I make,"

Said he, "to the look of the thing."



SUCCESS AT LAST.
THE COMIC ARTIST PAINTS A SERIOUS PICTURE.

HISTORY IN MODERN CLOTHES.

(Subjects for the next Academy inspired by the recent movement in classic drama.)



NERO WATCHING THE BURNING OF ROME.



ALFRED AND THE CAKES.

HISTORY IN MODERN CLOTHES.

(Subjects for the next Academy inspired by the recent movement in classic drama.)



CANUTE ORDERING THE SEA TO RETREAT.



CHARLES II. AND NELL GWYN.

OUR SEASONABLE SPECIALS.



NATURALLY THE ARTIST HAS NO USE FOR THIS KIND OF MODEL JUST NOW—



AS HE IS BUSY PAINTING FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.



"THESE AUTUMN TINTS ARE SO CHARMING—AND SO FASHIONABLE. ONE FEELS THAT NATURE IS AT LEAST TRYING TO HARMONISE WITH ONE."

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IN THE LOUNGE OF THE



F THE HOTEL INCROYABLE.

A SONG OF THE WEDDING-DRESS.

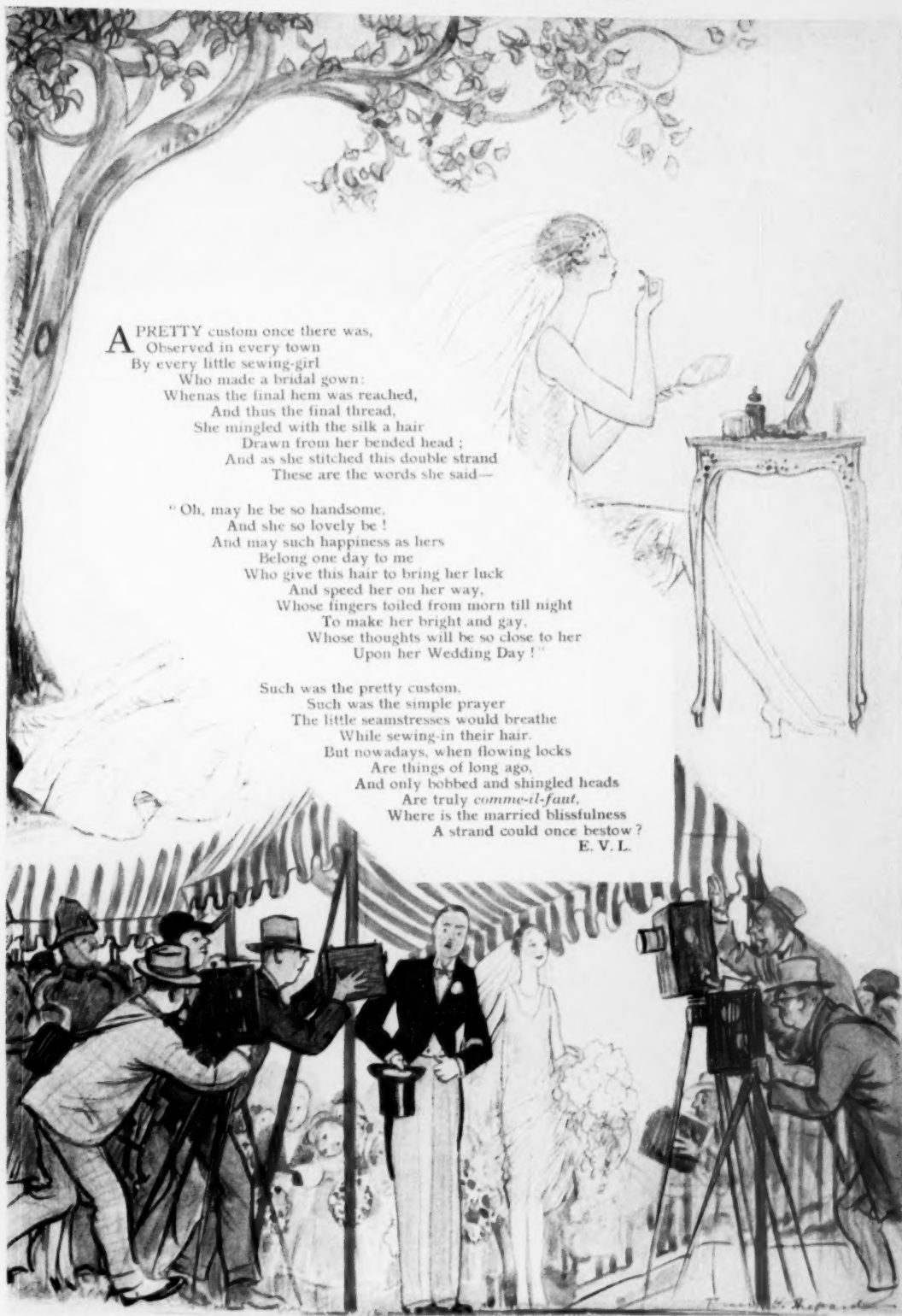


A SONG OF THE WEDDING-DRESS.

A PRETTY custom once there was,
Observed in every town
By every little sewing-girl
Who made a bridal gown:
Whenas the final hem was reached,
And thus the final thread,
She mingled with the silk a hair
Drawn from her bended head ;
And as she stitched this double strand
These are the words she said—

" Oh, may he be so handsome,
And she so lovely be !
And may such happiness as hers
Belong one day to me
Who give this hair to bring her luck
And speed her on her way,
Whose fingers toiled from morn till night
To make her bright and gay,
Whose thoughts will be so close to her
Upon her Wedding Day ! "

Such was the pretty custom,
Such was the simple prayer
The little seamstresses would breathe
While sewing-in their hair.
But nowadays, when flowing locks
Are things of long ago,
And only bobbed and shingled heads
Are truly *comme-il-faut*,
Where is the married blissfulness
A strand could once bestow ?
E. V. L.





The Lady Isabel and Friend discussing the day's form at yesterday's Tourney at Knebsworth



The Lord of Whalmsley who is spending the winter abroad, having a friendly joust with his brother-in-law the Baron Pummelstein of Pummelstein Castle on the Rhine.



The guests staying at Tootynge Castle for Yule Tide are busily rehearsing a new mystery Play to raise funds for the local Lazarhouse



Welsh Harpers are becoming popular at fashionable dinners. Some of them have beautifully trained voices.



Sir Sagramore of Shene with his brother John who recently won a lawsuit against a famous magician. His Family have hopes that he may soon be restored to his normal shape



The Lady Marianne le Soken, one of the most talented and original of the Band of Young Things, snapped at a House Party in her beautiful home near Banbury.

SOMETHING OUR ANCESTORS MISSED.
SOCIETY NOTES ILLUSTRATED.



Sir Agravaine de Galis and his raiding team leaving his delightful Castle on the Wye for a little week end foray.



Lady Godiva is one of the most popular hostesses in the Midlands. She is an intrepid horsewoman and is justifiably proud of her luxuriant tresses.



Last week's smart wedding at St. Gundrum's. Sir Percivale of Palney weds the beautiful Lady Isoud de Balham.



Sir Arthur de Mayfair and his talented sister the Lady Elaine are delighting their friends with some new dances which they discovered while on a holiday in Cornwall last Spring.

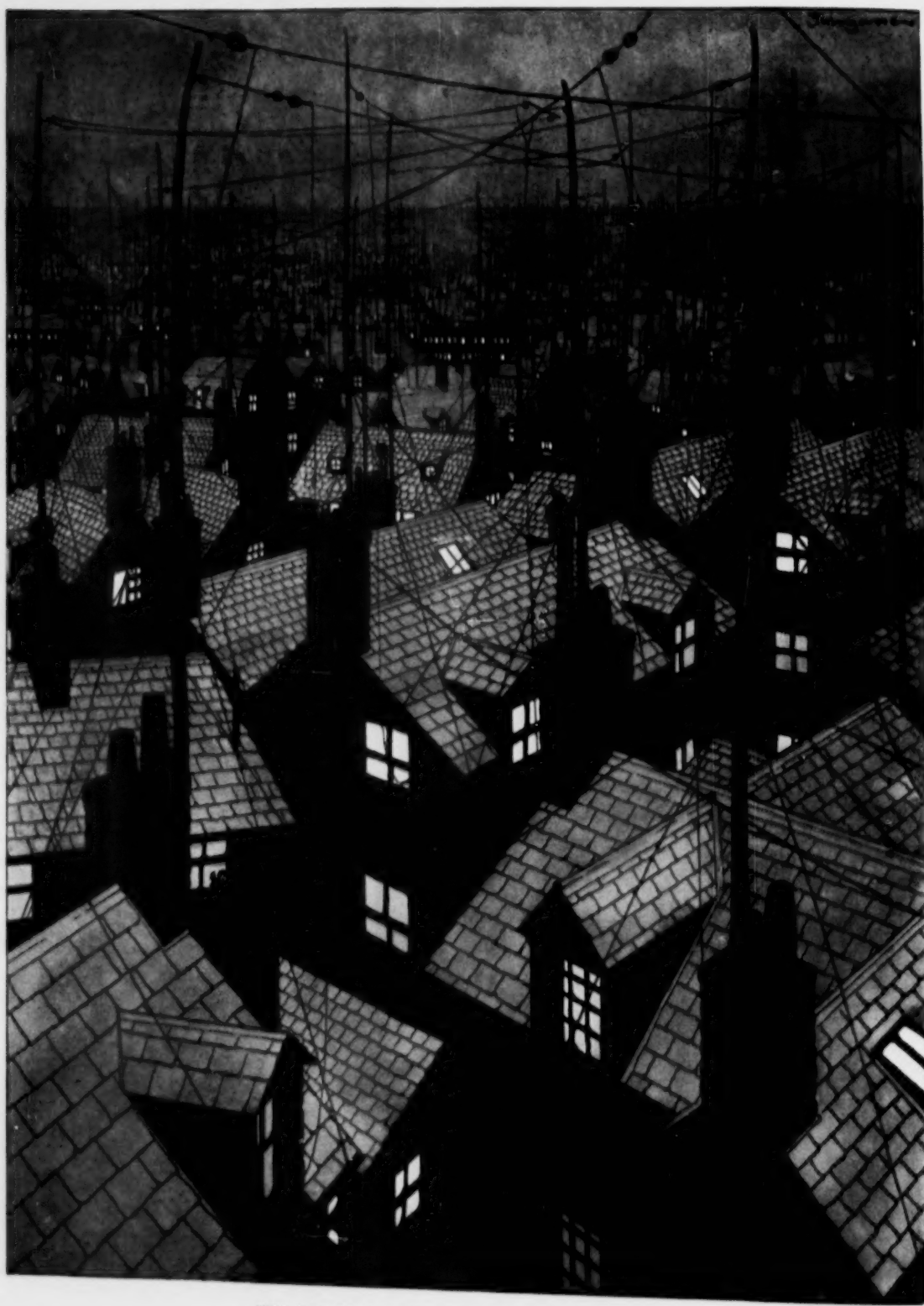


The Lord of Dabchick is having good sport on his estate this Autumn. Lady Dabchick always accompanies him. She is a remarkably good shot with the bow.



A Wye was reported to have been seen in the neighbourhood of Leicester last week and a few hunting enthusiasts were attracted by the novelty of the sport.

SOMETHING OUR ANCESTORS MISSED.
SOCIETY NOTES ILLUSTRATED.



NOW WHO SAYS THAT WE'RE NOT A MUSICAL NATION?

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

(A Moral Tale of 1938).

I.

THE Christmas Numbers were the real cause of it all. They had come out a day or two earlier every year for years, and in 1938 the principal ones appeared in the first week of September. Jolly tales about the snow; jokes about the waits, the mistletoe and the Christmas stocking. And with the jokes, of course, the usual sentiments belonging to the festive season—Peace, Goodwill, Family Affection, Generosity and so forth. So that by September 7th such matters as Christmas cards, the postman's tip and whether to have a tree or a conjurer were already being discussed in thousands of British households. Many people for a long time had been saying privately that the thing was becoming absurd, and suddenly it came to the notice of the daily Press. There were paragraphs everywhere.

The Editor of *The Sunday Flail* did not take the obvious line and say it was absurd. He said it was quite right. He had been seeing himself recently as a modern SAVONAROLA, a Sabbath scourge for the nation. He divided his valuable space about equally between protracted accounts of murders and exhortations to the religious life, and the fact that his murder-columns did more than anything to keep the people out of church did not spoil his sleep.

He jumped at this Early Christmas idea and made a splash of it. The absurd thing, he said, was not that the Christmas spirit should get abroad so soon, but that it should get abroad so late. Why, he said, in a vigorous leader, should we save up our loving-kindness for a few brief days at the end of the year? Was it to go forth that Britons could only be generous and genial in the mince-pie season? Did it need plum-pudding and turkey to put the nation in a state of goodwill to all men? Was "Peace on earth" to be no more than the catch-word of a week? No. *The Sunday Flail* proposed to give a lead to the nation in this matter. If the Christmas spirit was right in December it was right in November, it was right in June, it was right all the year round. And "*Christmas all the Year*" would henceforth be the slogan of *The Sunday Flail*. The editor relied on the nation

to make every night of their lives a Christmas Eve and every morning a New Year's Day. A prize of One Thousand Pounds was offered for the best example of a Christmas action done in daily life before November 1st. The first hundred competitors would receive a free insurance against beri-beri, shark-bite and Malta fever. *The Sunday Flail*. . . . And so on.

II.

The vigorous and outspoken leader in *The Sunday Flail* had, as usual, a profound effect upon the mind of the nation. What was less usual, there was a little evidence that it was having an influence



"A THEATRICAL MANAGER OFFERED AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR TWICE THE RATE OF ROYALTIES SUGGESTED BY HIS AGENT."

on their actions. Queer things happened in the City. A company promoter, the day before he invited subscriptions to the Mbopo Diamond Syndicate, announced in the Press that as a matter of fact there were no diamonds in the Mbopo Valley, nor were there likely to be. A theatrical manager offered an unknown author twice the rate of royalties suggested by his agent. Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, in a speech at Runcorn, said that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer ever.

In his superb flat one night sat Jocelyn Thew, the heavy-weight champion boxer of the world, reading the Sunday papers; and, tier by tier on the side-board stood the silver cups and trophies of his numerous conquests. He took in *The Sunday Flail* but did not read it, for its vulgarities jarred upon him.

Jocelyn had a refined nature and read *The Observer*. His dearest wish was to meet Mr. J. L. GARVIN. He loathed boxing, had always loathed it. Music was his passion. On Wednesday he was to fight Bert Bruiser, and if, as he intended, he reduced the challenger to a state of horizontality it would be the last fight of his life. He was going to settle down with the little woman and learn counter-point and meet nice people. More than anything he wanted to meet Sir EDWARD ELGAN. As he thought of the future the champion's cultivated jaw stiffened and the will-to-win was written plain upon his sensitive face. He wanted to meet Dame ETHEL SMYTH. If he beat Bert Bruiser, he thought modestly, somebody might introduce him to Sir THOMAS BEECHAM.

Jocelyn finished an article by Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN on ballad opera and went to bed. Mrs. Thew was already asleep, dreaming of Bert Bruiser, whom she loved.

III.

A little later Mr. William Blake, by profession a burglar, entered the Thews' sitting-room and prepared to transfer the champion's trophies to a capacious sack. But before beginning work he helped himself to a brandy-and-soda, sat down for a short rest and picked up *The Sunday Flail*. He read through the article on "Christmas all the Year," made a slight sound expressive of wonder and proceeded to his labours.

When only half of the cups were in the sack Jocelyn Thew returned to the room, and with that left hand which had caused unconsciousness in so many quarters neatly shifted Mr. Blake from the perpendicular to the horizontal.

Before he rose the burglar took a cautious look at the boxer's sensitive face. He then climbed on to his feet and said meekly—

"I am glad you did that, brother; I deserved it. Nevertheless you wrong me."

"I may wrong you again," said Jocelyn, raising his fist.

"No, no," said the other hastily. "It is true that I did intend to commit a felony, but when you came in I had already experienced a change of heart. Something had happened."

"Then," said the boxer with that gentle irony which had made him famous, "I was mistaken in thinking



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Punch's Almanack for 1929.

that I saw you putting my property in a sack?"

"You were. I was engaged in restoring your property to the side-board. Read that."

Jocelyn took the vulgar sheet with distaste, but read the article with avidity. At the end of it he burst into tears.

"Shake hands," he said softly.

The burglar did so, cautiously. "Great, isn't it?" he said. "And now, to show the sincerity of my goodwill, brother, I insist upon going to jail."

"Please, no," said the boxer with a look of pain; "I could not bear it."

"I beg of you——"

"No, no!"

"I would rather."

"I will not hear of it. Have another brandy."

"Thanks," said the burglar, and added shyly, "I noticed a box of crackers in the cupboard."

"Excellent," said Jocelyn; "we will have a little party."

man. He had an inward glow, a generous urge to do good actions. On his training-trot that morning he flung

And now this "Why I Shall Win" business—all this talk about Bert's eyes, Bert's teeth, Bert's kidneys—was it really in the Christmas spirit? Would a man who sincerely wished to make peace and goodwill the main-spring of all his days announce in public the detailed injuries which he proposed to do to the internal organs of a fellow-creature? Would such a man cheerfully say of another that after their meeting that other would be compelled to spend a long period of time in a hospital?

Ought one even to say that one would *win*? the champion mused. For that matter ought he to *wish* to win? He, Jocelyn, had been champion for two years; poor Bert had never been champion at all.

That night he confided these doubts to the little woman.

"Gosh!" said the little woman, and gave him a cooling medicine. "I knew this music would get you down. Give it up, you soft sponge."

Eileen Thew was a simple little thing and knew what

she wanted. She wanted Bert Bruiser, who was her sort and scarlet-blooded. Jocelyn's musical tendencies disgusted her. He had kept them dark while he was courting. She had married him because he was champion; and champion he must remain.

Jocelyn looked at Eileen tenderly. "Well," he said, "for your sake, little woman, I will bash—I will retain the championship. But after that I shall get a violoncello, and you shall have lessons at the harp. Who knows?" he added warmly, "we might meet ADRIAN BOULT."

"Snakes and ladders!" said the little woman.

V.

Mr. William Blake was a man of intellect, as burglars have to be, and he paid a visit to Mr. Bert Bruiser's headquarters, where at that moment the first draft of Bert's "Why I Shall Win" message was being prepared.

William for a consideration laid certain information before Bert's advisers,



"THE BURGLAR TOOK A CAUTIOUS LOOK AT THE BOXER'S SENSITIVE FACE."

IV. The following day there appeared in the Press Mr. Jocelyn Thew's manly and confident prediction of victory.

"I shall beat Bert," he said; "I shall bash Bert. Bert will hit the dirt. Bert is a tough boy, but, when I have done with Bert, Bert will have to lie up for a few months. I shall go for Bert's eyes. I shall close Bert's eyes. When I have bunged up Bert's eyes I shall knock Bert's teeth out. Then I shall go for Bert's kidneys. After that I shall bring up my punch, and Bert will be wishing he had gone in for croquet. I was never in better fettle. Bert cannot hurt me; I shall split Bert's liver. I shall win. When I have biffed Bert I shall settle down and learn music. I hope to meet Mr. FRANCIS TOYE."

Jocelyn had himself passed this document for publication, but he read it in the papers with a queer feeling of uneasiness. The *Sunday Flail's* article had moved his impressionable mind to the depths, and since his talk with the burglar he had felt a better



"ON HIS TRAINING TROT HE FLUNG HALF-CROWNS TO CHILDREN AND BEGGARS."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

and next day the world was astonished to read the following:—

"WHY I SHALL LOSE.

BY BERT BRUISER.

I expect to go down on Wednesday. Jock is too good for me. Jock will hurt me quite a lot. Jock will go for my eyes, and this will be very painful, as I have a wound over the right eye which is not quite healed. My punch is a pretty good punch, but it is nothing to Jock's punch. Jock will bash me. I might last a couple of rounds, but not more. It is a bit hard, as I wanted to be champion, and Jock has had a good innings. But it can't be helped. I wish him luck. I shall take my bashing like a good sport. Good-bye, all."

For this message the Editor of *The Sunday Flail* awarded Bert Bruiser the one-thousand-pound prize mentioned above.

And as he read the modest benevolent words the heavy-weight champion blushed for very shame.

VI.

THE BIG FIGHT. . . .

Jocelyn Thew never looked like winning. Observers said that he seemed afraid to hurt Bert. He took great pains to avoid hitting Bert's right eye. His kidney-punches were more like the attentions of a masseur. And in the fourth round, with a generous gesture, he threw up his hands and was knocked out. . . .

That night the little woman told Jocelyn that she loved Bert Bruiser.

VII.

The next morning the little woman began putting weed-killer in Jocelyn's morning tea. She was through.

Jocelyn noticed her action and drank the first cup of tea meditatively, wondering what in these circumstances was the Christ-massy thing to do. Poor little woman! she could not be expected to under-

stand. She loved Bert, and who was he to stand selfishly in her way?

Once or twice he was on the point of saying, "Please do not put arsenic in my tea," but each time a nobler

generally poured his tea on the aspidistra. . . .

Months passed; the boxer seemed to weaken slowly, but the aspidistra was dead. In many ways these last few months were happy ones. The invalid studied harmony and read the *Encyclopaedia of Music*. Mr. FREDERIC AUSTIN visited him. He met ELGAR and GERSHWIN, IVOR NOVELLO and ERNEST NEWMAN; and far into the night the musical men would talk to the gentle suffering ex-boxer about BRAHMS and semi-brevets, consecutive fifths and so forth.

One day William Blake visited the sick man.

And one night Jocelyn met his wife walking with Bert on the Victoria Embankment.

"Take her," he said gently; "she will make you happy, though she sings a little flat."

He joined their hands and with a low cough fell backwards into the river.

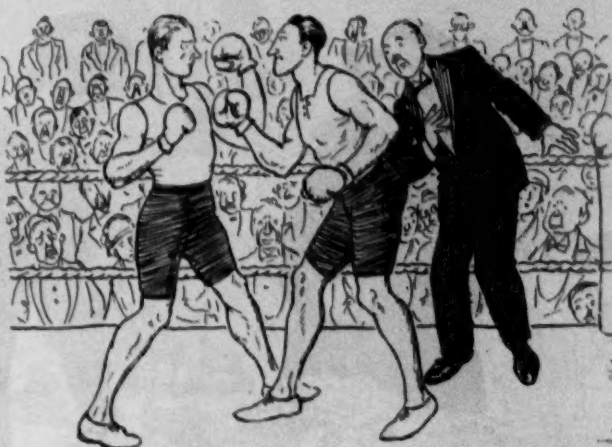
Many days later the body was found at Wapping, cruelly battered. Clutched in the right hand was a cutting from *The Sunday Flail*.

VIII.

The day after the funeral Eileen Thew gave herself up to the police for the murder of her husband. She felt it was the least she could do. Suspicion fell upon her at once. But, touched, as she had been, by the simple beauty of Jocelyn's behaviour, Bert Bruiser gave himself up too. Each swore that the other was innocent. The mystery was profound.

As the long preliminaries of the trial dragged on it became clear that a new spirit was abroad in the nation. Christmas was near, and none wished to be hard on the unfortunate prisoners. *The Sunday Flail* followed up its initial success by exhorting the people to take a more charitable view of murderers. Several papers hoped that the season of good-will would not be marred by a vindictive piece of capital punishment.

Meanwhile, in the prison,



"JOCELYN (RIGHT) SEEMED AFRAID TO HURT BERT."

impulse checked him. The shock of discovery would hurt her feelings, wound her pride; almost certainly it would lead to a quarrel. He could not bear to do it. . . . Nevertheless he



"HE JOINED THEIR HANDS AND . . . FELL BACKWARDS INTO THE RIVER."

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



"I WANT A ROUND GAME. NOT A GAMBLING GAME, AND YET NOT TOO CHILDISH. SOMETHING BETWEEN ROULETTE AND LUDO."

the authorities did all they could to make things easier for the wretched pair. The warders decorated their cells with holly and mistletoe; and more than once they were invited to hang out their stockings—an ingenious device of the Governor's by which, unknown, he contrived to make them many a little present. Every day they had turkey and plum-pudding.

The trial at last began. The court was decorated with coloured paper streamers. The Attorney-General was a recent convert to *The Sunday Flail* creed. His opening speech for the prosecution was an earnest invitation to the jury to consider the charges in the Christmas spirit, with charity and loving-kindness. It might well be, he pointed out, that Jocelyn Thew, broken by his defeat, had committed suicide. What more likely than that each of the prisoners, both readers of that great organ, *The Sunday Flail*, had nobly accused themselves of murder in order to shield the dead man's name?

Eileen and Bert in the box each swore that she (or he) had personally

pushed Mr. Thew into the Thames. In vain. The Judge in his summing-up, a cracker-cap on his head, said, "Who am I, members of the jury, and who are you, to sit in judgment on a fellow-creature? We are all miserable sinners, we have all done things of which we are ashamed, and, who knows, to-morrow we may all commit a murder for what appears to us to be the best of reasons. Be that as it may, this is not a time when we should wish to dwell harshly on the short-comings of others. We are approaching the season of love and forgiveness, of repentance for the past and resolution for the future. But that season, as a Sunday newspaper has so well observed, should have neither end nor beginning. Let us be thankful that we, unlike our unfortunate friends here, have completed the year that is past without being placed in the dock on a capital charge. Gentlemen, to-day is the third of December. But it might well be the twenty-fourth of December. Let that thought be before you as you consider your verdict. Ask yourselves whether on Christmas Eve you would

care to send a man, or even a woman, to the scaffold. For what we should be ashamed to do on Christmas Eve we should be ashamed to do on any other day. Now do your duty."

The jury, without leaving the box, found the prisoners Not guilty, and recommended that they should receive some compensation for their trouble and expense.

IX.

Eileen walked out of the court a free woman, spurning Bert as she went.

But who is the tall pale figure confronting her in the corridor?

"Jocelyn!" she cried, surprised.

"Little woman!" He gathered her to his arms. "It was fine of you!"

"But, Jocelyn, the body?"

"Ah, that was William Blake. He was determined to do it. Said it was the least he could do. So I lent him a suit of clothes. Rather a fine gesture of his. Indeed I think everyone has behaved very well."

"Darling!" said the little woman.

A. P. H.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

THE MAGICIAN GETS TO THE ROOT OF THE TROUBLE.



"AHA! AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES—"



"I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND."



"I CAN'T THINK WHAT'S STOPPING IT."



"A LITTLE ENGINE TROUBLE PERHAPS. ALLOW ME—"



WHAT'S THIS, SIR—RABBITS?—



AND TAPE—



AND FLOWERS! MY DEAR SIR!—



AND PACKS OF CARDS!—



SERPENTS TOO!—



BUT, BLESS ME, NO PETROL!"

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

WEEK-END TRAGEDIES.



MRS. DE MONTMORENCY ASKED US FOR A WEEK-END TO HER PLACE IN THE COUNTRY—"SHOOTIN' AND THAT."



MRS. CONE ASKED US TO HER LITTLE COTTAGE "IF WE DIDN'T MIND PIGGING IT."



MRS. ROBINSON-BROWN ASKED US TO COME TO HER TINY "IVY COT." "CAN'T SWING A CAT, ME DEARS."



WE ARRIVED AT MRS. DE MONTMORENCY'S AFTER HAVING WALKED FIVE MILES, CARRYING SOME OF OUR LUGGAGE (THE CARRIER WASN'T RUNNING THAT DAY, SO WE HAD TO LEAVE THE REST OF IT AT THE STATION), TO FIND SHE LIVED ALONE IN A BROKEN-DOWN SHACK.

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WEEK-END TRAGEDIES.



WE ARRIVED AT MRS. CONE'S STATION TO FIND A GORGEOUS CAR WAITING FOR US, AND ON INQUIRY THE COITAGE WAS POINTED OUT TO US BY THE FOOTMAN.



AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE WE WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT OUR VISIT TO MRS. ROBINSON-BROWN.

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FREAKS OF HUMOUR.

OF COURSE WE ALL LAUGH HEARTILY AT THE IDEA OF WEARING—

Jongasse



BROWN BROGUES IN THE
EVENING—



OR AN OPERA-HAT IN THE
MORNING—



OR TAILS WITH FLANNELS—



OR A HOMBURG-HAT WITH
HUNTING-KIT—



OR A FLANNEL-SHIRT WITH A
DINNER-JACKET—



OR A TALL HAT FOR GOLF—



AND YET WE SEE NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS.

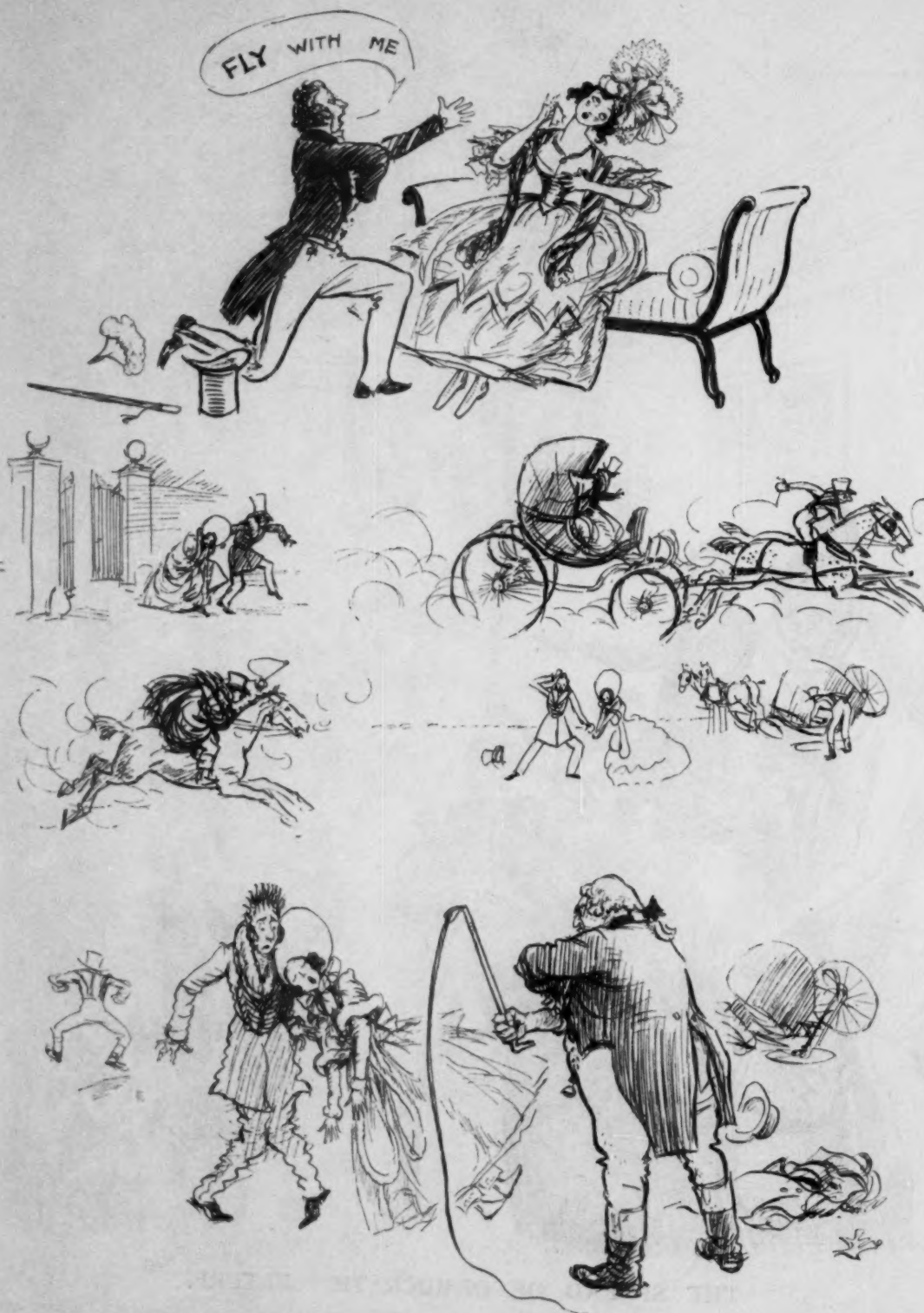
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THE SPREAD OF DEMOCRATIC CULTURE.

Tourist Conductor (in gallery of large private house during a dance). "ERE WE 'AVE A STATELY 'OME OF OLD ENGLAND AND THE ARISTOCRACY ENJOYING THEMSELVES. ON THE LEFT WE 'AVE THE DUKE OF DILLWATER DANCING WITH THE HONOURABLE POPPY BENDHAM," ETC., ETC.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



THE OLD ELOPEMENT.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.



THE NEW ELOPEMENT.

Punch's Almanack for 1929.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

UNDER LOCAL RULES.

THE golf-course was George's idea. One sultry African afternoon Fate and the Colonial Office conspired to slide George awkwardly from a machila at the door of the grass hut we dignify by the name of "Mess," and I welcomed him with open arms. His coming lent a fresh zest to the task of maintaining the *Pax Britannica* with a half-company of native infantry in the heart of Central Africa, and the golf-course was the very first of the "snappy suggestions" (the term is his own) which he subsequently

men grew hot and garrulous as they hewed down palm-trees that might have represented too severe a hazard, and, most wonderful of all, Sergeant Karoga, disdainful veteran of a dozen wars, became positively enthusiastic over the laying-out of the five greens which were all we could run to. I even grew interested myself.

When at last the time came for George to play himself in, the whole community had gathered to witness this latest manifestation of the white man's undoubted insanity. George was very proud. True the fairways were a bit rough. There were ant-bear holes six

tion of his service equipment and should accordingly be turned out on approved Army lines.

My part was that of spectator, as I felt that my game was scarcely up to the ordeal of playing before a large gallery. Even though they had never seen golf before I realised that they would instinctively recognise my game as, well, weak.

But George experienced no qualms. On the first tee he handed a gleaming new ball to his caddy and, turning to me, suggested that a few words would be appropriate to the occasion. "Just to make the thing a bit formal, y' know."



"THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS HE ADDRESSED THE BALL."

poured out in the attempt to make Nukuku a better place for heroes to live in.

I let him have his head, having been young myself once and equally anxious to buck old Africa up a bit; also I realised that his enthusiasm was likely to wither pretty quickly under the slow baking process we call a climate.

But I didn't know George.

He started in rightaway to lay out his golf-course and my peace departed. So did the discipline of the half-company. So did the leisure of every unattached native within a radius of ten miles. The whole District became embroiled in the thing. Respectable matrons with round-eyed babies on their backs were inspanned to cut the grass for the fairways. Dignified and bearded gentle-

men grew hot and garrulous as they hewed down palm-trees that might have represented too severe a hazard, and, most wonderful of all, Sergeant Karoga, disdainful veteran of a dozen wars, became positively enthusiastic over the laying-out of the five greens which were all we could run to. I even grew interested myself.

George turned out in plus-fours for the opening ceremony. He said he felt it was due to the dignity of the game, but so far relaxed as to leave his coat behind. Personally I wore pyjamas, the temperature being a shade above one-hundred-and-ten degrees. George's clubs glittered in the sunshine, having been religiously burnished by his batman, who laboured under the illusion that they formed some mysterious por-

I made rather a neat speech. I said, "Go ahead."

George went. At least he didn't just then. Instead he stared open-mouthed at his caddy, one of our Mess-waiters in private life, who down on his hands and knees was lovingly erecting an enormous mound of earth almost a foot high. Patting it tenderly into a smooth cone he reverently deposited George's ball on top and looked up with a beaming smile for the meed of praise he felt was only his due.

George kicked the young pyramid flat and teed up the ball himself.

A faultless practice-swing drew an appreciative murmur from the assembled District, who knew a bit about knobkerries themselves and evidently thought George had a pretty style. There was

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dead silence as he addressed the ball, swung back and sent it hurtling into space.

For a second, two hundred pairs of eyes watched it as it lifted straight down the middle. Then, while George still stood in a statuesque pose, demonstrating a perfect follow-through, the District gave vent to a concerted roar of delight and, like greyhounds off the leash, dashed away in hot pursuit. Their flying feet thundered as they flowed past the astonished George in two black waves, the crashing of their passage drowning his remonstrances. They felt that the game had really begun.

In vain we yelled. Far down the fairway we saw a wild upheaval of gleaming bodies, which fought and wriggled on the ground, till finally there emerged a hefty half-naked warrior who came sprinting back at speed to where we stood, bearing the ball in his outstretched hand. The rest of the District, disappointed but convinced that there were possibilities in the game, shouted happily at his heels.

It was then that George made the real speech of the day, and by the time

he had finished the District had subsided on its haunches, regretfully conscious that it had in some way offended against the etiquette of golf.

The next effort was more successful, except that George's ball hit a tree stump, ricocheted violently into the air and disappeared for ever into the primeval jungle that constituted the rough.

But George was undismayed. He still had ten brand-new balls, and his third effort from the tee was found, after twenty minutes' combined search by ourselves, the caddy, all the half-company that were off duty, and the gallery, snugly ensconced in a deep hole.

He teed up for a brassy second and it fairly roared away. We went after it eagerly, the subdued District trotting docilely behind us, puzzled but optimistic and interested.

I found it after ten minutes' poking among the undergrowth of the fairway, and George put it plonk on the green with a raking iron shot. The District grunted approval, and we moved forward again.

We were still a hundred yards away

when a marabout stork entered majestically and quite unexpectedly from the scrub on the O.P. side and stalked across the green.

That gleaming white ball caught his eye. He hesitated, gave our approaching phalanx an appraising glance, measured the margin of safety, and with one stately movement swallowed the ball and made an unhurried exit into the wings.

George swore. The District hesitated to interfere, and the stork disappeared slowly into the bush.

The elephants have tramped on our greens and the enthusiasm of the District proved unequal to the sustained effort required to cope with the luxuriant growth of our local vegetation. George thinks that anyhow golf is too expensive in the tropics, and finds his chief amusement in watching the persevering attempts of a tame mongoose to break the residue of his golf-balls against a stone, under the firm belief that they are eggs.

But the first fairway makes an excellent rifle range.



THE INTIMACY OF OUR CAFÉ NOMENCLATURE.

Prospective Customer (finding nobody about). "PENelope!"

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RIDGWEH



IF YOU GO SHOPPING—



THIS CHRISTMAS—



WITH YOUR HUSBAND—



IT IS WELL TO REMEMBER THAT QUITE A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL BE DOING THE SAME THING.



BECAUSE NOTHING—



IS SO AWKWARD—



AS TO GET—



ALL THE WAY HOME AND THEN DISCOVER YOU'VE GOT HOLD OF THE WRONG HUSBAND!

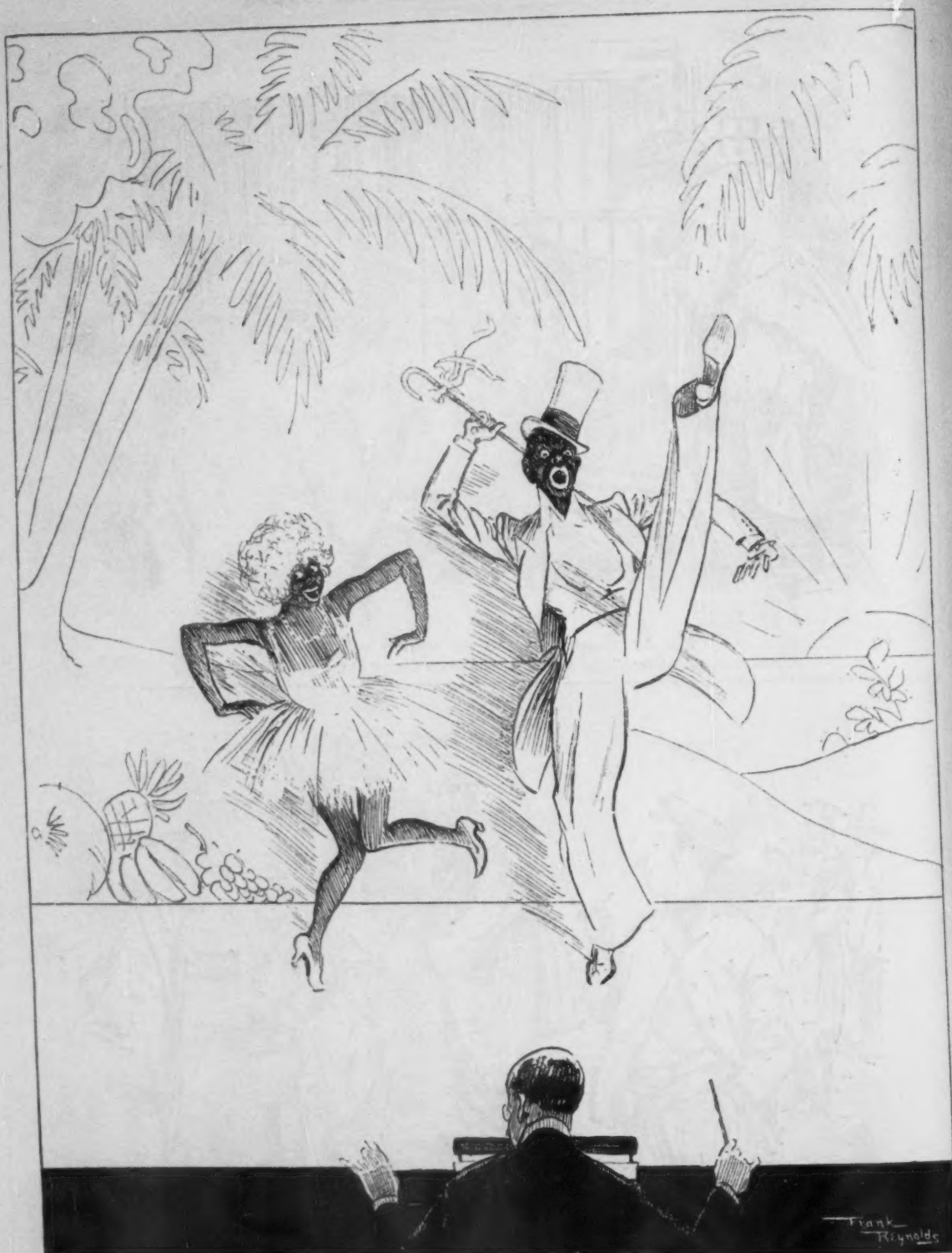
Punch's Almanack for 1929.



Film-Actor (about to enter). "I SAY, WHAT IF HE TURNS NASTY?"
Producer. "OH, THAT'S EASY. WE'LL JUST ALTER THE STORY."



Grimy Orator. "ANYBODY GOT A QUESTION TO ASK?"
Member of Audience. "YUS. WHAT YER DONE WITH THE SOAP THAT WAS IN THAT BOX?"



ON THE STAGE THEY ARE KNOWN AS "THE TWO BLACK-AND-WHITES"—



-BUT THEIR HOME LIFE IS FULL OF COLOUR.



ON THE STAGE THEY ARE KNOWN AS "THE TWO BLACK-AND-WHITES".

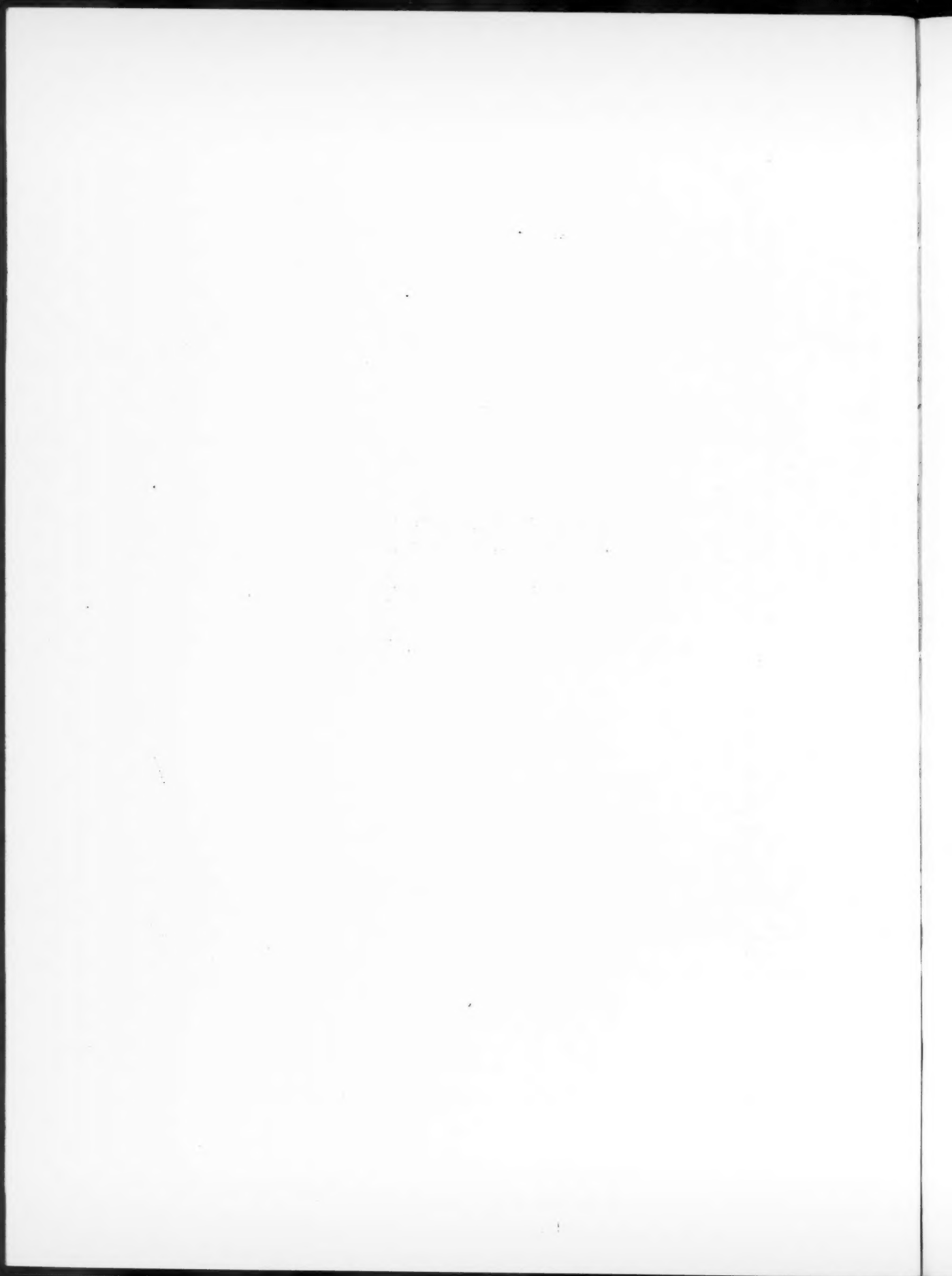


—BUT THEIR HOME LIFE IS FULL OF COLOUR.

PUNCH

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A NEW YEAR'S MENACE.

(Buttons are said to be coming back into fashion.)

I HAVE not murmured at the Mode's vagaries;
 Without one single disapproving frown
 Calmly I've noticed how the waist-line varies
 With every passing season up and down;
 It has not moved me to unseemly levity
 Nor caused my startled middle-age a fit
 To see each year a more apparent brevity
 Become the soul of kit.

But now I feel a growing apprehension;
 Thought of the future brings me many a qualm;
 If Fashion carries out her new intention
 I shall not keep my customary calm;
 The button, when her fond admirers don it,
 Will be a thing at which I draw the line;
 This is the final straw that, laid upon it,
 Ruptures the Bactrian spine.

For I am old enough (*cheu fugaces!*)
 To call again those distant years to mind
 When every fashionable gown of Grace's
 Was scrupulously buttoned up behind;
 And even now the painful memory lingers
 Of hours in which, an unskilled lady's-maid,
 I "did her up the back" with clumsy fingers
 (Acting, of course, unpaid).

Even at that time I was not neat-handed,
 And, should those days return, 'tis all too clear
 Between us will be bitter back-chat bandied,
 Rending the nuptial peace of many a year;
 For now, a very far from practised fogey,
 Facing a task I'd thought for ever done,
 I am not like to do the course in bogey
 (Each button-hole in one).

CHARIVARIA.

A SONG about a skylark, in a London pantomime, is said to have been written by an auxiliary postman at his wife's suggestion while she was making a cup of tea. This method never worked with SHELLEY.

The discovery in Cheapside of draughts-pieces dating from Saxon times is regarded as evidence of the antiquity of the lunch-hour.

In Albania, it seems, it is considered bad form to shoot a man when he is accompanied by a woman. There is none of this punctilio in Chicago.

"Do we want to live long?" was a question recently raised by Dean INGE in an evening paper. Sometimes after reading the evening paper we feel we want to stop living at once.

LORD ALLENBY has related that MR. LLOYD GEORGE asked him for Jerusalem as a Christmas present. What the ex-Premier is believed to have his eye on now is the New Jerusalem.

In view of the approaching General Election, it is understood that many politicians have postponed the usual New Year resolutions until the time comes to embody them in their election addresses.

"Now is the season of the haggis," says a paragraphist. Everybody should be grateful for the warning.

We have been promised a mystery play set to music. The words of the opening chorus are said to be particularly baffling.

With reference to a telegram from London which took three days to reach Lewes, it is pointed out that a Stock Exchange London-to-Brighton walker could have covered the distance seven times over in that time. The Stock Exchange however does not undertake to deliver telegrams.

It is good news that a new theatre has its own laundry. Too many theatrical people wash their dirty linen in public.

We gather that the White Sales open this week in most shopping centres. World peace seems further off than ever.

The feat of forcing Chelsea to draw, said a recent football report, looks well on paper. Difficulty is however presented by the artistic temperament.

London, according to an engineer, is standing on a foundation of pie-crust. Our experience of pie-crust suggests that this may be the explanation of its having stood so long.

A young American actress has told an interviewer that in her spare time she reads MR. BERNARD SHAW's works. In Shavian circles a grave view is taken of the implication that this pursuit is anything but a whole-time job.

"The Zoo keeps the wolf from the door" was the title of a recent article. It is disquieting to think that a ferocious creature in search of winter quarters is at large in Regent's Park.

Horse-racing in Cuba is reported to be increasing in popularity. The local cheapness of big cigars puts backers more on an equality with bookmakers.

A feature of a new club for skating on artificial ice, we note, is the plunge bath. It is often a feature of skating on real ice.

After paying no taxes and receiving no letters for ten years, two villages lost by the Soviet Government have been found in Siberia. Our thoughts are with the villagers.

When a meet of fox-hounds was filmed recently the complete detachment of the actors is said to have been remarkable. Usually it is when hounds are running that riders become detached.

At the annual dinner of old boys of a grammar-school in Wales it was recalled that formerly farmers could read Greek and Latin. Nowadays there is less belief in a smattering of the dead languages as an aid to grumbling.

A man has just retired after half-a-century's service as organ-blower at a village church. We understand that he got his second wind years ago.

It was stated of a man charged before the London Sessions that he had made three attempts to escape from custody. It is thought that he is one of those superstitious men who regard it as unlucky to be arrested by the police.

A boy who recently called at a fire-brigade station to give an alarm was driven to the fire on the engine. We understand that he now spends all his spare time searching for fires.

Bishop GORE says majorities are always wrong. The majority of people will agree with him.

GOVERNMENT BARGAINS.

THE shortcomings of the Government, obvious at all times, are perhaps most apparent at this time of the year. In the month of January, when a vast section of the business world sets out to delight us with sales and catalogues of sales that offer reductions at an enormous sacrifice, it is deplorable to note the complete indifference of the various Ministries to public requirements.

No Government Department gives particulars of astonishing bargains or offers other inducements to the public to patronise it. Stamps are as expensive as ever. There is no reduction in income-tax for the first few weeks of the new year. The groans of the citizen are still heard in the land, all because the Cabinet ignores the first principles of commerce.

If due publicity were given to notices on the following lines, how much more popular some of our Departments would be!

POST OFFICE.

Amazing reductions in stamps! Owing to an over-estimate of the number of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamps required for the Christmas rush, we are able to offer some 400,000 of these little fellows at 3d. per dozen. A limited number of 10/- postal orders will be cleared at 17s. 6d. per pair. Uncles with nephews who will shortly be returning to school are advised to shop early to secure these bargains.

INLAND REVENUE.

All persons liable to pay income-tax will be excused payment for January provided that they can produce evidence to the effect that they used polite language when perusing Schedule E last year.

Note.—The claims of peppery colonels must be supported by evidence of a Minister of Religion or Justice of the Peace.

MINISTRY OF LABOUR.

SPECIAL DOLE WEEK!

Fill up Form N.D.G. 123 and your dole will be doubled for the first week in January. We have several million pound notes and sundry bags of silver which must be disposed of to make room for fresh stock and to adjust a few actuarial errors. Fill up Form N.D.G. 123 and post it in good time to avoid the rush.

If these suggestions were adopted they would, I am confident, have a remarkable effect upon the next Election.

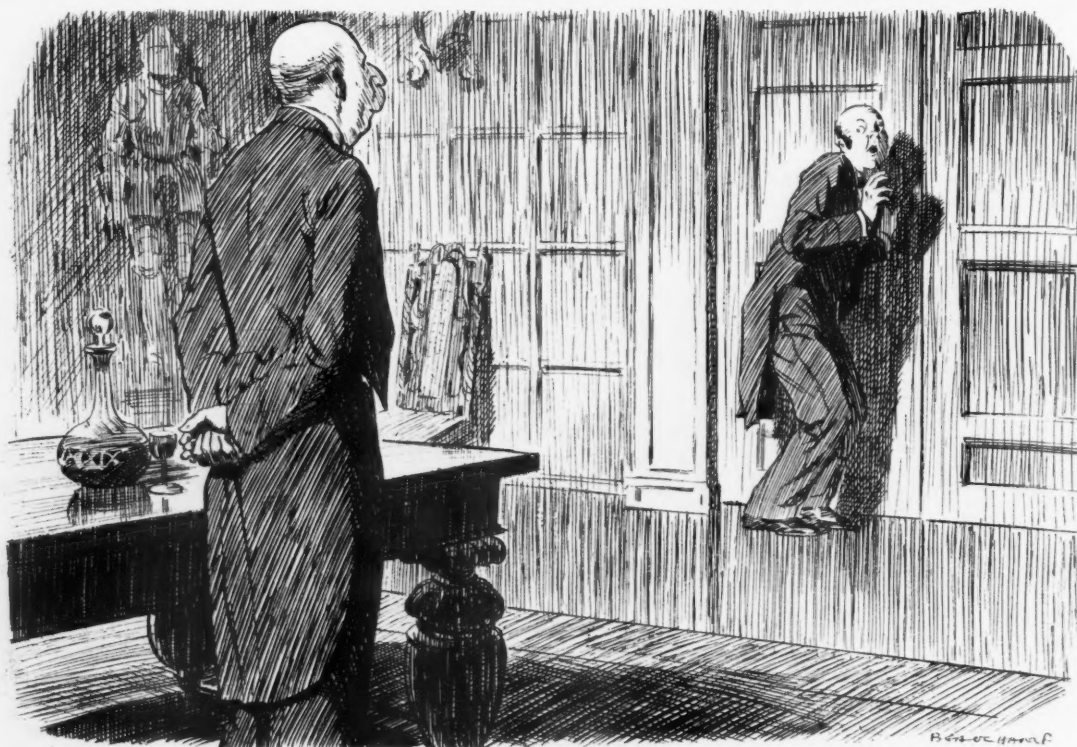
"Lost, Red Lady's Bag, between Post Office and King Street."—*Jersey Paper.*
Will finder kindly bring it round to the wigwam?



THE STAGE WAITS.

SPIRIT OF RECONCILIATION. "ISN'T THIS WHERE I COME IN?"

["Japan has not recognised the Nanking Government. . . The officially encouraged boycott" (of Japanese goods) "continues to grow in intensity, and altogether relations between the two countries are very uncomfortable."—"The Times" Correspondent at Nanking.]



Sir John. "WHAT IS IT, JAMES?"

Butler. "G-G-G-GHOSTS, SIR JOHN!"

Sir John. "SHOW 'EM IN, JAMES."

HOW TO GET A LETTER IN THE PAPERS.

In the old days of course this used to be fairly easy. One had the inspiration; one wrote the letter; and in due course it appeared. Major-General Gore-Curdler, for instance, on hearing that the War Office had issued an order that in future the chapes of bayonets were to be left unpolished on guard-mounting parades, would fly into a white-hot passion, upset both his coffee-cup and his wife in his furious denunciation of the decline of the Army and the milkiness of the modern soldier, and would finally wind up with this ominous ultimatum: "I shall write to the papers about it."

But things are changed. To-day he has to add to himself, "If they'll publish it;" and that is not at all the same. It takes all the thunder out of any denunciation to feel that a much-needed protest against an imminent evil may never see the light, being displaced by some half-wit who has just grown a bigger red-currant than anyone else and wants to know if it is because he is a registered reader.

The reason for this is obvious. It is simply that newspapers are now more

wide-awake than they were. In the old days the only benefit that resulted from a letter to the papers was to the writer himself, who at least got his grievance out of his system and was no doubt saved from apoplexy. Neither the paper to which he poured out his soul nor the readers who skimmed over his letters *en route* for the football page, nor the abuse against which he fulminated were ever affected in any way. And astute Press kings at last realised this. "Why should the writer benefit," they said, "when the paper does not? In future, 'Letters to the Editor' shall be in effect yet another column of interesting news or advertisement, for which, mark you, we shall not have had to pay." And it was so.

Nowadays, therefore, if you wish to write to the papers there is nothing to stop you; but if you wish to see your letter in print you must take my advice and adopt one of the following methods:—

I will assume for my demonstration that the grievance you want to air is the fact that noisy motor-cycles continually pass by your quiet London home, and that you consider the Government should do something about it.

METHOD A.—STATISTICAL.

SIR,—Last night, between the hours of 10.30 and 11.30 p.m., seventeen motor-cycles passed noisily through this square which I chose for my residence on account of its alleged quietness. Of these, ten had apparently no silencers whatever, and three were going at over thirty miles an hour. My wife, who is far from well and has been forbidden noise of any sort, has complained three times to police-inspectors and once, being short-sighted, to a Naval officer in uniform; but still the nuisance continues. Perhaps the influence of your admirable paper will . . . etc.

PEACELOVER.

Note on above.

This method has a very high percentage of successful publication, due not so much to the forthright style as to the numerical details supplied. For it opens up a healthy rivalry among readers by giving a chance to "BACKWATER" to write the next day and say that in his square between the same hours he counted no fewer (he will of course say "no less") than *twenty-three* motor-cycles, *eleven* of which were doing over thirty; and to "INDIGNANT" to follow

up the day after with *twenty-eight* motor-cycles, *twelve* without silencers; and to "F. J. DIMBILLOCK, CAPT. (RET.)" to raise the others to thirty-two, without a silencer in the lot, and so on till presumably the last player sees the last but one at the limit or the Editor stops it and declares a round of jack-pots.

METHOD B.—THE INACCURATE.

DEAR SIR,—Twenty years ago, before the motor-cycle was invented, it was my lot to live in peace. To-day it is not. The rush of motor-cyclists passing my once peaceful home in Green Tree Square en route for Brighton every Sunday evening is hardly to be borne by one to whom restful solitude is essential... etc.

AMELIA LAVENDER.

Note on above.

Many new readers have been won to a paper by a letter such as this. For at once "LOVER OF ACCURACY" will rush to point out that motor-cycles were invented thirty years ago; and "HISTORIAN" will make it forty-two and supply proofs; and "MOTORIST" will state scornfully that Green Tree Square is right off the route to Brighton; and "CUTHBERT" will dash into print to explain that if it were Sunday evening the motor-cyclists would not be going to Brighton but coming back, and the whole business will be as good for the circulation as a smart rub-down with a rough towel.

METHOD C.—THE OUTSPOKEN.

SIR,—The infernal noise of—motor-cycles every—day is—

SEA-DOG.

Note on Above.

This is perhaps the least satisfactory of all these methods. If the question of "The Increase of Bad Language since the War" or "Should Flappers Swear?" or something similar is in the air at the moment, it may be printed because of its incidental bearing on the subject. On the other hand, if it is overdone it won't.

METHOD D.—THE INNOCENT.

DEAR MR. EDDITOR,—I am only seven years old, and Daddie doesn't know I'm doin' this but please stop the noise here cos I can't sleep. I asked in my prayers but it didn't stop and Daddie says *The Daily Pail* is better.

TOMMY.

Note on above.

Written on a sheet torn from one of your small nephew's copy-books, this is a winner every time.

METHOD E.—THE FULSOME.

DEAR SIR,—For years I have been a regular reader of your most excellent paper, and would like you to know how



Small Boy. "THIS IS MY FIFTH DANCE THIS WEEK. DO YOU GO TO MANY?"
Small Girl (not to be outdone). "OH, HEAPS! AND I'VE AN AUNT THAT BELONGS TO A CLUB THAT WAS RAIDED."

much I appreciate your sound common-sense in matters of policy and your eagerness to uphold the rights of private citizens against victimisation by the heedlessness of a selfish minority.

In this connection the householders of this respectable London Square are being slowly driven to distraction by a plague of noisy motor-cyclists, and I am sure that your influence, wielded as usual against those who refuse to consider others, will be at once effective in stopping the nuisance. . . etc.

CONSTANT READER.

Note on Above.

While frequently successful, this method has one great drawback. There is an increasing tendency among news-

papers at the time to shorten all material submitted to them—in which case the above letter might appear in print cut down to the first paragraph only.

A. A.

After the Holidays.

"My husband used to be a plumber, but he is in work now."—*Daily Paper.*

"Freehold labour-saving house, 3 beds (one 23ft. long)."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

That ought to save labour for whoever has to make it.

"After cards and supper (the tables being very tastefully decorated by Mrs. —), the pastry reluctantly dispersed."

Australian Paper.

Pastry hates being broken up.

VERONICA THANKS.

I TOLD her earnestly that in my young days there was nothing that pleased me more than to sit down just after Christmas and write long affectionate letters to my godfathers and godmothers and any other relations who had been so kind as to remember me.

Very likely she was impressed.

"Howling catfish!" she exclaimed in her simple girlish way.

I went on to remark that no outpouring of gratitude could be too eloquent in the case of one who, like her great-uncle Andrew, forgetful alike of his liver and the cares of office, had taken the trouble to send her a delicately-carved teak paper-knife all the way from Singapore.

She answered again quite simply.

"Buzz, buzz!" she replied.

I was aware that she had spent the early hours of Christmas morning in perusing, firstly, Professor GILBERT MURRAY's translation of *The Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES, and, secondly, *The Felix Annual*. I deduced that her repartees came from the latter comedy.

It is fairly easy to taunt Veronica. I might have told her that she is twelve years old, a prefect and a Woodpecker, or that one of her stockings was coming down. Instead of that I lent her *The Ladies' Letter-Writer*, imploring her to study the models contained therein and to write to her great-uncle Andrew at once.

"Think of the numbers of children," I said, "who have been pining for a carved teak paper-knife all the year, and no one has thought of giving them one."

The Ladies' Letter-Writer is a good book. I do not know when it was first compiled, but apparently it is still in circulation and therefore, I suppose, in use.

There are not many crises in a woman's life, be she young or old, with which it does not adequately, nay, splendidly, deal. How charming, for instance, are the words that Mrs. Louisa Cameron pens to Mrs. Edith Montague on April 6th from Clarence Street, *Requesting a Sitting for a Group!*—

"DEAR MRS. MONTAGUE" (she writes),—"My little girls are going to have their 'photos' taken in the fancy costumes they wore at your juvenile party, and I think it would greatly add to the beauty of the picture if you would allow their little playfellow to make one of the group.

Hoping you will grant me this favour,
I remain, Yours sincerely,

LOUISA CAMERON."

And how exquisitely does not Mrs.

Montague reply (on April 7th, mark you) from Camden Town!—

"DEAR MRS. CAMERON,—I feel both proud and happy in complying with your request. If sweet innocence can be reflected on paper, your little girls cannot fail to make a charming picture; and—pray excuse a mother's fondness—I do not think my own darling will look amiss.

With many thanks for your kind proposal, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

EDITH MONTAGUE."

Not less sweetly does Annie Layton send out from The Elms her *Invitation to a Friend at the Seaside to come and spend some time in the Country*.

"Such an admirer of Nature," she thinks, as Eleanor, "will enjoy the change from your wild rocky scenery to our quiet peaceful valley, and from the roar of the waves to the music of murmuring brooks. . . . George" (she adds rather coyly) "is as merry and mischievous as ever, and will, I know, do his utmost to add to your enjoyment and make your visit a pleasant one."

To which Eleanor (who lives at Hastings):—

"It will be a great treat to pay an inland visit. . . . I shall also be glad to see my own friends again and have a laugh with George."

I read these letters aloud in solemn tones to Veronica. I told her that she could easily find, if she searched diligently for it, an example showing how to acknowledge in a suitable manner a gift from an aged relative in a tropic clime.

She tore the book out of my hand, lay down on the floor, read the thing carefully from end to end, got up, wolfed a few chocolates and then arranged on a table a vile box of pink-and-green stationery, a light-blue fountain-pen, an inkpot shaped like an owl and three sticks of sealing-wax. I left her sitting with her head on one side, her fingers already inked, but otherwise writing carefully and neatly, as a lady should.

"Will this do?" she asked me later. I regret to say that she giggled.

The letter began abruptly, but was very nearly faultless in punctuation and style:—

"How can I thank you sufficiently," it ran, "for your magnificent gift, you dear kind friend. You load me with the tokens of your affection. No proof of your generosity was wanting to assure us of your esteem, which I hope I shall always deserve. I wish there were not a great wide sea between us. We often speak of you, and lament that you can-

not come and spend six months with us. I am sure you would enjoy the change, and you would have horse exercise to your heart's content.

Although oceans divide us, do not imagine that we forget our old friends. Could you see the eager faces when the postbag comes in you would be convinced that this is not the case.

I have wonderful tidings to communicate to you! Yesterday Mr. C. joined me on the Esplanade (where I was walking with only Aunty's little dog, Fido, with me) and after a little unimportant conversation suddenly proposed to me. I was very much astonished, for I had not an idea that he cared for me. I have referred him to you, as of course I cannot decide without your advice and approval. Oh, great-uncle, grant your consent!

Life is an ever-changing scene of sunshine and shade, but I shall not in my rather dull home soon forget the excitement of your gift, whose use will constantly remind me of the far-off giver.

With many, many thanks and much love,

Believe me, Yours most affectionately,
VERONICA."

"There isn't a letter in the least like that in the book," I said.

"I got it all out of different bits," she explained, hopping on one leg and holding the other foot in her hand. "Isn't it terrible blah blah?"

I said that I thought it was even worse than that; and I suppose that great-uncle Andrew will have to wait for the next mail. EVOE.

TWO BAD LOBSTERS.

A MORAL TALE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

AWAY down beneath the Atlantic, where the water comes shallow enough for fishermen's little boats with their creels, lived a community of lobsters. They were much troubled by two of the largest ones of their number, who fully deserved the names showered upon them by the dictionary: "Large, marine, stalk-eyed, ten-footed, edible crustaceans." Even their own mother felt like that about them and told them they would come to a bad end. But they just laughed and went on pinching the toes of little sea-urchins and eating everyone else's dinner.

One evening a large round basket dropped slowly down through the beautiful shimmering ceiling, surrounded by a cascade of silver-white bubbles like stars. From inside the basket came a delicious smell. When the stars had every one gone, all the little lobsters hurried to the basket and were saying "Ooh-ah!" at the lovely lobster's



"SO THIS IS PAMELA. AND TO THINK THAT I REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER IN LONG SKIRTS!"

larder they saw inside it, when along came the two bad lobsters. They bit and pinched and walked over the top of the others right into the basket and ate everything up. They dared anyone else to come in, and nobody dared. When they found that they couldn't come out they pretended that they wanted to stay in, and shouted rude things to everyone down below as they were hauled up into the boat, where Tonalwillie welcomed them and said they were very beautiful lobsters and he would send them as a New Year present to the gentleman in Edinburgh.

The lobsters nudged each other and were very proud to hear it, but tried to

bite Tonalwillie, who wouldn't have that at all. He took them to his little post-office in the glen and packed them in a cardboard sausage-box from under the counter, and he wrote on the outside that they were live lobsters and must go quickly.

They were then put in a large sack to wait till the postman came from far away the next day and took them over the hills for many miles in a cart. Then they were put in a motor mail-van for many more miles, then in a steamer for still more, then in a railway-van for most of all, and last came a long weary wait in the big post-office. By that time they were no longer edible crusta-

ceans at all. Their black souls, reft from their blue-black shells, were left in the Highlands, there to haunt the sea-gulls and tease the hungry cormorants. But what was left of them in the sausage-box went on doing its worst.

When the gentleman in Edinburgh saw the lobsters on his kitchen-table he stood at a little distance from them and said, "Now that *is* kind of Tonalwillie. I do not like lobsters myself, but I wonder if the man next-door does." So his little boy rang the next-door bell and inquired.

"That *is* kind," said the lady who opened the door; "I don't like lobsters myself, but I *think* my husband does. Thank you

so much." And the little boy came back and, after being adjured by his parents to stop holding his nose, passed the lobsters over the railing.

A few minutes later the bell of the next-house-but-one was heard to ring and the voice of the grateful lady saying in a hoarse loud whisper, "I wonder if you care for lobsters—"; and, peeping through a hole in the curtains, the gentleman saw her coming away from that house on tip-toe, looking very relieved and wiping her hands.

All the way along the Terrace on that glad New Year's Eve rang the bell of each house, ushering in the New Year and two old lobsters. By each householder in turn they were greeted with smiles, and by each it was felt that the idea was kind though the smell was awful.

In the early morning at the furthestmost house the bin was carried out and furtively put round the corner. The gentleman's little dog with its dirty inquiring little nose scattered the contents and rummaged gloriously. His master found the results, two dingy lobsters lying on his boots at his bedroom door. It was his little dog's New Year gift. The idea was kind but the smell was awful.

So the two bad lobsters were put into the kitchen-boiler that was guaranteed to burn any rubbish. They helped to heat the water for what the gentleman, puffing and rubbing his hands at breakfast, referred to as his "cold bath." So it all worked out right in the end. Except for the lobsters, and they were bad and deserved nothing better.

Moral: Always remember that the idea may be kind, though the presents are awful.

There was an old man in Madeira
Whose stories got queera and queera;
The guests gathered round
Said his *vinum* was sound,
But his *veritas* rather too *vera*.

THE CIRCUS.

(OLYMPIA.)

ALL the girls, I imagine, will go to see TOGARE and CON COLLEANO. These two god-like, powerful, fearless and picturesquely-dressed young men perform in Mr. BERTRAM W. MILLS' Ninth Circus at Olympia. COLLEANO, who

belt, the shining torso and the stately walk—TOGARE is certainly worth the money. So also is COLLEANO, another superb figure and fine showman: he succeeded in his desperate somersault at the fourth attempt and so won the hearts of thousands who would have thought nothing of it if he had done it the first time.

So also are VAN HORN and INEZ, who roller-skate "sensationally" upon a small round table-top. So also are the ROMEO and REDAM "gladiatorial" troupes; and the FOUR BRONETTS, who are as funny as ever in the simplest manner with a bucket of water. So also was LORD LONSDALE presenting bouquets to the ladies with a kingly grace and irresistible charm. So also were others of the twenty-one turns, drawn from fifteen nations, which compose this, as usual, remarkable show. But can I say the same for the lions?

The lions roared while LORD LONSDALE was speaking at the excellent and populous lunch which preceded the first performance. And they roared after the performance when they were back in their cages. And I do not blame the lions. For LORD LONSDALE in his speech was talking about their cages. He took occasion to rebuke the R.S.P.C.A. for the things they say about the receptacles in which performing animals are conveyed from place to place. He pointed out to the R.S.P.C.A. that, after all, race-horses and cattle are taken about

the country in trucks. The lions roared again, and I do not think it is worth while to add a retort of my own. But, since LORD LONSDALE thought it worth while to express an opinion in public upon this subject, knowing how much respect is paid to his opinion, I wonder if he had the curiosity to go round afterwards and see for himself. I did. The horses I saw looked comfortable enough, certainly, and had plenty of (electric) light. But I happened to pass a couple of lion-cages on wheels, tucked

THE LION WHO COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIS DESTINY.

Menagerie-Bred Lion. "IT'S A CURIOUS THING THAT I SHOULD HAVE—"



THESE PAWS—



THESE CLAWS—



THESE JAWS—



A STROKE THAT WOULD
FELL AN OX—



LIMBS MADE FOR THE CHASE—



AND NO FEAR OF ANY-
THING—



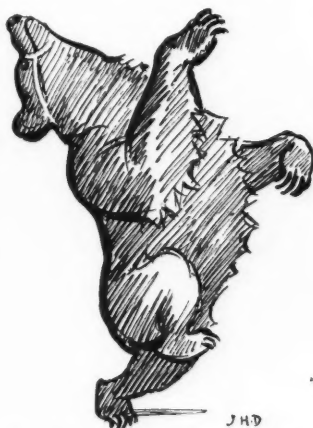
AND YET THIS FELLOW DOES WHAT HE LIKES
WITH ME."

away in a dark corner near the exhibition of human monstrosities. The cages were end-on, so I could only see a nose or two and a paw or two protruding from the bars. For all I know there was every comfort and convenience within the cages, and not too many lions; but they were certainly not large (well, not what I should call large, for a lion), and they certainly had no light to speak of, for they faced a blank wall about four feet away. I am quite prepared to be told that the African lion prefers to live in the dark all day, except for two short periods in which he enjoys the brilliant lights of the arena. Very likely the whole purpose of the thing is to improve the breed of the lion. Lord LONSDALE may be logical and right when he suggests (if I understand him correctly) that what is sauce for the cattle is sauce for the carnivore. Still, as I stood with the urchins and peered down that gloomy alley I could not help remembering that this was the British Lion, the King of Beasts, which we all so much respect, the animal on the coins and the arms of His Majesty the KING.

Heaven forbid that we should be sentimental about such dangerous vermin. They must be made, of course, to serve the nobler ends of Man. But I wonder again whether Lord LONSDALE was much impressed, whether the six thousand children kindly invited were much improved, by the lions' performance. While the PYKETTI-CHAVALLI TROUPES AMALGAMATED were hanging perilously from trapezes aloft, men were erecting an elaborate cage of spiky iron bars in the arena below. Then through a tunnel were ushered eight or nine lions, bored if not reluctant. I never saw a lion of Chelsea so bored, and that is saying a lot. How different from the proud magnificent creatures on the programme cover! Obedient to the compelling eye of TOGARE they climbed on to their appointed perches and sat round the cage like so many birds, yawning portentously. With his satin smile and an occasional gentle flip of the riding-switch, TOGARE made them come here and go there, and three



LORD LONSDALE AMONGST THE "HORSES."



One of BAKER'S Bears. "THESE HUMANS THINK THEY CAN JAZZ!"

THE MANNEQUIN PARADE.
MODES FOR MEN.

were persuaded to sit up for a second or two and beg like puppy-dogs. Well, I may be pernickety, but it does not amuse me to see the British lion unwillingly begging like a puppy-dog or sitting on a perch like a tame canary. TOGARE looked noble, but the lions looked foolish, and I felt ashamed of myself. The audience doubtless admired TOGARE but secretly hoped that one of the lions would turn nasty. I hope Lord LONSDALE enjoyed it all, and I hope that Mr. MILLS will ask me to lunch again, but I must record my own poor impression that this sort of turn is futile and degrading, to man and beast.

The show is a masterpiece of organisation, the Fun Fair is as jolly as ever, and I hear that the performing fleas are there. And now you may ask—why do I not deliver a lecture about them? Sir, you may ask. A. P. H.

THE ROOKS.

EARLY in the morning the rookery at Wrotesley Revel held its parliament. The rooks, like Mr. KINGSLEY'S crows, had an offender to try. This was a pretty young lady-rook, and her crime was that she had declared herself able to get a living without stealing partridges' eggs; and for that she was condemned to die. But, even as they rushed upon her, a handsome young cock-rook in the shiniest blue-black dashed at the chief executioner and knocked a whole hatful of feathers out of him, and while the rest were getting these out of their eyes he rasped, "Cut it, Cawrisande!" (for that was the young lady-rook's name); and cut it they did. The pack mobbed them for a mile or more, but presently Cawrisande and Stephen were alone in blue April air.

"Let's build a nest," said Stephen.

"Yes," said Cawrisande, "and let's build it at The Grange, where my mama was hatched before the Luck left it, years and years ago; the elms are still unoccupied."

"With all my heart," said Stephen, "especially as I understand that the fitting was through no fault of the proprietor."

(End of Prologue.)

You could hear them before you were up of a morning and, in summer, after you were in bed at night. And in April rooks were in and about the elms day-long. There was music in their familiar voices and magic in their dark wings, and, when they came tumbling in to roost headlong out of a windy autumn sky, Louisa thought them the jolliest of all the birds.

"Rooks be *luck* to a place, let 'em hide," say the countryfolk; but Louisa didn't know about luck then. For Louisa was only ten, though The Grange, the old white house that she lived in (also the elms about it that the rooks lived in) was her very own. But how and why this was it would not interest you to know.

Then Louisa's trustees (you know what a trustee is?) said to each other:

"Well, now old Charles is out of the way we'd better let Louisa's shooting." They here referred to the late Sir Charles Syllabub, Louisa's uncle, who was used to bring his party several times a season to shoot the pheasants and partridges. And so the shooting was let to Mr. Meyer, of Copthall Avenue. And at the end of the season Mr. Meyer wrote and said that the rooks were spoiling his sport because they stole the partridges' eggs and that, unless they (the rooks) were got rid of, Miss Louisa Syllabub's trustees might look for another tenant.

And so Bagwell the game-keeper got his instructions.

Now rooks, rather than leave home, will put up with a lot; but *not* with little bucket-fires lit, after dusk, under the elms to frighten the roosting birds (and your own Luck too maybe) up and away into the wet and wanchancy dark. And the reason why Louisa never heard the Luck passing in scandalised outcry and commotion of black wings was because she, like all good little girls, went to bed to sleep soundly and not to listen to lonely noises of the night.

But "*Caw, Caw*," soliloquised the rooks when they had reached Wrottesley Revel and joined the colony that has flourished there since KING ALFRED'S day. "*Caw, Caw*, it is the Law that, as we have gone, so must innocent Louisa go; and how shall she—shall we—shall it" (here I think that the rooks referred to the Luck) "*come back? Aah, Kaa.*"

And so Louisa lost her musical friends, and as the changeful years went by the rooks and the clangour of rooks came to be what she best remembered of the white house among the elms where once upon a time she had lived. Oh, and among other things, Mr. Meyer didn't take the shooting after all, and the value of farming land fell like a ton of bricks.

"DEAR MISS SYLLABUB," wrote her trustees, for all of twenty was Louisa now and earning her own living, which

phoned from London, and were they not going to the Hunt Ball?

You may ask how a poor but busy young lady like Louisa had time to go a-dancing in the country. Well, Louisa had lost her job. Like this:—

"We are, Dear Thirs, yourth very faithfully," said Mr. MacGregor with a slight lisp as he finished dictating.

"Why *faithfully*?" asked Louisa.

"Why not, Mith Thyllabub?" inquired Mr. MacGregor.

"Because," said Louisa—and well, no smart young financier is going to stand being called a thief to his face by a chit of a typist at three-ten a week, is he, now?

It must have been just about *John Peel* time on the morning after the Hunt Ball when that nice but penniless young person, Peter Mainwaring, told Messrs. Floaters' late secretary something that she knew already.

"And I love you, Peter," said Louisa.

"Then," said Peter presently, "we'll be married."

"And," said Louisa, "we shall have no difficulty about a house, for I have one in my pocket now."

"But," said Peter, when Louisa had told excitedly all that she could remember of The Grange ("only the rooks went away, Peter darling, and everybody said that was so unlucky")—"but *that's* not seventy miles away; let's go and see it *now*—it'll be light in two two's."

Peter had no difficulty in finding a fur coat for Louisa and, just one hour and fifty-nine minutes later, his two-seater was swinging up a rather weedy avenue. . . .

"And of course I shall write far finer plays here than I should in Warwick-

shire," continued Peter enthusiastically; "the *atmosphere*—"

"And I—" broke in Louisa; then breathlessly, "O—oh, Peter, look!"

Peter followed the pointing finger.

High in keen blue air, where still the remains of old crow castles stood in the topmost elms, a perched rook swayed, and there, an instant later, another joined it. The newcomer carried a twig.

"Noah's Dove and the Token," said Peter rather quietly; "that's good enough, my dear." And he kissed Louisa all among the wild daffodils just as a slant of morning sunshine stole a-tiptoe through the big elms. P. R. C.



First Lady (willing to let bygones be bygones). "'APPY NEW YEAR, MRS. MIGGS."

Second Lady (not). "YOU KEEP YER 'APPINESS TILL YOU'RE ASKED FOR IT—IF YOU PLEASE!"

is no such hardship for a high-spirited and intelligent young lady as you might think, even though she earns it by typing letters for a firm of company-promoters.—"Dear Miss Syllabub,—We are sorry to say that the present tenant of The Grange has given notice terminating his tenancy. He is at present abroad," etc., etc.

As Louisa read she had felt of a sudden a quick little heart-pull of *Heimweh*, and she had remembered the rooks louder than ever before. But she was not thinking of them to-night because she was staying with Lena Goldspink, to whom she had that morning tele-

A PETTING PARTY.



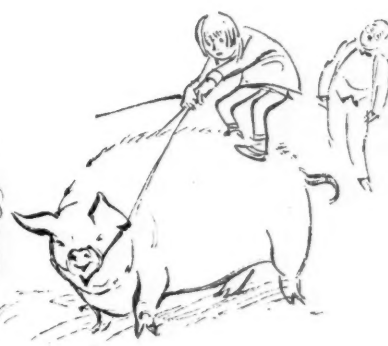
The Host. "No, IN SPITE OF ALL THIS WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHRISTMAS, BECAUSE—



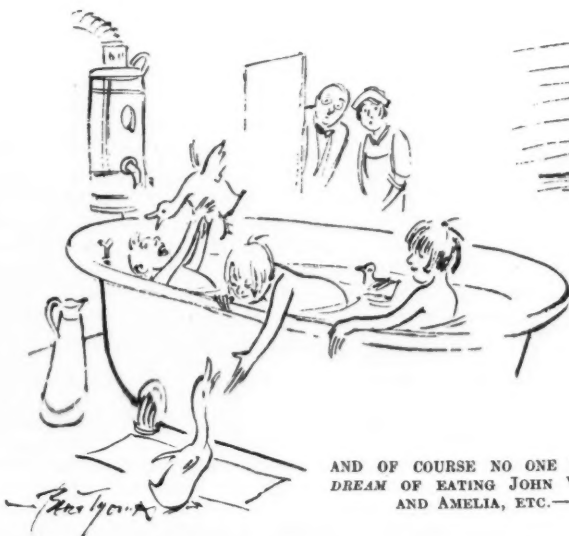
JIMMY MADE A PAL OF OUR ONLY TURKEY—



AND THE ROOSTER WAS BETTY'S PET—



AND THE PORKER WAS PAM'S PRIVATE PROPERTY—



AND OF COURSE NO ONE WOULD DREAM OF EATING JOHN WILLIE AND AMELIA, ETC.—



SO AT THE LAST MOMENT WE SIMPLY HAD TO FALL BACK ON THE STORE CUPBOARD."

TOPSY, M.P.

XVI.—PLAYS GOLF WITH NANCY.

Trix darling, I'm *prostrate*, I've played 18 holes of golf with NANCY Astor, and of course if you *don't* know NANCY you've *no* idea what that means, my dear she's a *walking* dynamo, my dear *volcanic*, and I must say she's the *most* convincing advertisement for vinophobia and *no* smoking as far as *energy's* concerned, but of course as I said to her about the 12th hole the question is *is* so much energy *desirable* on this planet, because my dear I've *come* to the conclusion that a certain amount of spasmodic *inertia* produces the *deepest* philosophy and meditation and everything, because it's *too* obvious that if you're always *bounding* over fences you've *no* time to *absorb* the scenery, and therefore it's *quite* hypothetical that *beer* and *tobacco* may be the absolute *foundation* of British wisdom, well don't you agree darling?

Only my dear *don't* think I'm being the *least* bit corrosive about NANCY because I *do* think she's a *miraculous* person and *rather* maligned, because what I like about her is that *like* me she *doesn't* care *two* toots *what* she says to anybody, in fact in her case I should put it at *one* toot, or even less, and my dear everyone thinks she's *too* fanatical, and of course she *is* fanatical in a *cerebral* sort of way but not *personally*, well I mean she *doesn't* utterly *spurn* a person because you *don't* agree with her, like some of these completists, though of course she'll make the *most* explosive remarks about you, but my dear *quite* genial because she's *always* thinking she's going to *convert* you, which of course is *just* my attitude to Councillor Mule and Co., and *by* the way darling I *rather* fancy I've made the *wee-est* impression in that quarter, well anyhow my dear *this* morning NANCY rang me up and said *would* I go down to Warpsand with her and *bring* my clubs because she was *too* saturated with this *nephitic* town and she was taking BERNARD SHAW to see his *first* game of golf and she *must* have a *chaperon* because he's the *most* dangerous centenarian she knows, well my dear it sounded *rather* a party though a *fraction* *intellectual* perhaps for your rustic little friend, so I dug out the old clubs

which my dear were utterly *draped* in rust, and we all drove down in the *vastest* car, *me* my dear a *melting* little sandwich between NANCY and the great man, my dear *too* bizarre.

Well my dear *what* a journey, because of course they *quite* never stopped talking and I *simply* didn't utter, my dear I felt like a *very* small horse with people *firing* over my *body*, though in a way it was more like *two* people letting off *rockets* at the same time, because first of all BERNARD would explain that

However it all had rather throb and fun-value, and at last we stood on the first tee, *me* my dear with my *three* pitiful *red* clubs and *one* slightly superannuated ball, because of course I've never had truck with *classical* golf I haven't played for an *epoch* and then only at Mullion, where my dear you stop at the *seventh* to pick mushrooms and at the 12th for tea, I should think my handicap is about 57 and as a rule I *carry* my ball for the last few holes, so my dear *when* I tell you that Warpsand is a *haunt* of tigers with *red* coats and utter *armouries* of irons, not to mention *sponges* and *wind-gauges* and *wooden* clubs in *tropical* profusion, and of course *too* populous, my dear *platoons* of plus 5's *clustered* on the tee, well some of them tried a little twittery on NANCY and in about two sentences she laid them *quite* horizontal, my dear one of them said Why don't Americans practise their *principles* in England, Lady Astor, so she said Why don't Englishmen take their *morals* to Paris, which my dear I thought was *rather* rapid and pertinent, however after that she gave the caddies a *brief* homily about their *private* lives and arranged for *all* their children to join the *Band* of Hope, and then *off* she went like an *electric* racehorse, with SHAW *striding* beside her like a *Norwegian* god, my dear *too* perpendicular, and making the *most* carbolic remarks about golf, and of course your *frail* little friend trotting *feverishly* behind them from one gorse-bush to another, can you see the picture?

Well my dear I did the first six holes *running*, my dear mere *hockey* because, *wherever* there were brooks or bunkers or bushes or roads or out of bounds or heaps of stones or anything, *quite*

I did trickle back to the fairway I'd see NANCY and BERNARD absolute leagues ahead discussing *Christian Science* over the green and the *hugest* men waiting *patiently* behind me, so I *picked* up the fragments of my only ball and cantered on to the next, I think the 10th was the first hole I definitely *finished*, and of course the girlish stamina surrendered *quite* soon because my dear the course goes up and down over the highest mountains, the little wind grew *scanty* and the little legs became *too* *lean* and protracted *aches*, but of course NANCY



Wife (to Husband, who has spent many hours clearing path).
"YOU'VE DONE THAT VERY NICELY, GEORGE. NOW YOU'D
BETTER RELAX. MAKE A SNOW-MAN OR SOMETHING IF
YOU LIKE."

he was *unique* among mortals and long before he'd finished NANCY would point out that she was *celestial*, my dear they were *too* witty only I can't remember what they said, and I must say that NANCY *quite* held her end up, as she generally *does*, well anyhow they tore each other into *small* pieces all the way to Warpsand, at which place they suddenly discovered your *immaterial* Top lying like a *crushed* strawberry between them, so I then *faded* into the picture with a definite *remark* about something, and they *both* began talking about something *quite* else, my dear *too* flattering.



Excited Lady (on edge of crowd). "Look! THE POLICEMAN'S STRUGGLING WITH HIM. WHAT HAS HE DONE? PICKED SOMEONE'S POCKET, I EXPECT. RESPECTABLE-LOOKING MAN TOO. WHAT A PITY! (To stranger) C-CAN YOU TELL US?"
Stranger. "BLOKE'S GOT SOME GRIT IN 'IS EYE."

and SHAW never turned a hair, and I must say that G.B. is the most plausible ad. for vegetables and everything, only as I say darling well is it worth it, well my dear they marched all up the mountains flinging wit at each other, never pausing for breath or me or anything, and on the twelfth tee SHAW said it was no good NANCY trying to be a Joan of Arc because she'd never hear any voices but her own, so NANCY said she didn't intend to be a Saint because somebody like SHAW would go and make money out of her, so SHAW said he could never write a play about NANCY because his appeal was to the intellect and just then I took my buffoon and drove my only ball over the cliff, my dear too disheartening.

Well then NANCY lent me a new ball and began, on me, about vinophily and everything, because at the moment she's too whoopy about HOOVER, and whenever I missed the ball too totally she said That's what happens to the

cocktail-girl, so we galloped on my dear she shouting congenial abuse about alcohol and the brewers, and me panting insults about horse-races and betting, with which as a matter of fact she rather agreed, only of course SHAW said we were both erroneous because if only it was compulsory to read his plays nobody would want any other pleasures at all, and my dear the whole time we were utterly chasing a rather Gothical foursome of circular old men, my dear too skilled but praying over their putts and everything, and my dear NANCY was yearning to trample over them but of course your little Top was rather a handicap, however when we came to the down-hill holes I got my fourth or fifth wind and played with one club only to save time, so we sailed through and left the round ones petrified because NANCY gave them a cheery little lecture about their physique and the brewers and everything and SHAW said his life

had been in vain if grown-up men were still squandering their minds on to a game like golf, however NANCY said that if SHAW played games he'd have a sense of proportion and his plays would be shorter, and SHAW said that if she read his plays she'd have a sense of power and her drives would be longer, and so we charged along the long sixteenth because we had to get to the House, but my dear for the last two holes I gave up all pretence and merely kicked or carted the ball, however I arrived in a complete lather but the others of course were too tireless and fresh as fairies, so I shunned the House and had a mustard-bath, and my dear here I am quite moribund in bed, however I must say it was rather a party, only before I go roaming the hills and dales with those two super-creatures again I shall have a long dose of vegetables and quite no gaspers, farewell now darling your dormatose TOPSY.

A. P. H.



DECEMBER 31.

"WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU MADE ANY GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR?"

"I'VE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT AND THOUGHT, MUMMY, AND I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT."

'TIS WINTERTIME IN PODWELL.

[We are at the threshold of a New Year. Now is the time, I think, for poets to strike a new note, and especially a note of sincerity. In book after book of minor verse I find the same old motive repeated. The poet has been born somewhere. He has never been back to the place since; at any rate not for a long time. He decides to return instantly, stating, without the slightest regard for truth, that the place where he was born is the most beautiful place in England, and that no other place has the faintest attraction for him at all. How often, I ask, is this hackneyed motive spontaneous or the result of a spontaneous inspiration? How often do these fellows really go back, or want to go back, to this little place in Surrey, or Northamptonshire, or part of Flint? How often, owing to the difficulties of the railway service or to having left debts behind them, do they not regard it with repulsion? In the stanzas which follow I have tried to give a new message to the poets of 1929.]

'Tis wintertime in Podwell,
And there I would not be,
Amongst the marshy meadows
That look towards the sea;
Though crimsoned are the berries
On every Podwell thorn
*I shall not go to Podwell,
The place where I was born.*

The elm-tree on the sky-line,
Lone sentinel, shall stare

Towards the western plough-lands,
But I shall not be there;
And near the trackless hillway
And by the hingeless gate
One foot that used to loiter
Shall linger not nor wait.

The thrush that sings at Podwell
Has never sung so sweet
As those near Chipping Woolstead
Or Wallington-le-Street;
Nor round their mother's apron
Do rosier children cling,
So far as I have noticed,
At Podwell than at Pring.

There's grass in Goatley Magna
As good in every way
As any grass in England
That turns to splendid hay;
There's better gorse at Gumstock,
And close to Burling Bridge
A small but well-kept footpath
Leads upward to the ridge.

The Spring shall come to Podwell
With cowslips in her train,
But not so fair, I fancy,
As those in Hawskworth Lane;
And girls in Maltley Steeping
Have April-shining eyes,
And bakers' shops at Fernleigh
Are far less full of flies.

But I will go to Brixworth
Or Hanley-en-le-Dale,
Because the inns are nicer
And lovelier is the ale;
Or I will go to Blooby
By Murch and Cumbermere,
Where old men at the station
Survey the mellowing year.

The carts may come to Podwell
With mangolds and with mould,
And all the cottage windows
Be curtained from the cold,
*But not while prettier places
Exist, and less forlorn,
Will I go back to Podwell,
The place where I was born.*

EVOE.

Commercial Candour.

"DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF THINGS
IRONICAL."

Placard outside Indian Ironmonger's.

"Never throw anything out of the window."
Notice in Railway Carriage.

Then what is one to do with a screaming child?

"A Half-Million Revs. Per Min. Machine."
Mechanics' Paper.

This ought to remedy the shortage of clergy.



TOYS OF PEACE.

UNCLE PUNCH (to the New Year). "NO BOX OF SOLDIERS FOR YOU, MY BOY; THEY ONLY ENCOURAGE UGLY PASSIONS. THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO AMUSE YOURSELF WITH."





THE VICTORIAN URGE.

Hostess. "COME, BASIL, DAPHNE, AREN'T YOU GOING TO DANCE THIS ONE?"

Basil. "THANK YOU, AUNT, NO. WE ONLY DANCE THE POLKA."

THE FIVE BUTLERS.

THE officers of one of His Majesty's ships are anxious to do a play. Unfortunately, though their enthusiasm is fresh, their talent is somewhat limited. There are five of them who wish to take an active part, five of them eager and willing to play the rôle of butler, but all equally reluctant to attempt anything of a more enterprising nature. They have assured me that they can "rake in a brace of females" as well, and asked me to find them a suitable play. I have done my best.

SCENE I.—The dining-room of a very rich house. Dinner is in progress.

First Butler. Sherry, Milady?

Second Butler. Champagne, Milady?

Third Butler. Port, Milady?

Fourth Butler. Coffee, Milady?

Fifth Butler. Brandy, Woman?

Hostess. Well, darling, now that our little meal is over, shall we adjourn to the drawing-room?

Lady Grace. Let us adjourn.

[The five butlers open the five doors and the two ladies, after some hesitation, choose two of them and EXEUNT.]

SCENE II.—The drawing-room of the same house. After dinner.

Lady Grace. Darling, I have a terrible confession to make to you.

Hostess. Make it, dear. It shall go no further than these five walls.

Lady Grace. I am desperately in love with your butler.

Hostess. Mercy me! Which one?

Lady Grace. Which one? Have you got more than one?

Hostess. Dearest, I have five.

Lady Grace. Five? I thought the other four were footmen.

Hostess (gently). No, dear. They are all butlers.

Lady Grace. To me there is only one. Only one for whom I could stand up before the world and say, "This is a butler!"

Hostess. You mean?

Lady Grace. The others are mere footmen to me—second footmen.

Hostess. But which one, darling?

Lady Grace. Second-footmen, did I say? Odd men! Buttons! Lift-boys!

Hostess. I will ring the bells and find out which you mean.

[She rings five bells.]

Lady Grace. Five bells! She rings five bells! But only one for me. Which

one? Isn't that strange? How MAETER-LINCK this is!

Enter Five Butlers.

First Butler. Did you ring, Madam?

Second Butler. Did you ring, Madam?

Third Butler. Did you ring, Madam?

Fourth Butler. Did you ring, Madam?

Fifth Butler. Want me, Old Girl?

Lady Grace (pointing to fifth butler).

That is the man I love.

Hostess. Which one?

Lady Grace (dreamily). That one there. Can't you see which one I am pointing at?

Hostess. The fifth?

Lady Grace. Yes.

Hostess. I am sorry. I could never let him go.

Lady Grace. Why?

Hostess. Because I love him too.

Lady Grace. But I want him. I—

Hostess (firmly). No; I—

Fifth Butler. Shut up!

Hostess (ecstatically). Did you hear?

Lady Grace (ditto). It is wonderful!

It is—

Fifth Butler (to Lady Grace). Shut up! SHUT up! Listen to me. I am not coming with you, Grace.

Hostess. Ah!

Fifth Butler (to Hostess). And I have

not the slightest intention of remaining with you.

Hostess. But why?

Fifth Butler. Because I have been left a fortune by an old maid.

First Four Butlers. Tell us how it was done.

Fifth Butler. It is simple. Brothers and butlers, employers nowadays do not care for servility. You are all equal to your masters and mistresses. Prove it. Drink their whisky, smoke their cigars, joy-ride in their limousines, waste their electricity, burn their gas, wear their clothes, browbeat them, bully them, suffer no insolent reprimands; in brief, treat them like dirt, threaten every five minutes to leave them, and they'll not only beg you to remain but remember you in their wills as "my old and valued friend, who has faithfully served me for the last five-and-a-half years."

First Butler. Thanks for the tip.

Second Butler. This fires my butler's blood.

Third Butler. And mine.

Fourth Butler. Same here.

Fifth Butler. Good. Women, stand aside. Butlers, escort me to the door.

First Four Butlers. This way, this way, this way, this way.

[*Exeunt five Butlers with some ceremony.*]

Hostess (holding out her arms). My cave-man! My he-butler! . . . Now he is gone and utter darkness, as when a blind is drawn down by a footman, blots out the window of my life. (*Lady Grace rises and tip-toes to the door.*) There are no butlers now. Where are you going?

Lady Grace (very gently). I am going to be his teeny.

CURTAIN.

SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

"Your uncle and I have decided," announced Aunt Lucy in a thrilling whisper, "to give you a Great Treat."

The children were suitably impressed and their rosy lips began to frame questions. They have been brought up on modern lines, and we positively encourage them to ask intelligent questions. That is why it is such a relief when Aunt Lucy asks them out for the day.

"You would never guess what it is," continued Aunt Lucy archly.

"A tea-party," guessed Derek promptly.

"You pig, Derek," admonished Phyllis, "you're always thinking of food."

"Well, a treat is food, isn't it, Auntie?"

Uncle chuckled behind his newspaper.

"Generally, darling," agreed Auntie. "We won't forget the food. But that wasn't the treat we were thinking of. Your uncle and I are going to take you to the pantomime."

"Oh!" breathed Derek. "What's a pantomime, Auntie?"

"I know," cried Peter. "I went last year."

"Don't brag," counselled Phyllis, who is two years older and reminds him of it. "Everybody knows what a pantomime is. But do you think, Auntie, it's quite suitable for Derek?"

"Certainly, dear," said Auntie, a little coldly. "Nothing could be more suitable than a fairy-story."

"I don't believe in fairies," asserted Derek intelligently.

"What a pity, darling! Then we will go to one without fairies. What do you say to 'Dick Whittington'?"

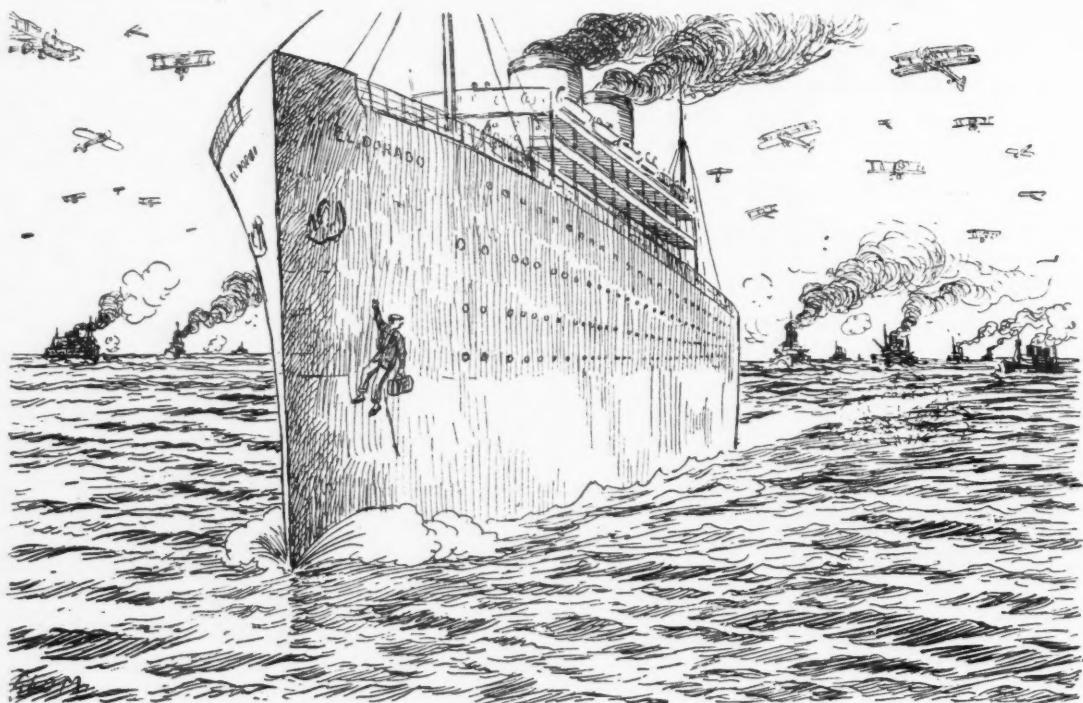
"Who's he?" asked Derek intelligently.

"I thought everyone knew the story of DICK WHITTINGTON."

"I know it," volunteered Phyllis; "he had a wonderful lamp."

"It was a cat, silly," corrected Peter.

"Quite right, Peter. But perhaps I'd



HOLIDAY REACTIONS.

ABSCONDING TREASURER OF A SHARE-OUT CLUB ENDEAVOURING TO ELUDE ARREST.

better tell you the story; it will help you to follow the pantomime so much better if you know the story. And you can help me with bits you remember. 'Once upon a time,' she began in a B.B.C. voice.

"What year?" asked Peter, who has just memorised "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, 1066; WILLIAM RUFUS, 1087."

"I don't really know, Peter," answered Aunt Lucy patiently; "stories always begin with 'Once upon a time.'"

"Only made-up stories," corrected Peter. "History begins. 'In 1066, WILLIAM OF NORMANDY.' Is *Dick Whittington* a true story?"

"Most of it," replied Aunt Lucy, cautiously. "DICK WHITTINGTON really lived. He became Lord Mayor of London."

"Then he ought to have a date," asserted Peter, "and we oughtn't to call him 'Dick.' You wouldn't call the LORD MAYOR 'Dick,' would you, Auntie, supposing his name was 'Dick'?"

"No, dear," said Aunt Lucy, restraining the impulse to shake him; "but the story begins when Dick wasn't Lord Mayor. He was only a poor boy."

"Poorer than me?" asked Derek, who has only one-and-threepence in his money-box.

"Much poorer than you, darling. So he left home and set off to make his fortune. He took nothing with him but his favourite cat——"

"I haven't got a cat," interrupted Derek.

"It isn't a real cat," explained Phyllis; "it's a man dressed up like a cat."

"Why isn't it a real cat?" demanded Derek.

"Because it's got to sing and dance. Cats can't sing and dance."

"But why has it got to sing and dance?" persisted Derek.

"Because it's a pantomime, silly."

"Oh!" said Derek in a dissatisfied voice.

"Thank you, darlings," continued Auntie. "If you've quite finished I will go on. And when Dick sat down to rest he heard the sound of bells."

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London,"

they seemed to be saying. So——"

"But you've forgotten the two wicked uncles, Auntie," protested Peter.

"They're not really wicked," explained Phyllis; "they're comics."

"The wicked uncles belong to *The Babes in the Wood*," corrected Auntie.

"Are all uncles wicked?" asked Derek.

"Hush," said Phyllis, glancing at Uncle's newspaper.

"Well," continued Auntie, "Dick's cat was so clever at catching mice that when he went abroad——"



Absent-minded old Gentleman. "I'M SORRY THAT'S THE CHEAPEST UMBRELLA YOU HAVE. ARE YOU QUITE SURE? I ONLY WANT IT FOR LEAVING IN TRAINS."

"On a ship?" asked Peter.

"Of course," said Phyllis; "that's where he's got to sing 'Forty-seven Ginger-Headed Sailors' and 'Constantinople' because the ship's going there. And when it gets to the pier——"

"I know," interrupted Peter. "The comic comes on and makes a joke about Wigan——"

"If you know all about it, dears," suggested Aunt Lucy a trifle acidly, "perhaps you would prefer to see something else."

"Thanks, Auntie," said Phyllis; "I don't think it's quite suitable for Derek. We have to think of Derek, you know."

"And what do you suggest for Derek, dear?" asked Auntie patiently.

"Please, Auntie," asked Phyllis, "could we go to a crook play? Derek hasn't seen any crime yet." W. E. R.

Commercial Candour.

"—— advertising does the actual selling—the customer is sold before he enters your shop."—*Scottish Trade Paper.*

"Large Sturmer Apples (Blemished), 2 for 10s.; rail free."—*Advt. in New Zealand Paper.* Still they may be better value than the small stumer variety.

"Molecules seldom acquire sufficient energy to slip out of their combinations, but when they do they lead a queer life."

Physics Lecturer.

We require a good deal to slip into ours on these cold mornings.

"There are a lot of boys who have not the ghost of an idea how to write a letter. I don't mean spelling only. I lead for more practice in the powers of expression. Never mind the spelling."—*From report of school speech-day in Derby paper.*

Quite right. It's the meaning that matters.

CAP'N PLUNK'S PUDDEN.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY STORY.

[Told by the "Cap'n" while exhibiting, among other souvenirs of his varied career, a large globular object, apparently of stone or other hard substance.]

WHEN I were young I shipped as Chips*
Aboard the barque *Celeste*,



"I soused that duff in rum and stout."

One o' them mongrel square-rigged
ships

As takes mixed freights on coasting-
trips

From Beyrout round to Brest.

And four days out the cook did pine,

And five days out he died;

I took his berth and liked it fine,

'Cos it were much less work than
mine,

And better grub beside.

That galley job is soft enough

Fer such as sticks to stew;

But I were bent on higher stuff,

And set my course to make a duff

To show wot I could do.

So each nice bit as lay about

I'd take and poke it in;

I soused that duff in rum and stout,

And made it brown wi' powder out

Of Cooky's cocoa-tin.

"Duffs," I should say; the stuff made
two;

One were fer Merry Christmas;

One on the Glad Noo Year were due;

I biled 'em both a-coming through

The Cut† across the Isthmus.

* Ship's carpenter.

† Corinth Canal.

The first they had on Christmas Day,
And cans o' good Greek wine;
About eight pound the thing did
weigh;

It smelled as sweet as flowers in
May;

They said it went
down fine.

The sun were warm, an'
calm the tide,
The mains'l booms
stood out,

When all of a sudden
the skipper he cried
As he were gone all stiff
inside

And could not bend
about.

I heerd another v'ice
within,
No brass band could
be louder—

"That their brown stuff
as you put in
From poor old Slushy's
cocoa-tin

Were Kinchard's Caulking Powder."

And wot the label said I knew—

THIS POWERFUL PREPARATION,
FAR STRONGER THAN THE STRONGEST
GLUE,
RESISTS ALL HEAT AND MOISTURE TOO
IN ANY SITUATION.

So when I see that Dago lot

A-feeling of their tummies

I hiked that Noo Year from the
pot;

Believe me or believe me not,

'Twere jest a lump o' pumice.



"When all of a sudden the skipper he
cried
As he were gone all stiff inside."

They took to bumping on their chest,
Which made the stuff set faster,
And I knew the old *Marie Celeste*
Could never fetch as far as Brest
Wi' that crew o' allybaster.



"There ain't a deal a man can do
If he can't bend about."

Their eyes got bright and sharp as
knives

And 'ateful as a adder;

It seemed I'd need some extry lives

If I got caught by them Lor's wives,

So I slipped off down the ladder.

I cut the dinghy drifting free;

The ship she drew ahead;

The foremost chaps jumped in the sea,

They was that keen to get at me,

But down they went like lead.

The rest they tried to lay her to

And swung the davits out,

But hauling did not suit that crew

(There ain't a deal a man can do

If he can't bend about).

That Christmas night were calm and
grand,

All gold from east to west;

With that their pudden in my hand

I watched the light die off the land

And laid me down to rest.

I slept as deep as dead or drunk

Till there come a crash and a rushing;

Down to a watery grave I sunk—

But I waked up, warm, in the skipper's
bunk

On the *Tellkamsant* o' Flushing.

The ole man said as it were clear

From this 'ere accident

That Concrete should be my career;

So I learned the business in a year,

Married his gal and set up here

A-selling Dutch cement.

A Chance for Robots.

"Four architectural bronze or iron Draughts-
men wanted for Canada."

Advt. in *Daily Paper*.



Customer. "I WANT YOU TO TAKE AWAY THE HOOTER AND GIVE ME A BELL LIKE A FIRE-ENGINE, SO THAT EVERYTHING GETS OUT OF MY WAY."

A LEGAL CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas night at Chancery Court, near the sleepy old Wessex town of Market Over, and the festivities were in full swing. Bunches of holly and mistletoe were suspended by red tape from all the ancient lights. Sir Joshua Mandamus, K.C., the Master of Chancery Court, had indeed, on the butler's summons for directions as to decoration, objected to the holly and mistletoe as scandalous and embarrassing, but his two daughters, Subpœna and Fifa, making an application for a garnishee order, had stated a special case. They admitted, without prejudice, that they had both formed attachments to third parties, and justified the holly and mistletoe on the ground that to obscure the ancient lights would lessen the risk of discovery and might lead to the formation of desirable partnerships.

"For," said Miss Subpœna in great distress, "some poor persons who come to court take a lot of winding up."

Miss Fifa specially endorsed all that her sister had said, and, after a few interrogatories, Sir Joshua had withdrawn his objection and allowed their appeal.

The company was small but select,

for the butler had had notice to inspect and admit only those who had been summoned. Lord Tort, Sir Alfred and Lady Trove, Count Certiorari and Mr. and Miss Feasance were among the number.

While they were eating their dinners, the rule against double portions being relaxed, greatly to the satisfaction of everybody, it was obvious that Count Certiorari was taking an exorbitant interest in the younger Miss Mandamus. It was perhaps hardly by inevitable accident that, when the older members of the party had retired to digest their Christmas pudding, the Count and Miss Fifa had a private consultation in another place. After many demurrers she consented to a petty session on the Count's knee provided she was not an encumbrance. The Count gallantly replied that his knee was privileged. "My dearest," he said, "may I give your father notice of our intended partnership so that you can be the official receiver of my attentions?"

At this moment the door opened and Sir Joshua himself entered an appearance in person. Though at first taken by surprise his recovery was swift. "Count," he said with contempt, "what justification have you for this em-

bracery? I need no further evidence. *Res ipsa loquitur*. You will leave the court immediately."

"Sir Joshua," replied the Count firmly, "you are misdirecting yourself; I rebut your innuendo. Let me confess and avoid any misunderstanding. Your daughter has suffered no special damage, for the kiss you saw was a partnership act and I intend to make her my wife."

"That puts a different complexion on the case," rejoined Sir Joshua, somewhat mollified; "let us adjourn to my private room, and then, if you satisfy me as to your means, I may commit my daughter to your custody; but I warn you that the costs of maintenance may tax your resources and my daughter shall marry no indebitatus Count."

"Sir," answered the Count, smiling, "we all have our limitations, but my exchequer will give you no cause for objection. I propose to settle one hundred thousand pounds on your daughter in perpetuity," and, turning to Fifa with a tender smile, he put a magnificent diamond-ring upon her finger as a memorandum of their association.

"The examination will be partly oral and partly viva voce."—*Irish Paper*.

And it may easily be *vice versa*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LOVE-LORN LADY" (WYNDHAM'S).

The Love-Lorn Lady, labelled by its author, Mr. FREDERICK JACKSON, "a romantic adventure," is not the kind of romantic adventure of which we have perhaps had a surfeit. No lethal weapons are used except the tongue; there are no hair-breadth escapes, if you don't count the escape of *Lord Anthony Carsdale*, the Duke of Norchester's son, from *Sybil Leslie*, the popular actress, and from *Lady Anne Parish*, the Duke of Munster's romantic daughter; and no disguises save that menial but attractive uniform assumed by *Lady Anne*, *Lord Anthony's* official fiancée, when she went with forged testimonials as lady's-maid to *Sybil*. *Anne*, having been jilted by *Lord Anthony* in favour of the seductive *Sybil*, wished to find out the secret of that hard-working lady's power over the weaker sex.

It was partly *M. Durand's* specialties—unguents and creams and *poudres d'allure* and bath-salts for girth control; and partly the adoption of exceedingly feminine and slinky modes; the pretence of sewing the most ravishing and embarrassing garments in their presence, and an unfailing fund of reasonably well-feigned sympathy for their troubles. That's what induced in *Lord Anthony's* wooing of *Sybil*—*Anne* took occasion to eavesdrop—so romantic a mood. He actually called *Sybil* his "sweet." *Anne* had never extorted anything more devotional than "old thing." She thus learns the secret, but has misgivings about her power or will to imitate her model—as well she might.

And it so happens that a Canadian lumber king, looking for a wife in England to keep up the pure English strain in his family, fixes upon *Sybil* as the ideal type. This man is the perfect romantic bore, and it seems natural that, after an extra glass of champagne has removed the careful veneer from *Sybil* and exposed the coarse grain beneath, he should turn to *Lady Anne* and that these hearts of gold should agree to look forward to long years of faithful mutual boredom. *Lord Anthony*, having lost both his adored ones, must try his luck again and is

fortunate to have learnt his lesson so cheaply.

This fairy-tale was played with a discretion which brought out the best in it—Mr. JACKSON has a sense of humour and a sense of character—and prevented it from degenerating into farce or falling into a morass of sentimentality, dangers which I suspect lurked in the author's script.

Mr. FRANCIS LISTER's light-handed playing of the Canadian was of great service in this direction, and I surmise, but can't be sure, that, when he was born in the author's brain, he was a rather more ponderous fellow. Miss

creditable piece of work. This was a foolish young man with a difference. Mr. RICHARD GRAY's *Lord Westhaven*—this, you will gather, is a tremendously "classy" play—was the silly ass pure and simple, and his rough fooling made a good sauce.

Miss OLIVE SLOANE chose, or was bidden, in the supposed interests of the average playgoer, to overplay slightly her *Sybil* to the point of making it clear to her admirers, if the author hadn't arbitrarily veiled their eyes, that she was by no means the simple, sincere, refined, domestic creature which it pleased them in their infatuation to believe. Clearly she had to prepare us for the scene when the champagne got under her guard, but I think she could have done this more gently without disturbing the general balance. T.

"THE LAST HOUR"
(COMEDY).

Though his "adventure in three Acts" is not for the critical, Mr. CHARLES BENNETT provides an ingenious toy and some engaging actions and reactions in this latest of stage thrillers.

Prince Nicholas de Kovatch, the cleverest spy in Europe—but of this the proof was lacking—has stolen the plans of the British Government's patent death-ray apparatus which has been got ready in time for the next war to end war. *Prince Nicholas* has a complicated mind, is a believer in an exact time-table—so exact that if there is any slight hitch his whole plan is brought to nought. The

ship which is to take his precious secret out of the country in time for him to breakfast with the Prime Minister next day and attend the King's garden-party must arrive off the Devonshire coast and blow its fog-horn at twelve midnight precisely and leave after another blast at 12.15 to the second. You can see that the method has its dangers, especially as the British Secret Service, under the astute and gallant *Colonel Charteris*, is on his track. This Service, as we see it, is not as secret as you might suppose nor as astute. True, if there is a secret the telling of which to trusted friends and lovers would prevent them falling into the most dreadful pitfalls from which



THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

<i>Sybil Leslie</i>	MISS OLIVE SLOANE.
<i>Anne</i>	MISS RENÉE KELLY.
<i>Larry Tindall</i>	MR. FRANCIS LISTER.
<i>Lord Anthony Carsdale</i>	MR. PATRICK WADDINGTON.
<i>Earl of Westhaven</i>	MR. RICHARD GRAY.

FABIA DRAKE's carefully-built-up *Lady Westhaven*—*Lady Anne's* friend and confidante—was also valuable in preserving the balance. Here was an instance of an actress making-over a part and improving it—and quite tactfully and legitimately, Miss RENÉE KELLY—whom a loyal public will be glad to welcome back to London—made an attractive creature of the lady's-maid, being happier, I think, in her lighter and more cattish and worldly moods than when the extreme fundamental worthiness and sweetness of *Lady Anne* descended upon her. Miss KELLY is apt to be just a little too sweet. Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON's easy handling of the young *Lord Anthony* was a very

only a conscienceless author can extract them, the Service will obstinately keep it. Otherwise it will babble and boast very freely, and steadily underestimate the resources of the most clever spies in Europe in little matters like the passing of revolvers to each other behind their backs.

The action takes place in a lonely inn on the edge of Dartmoor. The sinister tolling of the Princetown bell, which denotes that a convict has escaped, is heard every few minutes. A little man, who is obviously a wrong 'un, waits agitatedly for a heavy gentleman speaking with a thick mid-European accent who is obviously even wronger. They are staying in the inn, whose host, a worthy person, is evidently in their power and an exceedingly unhappy, apprehensive and unwilling accomplice. A motor-cyclist appears. The escaped convict? No, perhaps not; a little too confident in manner and well-nourished. A second visitor—not badly but not quite completely dressed, and unable to give a coherent account of his movements. Ah! this is the fellow clearly, and he happens to be the lover of the innkeeper's daughter, and had disappeared five years ago, which is exactly the time the missing convict, in for murder, has been in Princetown. And by a further coincidence he arrives just at the moment that the innkeeper and his daughter are drinking his health, as they do yearly on a certain anniversary. Mr. BENNETT must be given credit for laying this false scent more adroitly than I have here rather crudely indicated.

The discerning are not however surprised that the cyclist and the convict are really trailing the *Prince* and his associates, and prove themselves experts in the business of putting their heads blindly into the lions' mouths and being surprised and pained when they are bitten; and of course finding the bovine local police, whom they are too proud and too secret to warn, their enemies' chief allies. However, all ends well, to the accompaniment of pistol-shots, strangulation by patent tourniquet and ordinary rope, and the

(cleverly contrived) action of the death-ray, which makes charred corpses and



BAR-PARLOUR TRICKS.

Mary Tregellis (Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD) to Dr. Hoyt Logan (Mr. GEORGE BEALBY). "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN PAIN; YOU MAKE SUCH FRIGHTFUL FACES."

melts away windows and walls before our eyes.

I particularly liked the scene in which

a general exchange of arguments, reproaches and genial jokes precedes the discovery that one of the walls with window has been blown away and that a dead body burnt to cinders is lying on the floor. Were the nostrils as well as the eyes of everybody out of action? And again, when the same deadly ray had blasted away the wall of the small cupboard in which (as we supposed) the murdered innkeeper had been locked, this more or less homœopathic treatment revived the poor fellow, who staggered out in time to fall on the death-ray machine, let off the trigger and eliminate the cleverest spy in Europe just as he was making a graceful exit. And how those old builders knew how to build! The first floor remained suspended without visible means of support.

However, it was all very jolly and exciting. Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL was impressively sinister as *The Prince*; Mr. BEALBY's attractive brand of oily villainy served its turn; Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON and Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND were very gallant and stupid; Miss LYDIA SHERWOOD was the authentic faithful damsel in distress. T.

Things which might have been more Tactfully Expressed.

"The reason for his staying at the hospital is explained by the expected arrival of his wife from England."
Chinese Paper.

Hypopular Science.

"Hypo is a dry glassy solid liquid of much the same texture as ice. It is used as a substitute for ice in the Movie drama."

Liverpool Paper.

Our Reception Squashes.

"The marriage will take place at—Parish Church. Friends are cordially invited to the church, and afterwards to Kiora."

Daily Paper.

You can't *always* expect champagne!

"There is a largely extended and more substantial menu being served in the safe."—*Cinema Report in Gloucestershire Paper.*

There is something to be said for a fire-proof dinner.

"The up-to-date dentist furnishes his rooms aesthetically, and thinks of the soothing influence his chairs and hangings will have."—*Morning Paper.*

We still prefer ours furnished anæsthetically.



NOT NEARLY "THE LAST HOUR."

Prince Nichola de Kovatch (Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL). "YOU FIND YOURSELVES IN A TIGHT PLACE—NO? YES?"

Peter Byron (Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND). "WE'LL PULL THROUGH ALL RIGHT. ANYONE CAN SEE WE'RE THE HEROES."

An Unexpected Visitor MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

VARIATIONS ON AN OLD THEME.

LONG years ago the Sage of Bouverie Street,
 Moved by the misery of pairs ill-mated,
 Issued a *caveat* short and sharp and sweet,
 Oft quoted, far renowned and much debated;
 To-day that warning he would fain repeat,
 But owns that, as originally stated,
 His great monosyllabic admonition
 Savoured perhaps too much of prohibition.

Now is he minded chiefly to address
 Not England's sons, but England's lovely daughters,
 Who, lured by dreams of fame and happiness,
 Plunge in the depths of matrimonial waters,
 Where Self, intoxicated by success,
 The weaker vessel lacerates and slaughters,
 As may be gathered from the dismal lives
 Of *TOLSTOI'S* and of *DOSTOIEVSKY'S* wives.

Marry, if mate you must, some swarthy Dago;
 Marry some sad dyspeptic millionaire
 Who, to allay arthritis or lumbago,
 Eschews all succulent and luxurious fare
 And dines on boiling water and on sago—
 At worst you will escape the dark despair
 That dogs a woman harnessed to the car
 Of some tremendous literary star.

Great scientists are often inhumane,
 Distracted from mere mundane commonplaces,
 And, while they scour "the illimitable inane"
 Or soar aloft in interstellar spaces,
 As husbands may exhibit a disdain
 Of social life's amenities and graces;
 But lovers of electrons and of ions
 Are safer than great literary lions.

If politics should titillate your fancy,
 If you would win fresh lustre in debate,
 Dare by all means to be another *NANCY*
 Or the ebullient *ELLEN* emulate;
 But politicians are a tribe unchancy—
 As *DRYDEN* said, they neither love nor hate;
 Still, better wed a *CATILINE* or *CINNA*
 Than be a doleful drudge like *WAGNER'S MINNA*.

But shun all novelists of the breed dæmonic,
 For they are egotistic to the core,
 And, be their mood complacent or cyclonic,
 Their selves, their Art, and nothing else adore;
 And, if they also chance to be Slavonic,
 Avoid them like the plague, or even more,
 For here the genius with colossal brains
 Can give as well as take infinite pains.

IF ANIMALS COULD WRITE.

From Ruddy Nutkin to his Mother.

DEAR MOTHER,—I want to tell you about some fun I had yesterday with a dog. A little dog full of importance, with pricked ears and a conceited tail carried very high. Black. I had been tasting a few beech-nuts under the hedge when I saw him coming down the road, right in the middle of it, swaggering a bit and looking as though the whole world was his. And he was about ten yards in front of old Two-legs, instead of being, like a modest well-trained dog, at his heels.

I waited for him to get fairly near and then I crossed the road. He saw me, gave a yap and the chase began. I let him almost get me and then jumped for a tree-trunk, ran up it and sat on the first branch to enjoy his failure.

But, as it happened, I was in for a double treat, because there was not only the failure but his perplexity. You see, I was his first squirrel.

You never saw anybody so surprised; he was knocked all sideways. To begin with, he had never seen anything like me, and then it had never occurred to him that anything like me could climb trees. I was breaking all the rules.

For a while he rushed about as though looking for a ladder. Then he waited with his mouth open as though I was going to lose my hold and fall down into it. Then he began to say how unfair it was; that I was a cheat, a spoil-sport, and worse things than that—in fact, things I can't repeat. Not to you, but I might tell father if he is still with us.

He became so insolent that I moved on to the next tree and then to the next, but imperceptibly (you know how you taught us to keep behind the boughs) so that he didn't see me but went on with his abusiveness. Long after I could not distinguish his words I could tell he was still being angry.

Hoping you are finding no difficulty in filling the winter larder, I am, as always, Your loving son, RUDDY.

From Nigger Deen to his Mother.

DEAR MOTHER,—I have had a very humiliating experience, and, although it happened two or three days ago, it still rankles and I am still sore. Also perplexed. I was taking Him for one of our morning walks when something ran across the road. It was quick and long; a creature totally new to me, but obviously one that ought to be caught and exterminated, and so I dashed after it. It was like a rat, but a red rat, and it had a bushy tail. I was almost on it when it did the most astonishing and unfair thing—it leapt on to the trunk of a tree, ran up it and vanished. I know where I am with an honest straight-forward rat. He can climb a wall when put to it, but not quicker than I can jump up to him. I know where I am with a hare—even if I can't catch him. I know that there isn't much chance with a rabbit unless I can head him from his hole. And cats—but never mind cats.

This red creature, however, beat me entirely. He was up the tree in a twinkling, and I never saw him again. I waited and waited, expecting him to come down, and even inviting him to, or daring him to, but he wouldn't, the coward! I told him how unreasonable he was being—how if all animals behaved like that there would be an end of any kind of fun; but he didn't say a word.

I have since learnt from a Dandie visiting here that it was a squirrel.

Why I write to you, dear mother—and you know how I hate writing—is because I think you ought to have told us about squirrels and their strange unsporting habits. You were so generally thoughtful that I can't imagine how you forgot to mention them. If you had remembered I should have been saved this disgrace. Should I be destined to have any more brothers and sisters—and knowing your punctual ways I feel sure that I am—I trust that you will make a point of including the character of the squirrel in your lessons.

Your mortified but still loving NIGGER. E. V. L.

Linked Sweetness Long Drawn Out.

"Hammond scored many runs by sweet leg glances."—*Daily Paper*. Thus recalling the "stolen glances, sweeter for the theft" which *BYRON*, himself a cricketer, described in *Don Juan*.

"Three years ago the 'Celtic' collided with the Hampshire coast in a mist in the Mersey."—*Manchester Paper*.

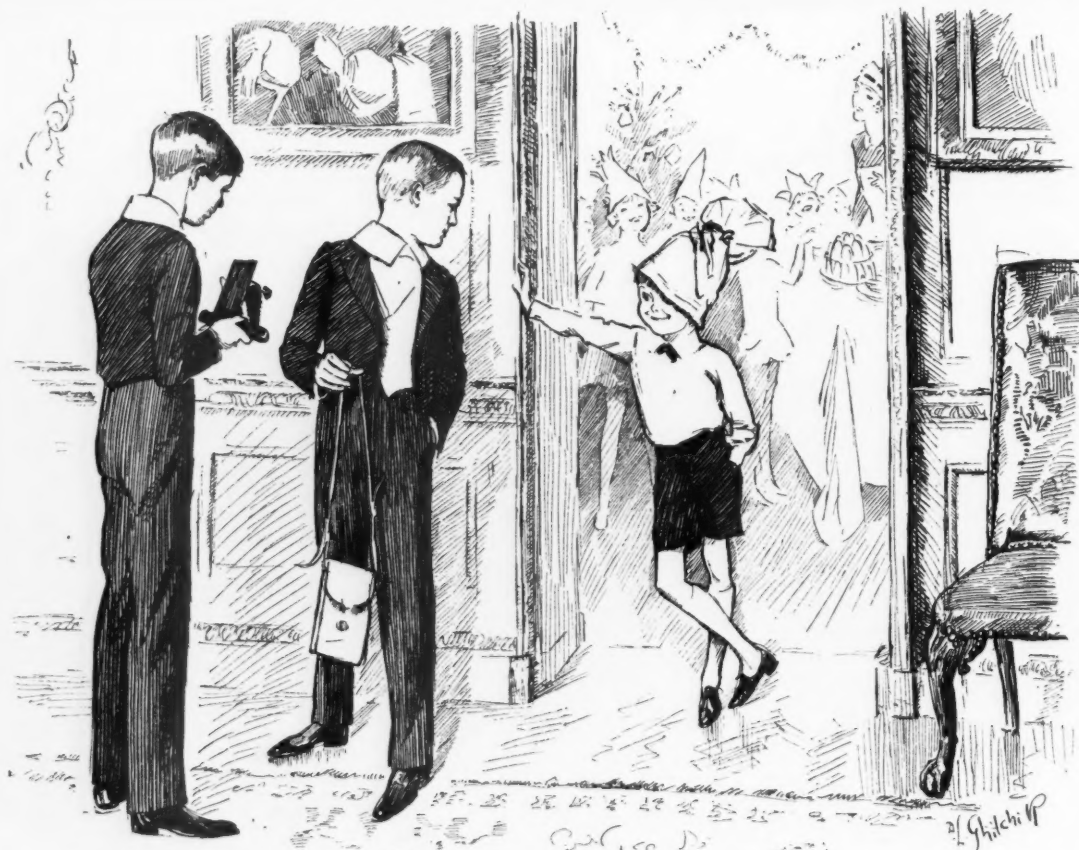
But we understand that Lancashire makes no claim to the Hants hinterland.



SIR ARCHIBALD BODKIN, K.C.B.

*When he appears they squirm and quake—
The stoutest crooks that fear but few men—
Lest he should their quietus make
With a bare bodkin's keen acumen.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXV.



Elder Brother (severely). "YOU APPEAR SOMEWHAT EXALTED, SECUNDUS. TOO MUCH GAZING ON THE JELLY WHEN IT IS RED, MY LAD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the most baneful legacies of the 'nineties was, I feel, the transference of the nomenclature of one art to another. But it is possible to embody certain attributes, say, of the sonata in literary form; to imitate, for instance, the sonata's contrasts of rhythm and comparative persistence of key; and in *Winter Sonata* (WISHART) Miss DOROTHY EDWARDS strikes me as having had a successful shot at the latter object while apparently ignoring the former. With extraordinary deliberation and a solemnity of stressed trifles that reminds me of *The Young Visitors* she suggests the attitudes and environment of a village telegraph-clerk and his associates. Mr. Nettle's tetchy landlady and her flighty daughter are "on" during Mr. Nettle's domestic scenes. A lovely and gentle girl, *Olivia Neran*, appears with a plethora of telegrams on his official stage. Follows Nettle's introduction to *Eleanor*, Olivia's dazzling sister; Mrs. Curle, her discouraging aunt, and *George*, her philosophic cousin. These dazzle, discourage and philosophize for several chapters, during which the landlady's daughter, *Pauline*, exploits the amatory instincts of the village choir. Subsequently a literary friend of the *Nerans* falls in love with an ideal that is half *Olivia* and half *Pauline* and manages to get his arm repeatedly round the waist of the latter. That, I think, is about all there is to it. Personally I am vandal enough

to wish that so graceful and observant a writer as Miss EDWARDS had been born a generation ago, when the attainments she now counts as substantial would have been the delightful accidents of a more robust and human art. In saying which I make it plain that I am quarrelling with *Winter Sonata* less for being a poor sonata (which, as literary sonatas go, it is not) than for being a sonata at all.

The Diary of Philipp Von Neumann (ALLAN), an illuminating if at times a slightly scandalous record written almost daily between 1819 and 1850, has been unearthed, read, translated, pruned, annotated and duly put into shape for publication. Having regard, in particular, to the author's calligraphy, this would seem to represent no mean achievement, and it is all well done, except the pruning, which has not been carried nearly far enough, for even where Mr. E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR, the editor, has had the heart to cut something out he has given most of it back in a small-print summary. Von Neumann was an Austrian gentleman attached for many years to his country's embassy in London, who met and held his own with practically everybody who was visibly making English history at the time. Along with a mass of notes on social engagements he jotted down all the latest news about town, from magneto-electric experiments in connection with the new telegraph to inundations in the Thames Valley, or from Mr. MACKINTOSH's inventions with india-rubber to the prospects at the

approaching General Election. He saw every play or opera that was worth seeing, as well as some that were not, and fell in love with no inconsiderable number of English ladies; besides incidentally consuming a rather remarkable succession of English dinners. Between the social functions he accomplished with credit several substantial pieces of diplomatic business, and, though in his later years he was harassed by the universal revolutionary unrest on the Continent, he seems to have found life on the whole a pretty cheerful affair. Though not able to throw much new light on any definite historical problems of the period, he was certainly in the inner circle of the well-informed, and his daily notes are not without a touch of piquancy; yet, as here presented in two strong volumes, they are too much diluted and disconnected to make anything but rather dull reading.

Oh, Mr. ZANE GREY

Is a wonderful one,

He fishes away

And takes fish by the ton,

But for sword-fish (such whales!)

He to-day isn't wishing,

So this book is called *Tales*

Of Fresh-water Fishing.

American-bred,

Mr. GREY is a duke

At the smashing "steelhead"

Or the fighting "chinook";

And *what* trout he will take,

As perhaps you are well aware,

From dark Crater Lake,

What bass from Delaware!

And ZANE, rod a-bend

And a reel letting fly,

Has often a friend

With a camera by,

So he's much to be met,

With a salmon or trout on,

In this book that you'll get

From HODDER AND STOUGHTON.



The Optimist. "I WONDER IF THE BOYS WILL BELIEVE THE TALES I'LL HAVE TO TELL 'EM WHEN I GET HOME?"

The most illuminating sentence in

Mr. ALEXANDER WICKSTEED's *Life Under the Soviets* (LANE) occurs in a passage primarily devoted to sausages. "Whenever I have eaten anything under about one-and-sixpence a pound it has invariably made me ill, but the average Russian appears to find ptomaines a satisfactory dietetic substitute for vitamins." Apply this aspect of the Slavonic character to its political reactions, adduce a similar explanation to account for the taste of their sympathisers, and you will be able to extract the maximum of interest and the minimum of amazement from Mr. WICKSTEED's book. It certainly strikes me as curious that the son of an English scholar, who cannot digest the cruder forms of Soviet *charcuterie*, should be able to stomach their morals; but life in Moscow suits Mr. WICKSTEED, and he has been a lecturer at the University for the last five years. Russia, he says, is a land of equality—all the foxes with tails, you gather, have had them levelled

to a common stumpiness. It is a land of hope—"as to whether this hope is well or ill founded, opinions differ." It is a land of liberty—Mr. WICKSTEED can lecture on English without having to wear a collar and tie. Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB, who supplies him with a preface, finds this last definition "odd"; and indeed there is a magnificent frivolity about the man who considers the English brand of freedom well lost if a collar and tie go with it. A sense of cosmic proportion is not Mr. WICKSTEED's strong point, but he is a conscientious draughtsman of the scenery and properties of daily life. And, lest the boorishness of his revelations should exalt us, I may mention that his account of the public manners of Moscow reminded me strongly of Oxford.

Impressions of America and her civilisation have been steadily accumulating of late years, especially since the War. There have been many books written by Americans in criti-

cism of their own society, and many by more or less intelligent Europeans, ranging from the casual notes of some travelling novelist to the carefully documented study of M. ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED, or the two large volumes of *The Decline of the West*, by Mr. OSWALD SPENGLER. Now comes Mr. EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER, with *This American World* (FABER AND Gwyer). He begins by examining the weaknesses of the American type of modern civilisation. Apparently they originated in Europe. These American qualities, good or bad, are merely European qualities transplanted and given a new growth in a different soil. Consequently, when we "Americanise" our own institutions, we are merely taking back into our systems germs which we ourselves provided. Since the War Europe has become more and more Americanised every year. In Mr. MOWRER's view this is no violation, but only a "needed retouching of an ancient masterpiece." Yet he is not altogether a convert to Mr. BERTRAND RUSSELL's view that the United States may now make a bid for world empire with more hope of success than attended the previous efforts of Spain, France or Germany. His vision of the future is not so much that of an empire founded on arms as of a "peaceful penetration" of the whole world by American methods. *This American World* makes brighter reading than might be expected from the gravity of its subject.

Miss STORM JAMESON has been writing a lot lately in the evening papers about Life and Woman and such high matters, and very prettily she does it. But, alas, the vivacity of her journalism is not communicated to her fiction. *Nat Grimshaw's Farewell to Youth* (HEINEMANN) is a very long farewell indeed, or so it seemed to me, plodding conscientiously to the end of it. I found it impossible to take much interest in that extraordinarily ineffectual young man, or in Denny, who vamped him into premature matrimony, or in the consolatory Ann. Nat, having fallen in love with Denny at first sight, married her and went to the War; returned to find that she had been deceiving him with an *embusqué* friend of his; allowed her to divorce him (for he was nothing, if not a gentleman), and in due course married his cousin Ann, a Constant Nymph with an Oxford education. The new telling of so threadbare a story could only be justified by something special in the way of characterization, and characterization is not Miss JAMESON's strong point. We do not feel that these people are passionate or even sentient beings, however often they may call one another "my little love" and things like that. They are plaster figures, of which Miss JAMESON has painted the exteriors rather crudely. From a sort of subsidiary title-page it appears that Nat's valediction is also his author's. This puts the polite reviewer in a

dilemma: to believe or to disbelieve it seems an equal discourtesy. But Miss JAMESON has at any rate one ground of consolation. As a novelist she is still in her nonage.

Inside *The Banana Skin* the publishers (BRAYBROOK AND DOBSON) have enclosed a leaflet, from which I quote: "Mr. Arnold Bennett recently wrote in *The Evening Standard* that the British Public does not want cheaper novels. We do not share this opinion. . . . In pursuance of our belief we are introducing a novelty into the publishing trade by issuing full-length novels, in paper covers, at the price of 2s. 6d. net." To Mr. EDWARD JACOMB has been given the honour of writing the first of this series, and in many respects his story of *Ralph Seeterbrooke*, whose life was de-

voted to the making of synthetic gold, is to be praised both for its characterization and diverting situations. Occasionally I have to admit that Mr. JACOMB seeks amusement from sources that are tainted with vulgarity, but his sense of humour is actual if a little unrestrained. And whatever the British Public want or do not want they have often paid nearly three times as much for a less entertaining yarn.

In the little book, *Pigeons in the Great War* (THE "RACING PIGEON" PUBLISHING COMPANY), Lieutenant-Colonel OSMAN tells us of the organisation of the carrier-pigeon service and gives details of the meritorious flights undertaken by these wonderful messengers during those long years. No one can fail to appreciate the value of this service, and it is a thousand times well that we have been given an opportunity to read authentic details of so many Homeric deeds.

Mr. Punch welcomes P.T.O. (METHUEN), a collection of drawings in colour and in black-and-white by Fougasse, which have already appeared in his pages. Also Mr. Punch's Calendar (M'CAW STEVENSON AND ORR), which contains an excerpt from his pages for each day of the New Year.

Jest and Earnest.

"The first guests arrived about 11 p.m. and after cups of haggis had been served, the dance commenced in earnest. Dawn was gently breaking when the last jests left."—*Manchurian Paper*.

The cups of haggis were evidently among the first jests.

"In point of fact I do not think there has been a reaction against Marryat; he has never been described as 'deary,' etc., like most of the great nineteenth-century figures."

Criticism in Sunday Paper.

Personally we always refrained from applying this intimate term of affection to Mr. HERBERT SPENCER.



Good-hearted Soul. "No, I do not want MAYFAIR 6281, NOR FOR THAT MATTER HAVE I WANTED THE PREVIOUS SEVEN NUMBERS WHICH HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO ME; BUT I MUST NOT COMPLAIN IF THIS HAS GIVEN ME THE EIGHTH SUCCESSIVE OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING A PERFECT STRANGER HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND GOOD FORTUNE IN THE COMING YEAR."

CHARIVARIA.

MISS MERCEDES GLEITZE declares that her passionate love for the sea will not allow her to marry any man. But doesn't she know that the sea is already married to Liverpool?

Women-smokers in France have received the thanks of the Treasury Department. For all the gratitude shown by Mr. CHURCHILL our British chain-smokers might be doing it for their own pleasure.

The change to new wave-lengths for British Broadcasting Stations is expected to reduce whistling and howling. Nothing is said about the talking.

Dramatic critics in Germany are not allowed to write plays. In London theatrical circles there is a growing feeling that some of them ought not to be allowed to write dramatic criticisms.

Complaint has been made of an Alsatian dog which has bitten three Whitstable postmen. Possibly he thought it was all right because of the "r" in January.

It appears that a man has written a poem about the Channel Tunnel which he proposes to recite in several places. We doubt very much whether the project will be furthered by threats of that kind.

An actress says that in Russia she was paid in vegetables. Even then we suspect that her Press-agent exaggerated her weekly celery.

A shove-ha'penny handicap at a Surrey village club lasted for twelve months. The chief danger of these sustained excitements is in the consequent reaction.

Soap mixed with whitening, says a household hint, will stop a leaking water-pipe until the plumber comes. It should of course be replaced when he goes to fetch his mate.

With reference to the reluctance of the Foreign Office to allow the Football Association to send teams to the Continent unless they are sure of victory, we can only point out that no suspicion

of *défaitisme* has attached to relations between Mr. AMERY and the M.C.C.

A legal writer suggests that the cat-burglar of to-day would despise the feats of CHARLES PEACE. This would be in accordance with the deplorable modern tendency to sneer at the Great Victorians.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL has recalled that the first mouth-organ was manufactured by a German boy in a pigeon-loft, after he had been punished by his father. Our feeling is that the lad acted in a spirit of vindictiveness.

A bishop attributes his early desire to become a paperhanger to the sight of a pot of jam given to the paperhangers in his own home. It is to his

fares on the Underground is expected to be marked by a corresponding advance in the ages of many children.

Fifty-fifty complexions were the subject of a recent article. The ideal complexion is of course about eighteen-twenty.

The spectacle of cricketers stamping their cold feet and blowing their numbed fingers in the recent match at Hambledon was one hitherto seen only in summer.

A commercial traveller in trunks and handbags complains of the large samples he has to carry. He should be thankful that he isn't in the gasometer trade.

According to a newspaper report a young soldier of eighteen has been arrested for trying to rob a Quarter-Master Sergeant. He shouldn't have done that, of course, but his wonderful optimism is something to be admired.

Lynching has practically died out in America, we read. It is years since an "Out-to-Lynch" notice has been seen pinned on the door of business premises in Mississippi.

In a recent sermon a Surrey clergyman stated that there would be no newspapers in the next world. The

reverend gentleman seems to underestimate the enterprise of the Syndicated Press.

A man charged by the London police the other day was described as "an after-the-party burglar." Most of them of course are "after-the-silver burglars."

It is estimated that there are nearly fifteen hundred petrol pumps in Middlesex. And yet people say that nothing is being done to foster the beauty of the countryside.

When SHAKESPEARE wrote "The play's the thing," he had never heard two women discussing clothes in the middle of a hand at bridge.

Commercial Candour.

"We cannot be held responsible for the inefficacy of the stuff unless our label appears on it."—Ceylon Shop List.



Plumber (caught slacking, to lady of house). "DO YOU USUALLY COME BARGIN' INTO THE BATHROOM WITHOUT KNOCKIN'?"

credit that his final choice of a career was not influenced by visions of the Higher Clergy at tea.

MR. A. M. DANIEL, the new Director of the National Gallery, is best known, we note, in certain art circles. Lions' dens are indicated.

Signor MUSSOLINI is reported to have gone in for racing. Good Fascists will no doubt put their black shirts on his fancy.

We read of a firm that treats its employees like customers. Employees of some firms we could mention wouldn't put up with it.

Cakes will not burn if a pan of water is placed in the oven, we learn. This wasn't known in KING ALFRED's time.

The raising of the age limit for half-

DEPARTMENTAL JOURNALISM.

[On Wednesday next the B.B.C. will issue the first number of its new weekly paper, *The Listener*. Less than ten per cent of its matter, we are told, will be supplied by original contributions; the rest will consist of talks which have been broadcast.]

Long have we heard the bitter cries
Of individualists upbraiding
Because their private enterprise
Is damaged by Municipal Trading;
And now our journalists no less
Consign to premature damnation
That public rival of the Press,
The B. B. Corporation.

It irked them when the nightly news,
Careering through the void of vapour,
Anticipated half the coups
Collected for the morning paper;
"But Literature is safe," they said;
"This fowl of air, this ravening vulture,
Not yet has filched our claim to spread
The seeds of style and culture."

And then there came upon the scene,
Spoiling their pitch, or privy area,
A departmental magazine
Embellished with facetious *varia*;
And, following this, to supplement
The Radio Times's homely chatter,
Here comes *The Listener*—nine per cent
New and original matter.

Though in this print the G.P.O.,
Mainly reporting old recitals,
At serious organs aims no blow,
And leaves intact *The Nation's* vitals,
'Tis with a sickening dread that I,
And struggling humourists like me,
see
Our weekly bread imperilled by
A subsidized B.B.C. O. S.

THE VILLAIN'S REFORMATION.

(An unplayable scene, supplementary to a popular Christmas melodrama.)

THE curtain had fallen. The Hero was back in his old home with his aged parents. The Heroine was in his arms. The Villain, having announced with a beatific expression that he would be a better man in future, had turned up the fur collar of his coat and gone out into the snowstorm.

Filled with thoughts of reformation he walked swiftly down the road in the direction of the big house which he had made his headquarters. He had considered it ideal for his purpose. It had a reputation for being haunted, and the humble cottage of the Hero's parents was only ten minutes' walk away. An hour ago he had set out, leaving his Gang playing cards, with the assurance that he was about to make up for his ill-luck. His misfortunes (as he would have called them then) in the

preceding Acts had indeed been phenomenal. The Hero had escaped from the circular saw, the Heroine had emerged from the flooded cellar, the Hero's parents had suddenly and inexplicably paid off the mortgage, the Hero's friend had rescued him from the burning house, and the Heroine's maid had taken the poison meant for her mistress. An hour ago he had felt definitely disheartened by all this. But how glad he was now that his vile plans had miscarried! How much greater, after all, was his pleasure now that he had of his own free will, on a sudden impulse when he had heard the ringing of some distant church bells, restored that decorative pair to each other's arms! The Villain sighed sentimentally. Ah, youth, youth! The Villainess—No, he thought not.

As he stood in the porch of his mansion fumbling for his key, he was seized with a slight misgiving. What might the Villainess say when she heard of his reformation? But he squared his shoulders. He would have to reform her as well.

His Gang, he discovered, were still playing cards. One was lying on the floor, shot; no doubt he had been cheating. They were a high-spirited lot here. The Villainess was reclining among heaps of coloured cushions on a low divan before the fire, drinking champagne and smoking a scented cigarette.

"Well, Chief?" said one of the card-players. "Got 'em cold this time?"

The Villain started. Was it possible that these ruffians were under the impression that he, full of moral thoughts and good-will towards men as he was, had blown up a houseful of innocent people? Apparently it was.

"My men," he announced, coughing, "I have decided to lead a better life."

The Gang, after a moment of open-mouthed wonder, dissolved in hoarse laughter, in which the Villainess joined.

"There is no cause for mirth," said the Villain coldly. "I have been wicked, criminally wicked"—he brushed away a tear—"and now I have seen the error of my ways. Henceforth I shall do all in my power to further the cause of good in the world. I propose to begin by redressing all the wrong I have done in my life. Think," he proceeded lyrically—"think of the joy I shall bring into the blameless lives of those I have wronged: think—"

The Villainess leaned forward sinuously, looking sideways at him through half-closed eyes.

"Well, think," he concluded lamely.

"Jasper, dear," said the Villainess in a low thrilling voice, "are you serious?"

"I have never been more serious in my life," he replied.

"What a story this will be," mur-

mured the Villainess "for your friends. Jasper Goes Good!" and she blew several smoke-rings.

"Look here—"

"And the police, dear Jasper, of four—or is it five?—continents who have been after you for six—or is it seven?—years—how this will please them!"

The Villain was silent, biting his lip.

"Do you mean to admit that those two offensively-righteous baby-faced children have escaped you again, just because you suddenly went all soft inside?"

The Villain twisted his moustache.

"Do you remember how they treated you, Jasper? 'You cur!' I believe was the expression. . . ."

The Villain scratched his chin.

"And are you going to give all your money away, Jasper? It's all stolen, you know. Your uncle—"

"Bill," interrupted the Villain harshly, "give me that dagger. Tom, hand me over that rope. George, the phials of poison. The revolvers, by your elbow, Ernest. James, I have an idea you are sitting on the hypodermic syringe—Ah, yes. Throw me a dozen sticks of dynamite, Anna. And the bottle of chloroform. And, Robert, my sword-stick. Thank you."

Carefully filling his pockets the Villain made for the door.

"This time," he said darkly, opening it, "there shall be no mistake."

The door closed. Inside, the listening gang heard a faint "Aha!" before the front-door slammed. . . .

The Villain was himself again.

BRITONS FOR BRITAIN.

COME, advertise Britain,
Publicity's Muse!
Quick, get her up-written,
Announce her as news;
In strains educative
Appeal in her name;
Reflect, 'tis the native
You have to reclaim.

What odds if the dollar,
The lira, the franc
Are shy coins to collar
And hard things to bank?
There's hope when the shilling,
Reluctant to roam,
Hard-working and willing,
Does duty at home.

Commission the printer,
Give art the *carte blanche*,
The migrants of winter
Are crossing the *Manche*;
Too soon, leaving Britain
According to plan,
By conscience unsmitten,
They'll all be at Cannes.



THE TARRED HIGHWAY.

RIDER. "SORRY TO TRESPASS ON YOUR FOOTPATH."

PEDESTRIAN. "NOT AT ALL; YOU'RE VERY WELCOME TO MAKE IT A COMMON SANCTUARY FOR MAN AND BEAST."



Aunt (to Niece, who has been on a visit and is about to depart). "WELL, DEAR, WE SHALL MISS YOU. EVERY TIME WE COME ACROSS HOLES THAT YOU HAVE MADE IN THE CARPETS OR SHEETS WITH YOUR CIGARETTE-ENDS WE SHALL SAY, 'AH, I WONDER WHAT THE DEAR CHILD IS RUINING NOW!'"

SOME ENGLISH PICTURES.

MAUGRE the great *Mr. Sherlock Holmes*, it is not too easy to judge the tastes of our fellow-men from their outward appearance. The artisan who suddenly pulls up a piece of the pavement and begins to hold a telephone conversation apparently with the Devil may have a liking for modern verse. The butcher really does paint, and at eventide the coal-porter plays exquisite arpeggios on his violin. Or so I prefer to believe.

It was Yuletide. We were wandering on the wet and soggy uplands, Anthony and I, amongst the dank and dripping trees. It was a typical winter afternoon, rather chilly and very grey. Only the necessity of recovering from the foolish mirth which attends the first day of POPE GREGORY's calendar could have caused so many people to be walking about in that place at all. And Anthony said, "How many of the Johnnies who come up here, do you imagine, take their chance of looking at the pictures in Maltwood Hall? Hardly one in twenty, I should say."

"I don't know why you should say anything of the kind," I replied.

Maltwood Hall, munificently pre-

sented to the nation, stood about a mile from us. It was screened from view by a thick coppice, intersected with footpaths and punctuated by L.C.C. noticeboards. We had both of us been more than once to gaze at the very decent examples of eighteenth-century and Victorian art enshrined, as the catalogue would say, within the mansion. I saw no reason to suppose that other travellers who found themselves on these desolate hills had not done the same.

"Take that fellow over there," went on Anthony. "I bet you half-a-crown he's never been inside Maltwood Hall."

"He looks to me," I said firmly, "exactly the kind of man who would stand for hours in front of a Gainsborough or a Romney, and would not be blind, on the other hand, to the genuine merits of a Landseer."

"Landseer, I grant you," said Anthony. "He may go to the greyhounds. He may have a good eye for poultry and red deer. All the same, I bet he hasn't been to Maltwood Hall."

"Done!" I replied.

I stopped the man.

"Could you tell me," I asked him, "how we could get to Maltwood Hall from here?"

I put it to the reader (for Anthony blamed me afterwards) that there was no other way of decently settling the dispute. You cannot go up to an ordinary British citizen and roundly accuse him of despising the works of ROMNEY or GAINSBOROUGH (or even LANDSEER) and compel him to clear himself of the charge. Besides he was a burly sort of man, with something of the bull-dog in the arrangement of his mouth and eyes. Of course, if I had realised then—but I did not realise.

"Maltwood Hall!" exclaimed this man. "Why, you're going quite the wrong way for it."

A happy look of enlightened superiority came into his face, the look of a man who does not know much but knows what he does know well.

"Maltwood Hall lies over there," and he pointed with his stick to the spinney.

I thanked him in the hurried effusive way in which I always thank a man who has told me something I don't in the least desire to know, and disengaged. Anthony and I resumed our path and I pressed for settlement of the small account between us. There was then a noise of heavy running behind.

"No, no, you misunderstood me,"

cried the man, overtaking us. "Maltwood Hall isn't that way; it lies over there." And he pointed to the spinney again.

We stopped. I looked at Anthony. Anthony looked at me. We walked to the entrance of the spinney.

"We can dodge him inside," muttered Anthony.

We turned a corner and crouched in the shrubberies. But the hunter's blood was up. In vain to seek concealment from the eagle-eye of a conscientious way-pointer. He must have detected a faint movement in the undergrowth. In less than half a minute he was upon us again.

"These paths are a bit confusing at first," he said. "It's all right when you get out the other side. I'll show you the way through."

Many light loves had been whispered in that coppice, no doubt, when Maltwood Hall was young, many brave duels fought for the delicate hand of a fair. I thought with sadness of these things as we trudged moodily under escort amongst the labyrinthine ways. Only once Anthony spoke.

"Have you ever seen the pictures in Maltwood Hall?" he inquired a little surlily.

"Lord bless you," said the man, "I should think I *ave*! 'Eaps an' 'eaps of times."

This cheered me a little.

We came out on the further side of the coppice.

"There's Maltwood Hall," he said. As indeed it undoubtedly was. "You don't go across the grass, but round by that path there, and then round the house, and you'll find the entrance on the further side."

We thanked him abundantly again, hope reviving in our bosoms. It was dashed immediately.

"Come to think of it," said the man, "I may as well go with you. It's as near to me this way as go back, now I've come so far."

We were close to a reedy piece of ornamental water, containing a swan. There was no one very near to us at the time. I could see that the same thought crossed Anthony's mind (and at the same instant) as my own. A quick blow at the back of the head—a large stone, perhaps—the gathering gloom—one cry from the great white bird—nothing else save a mild splash to show what tragedy had occurred. But somehow we lacked the courage. The melancholy little party wound its way along the front of the grey mere, round the terraced lawn, up to the fine old eighteenth-century residence, slowly skirted the east wing, and came out on to the main drive.



Dentist. "PERSONALLY I CAN ALWAYS SEE THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS, BUT I FIND SO MANY OF MY PATIENTS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOUR."

I have never yet been in handcuffs. If I am to take his own improbable story for it, Anthony has not either. But I am able to appreciate the emotions that a crook must feel when something has gone wrong with the well-planned jewel robbery.

At the main entrance of Maltwood Hall it seemed possible that this dogged admirer of eighteenth-century masterpieces would let us go. But even as we loitered in front of the uniformed official he goaded us onward yet again.

"That's your way," he said, "right through the turnstile there. It's a shilling to go in."

And as we turned to make our last farewell he added, "I 'ad ought to know

if anyone does. I come 'ere every week to do the electric."

We bowed our heads and went beneath the portico.

The finance of the whole of this venture is still in warm dispute. *EVOR.*

To M. Edmond Fleg.

Your *Life of Moses* pieces, end to end,
A mass of legends and of cults Hebraic,
But yet your hero is no human blend;
Your MOSES is, in fact, a mere mosaic.

"A happy home required for young German lady who is desirous of perfecting the English language."—*Daily Paper.*

We hope her philanthropy will be rewarded.

TOPSY, M.P.

XVII.—GOES HUNTING.

WELL, Trix my crystallised cherry and *how* have you survived the digestive season, my dear *what* with Christmas and the *foul* New Year and everything I felt like the largest plum-pudding, my dear *quite* torpid, so of course down here at the Dilvers' I've been having *rather* an orgy of air and exercise, disgusting for the brain darling, I can scarcely *think*, however I do feel less like an adipose tissue, and by the way darling *Do* girls have livers because I *never* know, it sounds like a series in the Sunday papers, anyhow we had the *longest* paper-chase over absolute *hill* and bog and my dear to my *frank* surprise I discovered that *running* was *rather* congenial, because I have rather an antelope action and breathe *plausibly* through the nose, and my dear there was an angelical man called Colonel Candy, my dear *too* boyish and boracic for a Colonel and he commands the *Guards* Cavalry or something, well he was a hound *too* and we *practically* caught the hares together only not quite because at the crisis I bounded gracefully into the *profoundest* brook, anyhow he said I was *Nature's* gazelle in the running department and I *rather* thought he was *rather* attracted so the next day I challenged him to a *handicap* Marathon round the private lake, which my dear is *quite* miles so of course he gave me the *most* benevolent handicap, I was half out of *sight* because of the shrubberies, but you know there's *no* doubt that girls were *not* designed for mobility in skirts, so my dear after about *half* a mile what with *agony* in the chest and the little breath *oozing* in pitiful sobs I paused at a convenient bush, discarded the lower garment, and darted on in my Parisian bloomers, *chaste* darling but of a *tangerine* hue, however *such* was the relief and I got my second wind, but my dear *what* was my horror when *thus* arrayed I crashed round a corner and met *one* Duchess and a Lady-in-Waiting taking a walk, my dear my *blushes*, and of course *what* they thought because by this time the Colonel had nearly caught me and my dear being *Nature's* knight he'd picked up the skirt and it seems

was cantering behind me with the garment on his *arm*, however I waved *cheerily* to the ladies and panted on, my dear *too* insouciant.

However darling as if *that* wasn't enough *yesterday* I took the Colonel to an absolute *fox-meet* in the car, because it seems he's a *casual* hunter but had brought no spurs or anything, so he said we might follow on *foot* perhaps, well darling you know my views but I thought it was rather my duty to literally *see* what happens, and of course the *magnetic* smile of the man, however Catherine Dilver said I wasn't to go unless I swore to be *too* restrained and not *head* the foxes or shoot them or anything, because she didn't want to lose caste with the Master and every-

field be the *sole* place where the *men* dress gaudy and the girls go *plain*?

Well my dear the whole thing was *rather* alarming because nearly *every* horse had a *red* ribbon on the tail to show that it kicked and scratched and was generally malignant, though of course if a horse had *blue* ribbons *all over* I wouldn't trust it *very* fanatically, and my dear as all horses do nothing but go round and round in the *most* lunatic circles one gets quite giddy with edging away from the scarlet sterns, however at last the dogs depa *ted* and we *spludged* after them along an *obscenely* muddy lane and I lost the Colonel almost at once in the crowd, and they all disappeared, so my dear forlorn and lonely I merely *waded* along till I saw a *distant*



SHOT BY HIS OWN SHAFT: CUPID BECOMES A CASUALTY.

(After the portrait by PERRAULT.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

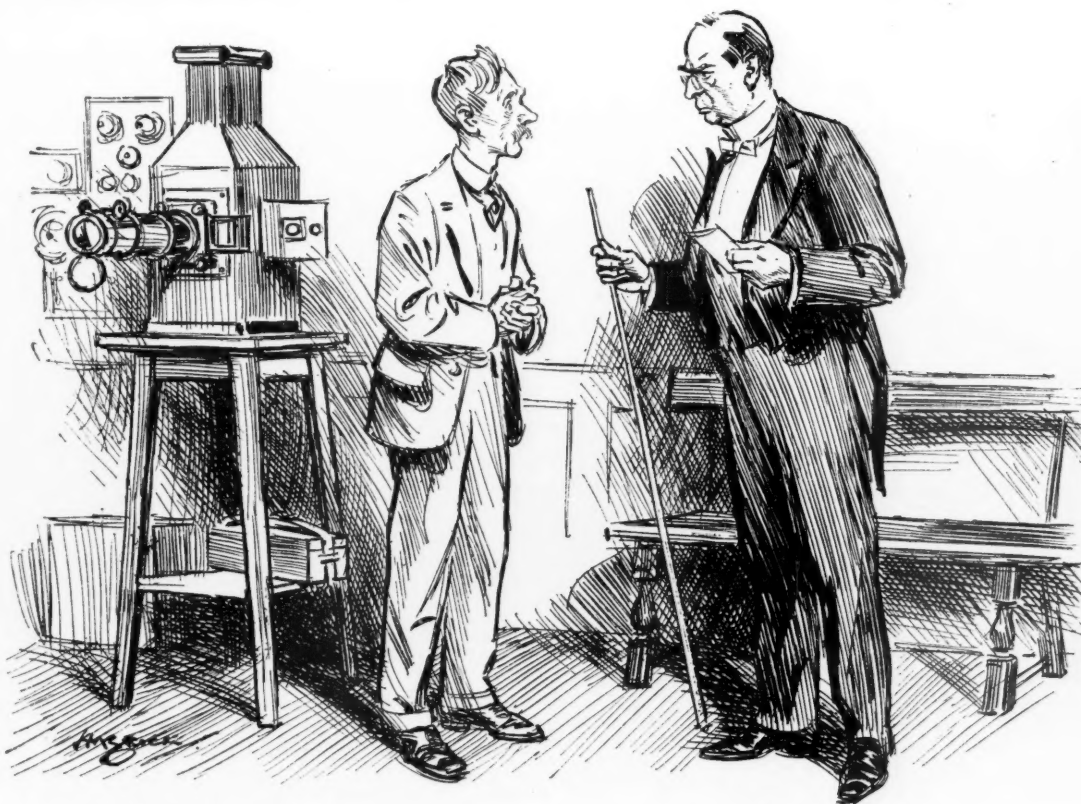
red coat beside a wood or spinney, which of course taking it to be the Master or something I *plunged* across the filthy fields through *streets* of barbed wire and two *definite* morasses, and when I tell you that it turned out to be a woman in a *red* mackintosh, my dear *too* galling, well after that I sort of *swam* back to the road where far away on the other side I saw *one* man with a *reluctant* horse constantly trying to jump the *same* fence, so then I crawled back to the car and merely flopped on the cushions to wait for the Colonel, my dear *quite* moribund, and now comes the drama, because my dear the whole

body, so I utterly swore because when you're a guest one must *rather* behave, whatever one's principles, well don't you agree darling?

Well my dear it was the *rudest* day and raining *too* cruelly however I must say the meet was *quite* pictorial, only of course it was *rather* difficult to see the horses for the cars, and my dear the Colonel says there are *some* Hunts now where they don't allow horses at the meet at *all*, however the red-coats and everything and those *divine* dogs, which my dear I *patted* tenderly to placate the Master, but my dear *too* unresponsive I thought, the Master I mean, and of course I do *not* think that the British girl looks best in a *bowler*, not to mention a *veil*, my dear Margaret Dilver looked *quite* another person and as I told her I preferred the original, of course, *quite* piquant and so forth but my dear as I said *why* must the fox-

time one could hear the dogs *vaguely* barking afar off because it seems it was one of these *circular* hunts, anyhow as I lay gasping with the door open what *do* you think the *largest* fox jumped into the car, my dear *quite* out of breath and *smelling* horribly but with the *most* appealing eyes, well my dear the little brain worked swiftly and I thought Catherine or no Catherine I *can't* have all those *dogs* in the car, so my dear I *closed* the door and I said to the faithful Parker *rather* casually Drive on.

Well darling we drove on slowly about *two* miles up the longest hill, me patting the fox and everything which apart from the smell gave *no* trouble at all, and of course it was *rather* a dilemma because after what Catherine said I didn't think it fair to utterly terminate the hunt, so my dear the fox having *rather* a *moulting* tendency I plucked a fluffy bit from the



Lantern Operator (before the lecture). "AND WHAT ABOUT SIGNALS?"

Lecturer. "THE SAME AS WITH MOST OPERATORS. IF I KNOCK ON THE FLOOR ONCE IT MEANS 'NEXT SLIDE'; IF I KNOCK TWICE IT MEANS 'PUT IT IN AGAIN THE OTHER WAY UP'; AND IF I KNOCK THREE TIMES IT MEANS 'WHAT ARE YOU AT, YOU IDIOT?'"

back now and then and merely threw it out of the window, with the *result* my dear that *when* we stopped at the top of the hill I looked back and saw the whole herd of dogs quite pouring up the road and one man in red absolute mules behind and rather wildly playing the cornet.

Well then my dear foreseeing trouble and stress I told Parker to have no mercy on the accelerator and we departed at about sixty into the heart and bowels of the next county but one, where my dear in a convenient copse I opened the door and gently tried to disembark the fox, my dear too fruitless because the wistful creature declined to budge, so I thought perhaps in its home-county it would be more amenable, and of course I had to retrieve the Colonel, so my dear we slunk back by circumstantial routes but my dear what was my horror when suddenly round a corner we ran into the entire hunt drawing a spinney or something, however no dogs in sight, so I threw a rug over Reynard and drove past warily, well I picked up the Colonel who my dear had had quite

enough of hunting on foot, and we'd just started again when out of the spinney came the principal dog, and my dear it gave the loudest sniff and bounded after us with alarming noises followed rapidly by all its colleagues, because it seems a bit of the fox-fluff had stuck to the back of the car, so I said Faster Parker, well my dear what was I to do because at that point could I eject the creature, well of course the Colonel was too mystified so I said quietly I can't explain but as a matter of fact there's a fox in the car and at that moment he put his foot on the fox and it nipped him rather familiarly in the calf, but my dear he is a complete lamb because he laughed and laughed only he said the whole proceeding was utter blasphemy and I ought to stop the car and explain to the Master, so I said that would be too fatal because of Catherine Dilver and everything, because probably I shouldn't get on with the Master and anyhow it was MY car and for that matter it was MY fox, but if we could shake off the dogs then

nobody would ever know, so my dear we drove like tigers along the tiniest lanes and at last escaped, only so hot was the hunt that we couldn't stop to evacuate the fox till a secret shrubbery on the Dilvers' own drive, and now my dear I hear that seven of the prize pullets disappeared last night, my dear too wearing, because I did mean to behave so utterly well, Oh dear, farewell your misfortunate Topsy. A. P. H.

Commercial Pessimism.

"WE ADVISE AN EARLY MORNING CALL. APPROBATION IMPOSSIBLE."

From Liverpool Sale Notice.

"A Bright young Cook-General wanted. All duties flat."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

Something merry and bright is certainly indicated in these depressing conditions.

"I have often wondered whether men choose the wedding gifts they give. If so, most of them have very good taste and a sense of usefulness. £."—*Daily Paper.*

Very nicely and delicately put.

FIRST AID FOR LAST NIGHTS.

WHEN the curtain falls upon the final performance of a really successful play, it rises again to disclose a line of applicants for our applause. And sometimes we Say It With Flowers, after which the Leading Man and/or Actor-manager tells us in broken fragments how He Counts Himself in Nothing Else So Happy as (something something) Remembering His Good Friends.

Now, this sort of thing argues practice. Only the seasoned actor can bring in SHAKESPEARE. The novice says merely, "Thankyouallawfullyforyourerrmm," or is dragged on and bows, or is pushed off, foaming with aphasia. And, whether he speaks or is dumb, the novice is an offence to the eye.

He stands on his instep with the other foot; he hooks his heel in period furniture; his hands swell visibly to the size and colour of beef sausages; he emits remote neighs which any probationer would instantly diagnose as hysteria and be very gentle with, combining a firmness of manner with doses of sal volatile; he glares glassily and cuts his own mother in Box A; he forgets to hand the leading lady about; he clears his throat, saying Kerr—mmm; he bangs into the *jeune premier* and, where tabs are employed, loses the parting in the curtain, beating it with impotent frenzy until it opens six feet away and he is removed in a haze of dust.

The trouble is that he is pretending an ease of manner while in a panic. Whereas the secret and profound art of making a Last-Night Speech lies in feigning a diffidence you do not feel. I have watched the expert so often that I know the drill by heart. But the novice does not appear to have made a study of the art. I have therefore prepared a brochure upon the subject for the guidance of one who is new to the business, whether he be leading man or author of the play.

The main feature of this pamphlet will be not so much the actual speech itself—which should indeed be used sparingly in case audiences begin to recognise it—as the full stage directions for gesture as the need for it arises. For I notice that, though the Last-Night Speech may vary, its accompanying antics are of all time.

* * * * *

At the fall of the curtain the novice should wait until it has risen again three times rapidly. At the first cries of "Speech, speech!" smile once as curtain rises and remains up. When calls continue, look R., smiling shyly, and L., smiling as though with incredulity, murmuring some informal impromptu to your nearest neighbour.

N.B.—The remark must be inaudible from the stalls, and the words, "Not at all, not at all," will be found helpful. Sibilants should be avoided. Such sentences as "Six Silent Sprats" are useful only in crowd work, revolutionary scenes, etc. When calls become insistent, novice must wait until he is (laughingly) pushed towards the footlights, when his manner should undergo the following changes:—

(1) A certain sincerity.

(2) An unassuming simplicity.

(3) A readiness to enter into the spirit of the evening combined with a fundamental belief in the Sacredness of the Drama as an Educative Force. Eyes twinkling, but mouth serious and even sad. Hands lightly clasped in front or behind, optional.

THE SPEECH

(Measured, gentle, resonant and tinged with melancholy).

Ladies and Gentlemen (look down), I cannot hope (looking swiftly up to the gallery) to express to you (pause) tonight (R. hand at tie) the intense happiness (smiling whimsically, as though at the extravagance of the expression of what is nevertheless a very real emotion) you have given not only to myself, but to (looking R. and L.) my loyal colleagues. (If wife is in cast reach for her hand. If not, a slight bow to leading lady. Pause for manifestations from the audience.)

The play may be the thing (pause for audience to recognise and murmur at partial quotation, and roguish smile when it does), but, my friends, if I may call you so? (pause for anything that may happen; cover it, if nothing does, by unobtrusive cough), you perhaps have never considered how much, how very much, I might almost say how very, very much depends upon that team-work (pause), that co-operation (pause), that (pause) selflessness in which each sinks each for the good of all which is absolutely essential (taking off pince-nez, or, if sight is normal, removing handkerchief from pocket and lightly touching nose with it) to that perfection which (keep your head here), even if not achieved—and which of us sights the Promised Land of the Realised Ideal? Are we not in this respect a very tribe of Moseses?—has been at least the aim (shy smile), the ambition (shy smile) and the hope of all of us to-night. (Long pause for demonstrations, during which face should be fond, gaze a little absent.) But (briskly) it is late and I will detain you no further. Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot leave you (manly smile, instantly quenched) without saying a line or two that your wonderful sympathy and encourage-

ment (replacing handkerchief) have suddenly put me in mind of. They run (draw yourself up, assume that self-denying manner which indicates that you are about to deliver yourself of the lines of another. Face very noble. N.B. If actor, give audience brief sight of the better profile of the two before beginning. Voice unnatural and audible. The actual quotation can be selected at leisure beforehand, but the below-mentioned are recommended):—

(a) "By God, I am not covetous for gold" (Henry V.); or merely

(b) "Parting is such sweet sorrow" (Romeo and Juliet). N.B. "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness" (Henry VIII.) is suitable only to actors on complete retirement from stage.

When in sight of conclusion of quotation, rapid glance to prompt corner, four quick little stamps backwards up stage, and last words delivered with head tossed back boyishly, eyes on gallery. Smile challenging, mouth slightly open, as curtain descends. When curtain rises finally, bow three times rapidly and a little stiffly, finally allowing the head to remain sunk upon the breast until you are blotted out for good. RACHEL.

THE BOOK-MARKER.

To C. W.

THAT it is very little

You tell me, yet I hold

That matters not a tittle—

It's ivory and gold,

A "newness" for my table

"Ex Africa," in case

I, reading some old fable,

Should chance to lose the place.

And lo, the firelight's ruddy.

The firelight's on the page,

And I sit down to study

The wit of some dear sage

Whose wisdom on my knee cocks;

Now better far to me

Than apes, than apes and peacocks,

Is gold and ivory.

On legends and on lovers

I'll browse till tea is brought,

Then close awhile the covers,

But not without a thought

Of gratitude, whose fount is

The largesse that implies

Yours is the taste in bounties

Of SOLOMON the Wise. P. R. C.

Disarmament among the Birds.

"Walking by day without a gun the wild-fowl are close inshore."—Daily Paper.

"Sea sickness can be prevented by breathing with the ship. When the ship heaves up breathe in."—Daily Paper.

We usually heave too.

TRIALS OF AN INTERVIEWER.

THE POPULAR LADY.



"YES, SIR, THERE ARE A GOOD MANY CALLERS THIS AFTERNOON."



"CHARMING OF YOU TO COME, MR.—ER—MR.— OH, YES, OF COURSE YOU CAME TO INTERVIEW ME, DIDN'T YOU? WE'LL GET A MINUTE PRESENTLY. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU—"



"DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, MR.—ER—MR.— LET'S SEE—YOU'RE THE BIG-GAME HUNTER, AREN'T YOU?"



"OH, HERE YOU ARE. MR.—ER—MR.— WE'LL HAVE A TALK DIRECTLY. D'YOU KNOW PROFESSOR—"



"AND WHAT I ALWAYS SAY IS," ETC., ETC.



"THANK GOODNESS THEY'VE GONE! AND NOW, MR.—ER— HEAVENS! 7.45 AND I'M DINING IN PARK LANE AT 8! I'M AFRAID WE MUST PUT OFF OUR LITTLE TALK TILL SOME OTHER DAY."

AMAZING ADVENTURE IN SUBURBIA.

(In the best Monthly Magazine manner.)

"THE trouble with us moderns," complained Thompsett, "is that we lack originality. We think the obvious thoughts and do the obvious things all the time. The spirit of adventure, what you might call the impulsive urge to spontaneous deeds of derring-do, has departed from our daily lives. Who will revive it?"

"I won't," said Armytage emphatically as he leaned back in his chair. "If you would care to hear the story, I will tell you. Why not? Perhaps you wouldn't mind pressing the bell, Thompsett. Thank you."

"It was some years ago now," he began, "and I was riding on the top of a bus in what were then the outskirts of Greater London—one of those indeterminate regions, half-suburb, half-country, that stretch in an ever-extending circle round what may be called London's building belt. It was evening and I had almost reached the spot where I had to descend and strike off on foot up a country lane when another passenger mounted the bus. He was rather a distinctive-looking character, with a little pointed beard and a broad-brimmed hat of the sombrero type—a foreigner, one suspected.

"All at once I noticed that he had begun to scrutinize me closely from under his hat-brim. It was as though he could not make up his mind whether he knew me or not. At last he moved to the seat in front of mine, turning round to face me.

"'Pardon me, Sir, if I am guilty of a stupid error,' he said in almost too perfect English, 'but I have a strong impression that we have met before.'"

"'Indeed?' I said.

"'May I ask whether you have ever been in the Republic of Sebastiano?' He simply shot the question at me, fixing me with a penetrating glance.

"It was at this point," continued Armytage, "that I was seized with a sudden impulse. I knew I would be leaving the bus in a few minutes. I decided to play up to the fellow's questions and trust to my wits to carry me through till we reached my destination.

"'Sebastiano?' I replied. 'Oh, rather—many times.'"

"'Ah, then without doubt you will remember the little town of España?'"

"'España? Could one ever forget it?' I replied fatuously.

"'So you are none other than Jasper Postlethwaite?'"

"'You remember my name?' I said calmly.

"He laughed softly. 'You do not know me. I have grown a beard since those days in España.'"

"'A beard does make a difference,' I fenced. 'Doubtless my appearance has hardly changed at all.'"

"'But you had a beard in España,' he cried.

"'Had I?' I said. 'Ah, yes, to be sure. I shaved it off when I—er—married and settled down. When one marries and settles down in England

"I twisted round in astonishment. The bearded stranger was towering over me, his dark eyes flashing with anger and excitement.

"'Escape you?' I stammered. 'What on earth do you mean?'"

"Señor Averno grinned unpleasantly. 'Permit me to remind you,' he said, 'of the sum of one thousand American dollars you borrowed from me—borrowed and never repaid. I swore an oath that if ever we met again I would settle accounts with you, my friend.'"

"'Look here,' I said, 'this is all a silly mistake. I've never set eyes on you before in my life. I've never even been—'

"He cut me short. 'Pah!' he cried, 'you have already admitted too much. Let me recall to your memory a night

at the tavern of old Fernando, in España. You told me your miserable life's story of folly and crime, and pleaded for the loan of a thousand dollars that you might begin life anew as an honest man. Generously I lent you the money. In the morning you had disappeared, and I never saw you again. Had you stolen from me honestly and like a gentleman I might have forgiven you; but to impose thus upon the noble impulses of my nature—my friend, either you repay me that money or—'

"'Or what?' I asked nervously.

"He replied only with a significant gesture, and then I saw that in his left hand he held the ugliest-looking little knife I had ever set eyes on.

"The situation was grotesque, preposterous. The road was deserted; night was falling. I didn't like the look of the fellow at all. I tried to show a bold front.

"'Look here,' I said, 'I haven't got a thousand dollars on me, naturally. You'll admit that our meeting was entirely unexpected. But I will not endeavour to deceive you, Señor; I am no longer a poor man. If you like I will write you a cheque for two hundred English pounds—no, let us say three hundred, to include interest. If that will not satisfy you, then I'm afraid you will have to do whatever you think best with that knife of yours. In that event I must warn you of course that you will certainly be hanged.'"

"I observed an expression of cupidity creep into his eyes. 'For your police



Obliging old Gentleman. "IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR TOBOGGAN, SIR, IT WENT IN THIS DIRECTION."

it is the custom to shave off one's beard."

"The man leaned forward and thrust his face into mine. 'I am Pedro Averno,' he cried, and at that moment the bus stopped.

"'Pedro Averno?' I exclaimed in mock surprise, rising to my feet. 'How incalculable, Señor, are the vagaries of fate! We meet again on the top of this bus after all these years—meet, alas! only to part. For this is where I get off.' The bell rang and, making a dash for the stairs, I scrambled down and leapt into the road.

"I felt absurdly pleased with myself. I saw myself telling the story with gusto. But I had not gone more than a hundred yards down the lane when my arm was clutched in a grip of steel and a harsh voice hissed in my ear.

"'Not so fast, my friend, not so fast. Do not think to escape me again so easily.'"

MANNERS AND MODES: THE PHOTOGRAPH.



THE OLD-TIME CAPTIVATING SMILE—



HAS GIVEN PLACE TO SOMETHING COLDLY ALOOF—

I care nothing,' he said, 'but I will admit that my outraged susceptibilities and wounded pride might be more adequately appeased by your money than by your blood; and I have a pressing and secret assignation at midnight. If you dare to betray me again I will go to my Legation; the Yard of Scotland will track you down; you will be extradited for your past crimes. Ah-h-h!' He scowled horribly. 'Write quickly,' he added, 'lest my benevolent mood should pass.'

"Well, I took out my fountain-pen and wrote the fellow a cheque for three hundred pounds. He made no end of fuss, and threatened and gesticulated, but in the end he left me and disappeared up the road into the gathering darkness. I've never seen him since."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "you actually gave him a cheque for three hundred pounds? Of course you had it stopped before he could cash it?"

"No," said Armytage, "I should have regarded such an action as scarcely honourable; and in any case I had naturally been obliged to sign it in the name of 'Jasper Postlethwaite,' or he would have mistrusted my good



WHICH MAY IN TIME DEVELOP INTO SOMETHING MORE OPENLY HOSTILE.

faith. But when I think of what might conceivably happen if ever I should chance to meet Señor Pedro Averno again it rather damps my enthusiasm

for what you might call the impulsive urge to spontaneous deeds of derring-do. Would you mind pressing that bell, Thompsonett?"

C. L. M.

The Many-legged Burglar.

"LUCKY COVENTRY THIEF.

"DIVE THROUGH SMALL WINDOW. LANDS ON GLASS ROOF AND ESCAPES."
... He could scarcely have been aware that some 6ft. below him was a glass roof, through which two of his legs crashed."—*Midland Paper.*

"Attracted by the shouts, Dr. George Biskany, an Egyptian naturalist who brought three gorillas to the exhibition, chased the lion over a fence, seized it by the ears, jumped on its neck and held it until attendants rushed up with one of the doctor's scratches on his hands and arms. Dr. Biskany escaped with several gorilla cages."

Melbourne Paper.

"Even the ranks of Tiscany Could not restrain their cheers On seeing Doctor BISKANY Seizing the lion's ears."

"Mr. Shaw, of course, is not only a critic deeply versed in good music, but also himself a musician, who plays his Bach on a Dolmetsch clavichord, the instrument for which it was written."—*Daily Paper.*
BACH seems to have shown an intelligent anticipation of Mr. DOLMETSCH's constructive genius.



FRIDAY NIGHT—50 B.C.

"A PENNYWORTH OF WOOD, PLEASE. AND FATHER SAYS WILL YOU GIVE GOOD MEASURE, FOR THE LAST PENNYWORTH ONLY DID AS FAR AS HIS KNEES."

FOAM, SWEET FOAM.

MISS MERCEDES GLEITZE, the well-known aquatic traveller, who stated not long ago in an interview that she had never been kissed, has now written to *The Daily Express* to say that she has broken off her engagement. She concludes: "I should be glad if you would publish the information," and *The Daily Express* obligingly complied. I should not myself in the ordinary course make any comment on the private affairs of a young lady, however important, but in this case they are obviously of national concern. And, thank Heaven, the false and shrinking reticence of the Victorian miss is a thing of the past. "He is an exceedingly nice man," says Miss GLEITZE in her frank but modest little letter, "but I do not consider myself fit to be any man's wife on account of my passionate love of the sea. When I consented to marry him two years ago I did so because I thought I had as much right as any other girl to become a wife and perhaps a mother; but I now find that the call for the sea is greater than the call for the comforts of home life, hence my decision."

And in order that nothing should be left in doubt the young lady kindly sent

to *The Daily Express* a copy of her final letter "to her soldier-lover":—

"Please accept my apology for not having communicated with you ere this. I regret having to inform you to-day that I shall be unable to marry you. I am afraid marriage would interfere with my swimming career. I have thought the matter over and feel convinced that I shall never be able to settle down in a home as a wife until I have successfully swum the Irish Channel, the Wash and the Hellespont, so what is the use of letting a man make a home for me when in my thoughts the sea spells 'Home, Sweet Home' to me?"

There, I think, speaks a true British girl. We have all watched with interest and admiration that annual procession of well-developed girls who with no particular provocation insist upon transporting themselves across the English Channel by methods which are obsolete and admittedly inconvenient. But never till the publication of this manly letter have we realised how important it is that some girl of our race should swim the Irish Channel, the Wash and the Hellespont.

Far be it from me to condemn Miss

GLEITZE to perpetual celibacy, but why stop at the Hellespont? Before she takes a husband she should swim the Solent and Southampton Water; and the Lake of Geneva and Loch Lomond, and the Firth of Forth, and that difficult stretch of water between Hammersmith and Wapping. The Serpentine is still unconquered; and what of the Manchester Ship Canal, and the Mersey below New Brighton, and the Solway Firth, and the untamed waters between the Orkneys and the Shetlands? No one, so far as I know, has swum the Dead Sea or the Suez Canal.

But Miss GLEITZE is not the only athlete who has been compelled by conscience to put the selfish pleasures of matrimony aside. My young friend Potts, who has formed a passion for a golf-course, has sworn that he will touch no woman's lips till he has done the seventh, eleventh and long sixteenth in two. Jim Thompson, again, who when quite a boy fell in love with the open air, has registered a vow at the Patent Office that he will ride a motor-bicycle to the top of Snowdon; and the gallant fellow has broken off three different engagements because the attractions of his brides-to-be took his mind from his mission.

And not only the single have to make the cruel choice between heroism and the home: Poor Reggie Williams has been married for seven years. Since he met Elizabeth he has neglected his roller-skating; but roller-skating has always had the first place in his heart. And only last week he decided that he could not conscientiously remain a husband while the London-to-Brighton record remained unbeaten. Another friend of mine, father of three, has had a rather disgraceful intrigue with a billiard-table—disgraceful, that is, to the ignorant spectator. But the fact is that he was suddenly possessed by a pure ambition to master the long-jenny and kiss-cannon, and, fearing that the settled life of the home must be a check upon his billiards career, he has reluctantly become a bachelor.

As for Miss GLEITZE, may she be happy, like some Peter Pan of the water, in her Home under the Sea! I do not feel that she will be satisfied by the Hellespont or even the Wash. Fresh firths and channels new will call her and she will hear the call. And therefore, unless some young fellow with an equal passion for fish-life should turn up, I see her condemned to the monastic existence of a mermaid; though of course there is always Neptune. But in whatever waters she may from time to time be making her home I do hope that she will never fail to keep the Press informed of the details of her domestic life.

A. P. H.

LOOKS AND LEGISLATION.

PARTY organisers, confronted with the uncertainty of the so-called "flapper" vote, are said to be considering the advisability of putting up good-looking Candidates wherever possible.

On the assumption then that the vast body of the latest-to-be-enfranchised is more likely to be influenced through the eye than through the ear, it would seem inevitable that Parliamentary Elections must develop into a series of glorified beauty-contests entailing the supersession of political labels by some such physical designations as Nordic and Mediterranean or Athletic and Romantic.

Local committees will have to face the responsibility of estimating the prevailing taste in manly beauty in their respective constituencies; for, as those who are supposed to have their fingers on the pulse of the electorate are doubtless aware, the Adonis who could command a sweeping majority in a London suburban division would not necessarily exercise the same sex-appeal in the industrial North.

The time has come too when sitting Members must consider their personal charms in view of the approaching



AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

"I DID SAY IT WAS A ROTTEN MORNING, DIDN'T I, DEAR?"

General Election. Those in whom the looking-glass would not be apt to arouse the gravest misgivings are, it is to be feared, very few.

Some initial difficulty may be experienced in persuading the more decorative specimens of our manhood to come forward as Candidates, for on its face-value the meagre remuneration of a bench-lizard in the House of Commons seems contemptible in comparison with what the film-studios have to offer. It should be pointed out as an inducement, however, that the advertisement of having been elected under the new conditions would be of the utmost value in a subsequent screen or stage career, even as Ministerial rank is now a recommendation in the City or on the Press.

A possible further objection, that the possessor of the requisite ornamental qualifications is likely to be lacking in the attributes of a useful Parliamen-

tarian, is easily met by the reminder that this deficiency is shared by many of our present legislators who are by no means oil-paintings.

Yet, on the other hand, there are shrewd political prophets who would not be confounded if, after all, the "flapper" voter should be guided by the sound electioneering maxim that handsome is as handsome seems able to do.

The Cure for Rotundity.

"MAHA PANJA SANJEEVI
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

This medicine removes every disease and makes children chuffy little angles."—From Catalogue of Medicine issued by Madras Native Pharmacy.

"Divide the bunch in half and stitch the flowers on to your mules."

Fashion-note in Ladies' Paper.

We do not advise army mules for this experiment.



Mother. "DARLINGS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

Peter. "PEGGY'S GOT SO FAT SINCE CHRISTMAS, AND WE'RE REDUCING HER."

TWO MEN.

I USED to know a man
Who formed the splendid plan
Of altering, as each New Year began,
His mode of life,
As that he would not touch
So on and such and such,
And cease from smoking—for he
smoked too much,
Argued his wife.

Letters he would not lose
And daily he would use
A notebook bought at Huntingdon-
on-Ouse
Wherein to put
Certain engagements down,
Which, being done, Renown
And Virtue would escort him through
the Town
On winged foot.

All this, the man would say,
Must start off right away,
From the first dawning of the New
Year's day,
Cocoa for stout;
This was the new régime,
Spartan in the extreme—
Only of course no item in the scheme
Ever worked out.

Another man I knew
Upheld a different view,
For character, he said, more subtly
grew;
Nobody could
Change it at once like that,
As if it were a hat
Or a new style of folding the
cravat,
From bad to good.

Rather by slow degrees,
Yet surely, if you please,
Virtue must ripen, as it were a
cheese;
He for his part
Would be content to find
Some small sin left behind
Round about Easter (but he would
not mind
A later start).

So, by a gradual course,
Not suddenly by force,
He would grow better; and he backed
this horse
To win outright.
Courage too high and rash
Frequently gets a smash;
What was the matter, then, with one
last splash
On New Year's night?

Which of the precious pair
That I do thus compare
Comes out the better from a bad affair,
Since nought was done?
The reader may be loath,
As I am, on my oath,
To choose between the frightful
worms. (They both,
In fact, were one.) EVOE.

Marriage à la Mode.

"The bride went down the aisle on her arm."
Daily Paper.

We always discourage acrobatics at
our weddings.

"Larwood opened the bowling. He had his
usual three slips Hendren, Hammond, and
Geary, with Chapman down his usual three
slips, Hendren, Hamother end, had a similarly
placed field except that he had Larwood at
third slip and Hendren at forward short leg
close in."—*Daily Paper.*

The compositor also seems to have had
a good many slips.

"The record entry of 120 nominations has
been received for the Grand National Steeple-
chase, which will be run over 4 miles 856 yards
at Liverpool on Friday, March 22."

Evening Paper.

As purists we prefer the form Hepato-
polis.



A BRUSH AT THE MASTHEAD.

THE DUTCH INVASION OF LONDON.

"IN MATTERS OF PAINTING THE CHARM OF THE DUTCH
IS GRUDGING SO LITTLE AND LENDING SO MUCH."

After CANNING.



LETTERS THAT TELL.

ALAS! the old order changeth, other times other manners, and where are the snows of yesteryear? From the U.S.A., whence comes so much food for reflection as well as for breakfast, we learn that the business letter is not to be what it has been—that experts are now teaching not only the staffs but the directors themselves the art of writing “letters that tell.”

I can be calm over this. Such business letters as reach me from the U.S.A. are mainly concerned with offers of plots of land from which fountains of oil are expected to gush at any moment. Of course the experts may succeed in making these letters even more plausible than they have been. But it seems scarcely possible. No, the disturbing thought is that the movement may spread to our shores, and that our old friends, “Your esteemed favour of the 30th ult. to hand,” and “Assuring you of our best attention at all times,” may soon be things of the past.

Well, I confess that I should be sorry. “Esteemed” has such a Jane-Austen flavour; “ult.” has a cheerful buoyant effect; and the naïve way in which a man who apologises for completely muddling your order will end by “assuring you of his best attention at all times” sends a glow to the heart.

And what is to replace these time-honoured formulæ?

“In an otherwise dull post your letter (written yesterday, we notice) shone like a good deed in a naughty world; and the answer to your query as to whether we will send you seven pounds of our ‘Cheerio’ tea is a triumphant Yes. Not that there is a great deal of profit on a seven-pound order; the quality of the tea, the price we charge for it, and the meticulous care taken in packing it preclude that. But you may give a tea-party, and during a lull in the conversation you may burst out with ‘Isn’t this tea delicious? It’s “Cheerio.”’ We sincerely hope you will. If you do, you’ll have the satisfaction of having done one good turn that day, and on the following morning many a triumphant Yes will resound through our offices.”

Will it be more like this? And shall I like it if it is?

Then there is the Bankers’ “covering as advised.” Is it to be, “We found that your envelope contained exactly what you said in your letter that it contained. But then you are always so business-like”? Such a communication would give me pause. I should ask myself, Are these the people to be entrusted with my money?

And what about “E. & O. E.”? Is it to be replaced by “We warn you that



Assistant. "IT SUITS MODDAM PERFECTLY. ONE WOULD THINK THE ANIMAL DIED FOR MODDAM!"

we may not have told you everything, and that what we have told you may be wrong. But don't let that upset you. It is human to err"? This would be telling, no doubt; but telling almost too much.

No, I don't like the idea. Leave us dear old "esteemed favour" and "same has our best attention." With these we know where we are. A. W. B.

"Woman wants tying up."—*Scots Paper*. Well, didn't Mr. Punch say "Don't"?

Stage "Howlers."

"The chorus ladies, as is their wont, trod their giddy mazes with gusto, and earned enthusiastic clapping for the ululations in imitation of waves."

Theatre notice in Liverpool Paper.

Philosophic Doubt.

"The whether is considerably at the present than the normal figures of the Meteorological station."—*Manchuian Paper*.

All the same it seems uncertain. We shall continue to carry our umbrella, weather or no.

THE TINROLLO CLUB.

THERE are many ways of becoming twenty-one. I once attended a twenty-first party where the sole entertainment for four hours was Felix the cat, with a more solid backing of unlimited bacon and eggs and beer; and as it worked out the honours were divided very nicely. Some people on ceasing to be infants feel the urge to dance, others the urge to eat, and all alike feel the urge to celebrate. Personally I reached my majority in a third-class carriage on a festive stretch of track near Dijon, at four o'clock in the morning; but I said nothing about it and the rest of the carriage never guessed. This is not a sufficiently sociable method to appeal to all. It didn't appeal to Jimmy at all when I told him about it; he pooh-poohed the idea as absurd.

"Even if I did want to eschew the world I needn't flee the country to do it. No, I've got a better idea than that; something quite new," he declared proudly.

"I suppose you've hired a barrel-organ," said Dora, "and a barn where you'll expect us to dance in the steps of our forefathers. Or you're going to take us to Southend by the steamer and give us a fish-supper; or—"

"I've an idea," Peter broke in; "why don't you treat us all to free passes on the trams and we'll really explore London by night. I'm sure that's never been done before."

Jimmy made a gesture of disgust.

"If you'll all desist from your fatuous suggestions and listen to me, I'll tell you. It's all arranged. We are going to dine rather late, and then as soon as it's dark we are going to inaugurate the Tinrollo Club, of which I have elected myself the first President. You will all consider yourselves as temporary members, and if you display a moderate degree of skill your membership will afterwards be confirmed."

We all looked expectantly grateful.

"Tinrollo," murmured Peter—"Tinrollo; I don't seem to have heard of it."

"I don't suppose you have," Jimmy snapped; "I invented it in my bath last night. It is going to be the sport of the century, a new recreation for the plebs. Dog-racing, cock-fighting and even ludo are doomed. Our equipment will consist solely of a few boot-polish tins which I shall bring. Starting from, say,

Piccadilly Circus, I as President will bowl the first tin. It should go a hundred yards or more and it'll tinkle all the way. The moment it is bowled we shall all run after it, and the first to retrieve it has the right to bowl it next. In this simple and entertaining manner we will wend our way across London, and the first to score ten retrieves will win a handsome prize, which has been presented—I might say very kindly presented—by the President."

We have learnt to let Jimmy's schemes work themselves out without comment.

It was due, I suppose, to the rush of mid-Season that our first meet escaped the eagle eye of the Press. Except for the street lamps and the electric advertisements, London was dark. There

Peter that it was his bowl. So far we were comparatively unnoticed, not more than fifty pedestrians having stopped to watch.

After three no-bowls (Jimmy had plainly been practising) Peter sent the tin hurtling between a point-duty policeman's legs, and we effaced ourselves quickly into sober groups on the pavement. A little further down Piccadilly Peter tried again with another tin. This time it went well and truly, and disappeared with a loud crash down a drain by the Ritz.

Jimmy produced a third tin and, ruling that in the case of total loss the right of bowling reverted to the President, sent it flying down the hill by the Green Park.

It took twenty-seven rolls, bowls and pushes to reach Hyde Park Corner, during which most of us had, so to speak, won our polish. The tins had settled in such varied places as the lounge of a celebrated restaurant, the basement of a slightly exotic club and the running-board of a passing bus.

The first phase was over, the Club was properly on its feet, and Jimmy was bubbling with joy. We decided that the next chukka should take us towards Kensington. It was Dora's turn, and her first. She said afterwards that her wrist had slipped. Anyway

the tin shot with terrific momentum straight into the sea of traffic which surged up from Grosvenor Place round the Gunners' Memorial. For a moment we hesitated, then in full cry we pursued it.

That tin, too, was lost. It was fielded by a constable in a manner which stamped him as of the Oval rather than of Hyde Park Corner. Our impetus was too great to allow us to dodge him.

They called it obstruction with massed violence. I think it should have cost Jimmy about five pounds, but he pleaded that he was a minor when it happened, and, on finding that the plea was three hours out of date, the Court doubled the fine.

We are going to get our Member to propose a Bill for Tinrollo (Toleration Of), and until it is passed the Club remains in abeyance.

Another Impending Apology.

"They proposed to hear about a dozen witnesses as to fact that day. There would also be one or two police witnesses."—*Daily Paper.*



THE OPEN BACK: A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

were seventeen of us collected in the middle of the Circus—eight girls and nine men. By special request Jimmy had allowed us to change back into flannels and their feminine equivalents after dinner—a dinner which had convinced us that, though Jimmy was obviously unhinged, he had his points.

With the greatest pomp Jimmy drew the Tinrollo Club into a line facing down Piccadilly, and in the solemn silence which accorded with such a ritual he bowled the FIRST TIN hard and straight towards Hyde Park Corner. Like greyhounds from a leash (I cannot easily avoid the simile) the Club dashed after it. It made a loud tinkling as it went, and then somewhere ahead of us we heard the delirious rattle which tins emit as they settle down. For a moment all was confusion; and then Peter emerged triumphant with it from underneath a taxi.

It was a great moment, the first retrieve. Jimmy's eyes shone with the light of achievement as he motioned to

MAGIC.



TIME WAS WHEN I USED TO MARVEL AT THE STUFF—



THAT THESE CONJURERS GET OUT OF A HAT—



BUT NOW I MARVEL NO MORE.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GEORGE'S BUFFALO.

THERE are, I suppose, stranger sights in Central Africa than George, disguised as a tuft of grass, stalking big game. I haven't seen any, but I daresay there are, here and there.

As a big-game hunter George lacks a good deal of that practical experience which comes in so handy when the big game refuses to be just hunted, and starts out to do a little on its own account. But so far as the theory of the thing goes, George leaves SELOUS and CHERRY KEARTON and the rest simply standing.

His attire is faultlessly correct, as they say in the novelettes. He insists

on that. He says a man should always dress for the occasion. I reminded him of the time he set out to play golf in plus-fours and met an elephant, but George said that no one could possibly have foreseen that he would need running-pumps and a vest before he had played his third.

I took George on his first big-game expedition. He had just joined me on the station, and, as life was dull and no war-clouds dimmed the local horizon, we left Sergeant Karuku in charge of the half-company and plunged into the bush.

George wore a big pith helmet. Other things, of course, but the helmet was his crowning glory. He had trimmed it with sheaves of grass and festoons of drooping leaves, and the nett effect was that of a man peering furtively through a bedraggled hedge; but he was very proud of it. The idea was that George would merge into the pampas, as it were, and be quite unrecognisable by the game.

We set out in the dawn. I am never at my best and brightest in the dawn, and George's ridiculously high spirits rather irritated me. He even whistled until I pointed out somewhat tersely that our idea was to shoot, not to lure the game into eating out of our hands.

And when at length our native guide pointed triumphantly to fresh buffalo spoor I jibbed. I knew too much about buffalo to want to meet one in the company of a heavy-footed enthusiastic greenhorn like George, and I tried to tell him so tactfully. But he didn't get me at all, and, as the guide was staring

at me and the reputation of the white man was evidently suffering in his estimation, I gave in, and on we went.

George, under the impression that he was treading noiselessly through the bush, gave a display of toe-dancing that would have flattered PAVLOVA and made a good Boy Scout cry, while every few yards he stopped to examine the bolt of his rifle. Usually he stopped on a dead twig, which cracked like a rifle shot, and I began to feel easier, realising that every head of game within half-a-mile of us must have heard him and departed.

But those buffalo were either deaf or criminally careless, because we came on them quite suddenly—so suddenly indeed that George saw them before I did, and

Sing, and finally persuaded him that things were by no means so bright as the morning indicated with an aggrieved buffalo bull working round our flanks intent on getting his own back for what he doubtless considered an entirely unprovoked assault.

As final proof of the seriousness of the position I drew his attention to the fact that our guide was already well above the Plimsoll mark of danger in the only tree in the vicinity capable of bearing a man's weight. George grasped the situation and we held a rapid staff conference.

Just then there was a noise like an angry locomotive from behind and I caught a glimpse of a shaggy head and two spreading horns bearing down on top of us.

I jumped blindly, but George ran. Something large and brown roared by me and I had a panoramic view of George's helmet, its grass crown bobbing wildly and its festooned leaves trailing out behind, moving across a little clearing in the bush at a rate that would have lowered all the world's records had it been possible to clock it.

Immediately behind that nodding helmet went the snorting buffalo, and then quite suddenly George disappeared. Just like that. One moment he was in full view, with the bull almost breathing down his neck, and the next he had gone. Where he had been was clear space.

It was like a MASKELYNE AND COOK mystery, but I had no time to reflect, for even as his helmet melted into the void there came the crack of a rifle, and the buffalo jumped straight up, turned a complete somersault and lay kicking on the ground.

I ran up, but the brute was dead before I got there, and the guide, descending nimbly from his tree, was executing a *pas seul* on its inanimate body. There was no sign of George at all; he had simply vanished.

I sat down on the buffalo to think it out, and as I did so a husky voice came from my very feet.

"For the love of Mike, what's happened?"

It was quite uncanny—like a spiritualist séance, and I had a vague feeling that I ought to be holding somebody's hand.

And then another queer thing hap-



"HE AND THE OLD BULL MADE A SIMULTANEOUS DISCOVERY OF EACH OTHER."

just as he and the old bull made a simultaneous discovery of the other's presence, George fired.

There was a shout from the guide, a thunder of flying hoofs, a spurt of dust as the bull fell and recovered, and the whole herd had gone, with George in full pursuit.

I caught him with a flying tackle, and only his innate sense of respect for a superior officer prevented his expressing himself with all the adequacy that Sandhurst had taught him. As it was he dusted himself, replaced his helmet, peered at me through the leaves that dangled from the brim, swallowed quickly and said—

"What the hell's the matter?"

I explained that a wounded buffalo in long grass is about five times as dangerous as the electric chair in Sing-

pened, for a tuft of grass a yard in front of me began to waggle violently and again there came that sepulchral voice.

"Get me out of this, somebody."

Cautiously I took hold of that tuft and it lifted bodily, with George's helmet attached, exposing the top of his head and his eyes, looking like a rabbit in a burrow. Very gingerly and to the accompaniment of much profanity on his part we slowly drew him out of the ant-bear hole which had engulfed him. It was a perfect fit, and he came out pop, like a cork.

We found his rifle underneath the buffalo. It had gone off as George fell into the hole and had raked the bull clean through the chest.

George sent the buffalo horns home to his mother. Ant-bears, he considers, should be protected by law.

Record Cricket.

"Only two players have made two separate countries in one match."—*Vancouver Paper*.

History has frequently been made in test matches, but these are the only two instances in our recollection of our geography having been added to.

THE DUD POUND-NOTE.

My conscience and myself have already had three rounds over the matter and I think I am ahead on points. But it is a knotty question.

It happened over a pound-note—one of the earlier vintage—which I had in my possession for about ten days. This in itself was an unusual occurrence; I generally get no more than a passing glimpse of any pound-note that comes into my possession; but an even more unusual feature was that it was a clever forgery. So clever that I should never have suspected it if I hadn't been told by a friend in the C.I.D. who knew the man who made it. So clever a forgery was it that I almost feel. . . . Well, unfortunately there are several more of the C.I.D. who are not my friends, so I go about telling everyone with conscious rectitude that it is a forgery and letting them look at it.

Then I met the man Chamberson.

The man Chamberson is an authority. He reads the *Encyclopædia* every night before going to bed, and on the strength of this people have got into

the habit of saying, "Let's ask Chamberson; he knows;" and Chamberson has got into the habit of saying, "Now, *there*, old man, you're wrong. Actually the case is this."

Chamberson looked very carefully at my pound-note with a pocket magnifying-glass; for he is that sort of chap. Then he held it up to the light and tasted the south-east corner, and finally said—

"Honestly, old man, you're wrong. This is a good-un after all."

"I'm certain it isn't," I rejoined warmly. "The man who gave it me swore it wasn't."

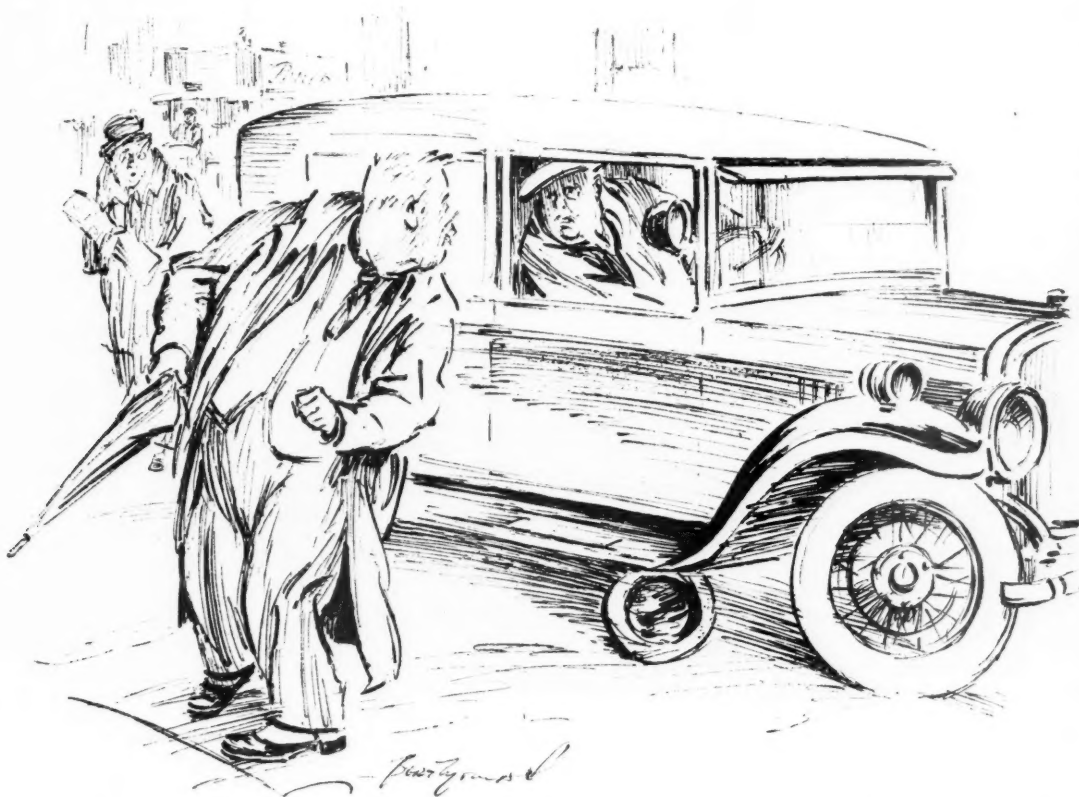
Chamberson merely raised his left eyebrow in an offensive sort of way.

"He was a man who ought to know," I continued. "I'd tell you who he is, only I have an idea he ought never to have given it to me."

Chamberson shook his head slowly from side to side.

"You've been had, old boy," he said.

"His idea of a joke, I bet. You see, in a forged note . . ." and he talked learnedly about watermarks and grease and pen lines and so on, ending up



Mechanical Enthusiast (nearly run down). "MY DEAR SIR, YOU'LL RUIN YOUR BRAKES JAMMING 'EM ON LIKE THAT."

magnanimously with, "Of course even experts are sometimes deceived."

I was about to say, "Perhaps you are, then," when he said, "Perhaps your friend was," first.

So instead I challenged him to a bet. We bet a pound—since we were on the subject of that sum—Chamberson laying that my note was real, I that it was a fake, and I agreed to abide by the decision of a friend of Chamberson's.

I then stood Chamberson a drink. I felt I could afford it since I was in the strong position of being about to take a quid off him.

Now here is the strange thing. Chamberson's friend, after some hesitation, decided that the note was genuine. Being the true British sportsman I accepted his decision for what it was worth, even though it hadn't been worth as much to me as I had hoped. But I paid Chamberson with my dud pound-note. He didn't at all like the idea, but when I pointed out to him that, if he didn't accept it as genuine, then logically he owed me a pound, he took it.

All the same my conscience and I are not quite happy and have been sparing about the matter ever since. For, despite Chamberson's friend and Chamberson (who, by the way, hasn't yet dared to pay the note out), I am assured in my own mind that that note was a forgery. You see, as I told you, it was given to me as such by my friend in the C.I.D., and his name is Sandy Hector MacTavish. A. A.

"I would advise all Ministerial gabblers to visit the ouse of Lords."

Evening Paper.

'Tis whispered in Heaven; Hell gives it a kiss;

But our newest nobility give it a miss.

Smith Minima's Latest.

"What is a White Elephant?"—"A White Elephant is something rather nice, but absolutely no use to anybody. By derivation—a Jumbo Sale."

Hygiene.

"I claim the right to ventilate my views,"
Protests the novelist, "though folk reject 'em."

"How wise," the critic says, "that course to choose;
You doubtless hope the air may dis-infect 'em!"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LAD" (SHAFTESBURY).

No doubt Mr. EDGAR WALLACE dictated *The Lad* between breakfast and the two-thirty. And this seems a pity, as he has wasted good material, the character of *The Lad* being an attractive creation worthy of being worked into a more plausible setting. As it is, this queer piece is no more than a protracted comedian's sketch against as unlikely a background as even Mr. WALLACE at his hastiest has given us. The lively author has here shamelessly abandoned any refinements of technique, such as honestly contriving his entrances and exits.



Lady Fandon (Miss DOROTHY DIX). "DO YOU THINK HE'S A DETECTIVE?"
Lord Arthur Madderley (Mr. JACK LIVESEY). "No, HE'LL BE THE FUNNY MAN; YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR CLOTHES."
The Lad Mr. BILLY MERSON.

He simply shoves his puppets on and shoves them off again as the exigencies of his highly-complicated plot dictate.

The central figure, admirably suited to the particular talents of Mr. BILLY MERSON, is a little old man affectionately known to the warders of Pentonville and the Scrubbs as "*The Lad*" and to gentlemen in the burglary and larceny business and their enemies the police as "Talking Tommy." His method is to stroll into country houses in search of articles of value, and trust to his native wit and ready tongue to extricate him from such quandaries as occur.

Quite often these little expeditions ended in temporary retirement; but this was evidently his lucky day. Nearly

everybody at Fandon Hall had a guilty secret, mistook him for a private inquiry agent and filled his pockets with banknotes to buy his silence. *Lord Fandon* (Mr. CHARLES CARSON) was indulging in an intrigue with the pernicious blonde, *Pauline* (Miss MURIEL MARTIN-HARVEY); *Lord Arthur Madderley* (Mr. JACK LIVESEY) was running horses owned by *Lady Fandon* (Miss DOROTHY DIX) under his own name, and a bookmaker's business under another, and doing very well out of it and her, besides assisting the unfortunate gullible lady to deceive her husband in more ways than one. Even *Major Granitt*, the prison governor, who had spent the

previous evening in Maida Vale in a manner which, according to Mr. WALLACE, is customary in Maida Vale, added his contribution. And so forth.

The kindly little old man wanders about making his little jokes; pretending to be the gas-inspector; winning the affections of the young lovers, *Joan* (Miss EILEEN PEEL) and *Jimmy* (Mr. EDWARD WOODINGS); learning to dance the Charleston; foiling that preposterous Adelphi villain, *Lord Arthur*; dealing himself eight aces at bridge; finding the emerald necklace in one of *Lord Arthur's* long cigars, and his old love, *Margaret* (Miss HILDA TREVELYAN), in *Lord Fandon's* housekeeper, mixing gross burlesque, straight comedy and genuine pathos in the most capable and hopelessly inconsequent way.

Too long for a turn, too casual and too crudely constructed to appeal as a play, this entertainment will not, I am afraid, please those sophisticated persons who are wont to turn from their strenuous labours or arduous boredoms to Mr. WALLACE for relief. It must be left to simpler folk. T.

"NO OTHER TIGER" (ST. JAMES'S).

I hadn't read Mr. A. E. W. MASON's much-praised *No Other Tiger* in any one of its thirteen impressions before attending the performance of his drama on the same theme at St. James's. Having conscientiously read it since, I am in a position to appreciate the skill with which the author has not only compressed but entirely altered the balance of his story to make his dramatic version intelligible, interesting and ex-

citing to one unacquainted with the book.

The book opens in Burma with Colonel Strickland's vigil in the jungle for the man-eating tiger; that strange appearance of the gaunt tragic Englishman with the murderous hunting madness in his eyes, and the comment, "No other tiger passed that way that night," though the mangled body of Maung H'La, who had been a servant in England, was found next day near the spot.

There is gradually unfolded with an admirable artifice of sustained suspense and indirect allusive narrative the story of this fierce strange man, Archie Clutter: his marriage to a rich hypochondriac; the fatal game of poker in a shooting-box in the Dauphiné Alps which ended in his killing with frenzied violence the decadent French aristocrat whom he had caught cheating; his condemnation to twenty years' *travaux forcés* in the hell of Cayenne; his wife's friendship with the dancer, Corinne, and the theft and treachery of Corinne and her lover, Battchilena; the vengeance of the escaped prisoner, with, for sentimental background, Colonel Strickland's seemingly hopeless love for the lively Lady Ariadne Ferne, affianced to the ambitious and respectable politician, Ransome.

The play begins with the trial at Grenoble—an admirable scene, exciting and dramatic in itself, cleverly introducing us to the characters of Clutter and his wife in a very skilfully-compressed shorthand.

The second episode: In Mrs. Clutter's South Audley Street house we are shown the relations of Mrs. Clutter and her protégée, the rising dancer, Corinne, and of Corinne and her lover, Battchilena; the suppressing of Clutter's letter to his wife by Corinne and Maung H'La; the staging of the supposed suicide of Mrs. Clutter that Corinne may inherit under the will of her friend.

Third episode: The return of Clutter, escaped from Cayenne, a maniac with a fixed purpose, and the bringing together at a restaurant of Clutter, his fellow-convict, Hospel Roussencq, Corinne, Battchilena, Lady Ariadne and Strickland. (Ransome has disappeared from the play and the course of Colonel Strickland's love runs smooth.)

Episodes 4 and 5: The return of

Clutter by night to the terrified Corinne; the last act of vengeance and the rescue of Lady Ariadne. Not, indeed, a cheering but certainly an exciting affair, and extremely interesting as a capable essay in the technique of adaptation—a business which normally is so dismally done because so difficult to do.

Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY suggested with great skill in the first scene the sinister complexion of Clutter's character—Clutter the dandy and soft-liver, the man of proved courage and chronic

fits of violence. His rendering of the later Clutter, the maniac striving to keep a hold of himself in order to effect his purpose of revenge, is less easy to assess, because studies of madness are always, it seems to me, impossible to criticise—there are no canons that apply. But it was a forcible and interesting performance. Mr. TERRY is welcome on the stage as being of the romantic in contrast with the ultra-naturalistic school, and certainly in this kind of play the more florid method is entirely

appropriate. Miss MARY GLYNNE, in a part with more substance to it than usually falls to her, indicated cleverly the essential worthlessness, the infatuation, and the treacherous cowardice of Corinne, and played her scene of terror with conviction and without undue noisiness. The other characters were too limited by compression to be more than roughly sketched in. But the playing was of a high standard, and Mr. EARLE STANLEY's Battchilena, Mrs. KENT's pseudo-Czech prima donna, and Mr. ALEC CHENTRENS' Gaspard Roussencq must be specially mentioned. The production was excellent. T.

ANCHISES FORETELLS THE COMING OF WIRELESS.

CURIOUSLY enough none of the commentators of VIRGIL seems to have noticed that, at the close of the famous passage in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, where Anchises foretold the future of Rome, he also foresaw the coming of wireless and the B.B.C. Here are his words (ll. 849, 850):—

"Orabunt causas melius, ceterique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent."

That is: "[Others than Romans] by wireless (radio) will the better plead their causes, describe the changes of the sky and tell of the rising (cinema) stars." Obviously he alluded to the broadcasting of the "Good Cause" appeals, the "Weather Forecasts" and the talks entitled "Seen on the screen."

"To sell or let, House, Buildings, and Garden. Six-roomed House, Cow and Horse Stable, Granary and Pig-stye, two Conservatories, and useful Garden."

Provincial Paper.

It looks as if the two Conservatives were not seeking re-election; apparently whole-hoggers.



THE TIGER SHOWS HIS CLAWS.

Corinne. Miss MARY GLYNNE.
Archie Clutter Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.



SOME OTHER TIGER

(WHO HAD A SMALL PART IN EPISODE 3).

THE COSMIC TREMOLO.

FEELING that the question of the by-products of earthquakes has been by no means fully treated in the columns of *The Times*, Mr. Punch has appealed, and not in vain, for further enlightenment to various representative men of science and letters:—

Sir Gavin Dalwhinnie, Emeritus Professor of Seismology at the University of Dundee, develops the psychology of earthquakes as affecting Scotland:—

"Most people regard earthquakes from a special angle as geologists, architects or journalists, but very few realise their effects on national character. Where they occur repeatedly and on a large scale, as in Japan, they lead to fatalism and stoicism; but where they occur frequently and on a small scale their results are even more disastrous. Take for example the case of Scotland. There you will find the small town of Comrie, in Perthshire, with 2,208 inhabitants, which is subject to frequent small earthquakes, due to the fact that it is situated exactly over the great geological fault which separates the Highlands from the Lowlands. But the Comrie earthquakes are conspicuous for their innocuousness. They are seldom violent enough to do more than rattle the crockery on the shelves. They do not interfere with the popularity of the place as a summer resort, as may be evidenced by the impressive fact that it possesses two Temperance Hotels. Unfortunately these privileges are not regarded with equanimity by the dwellers in less-favoured localities. On the contrary they lead to constant references of a sarcastic turn in Scots newspapers, which only betray envy and jealousy, and tend to promote disintegrating and fissiparous tendencies in the body politic and retard the advent of Scottish Home Rule. For it is extremely unlikely that the sturdy inhabitants of Comrie would ever consent to a central earthquake control, or to the suggestion, which has already been made by a Clydeside Member, that, by way of preventing a monopoly, all health-resorts in Scotland should be provided with an apparatus for causing artificial earthquakes."

Sir Whiteley Browne, President of the Neo-Hygienic Institute, writes as follows:—

"Speaking with all due respect for the motives which animate the Society for the Abolition of Earthquakes, I am strongly opposed to the movement for the following reasons: Earthquakes in moderation are a beneficent and salubrious agency by which Nature provides an antidote to the dangers of

immobility. They stimulate the liver, promote a healthy circulation and tend to enrich and decorate the vocabulary of ornamental oburgation. I frequently recommend patients who are suffering from the effects of a sedentary life to spend their holidays in regions where seismic disturbances occur: and where my advice has been carried out and a diet of bean-bread, washed down with turnip-top water, has been rigidly adhered to, I have found the results invariably successful. The only patient I lost was a Channel-swimmer, who insisted on bathing in a tidal wave, which is a method of ablution I have never recommended, being indeed of opinion that the less we wash the healthier we are."

Mr. Theodore Champion Foothill, the eminent lyric poet, has sent us the following luminous but formidable communication:—

"I have always found that seismic perturbations have exercised a decidedly beneficial effect on the flow of poetic inspiration. They may not conduce to steadfast or prolonged exaltation, but are most efficacious in promoting vivid and explosive excitement—the "Dionysian" mood described by NIETZCHE. Some of my happiest efforts, or at any rate those which have attained the most resounding publicity, have been thrown off during earth tremors. They affect the choice of metre, again, as well as the temper of the poem. I have never composed a poem in blank verse, the heroic couplet or the Spenserian stanza during an earthquake. Instinctively I found myself adopting the catalectic trimeter, or a scheme in which recurrent dochmiacs maintain a throbbing antispastic pulsation; and I am preparing for the Press a small volume of seismic stanzas on various events of topical interest, of which I am sending a copy to your Booking Office."

General Sir Bardolph Bulger, R.A., the famous expert on high-explosives, sends us this interesting personal narrative:—

"I am entirely opposed to any Government grants for the development of by-products of earthquakes, having only too good reason to regard them as unmitigated nuisances. Just thirty years ago I was playing golf in the neighbourhood of Calcutta with my old friend, Colonel Angus McKillop. We were all square at the seventeenth. At the eighteenth I hit a beauty from the tee, and with my second, a perfect brassy shot, I reached the green; McKillop was short. My putt was dead on the hole, but halfway the ball stopped and rolled back off the green into the rough. 'Lie down, man,' said McKillop; 'it's an earth-

quake!' It was; and when the tremors ceased I took two to get out, while McKillop holed a lucky chip-shot and won the match and the fiver we had on. I wrote home to the St. Andrews' Committee, and, on being informed that there was no rule empowering a player to replace a ball which had been moved by an earthquake, at once resigned my membership."

GLORIANA.

THE Old Elizabethans went roving Westward Ho!

To Salvador and Flores, to Lima and Callao;

And gold and pearls and turkis they brought from overseas

To pleasure GLORIANA, who liked such toys as these.

RALEIGH, DRAKE and FROBISHER,

GRENVILLE and the rest of them,

Served and loved ELIZABETH, tawny-haired ELIZABETH,

Stubborn-lipped ELIZABETH, who mastered all the best of them.

The New Elizabethan comes roving Westward Ho!

As far as Hyde Park Corner, to wander by the Row;

And nosegays—rather tumbled—and daisy-chains he brings

To please GLORIANA, who loves such little things.

Richard, John and Christopher,

Tommy and the rest of them,

Long to serve ELIZABETH, golden-haired ELIZABETH,

Smiling-mouthed ELIZABETH, beloved by all the best of them.

ELIZABETH of England sat stately in her barge,

With citizens a-gazing along the river's marge;

And masques and plays, with cock-fights and baiting of the bear,

Were set for GLORIANA, who liked such manly fare.

All the folk of London Town (SHAKESPEARE and the rest of them)

Vied to please ELIZABETH, steely-eyed ELIZABETH,

Stern old maid ELIZABETH, task-mistress of the best of them.

ELIZABETH of England rides smiling down the Row,

With boys from Bow or Kensington to watch her carriage go;

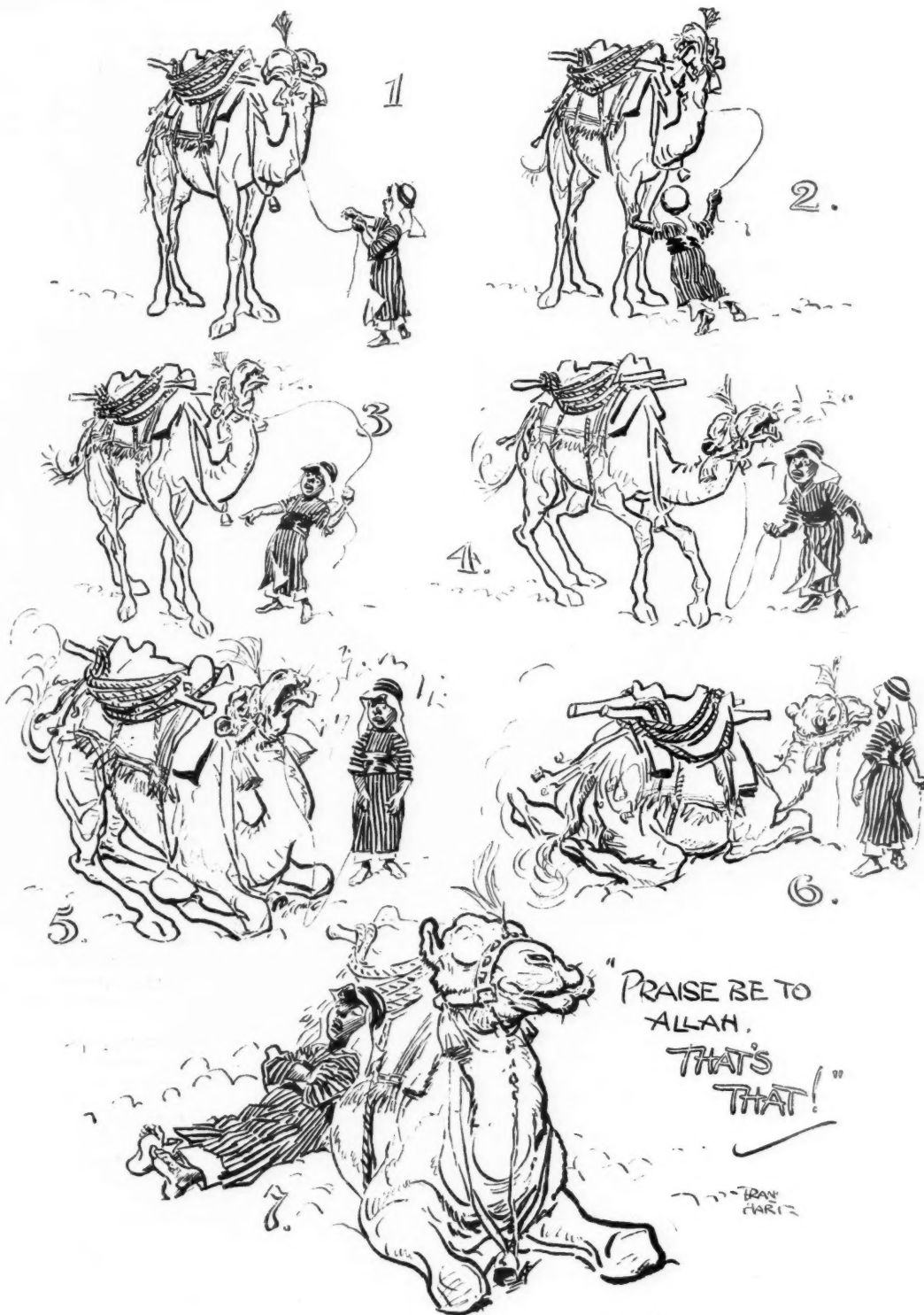
And air-balloons and scooters, with puppies on the run,

Are there for GLORIANA, who loves to see the fun.

All the lads of London Town (Richard and the rest of them)

Play to please ELIZABETH, merry-eyed ELIZABETH,

Little maid ELIZABETH, heart's Princess of the best of them.



THE EGYPTIAN SEASON: GETTING DOWN TO EARTH.



Boy (indicating clown, who has just popped out for a breather). "HI, MISTER, YER CLOWN'S LOOSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAN discern two motives in *An Introduction to Dutch Art* (FABER AND Gwyer): the desire to present the Dutch artists as they flourished from 1580 to 1700 or so to future frequenters of the Royal Academy's Winter Show, and the desire to recommend the brand of æsthetic philosophy first promulgated in *The Modern Movement in Art*. Personally I should have thought the welcome strain of cynicism which prompts Mr. R. H. WILENSKI to record the fluctuations of critical dogma in the case of REMBRANDT would have curbed his own excursions into similar domains. But he so obviously enjoys his own contribution to the next man's list of *ridicula* that you have not the heart to deprive him of his flutter. His system sets dogma and mysticism, subordination and individualism—factors usually kept at some sort of equipoise in the best men and the best art—into radical opposition, and divides all his painters into "romantic," "classical-architectural" and "popular"—the last category a sort of limbo for artists whose records of actuality confirm the experience of the vulgar. This theorising provides a certain amount of liveliness and does little serious harm, except in the case of VERMEER, whose work it completely sunders from that of obvious affinities. The writer's "classical" predilections stand him in good stead when it comes to filling up the gaps which in the National Gallery and elsewhere reflect our national antipathies. Historically he strikes me as extremely lucid and discerning, and his survey covers practically the whole Dutch field, except still life and descriptive landscape-painting. Foreign influences are admirably established and described; the precursors and associates of great men fall helpfully into their places, and Mr. WILENSKI's dislike of "popular" Dutch art does not prevent his paying due attention to its unelevating manifestations.

The Russian revolution may be presented in forms as varied as the baseness and the heroism of mankind. It may be shown, for instance, dramatically, as the overthrow of an old order; or historically, as the ebb and flow of a civil war; or merely statistically, as a percentage reduction of population. General P. N. KRASSNOFF, in his second study, *The Unforgiven* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), projecting on the screen a jagged confusion in which mingle the visions of dying saints, the food hallucinations of starving peasants, the fantasies of Chinese torturers and the dances of evil children, shows the old order loathing yet pitifully attempting to fraternise with the new; brings out the accursedness of civil war as a contest even between loving father and loving son, and translates reduction of population into a hideous sequence of killings—killings in the name of liberty, in the name of war, of God, of revenge, in the name of mere clerical error. Through all his chapters the writer is groping for an explanation, seeing the agony of Russia at times as the pruning of a thing decayed and a necessary return to a simpler form of existence, yet shadowed by the ever-recurring dread lest the whole turmoil be sheer devil-riot of evil. But he is more coherent than one has come to expect of Russian novelists and, though he spoils the artistic sequence of his narrative by an excursus to South America, his story is at least adequate to hold together that burden of description which gives the book its value. In this generation we are surfeited with horrors, but, if ever a day should come when wars pass from living memory, when forms of government are stabilised and even the devastating march of inventive science is stayed, while the gentle arts of peace come into their own again, then volumes such as this will stand forth in ghastly illumination among the most horrifying relics of what must appear to have been the age of Terror. Thank Heaven, Russia is not and never was part of Europe.

In *The Ritz Carltons* (METHUEN) we are helped by FILLMORE HYDE to see some of the countless troubles which harass the hideously rich. No one but those who wallow in the quagmire of redundant tin can have the least conception what a nightmare is their daily lot. Have you, for instance, ever known of something which you longed to own, but which you felt you must forgo because the price was far too low? Can you imagine how it jars always to have to smoke cigars? Think of the pearls that come unstrung just as the dinner-bell has rung; the testing-out of canes and hats; the constant breaking-in of spats; the purchase of—as you suppose—the most expensive car that goes, only to see your neighbour run an even more expensive one. Picture—but no, let Mr. HYDE reveal to you the tragic side, and I must beg you not to shirk one sentence of his noble work. Moreover, METHUEN should, I hold, produce it bound in solid gold, that millionaires may buy and see how they excite our sympathy.

A short time ago *The Manchester Guardian* published a posthumous say by the late Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE, entitled "The Blessing of Adam." Its unfashionable theme was the joy of work. It even went so far as to maintain that art was no more than work utterly unspoilt and drudgery no more than work gone utterly wrong. For the most persuasive of comments on this arresting text I should like to recommend the Rev. M. C. F. MORRIS's study of *The British Workman* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), a study which, being limited to the agricultural labourers of the East Riding, appears somewhat misnamed until you are told that its berserker hero laid claim to the title as the proudest he could own. Around the figure of WILLIAM BLADES, whom his biographer first knew as an octogenarian, is grouped an intimate picture of the farm life of 1850. BLADES started service at eight, but service was a homelier thing in those days and, though the wages were little or nothing, the keep was remarkably good. Gigantic tasks of muck-carting, stacking and hedging were prefaced and followed by gigantic meals, and the little schooling the lads put in between-whiles—mostly Catechism, "behaviour" and the alphabet—did nothing to abate their relish for work. "Ah was ta'en up wi' t," "Wark was nowt," "Ah loved it an' Ah did it"—these were the comments of the man who could shear seven sheep in thirty-two minutes and mow a three-acre field (on two gallons of home-brewed) between sunrise and sunset. There are no dull pages in Mr. MORRIS's book and a few of the best are devoted to the vernacular of the Wold. But first and last it is a panegyric of honest work and the notable men and women such work creates, and, unlike most panegyrics, both timely and salutary.



Badly-defeated Pugilist. "‘E’S BETTER THAN I THOUGHT ‘E WAS. THIS ‘AS BEEN A REAL EYE-OPENER TO ME."

Let me at once say, and avert possible disappointment, that *From Colonel to Subaltern (Country Life)* is not the story of a soldier's degradation, but just a series of letters on the whole art of horsemanship from Colonel McTAGGART, D.S.O., to his son, a young cavalry officer. Now in the past few years I've read several new and instructive works on equitation, and noted principally how widely, once more, do experts differ. What two books could, for instance, be more diverse than *The Horse as Comrade and Friend* and *Bridle Wise*—the former by a sentimentalist, the latter by a machine? But, while I enjoyed both, and still do to-day, I think that it is to Colonel McTAGGART that I'd liefest go for guidance, and his motto is "Be Patient," and, I might add, "and practical," for his words, whether we are in the stable or the saddle, are all of good sense *cum* great kindness. In fact he will be rejoiced to know that I see eye to eye with him on all except "Do horses like hunting?" Colonel

McTAGGART says that no horse likes hunting, and that what I take for pleasurable excitement is merely a demonstration of nerves induced by a prospect of pain and tedium. And yet he must have seen hunters head up and statue still, listening, listening, oh! ravished, you'd say, to the cry of hounds in a great woodland? Why, he'll be having it next that a hunt terrier hates going to ground! This book, an able work by a most kindly soldier, is well and wittily illustrated in line by an artist who remains anonymous. I notice, however, that an *édition de luxe* is in preparation which will give his work in colour.

I take it that Mr. NORMAN VENNER, whose name appears on the title-page of *The Following Feet* (HEINEMANN), is still a young man, in spite of the fact that this appears to be his fourth novel. Not having read any of its predecessors I cannot say that he is incapable of creating lifelike men and women, but probably at present he lays more stress on incident than on character. The main idea of the book is one that has been handled often enough before, not without success. *Oliver Honey*, an uncomfortably inquiring young fellow who has served through the War and apparently cherishes resentment against his brothers who managed to avoid the trenches, learns suddenly that he is within six months of death. His sister *Agatha*, with whom he had been keeping house, has just died and left him, to his surprise, something over a thousand pounds in cash, hidden in a cardboard box beneath the floor of her room. Armed with this wealth, concealed in a belt about his middle, *Mr. Honey*, like a new but wealthier *Mr. Polly*, sets out on his adventurous travels through the country. "An English Odyssey," the publishers call it, adding that "the scenes and the people are real, the thought vivid and lively." I hate to impugn their simple faith, but I cannot altogether agree with their estimate. Mr. VENNER has a certain ingenuity in detail, a certain inconsequent brightness in narrative, but he should do better work than this in the future.

For eighteen years Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK has been one of the gaps in my literary education. It is a shameful confession and I only make it because I have now in some sort repaired the breach by reading *The Bells of Shoreditch* (SIDGWICK and JACKSON). I had not read a chapter of it without discovering that in point of style Miss SIDGWICK can write the heads off most of the younger generation and that she can draw a character or depict a scene with anybody. In fact, if I am to judge by this last novel of hers, she can do everything with a pen except tell a story. Eight of the younger intelligentsia, four of each sex, share a house in Bloomsbury (known as "the super-house"), which has a common dining-room and eight bed-sitting-rooms. One of the four men leaves and *Alfred Fiske* is proposed to fill the

vacancy, but he is blackballed, for no reason given, by *Neil Armiter*. The fact emerges (but "slow, how slowly!") that *Fiske* and *Armiter* are old and bitter enemies, and with the release, somewhere about page 300, of the further fact that *Armiter* is on the point of abducting *Fiske's* sister, our hopes revive. However, it all comes to nothing. The abduction proves to be a very damp squib; the deadly feud dies of inanition, and with a couple of mild engagements at the "super-house" the story ends. I feel that I have been unlucky with Miss SIDGWICK and I must try again. For the present I can pay her only the tribute of a bored admiration.

Mr. GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON is a novelist whose work always commands respect, but, on realizing the nature of his aim in *Blades* (THE BODLEY HEAD), I wondered if it was possible to overcome its difficulties. The young American who gives his name to the tale was a renowned athlete; of Puritan stock and a delightful disposition he was everyone's friend, even of those who, when trying to employ him, found that he was almost unemployable. Specially he was a great success, but in the world of business his failure was consistently complete. Then under stringent conditions he came into an inheritance and joined a colony whose members lived totally apart from modern inventions and modes of life. How he fared among these people makes a romance which I suggest that readers desirous of an entire change from the hectic fiction of to-day should sample for themselves. They will find a story which the skill and humour of Mr. McCUTCHEON have saved from being too overwhelmingly edifying.



REPERCUSSIONS OF THE DUTCH EXHIBITION.

Provision Merchant (interested in Art culture). "DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE ARTIST WHO FIRST THOUGHT OF PAINTING DUTCH CHEESES RED?"

POWER is to illustrate the "history of discovery and the growth of Greater Britain," and, although the opinion of teachers and pupils would be more valuable and authoritative than mine, I feel no lack of confidence in saying that the authors have done their work with admirable skill and discrimination. Children of imagination, it seems to me, will be stimulated by these stories to take a wider interest in the history of their country, and the little element of surprise with which the Misses POWER end some of their tales will add to the pleasure of youthful readers. Both as regards choice of subject and illustrations I have nothing but praise for a book which deserves a most cordial welcome.

The New Art Criticism.

"And so one might go on through the galleries, past the gluttony of Van Ostade's peasants and the greediness of Jan Steen's boots."—*Evening Paper*.

These must be of the seven-league variety which devours the miles.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. G. B. SHAW considers Test matches entirely uninteresting. Fortunately this disheartening news did not reach the M.C.C. team before the "Ashes" were safe.

The pronunciation of "margarine" with a soft "g," as advocated by the B.B.C. experts, is in our opinion less objectionable than the practice of pronouncing it "butter."

Vesuvius was covered with snow the other day, to the astonishment of Neapolitans, who rarely see anything colder than ice-cream.

Letters from the snow-clad Riviera speak of the increasing popularity of the Overcoat d'Azur.

"An intoxicated fish is most unlikely," says a writer. It is certainly unusual for an angler to see a salmon-trout floating down-stream clinging to a twig and singing "Ole Man River."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE claims that he can put himself to sleep at will. We understand that he does this by counting hundreds and hundreds of imaginary sheep jumping into the right Lobby.

"Lambs," says the writer of an article on a shepherd's work in winter, "are connected in one's mind with spring and buttercups and daisy-strewn meadows." He says nothing about mint.

With reference to the expressed opinion of a Professor at Syracuse University, that what America needs is some new swear-words, we can only point out that hitherto Anglo-American understanding has been greatly assisted by the fact that the two peoples have used the same bad-language.

The favourite food of Mr. WILLIAM WALKER, aged 107, the oldest man in England, is pork. Vegetarians maintain that he is bound to suffer for it in the long run.

MR. WALKER is said to have begun life as a bricklayer. We have often wondered if life was long enough for bricklayers.

After a discussion on men's clothes, the Matlock Rotary Club decided that the kilt was preferable to Oxford "bags" or plus-fours. The right spirit seems to survive in the Highlands—of Derbyshire.

Cocktails, as Professor W. E. DIXON remarks in a warning against the habit, are usually taken at a time when the stomach is empty. Too often they are taken at a time when the head is empty.

Among the attractions mentioned in an advertisement of "board-residence

children living on canal-boats spoke of the difficulty of vocabulary tests. In our opinion vocabulary tests among bargees are attended by peril.

With children who are inclined to exaggerate or to tell imaginary stories, we are advised, care should be exercised as to the books they are given to read. A work to be especially avoided is *The Compleat Angler*.

A Pole who posed as an aristocrat has been discovered to be a plumber's mate and wanted by the police. His professional experience would help him to contemplate calmly the possibility of being fetched.

Speaking at Glasgow in favour of Home Rule for Scotland, Mr. H. O'HEAR said that the farther one got from home within the Empire the easier it became to obtain self-government. "Hear O'HEAR!" is indicated.

The Free State army is to be greatly reduced, and it is anticipated that thousands of Generals will be placed on the retired list.

We gather that burglars have never broken into the residence of Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON. They probably know that the Post-Master-General objects to receiving deputations.

Of the fur-coats worn by women in this country ninety-five per cent, we read, are rabbit of some kind. No wonder rabbits often look so down-hearted.

A woman who gave birth to four children at Bordeaux is said to be getting on very well. At the same time our thoughts are with the father.

A Yorkshire engineer who connected his loud-speaker and his wireless-set with two miles of flex was able to hear a lecture being broadcast quite distinctly. He will have to get another mile or two of the stuff in order to be on the safe side.

An American politician advises young Americans to go to the forests and prosper. We are not surprised. That, of course, is where the wood-alcohol comes from.



Salesman (at last reaching breaking-point). "YOU'LL PARDON MY SAYING SO, SIR, BUT IT'S NOT A HAT YOU WANT—IT'S A HAIR-NET."

for gentlefolk only," is ping-pong. We ourselves should never dream of playing ping-pong with any but gentlefolk.

A ball hit by a lady-golfer at Ealing the other day killed a rabbit. We gladly absolve her of deliberate malice.

The historic Lincolnshire game of Haxey-hood, in which all and sundry struggle for possession of a piece of cloth, is said to be the forerunner of the Rugby game. Another theory is that it is the original form of the Sales.

At the Conference of Educational Associations a lady with experience of

SOME DUTCH PICTURES.

[N.B.—Owing to the temporary indisposition of our famous art-critic, CONNOISSEUR, we were obliged to ask poor old GASTRONOMICUS, our diner-out, to do this exhibition for us. GASTRONOMICUS however went to CONNOISSEUR's bedside before he started and tried to learn as much of the genuine "art" talk as he could. It is not our fault if a few of his sentences seem a little confused.]

THERE is no more delightful experience in these days of etiolated complexions and shrunken contours than to drop in to such an exhibition as is now being held at Burlington House and gaze for a while at the *maitre-pièces de résistance* of Dutch art. What solidity of textures! What *embonpoint* of portraiture! What a *timbre of ivrognerie*! What *chiarascuro* of desserts! What *goût*! How ripe and how succulent are the tones, how taut the masses, how lit the flesh-tints with inner fire! What a gradual appreciation of values do we not perceive, working as by a crescendo up to the delicate perfection of edibility which characterises a JAN STEEN, a VAN BEYEREN or a KALFF!

The spade-work, or should we perhaps say the spoon-work, has been done, no doubt, by REMBRANDT or by HALS, though there is too much refinement, too much intellectuality in many of the portraits of the former to make him a wholly worthy forerunner of the miracles of the Netherland *cuisine*; and it is surely to those others whom I have named that the eye of the true *bon-vivant* turns fondly and turns again.

Let me say here and now that I have seen richer, spicier exhibitions, collations more roundly representative of the palate of seventeenth-century Holland. We could have been treated to rarer game. We could have found riper cheeses. We could have done with a little more salad. We could have opened another dozen of Schnapps. There were reasons, no doubt, for this reticence. It has been stated that the hotel-keepers of Amsterdam remonstrated with their Government and would not allow it to lend too many pictures of a culinary magnificence now dead lest the tourist who had seen them should expect larger helpings in a modern menu than he was likely to receive.

I have been told, too, that the German Government, taking a different line, refused to part with certain still-life pictures on the grounds that the aesthetic cravings of the Fatherland would be famished if these beatitudes in paint were removed even for so short a time from their gaze. And it may well be that other Continental authorities have taken the same line. We ourselves have been unable to move our own inimitable

"Music Party" from its place in the National Gallery, so that Burlington House at the moment contains no adequate example of swan-pie.

But much that is beautiful there is. Rubicund cavalier, rotund housewife, adipose demoiselle, plump and smiling infant, they lead us on insensibly to those triumphant compositions, those luminous groupings on which they have battered, where the peach, the melon, the grape-bunch are not more adequately handled than the oyster, the crayfish and the crab. Or again to those *genre* pictures where the tilted wine-glass forms the *clef* of some spirituous piece of epicurean revelry in which the labour of a great love has been spent alike upon *extremets* and *hors d'œuvres*.

Coming to mere detail, can we adequately praise the magnificent half-peeled lemon noticeable alike as one of the main inspirations in the work both of ABRAHAM VAN BEYEREN and JAN STEEN? It is this fruit which, dominating as it were the outlook of both artists, by reason of its dietetic necessity in the hierarchy of food, recurs as a *leitmotif* in composition after composition, never varying in the exquisite translucence of the peeled half or in the delicious spiral of the pendulous portion of the rind. Beside it not even the oysters, not even the nectarines, scarcely even the hock or the muscatels of these two painters are to be compared in point of luscious and sensuous charm. It ranks even above ADRIAEN VON OSTADE's prawn in *A Woman Selling Fish* (174) as the *bonne bouche* of the exhibition. Nay, if I were to be asked what is the most delicate piece of pulp-handling, the most incomparable specimen of skin technique, not only in the present collection but in the whole world, I should say without the slightest hesitation, "The answer is this lemon."

WILLEM KALFF relegates the half-peeled lemon too often to a subordinate place in his art, and suffers thereby. He misses the twined beauty of the dangling spiral and tends to a concentration on the mere apparatus and furniture of the feast—the flagon, for instance, the carpet, the bowl or the tray, where points of light on metal and pottery can never compensate us for a certain emptiness we feel when the true spirit of *gourmandise* is in abeyance. This deficiency becomes even more marked in NICOLAES MAES, though the satisfactory, even alluring, apricots of *Dreaming* (266) do something to atone.

GABRIEL METSU's *Old Women Cooking Pancakes* (322) exhibits feeling, and in the *Fishmarket* at *Evening* of EMANUEL DE WITTE there is a certain inevitability about the arrangement of the

poissons (and in especial the bisected salmon and the *turbot*) which betrays the touch of the epicure.

On the whole, however, we may content ourselves with the rapturous refectations which find their culminating point in the larder-scapes and *pâtisseries* of JAN STEEN. No *bon-vivant* should miss the exquisite bravura of the binge in 182, the kitten eating pie and the boy casting roses to a pig in 192, nor the admirable *tempo* of *The Fat Kitchen* (245), with its perfect portrayal of a woman stuffing a piece of meat into her mouth with one hand and thrusting the other into a pasty.

How cold after these are the boasted excellences of CUYP and VERMEER, contented for the most part with mere externals, and often, in the case of the latter, unable to penetrate beyond the mere *garniture* of colour to the spirit of *engrainement* within! For the rest, we may notice a certain not unimpressive dignity in 373, VAN DEN EECKHOUT's large group representing *Four Chiefs of the Wine Guild of Amsterdam*, with its arrangement of measures, instruments and a barrel in the foreground. But little else need cause us to linger. And with what a shudder do we not contemplate the degenerate tendency of modern Dutch art, as exemplified by VAN GOGH, with his miserable, almost unprovisioned *Café at Arles* (463), and his contemptible *Still Life* (464) of lemons and oranges in a basket, not one of which has received so much as a cut with a fruit-knife to show the graces it may conceal!

Passing now rapidly through the South Rooms, devoted to the uninteresting etchers, our sensitive nostrils are greeted by the odour of roast beef, which leads us without further delay to the important little group of national still-life which the authorities have housed in the restaurant and for which the exhibition has furnished so wonderful an *apéritif*. EVOE.

Another Impending Apology.

"PRIZE CATS.—Mrs. —, Mrs. — and Miss —, three Hendon ladies, were in the prize list at Croydon Cat Show on Wednesday."—*Suburban Paper*.

"WIFE ELOPES WITH FURNITURE."

Manchester Paper.

The tall-boy, we suppose.

"ELECTRIFYING ALL CHINA."

Daily Paper.

If it "comes away in me 'and, Mum," now, Mary Anne will get a nasty shock.

The Human Cheshire Cat.

"The only sign of life that appeared about her features was the twitching at the corners of her eyes where the lips met."

From serial story in Daily Paper.



BROADCAST.

MR. BALDWIN (*mixing his melodies*). "IT'S MY DELIGHT
BEFORE THE VIGHT
TO BE A VARMER'S BOY-OY-OY,
TO BE A VARMER'S BOY."

[In addition to the benefits that farmers will derive from the De-rating Bill, there is the arrangement by which the Banks, with the Government's support, are to offer them the cheapest possible long-term loans for the purchase or improvement of land, under the provisions of the recent Agricultural Credits Act. This scheme came into operation last Monday.]



Lady (to Big-game Hunter). "YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL COLLECTION. I THINK IT SO GOOD FOR A MAN TO HAVE A HOBBY. MY HUSBAND IS A COLLECTOR TOO."

Hunter. "INDEED. WHAT DOES HE COLLECT?"

Lady. "OH, WELL, AT PRESENT ONLY MOTHS."

THE PAPER-CHASE.

THE value of paper-chasing as a sport which promotes the circulation not only of the blood but also of the Daily Press (in small sections) is recognised by both Percival and myself. All the same we were not quite prepared for my elderly Aunt Araminta (with whom we were staying last week) to announce at breakfast that she was taking part in a village paper-chase that afternoon.

For the moment we had incredible visions of Aunt Araminta lavishly sprinkling this England with fragments of Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS's "Purer Sunday Murders" campaign, as she doubled, *Charley's Aunt*-wise, across the landscape, till she added: "I'm collecting the money, you know. A shilling for each entry. It's for the Church Debt Fund."

We understood. The Church is solidly behind everything that goes on in Aunt Araminta's village. The Vicar's fiscal policy is really responsible, because, whenever he wants to make some alterations which he thinks the parish

won't sanction, he goes and does it on his own with borrowed capital and then launches a passionate appeal to the large hearts of the village to Get the Church Out of Debt. The result is that alert brains like Aunt Araminta's are eternally devising new methods of appeal to the pocket, while the parish magazine resembles those financial publications subsidised by bucket-shops.

"Who are to be the hares?" we asked at last, feeling, however, that we could guess the answer to that one.

We were right. Apparently we were to be, together with Miss Golightly and young Mrs. Skinner, "two such charming girls." We bowed to the inevitable and, like hares for the slaughter, meekly went to look out suitable kit.

The start was inauspicious. The Vicar's wife having indicated the Vicarage drive as the meeting-place for the field, we had not anticipated her sudden discovery that the drawing-room was after all so much warmer. I mean, the major portion of the field was church-going but non-running—a well-dressed assemblage of devout and elderly souls

getting their bob's-worth of social gathering and charitable feeling—while even the local Youth-and-Beauty's idea of paper-chasing costume was either tweed skirts and mackintoshes or plus-fours, walking-sticks and large furry gloves; whereas Percival and I, in our zeal to uphold the honour of Metropolitan sport, wore only thin zephyrs and running-shorts. And, believe me, these hardly look the thing in a drawing-room conversation presided over by a Vicar's wife.

We caused a terrific sensation when we first entered, which was but heightened by Percival's bringing in with him a small mat from the hall on one of his spiked running-shoes. After a short period of chilly ostracism we were hurriedly introduced to our fellow-hares, blushing vividly, and not till we had got outside and donned large sacks of paper torn up by a mass *corvée* of the Sunday School Mixed Infants did we feel more in the picture.

Miss Golightly, who was a very pretty girl and carried a vanity-case, had, I should say, been chosen for her part

merely because she looked fast. Mrs. Skinner, on the other hand, was a fat young woman and had obviously been selected by the Vicar's wife to act as official chaperon to the hares—an old custom now fast dying out in the more fashionable paper-chasing circles. Amid cheers we set off down the main road at an impressive lope. Behind us the pack, ranging from that wily old hound, Admiral Bettworthy with his ear-trumpet, down to little Cyril, aged eight, who ought still to have been out at walk, toed up for an early start.

Half-a-mile down the road we subtly turned off into a field. Here Miss Golightly wanted to stop and rest, and Mrs. Skinner, who was by no means a touring model, had trouble with the stile. By the time we had reached the next field Percival, poor mutt, falling for a request for assistance at the hedge, had been vamped into carrying the Golightly bag of paper. I, harder of heart, skilfully levered the Skinner through the brambles and followed without harm to myself in the broad passage thus swathed.

We did two more fields, and then a halt was called while Miss Golightly executed running repairs to her hair. When we resumed I had Mrs. Skinner's bag of paper, which she cleverly forgot to pick up from the ground where she had put it to sit upon. Despite the rest we stopped again at the next gate, ostensibly to pick a spray of berries, actually to rest again.

It was after the fifth field and the sixth rest that as a jolly party of hares we began to go all to pieces. For some while Percival and I managed to keep in touch with the female branch by laying a trail round three sides of each field while the others walked across the fourth. Eventually they disappeared altogether in a swampy patch of wood. For the honour of London, Percival and I continued alone.

We laid a good trail that day, though I say it myself. We skirted fields alongside muddy lanes and threw paper over the hedge into the mire; we climbed up hills into the wind and let the trail blow down deep ravines; we laid a false line into a field occupied by a bull—which nearly cost me Percival. And all the while we ran like Olympic champions.

Half-a-mile from home we looked round and to our surprise saw a dozen hounds incredibly two hundred yards behind us. . . .

I don't know what the best world time for the last half-mile of a hard run is, but if you take away from the answer the number you first thought of you will get somewhere near *our* time for that half-mile. It was not till a quarter-of-an-hour after our collapse



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING VERY CURIOUS JUST ABOVE YOUR HEAD."

"TUT-TUT! SO THERE IS. THAT'S WHAT COMES OF READING A COMIC STRIP."

in the Vicarage rhododendrons that we got any faculties back at all, and then we discovered several things.

First, that no single hound had been clever enough to pick up the trail further than the point where we had so subtly left the main road. Second, that, with the exception of three engaged couples who had followed an imaginary trail up the main road to the cinema in the neighbouring town, everybody had, after ten minutes' search, given up the hunt and was now finishing tea in the Vicarage drawing-room. Thirdly, that the dozen we saw so hot upon our trail who had so nearly given us heart-collapse were a party which, after returning and getting warm at the Vicarage fire, had been sent out into the fields

nearby to gather foliage to decorate the Village Hall; and, it appeared later, had not so much as observed us. Lastly, that the two female hares had been back half-an-hour already, having availed themselves of the local bus service, and were being heavily congratulated on their evident superiority to mere male runners from London.

The next paper-chase Percival and I take part in will have to be somewhere out in the great open spaces, where men are men and hares are hares and the best are *not* like the worst. A. A.

Seasonable Disturbances.

"TURKEY WITHIN.
DISCONTENT AND ITS CAUSES."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

TOPSY, M.P.

XVIII.—STARTS A SALON.

Trix my little sunrise you were rather a toad not to come down for my inaugural salon, however of course if the foxes are becoming *such* a menace that you can't spare a *single* day from nobly destroying same of course I quite understand, only what I do say is *why* not do the thing *scientifically* darling, because what is the use of modern artillery and *poison* gas and everything if you have to spend absolute *months* of the year *defending* the poor farmers and have *quite* no intercourse with your own true friend?

However *your* loss my dear, because really it was the *century's* party, though not quite according to plan perhaps, well my dear I've always meant to have an *absolute* salon but of course *too* original and not all this *undiluted* peerage-cum-politics stuff, because my dear you know what *most* of these Cadogan crushes are like, my dear nothing but *sedative* Under-Secretaries and the *teeming* daughters of the *dank* Duchesses, my dear you'd think that *politics* was the one thing that anybody *did*, whereas of course only about one Briton in every thousand ever *thinks* of the things, and of course they all *hover* about in *Garters* and *Decorations* and whisper *municipal* jokes about the *Local*

Government Bill, anyhow I was *too* determined that my salon should be *quite* heteraneous and *representative*, so my dear I had sort of *two* parties in one, well first I asked all the *right* people my dear *Ministers* and *Whips* and all the congenital K.C.B.'s and *quite* unmarriedable Belgrave beauties, and then I asked a herd of *un-Cadogan* but first-prize *people*, my dear editors and barristers and doctors and *novelists* and ARNOLD BENNETT and everything, and also about ten of the *most* vociferous Labour Members, my dear MAXTON and KIRKWOOD are *Nature's* lambs when you know them, and then a perfect *shoal* of rather *Bohemian* people acquainted with Haddock, my dear actors and actresses and the *shaggiest* painters, of course *utterly* respectable up to a point but definitely *tainted* with the arts and in fact *most* of them *rather* living by their *wits*, as they say *rodently* in the police-courts, however well anyhow Mum let

me have the feudal home for the night and for the sake of harmony we *bisected* same and we labelled that *desert* of a drawing-room *Olympus* which was Haddock's idea and Mum's sort of studio-music-room beyond it we called *Arcadia*, and of course *Olympus* was intended for the Blue Blood and Garter Brigade, where my dear I had *gold* chairs from the Stores and the *most* ranunculous orchestra who played *etheral* chamber music by a man called *Spotti* or *Batti* or something, and of course *no* food but the *most* invisible sandwiches and a *rather* anemic claret-cup, so that in between these ghastly sonatas and things the Orders and Decorations could stand about like animated wax-works and discuss the Housing of the

quite herds of high-lights, my dear I can't tell you, the crush was cruel and the tiaras *blinding*, but of course nearly all the Haddock contingent took *one* look at the Duchesses and things and *slunk* on into the other room, likewise the Labour lads, who my dear I'd told particularly not to dress unless they wanted, and only my *rugged* KIRKWOOD stayed behind and had the *maddest* argument with *ELLEN WILKINSON* who my dear is rather a bosom of mine these days because she's the *most* miniature and sagacious little witch with the *most* ornamental hair, my dear *too* auburn, well my dear our minds are gloves about nearly *quite* everything and we'd *just* agreed that *Spotti's* music was *too* meagre and *tinklinabalous* when

suddenly I *looked* round and found that the room was *half-empty*, imagine my horror, because my dear the *PRIME* had vanished and *WINSTON* and everybody and of course I thought O gosh the *Spotti* sonatas have *revolted* the Cabinet, but my dear at *that* moment in rushes Haddock in an *emotional* state and says *All* is lost because the *sausages* are running out, sensation darling!

Because of course I *knew* I'd ordered enough sausages to feed the *entire* tribes of Bohemia and Bloomsbury, however I *cataracted* out into the other room, and there *what* do you think, my dear more than half of the haughty Cado-



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING STOPS YOU FROM BEING A BARE-FACED ROBBER, AN' THAT'S YER WHISKERS."

ganry had *slunk* away and joined up with Bohemia and there they were, my dear, *golping* sausages with ill-concealed ecstasy, my dear as if they'd *quite* never had food before, *Garters* darling *tiaras* and all, my dear *too* unsuitable, there likewise also was my dearly-beloved *PRIME*, merely squatting on a cushion against the wall, puffing at the old pipe and looking *far* far happier than I ever saw him before, because my dear *quite* nobody was paying the *tinest* attention to him which must be *pure* balm to a *PRIME* don't you think, in fact I saw one of the hairier Nohomians go up and ask him for a *cigarette* of all things thus *rather* demonstrating my dear that he'd *no* idea who the gentleman *was*, and my dear you should have *seen* the *PRIME's* *seraphical* smile when he realised that at *last* nobody wanted to get *anything* out of him except a cigarette which he *couldn't* supply, well my dear there *too* also were *WINSTON* and *H. G. WELLS* and

People Act and your *bromidical* hunting-stuff in the usual salonical way, but of course anybody who was *too* alienated could *creep* off into *Arcadia*, where my dear the commisariat was sausages, vulgar my dear but *quite* hot, with *mash* and everything, not to mention a *degraded* barrel of *Lager Beer*, of course sausage-parties are the done thing now, but I've been giving them for *simply* years, and of course cushions on the floor for the seats of the weary, and my dear the *quaintest* girl called *ELSA LANCHESTER* who sings those *bizarre* songs of the *Albert Epoch* and does low life and everything, *rather* a melodious arrangement don't you think darling?

Well anyhow at first it worked *too* flawlessly my dear the *PRIME* came as a *unique* favour because of course he *utterly* *shuns* parties, but I'd told him it was *quite* likely it would turn out to be a pipe party in the end, also *WINSTON* and *H. G. WELLS* and

ganry had *slunk* away and joined up with Bohemia and there they were, my dear, *golping* sausages with ill-concealed ecstasy, my dear as if they'd *quite* never had food before, *Garters* darling *tiaras* and all, my dear *too* unsuitable, there likewise also was my dearly-beloved *PRIME*, merely squatting on a cushion against the wall, puffing at the old pipe and looking *far* far happier than I ever saw him before, because my dear *quite* nobody was paying the *tinest* attention to him which must be *pure* balm to a *PRIME* don't you think, in fact I saw one of the hairier Nohomians go up and ask him for a *cigarette* of all things thus *rather* demonstrating my dear that he'd *no* idea who the gentleman *was*, and my dear you should have *seen* the *PRIME's* *seraphical* smile when he realised that at *last* nobody wanted to get *anything* out of him except a cigarette which he *couldn't* supply, well my dear there *too* also were *WINSTON* and *H. G. WELLS*



Husband. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D BE ASHAMED TO SHOW YOUR FACE IN SUCH A GOWN."
 Wife. "DON'T WORRY, DARLING. MY FACE WON'T BE THE CHIEF ATTRACTION."

and the LORD CHANCELLOR in the *silkiest* breeches because he'd just come from the Woolsack or somewhere, all clutching *sausages* darling and too engrossed in the LANCHESTER girl who was singing the *most* plebeian song about charwomen or something which Haddock wrote for her, only of course meanwhile the *sausage* situation was too precarious so I fled to the kitchen and organised a kipper or two, and my dear when I got back the party was in full flower because they'd started dancing and of course the one canker was that the *withered* orchestra in the other room were still grimly playing the *vegetarian* compositions of Spoti and Batti to about seven depressed Dowagers and Charles Street chaperons who were repelled by sausages and would keep sending *sulphuric* messages to their wandering girls who of course were utterly *embedded* in Bohemia, however having extracted and evacuated same I comforted the musicians with *mundane* refreshment and the party settled down to a *flawless* rhythm, I had a dance with WINSTON, my dear too vigorous, and then we had the *world's* chic

cabaret, my dear ARNOLD BENNETT sang the *sweetest* song about a youth and a maid sucking cyder through a straw or something, and MAXTON did his piratical turn, and Haddock sang a *deplorable* ditty my dear I can't tell you and somebody imitated a hunting peer, and crowds of others only I can't remember, and of course *simply* everybody got on with *quite* everybody, my dear you saw the *strangest* couples, Tories and Socialists, theatricals and K.C.B.'s, and my dear there sat the PRIME all beams and baccy, sort of presiding happily over a *united* nation, because really my dear it *only* shows you what *comparative* flip-flap politics is, because you *merely* need a little sausage and bonhomie and the heart of the Empire utterly beats as one, anyhow they all said it was a *historical* party and my salon darling's going to always be *quite* miscellaneous, farewell now your rather *exhausted* Topsy.

A. P. H.

Dangers of Thought Transmission.

"Another wife: He hit me on the nose because I thought a tea-pot home from a knick-knack club."—*Evening Paper*.

Our Precocious Cricketers.

"STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

MELBOURNE, Saturday.—A fortnight ago Ponsford celebrated the birth of a son by making 77. To-day Mrs. Fred Baring presented her husband with a son, and he also made 77."—*Sydney Paper*.

Torontulation Extraordinary.

"Most of the teachers seem to be Moshier. 'Our occasional staff is suffering from bronchial flu,' said Mr. sick too. The situation is quite *seri-quite* used up, and some of them are *ous*.'"—*Toronto Paper*.

Personally we would rather be *cus* than moshy.

"THE BOAT RACE.

CAMBRIDGE START TO-MORROW."

Sunday Paper, January 6.

There is very bitter feeling about this at Oxford, where they quite understood that the race wouldn't be started till March 23.

"A suggestion was made at a conference at Cambridge that the technical education of one who desired to become efficient in bread-making or confectionery should embrace chemistry, physics, art and design."—*Daily Paper*.

We have known these *phyhics* ourselves after eating new bread.

A NON-PERMANENT WAVE.

I WHISTLED softly to myself. There they were again—the couple opposite. Every morning at nine-thirty, at least whenever I happened to look out of our third-floor window at that hour before starting for the City, the same scene was enacted. The white-haired lady took up her position on the doorstep. The young man in the bowler-hat and great-coat embraced her tenderly and wheeled his bicycle into the road. He turned and waved to her. He mounted his bicycle and waved again. And every two or three yards on his journey to the end of the road, which he negotiated at the slowest speed possible for a cyclist, he turned and waved to her again. And she stood and waved back to him and continued to gaze after him till he turned to the right and passed out of her sight.

I whistled softly to myself. How different from the way I was accustomed to set out in the morning! Commendable behaviour in a sense—yes. But surely an excess of demonstration. In the eyes of the whole public too.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" said a voice behind me.

It was Leonie, my wife. I had been unaware of her presence.

"It has its points, certainly," I answered after a moment's reflection. "But isn't it a trifle—"

"No," interrupted Leonie; "I think it's charming. And exactly as all affectionate people should behave," she added, casting a reproving look at me.

I felt strangely uncomfortable and continued filling my pipe in silence for a minute.

"She's not his wife, of course," I said. "His mother probably, or at any rate an elderly relative, and they expect more of that kind of thing."

Leonie was silent and I felt that the defence had failed miserably.

"Some people," I tried again, "like to express their emotions, while others have them just the same but conceal them."

"And others don't have them at all," said Leonie.

"While, as you say," I replied, "some natures of a more brute-like quality than yours and mine probably don't have them at all. Well, well, I must be off."

As I put on my hat and coat that morning and walked down the stairs into the street, the thought grew upon me that perhaps Leonie was right. Though of course she could have no real doubt of my affection for her, perhaps an outward sign here and there—a wave, say, here, and something of the same sort there—would please her and be all for the good. An idea occurred to me. I stepped into the street, walked deliberately to the outer edge of the pavement and looked up at the window at which we had been standing.

She was there! Looking down at me and waving. Dear Leonie! She had been following my thoughts. She knew I would look up and was there ready to answer me. I waved to her. I

or other I could not concentrate upon it. Time and again my mind reverted to the incident of the morning. I examined it from the clearer perspective of the office-window. After all, as a gesture once in a way it was all very well, but to make a habit of it, to do it every morning of one's life, was a different thing altogether. And at that time in the morning too. One felt so disinclined for that sort of thing. And it would be merely a matter of time of course before I injured myself badly by colliding with the lime-tree or the pillar-box or the lamp-post. And there were other people to be considered. Jones, for instance, would be complaining. No, there was no doubt about it; it could not go on. I should have to convince Leonie. After my morning's

behaviour she would be pleased with me and with a little tact it should not be difficult.

When I reached home that evening it was as I expected. Leonie greeted me with a smile. I wasted no time. I took her gently by the hand and led her to the window at which we had stood in the morning.

"Well, old girl," I said, "are you very pleased with me?"

Leonie still smiled. "That depends," she said. "Have you been a good boy and worked hard and made lots of money?"

For a moment this reply rather threw me off my balance. I had

hoped that she would immediately grasp my meaning and with some appropriate action, such as flinging her arms round my neck, release her pent-up emotion on the subject of my conduct in the morning.

"Leonie," I said, looking straight at her, "have you forgotten the man with the bicycle and how he waved at the white-haired—"

"No, I have not forgotten," said Leonie. "We shall be able to see them better in future—if we want to," she added; and she laughed.

I felt that I was altogether losing my grip on the conversation.

"I fail to follow you," I said drily.

"Unobservant husband," said Leonie. "Haven't you noticed that the windows have been cleaned?"

I made no reply.

"Jane cleaned them this morning," she said, as though it was a subject for mirth. "As soon as you'd gone—"



First Elizabethan Ghost. "THE AIRS THAT FELLOW GIVES HIMSELF! WALKING ABOUT AS IF HE OWNED THE PLACE, AND HE HASN'T BEEN HERE MORE THAN A COUPLE OF CENTURIES."

walked on two or three yards and waved again. She was still there—waving from the upper window-pane this time. She must have climbed on to a chair to see me and be seen by me better. I waved again. From that moment I looked up and waved almost continuously till I came to the end of the street. I missed the lime-tree and the pillar-box by inches. I shaved the lamp-post. Jones, coming out of No. 5, I did not miss. I cared not; I am a heavier man than he. And when I looked for the last time before turning, as the man with the bicycle had done, to the right and passing out of sight Leonie was still there waving vigorously from the upper pane. Yes, there was undoubtedly something to be said for these demonstrations, and I went to my day's work warmed with an unusual glow of happiness. How pleased she would be with me!

I did little work that day. Somehow



MANNERS AND MODES.

SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF THE DUTCH MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

in fact, immediately you'd left the room."

For a second or two this piece of news failed altogether to interest me. I then suddenly dropped her hand. Immediately I'd left the room? Good heavens! was it possible that I'd been walking backwards into pillar-boxes and Jones for the sake of waving at Jane cleaning the windows?

"And you—you didn't stay at the window yourself?" I asked her.

"Yes, I did," said Leonie. "And I saw you. But I didn't wave myself. I was glad to see you properly paid out for reading the paper at breakfast and absolutely ignoring my questions to you."

I swallowed a lump in my throat.

"I was reading the HAMMOND page of the morning paper," I said bitterly.

"I don't know what that may be," said Leonie, "but you were very rude."

I thought it over for a minute. Perhaps on the whole I had been a shade over-engrossed, but the quality of the news!

"But, Leonie," I said, "just think. A double century in a test match!"

She did not reply.

"For the second time in succession," I pleaded.

"All right," said Leonie; "I see you have learnt your lesson, and I forgive you."

This was really unfair. She knows perfectly well that she has only to say those last three words and, whichever of us has been at fault, she has won; I am annihilated. And when they're accompanied by a smile like that—

"There's only one thing more," she said after a suitable pause; "I wasn't giving my real views at all about that waving business. And don't you ever dare to look up here again and wave to me at that time in the morning!"

I shan't. I'm not sure that I would have done so in any case. Not for fear of Jones. But the lime-tree; and the lamp-post. C. B.

Variations on a Miltonic Theme.

"Mrs. Macpherson, the golden-haired woman, is head of the 'Elim Four-Square Alliance' of Lost Angeles, where she has a million-dollar temple, a choir of 60 angel harpists, spotlight and amplifiers."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Trench Cricket.

"Bradman, taking the cue from Woodfull, dug himself in carefully."—*Provincial Paper.* One can dig far better with a cue than with a bat.

"The youthful Bradman stood in the breach with Foodfull until lunch, but the score-board, which registered 168 for four wickets, had lost its healthy look."—*Scottish Evening Paper.* Surely Foodfull should have gone on till tea without a break.

Lines on Sending a Copy of "THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY" TO BE REBOUND.

RESPECT, O binder of this book,
Its honourable scars, nor look
Upon its ragged garb with scorn;
For, though 'tis dog's-eared, soiled and
torn,

There breathes from every battered page
The charm that thrilled a simpler age.

Three nurseries have held it dear,
By pity purged and pleasing fear
When Henry moves to dreadful ire
His more than Rhadamanthine sire—
Henry, whose utter want of gravity
Denotes at six the worst depravity.

What tremors too the reader feels
When Emily the damsons steals,
And, with the craft that Henry lacks
Acutely covering up her tracks,
Washes away the stains of guilt—
The juice that on her frock she spilt;
But dodges only for a time
The Nemesis that waits on crime.
That very night the young deceiver
Is stricken with a well-earned fever;
In agony she lies, and (ah,
Much worse!) quite worries poor
Mamma.

And many another tale within
Portrays the consequence of sin,
Showing how vice is duly floored
While virtue meets its just reward,
Yet somehow lacks, we must confess,
The interest of naughtiness.

Bind then its leaves with tender care,
But soberly; they must not wear
Too fine a robe nor stand arrayed
In luxury of calf or suède,
Lest, paying the accustomed price
Of taste in dress that's over-nice,
They share *Augusta Noble's* fate
And perish in the nursery grate.

THE ROMANCE OF BARGAIN-HUNTING.

"I'm very sorry," said Robertson's pretty parlourmaid, "but the Master says he can't see you."

This was extraordinary. I don't claim to be irresistible, but never before had I been refused admittance to The Grange.

"He's not ill, is he?" I asked.

"No," said the pretty parlourmaid, "not exactly ill, but he doesn't want anyone to see him."

"It sounds like a black eye," I said.

"Oh, no," she replied, "nothing like that."

"Did he go to the sale?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"And he got the desk?"

"Yes, it's here."

"And a bargain?"

"I understand so."

"Good," I said. "But how odd not to want to see me and tell me about it! Won't you ask him again? It's most unusual."

"I know," she said. "You, of all people! But his orders were not to let anyone in—anyone. Still, I'll ask."

She went off and I moved down to the rose-garden and regaled myself with its diversity of scents.

In a minute or two the pretty parlourmaid came tripping down the steps. "Master's very sorry," she said, "and he hopes you won't be offended, but he doesn't feel that he can see anyone. He's going to London by the 12.15 and won't be back for a few days. After that he'll be delighted to see you."

"Very well," I said; and I returned to my own rose-garden, which is just on the other side of the hedge—a hedge which until this bewildering morning had been the only thing between us for years. What on earth could have happened? I asked myself. I had seen my old friend under most circumstances of intimacy; I had even sat by his bed when he had a belated attack of mumps. What, short of some shattering domestic calamity, could cause him to hide like this? And I was certain it wasn't that, from the amused and rather mischievous smile that had been playing about the corners of the pretty parlourmaid's pretty mouth.

One advantage of living in a small village is that news has not far to travel and a Mercury is always at hand. Whom should I see seated in the loggia, waiting for me, but our mutual friend, Carton?

"Just the man I wanted," I said. "A most amazing thing's happened. Robertson's refused to see me."

He laughed.

"Well," I said, "I'll buy it. What have I done?"

"Oh, it's not you," he said. "It's himself. He's the victim. But I'll tell you. You know about the desk?"

"Of course," I said. "He got it all right. At his own price, I gather."

"Oh, yes. I was there; I went with him. That's the whole joke. You see, he had one of his economical fits and wasn't going to be done by anyone. There were not likely to be any dealers because the desk was the only good thing in the place and no one but Robertson knew its value; but even then he wanted to get it for a song. You know how a sale brings out our pettinesses?"

"The farm was just far enough away," he went on, "for the auctioneer not to know him, and so he got himself up in all his oldest things. You never saw such a scarecrow. We left the car half-a-mile away and walked the rest. After about five minutes he stopped and asked me how he looked. 'Horrible,' I said. 'Do I look poor?' he asked. 'You look either a pauper or a miser,' I said. 'Not a miser, I hope,' he said. 'There's only one thing that gives you



Stop-gap Charlady (bringing in Callers' cards). "THREE OF A FAMILY, I RECKON, MUM. THERE'S THE SAME WRITIN' ON ALL THE TICKETS."

away,' I said. 'What's that?' he asked. 'Your teeth,' I said; 'they're too good. They're a rich man's teeth.' 'Very well then,' he said, 'I'll go without them,' and he pulled out the dentures, as I believe the things are called, and popped them in his pocket, both sets, top and bottom. 'Now?' he mumbled. 'Perfect,' I said; and we marched into the marquee where the sale was being held, and where he made me leave him for fear my superior attire would give the show away.

"Well," he continued, "he got the desk for a ridiculously small sum, and we came away, and in order that we

might talk it all over he put his hand in his pocket for his teeth—for how he had made the auctioneer understand his bidding was a mystery. 'Good Heavens!' he cried, 'they're gone!' And so they had. His clothes were so old the pockets were full of holes.

"Well, we walked backwards and forwards between the car and the marquee till I was worn out, but never a sign of the dentures, never a gleam of bonzoline.

"By the time he is comfortably furnished again," Carton concluded, "I should say that that desk will have cost him a hundred-and-fifteen pounds at

the very least. So now you see why you weren't welcome this morning. He's practically speechless."

"I see," I said. "A sad case of the biter bit."

"Well," replied Carton, "I shouldn't have used the word 'biter' myself. It will be a long time before our friend is that."

E. V. L.

"CORNWALL.

Coloured wintry days. Northward over the sea the sun is deep blue, clouded and thick as if with snow, though the snow doesn't come."

Manchester Paper.

Q. When does it snow in Cornwall?

A. Not even once in a blue sun.



AFTER THE CONQUEST: THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

Norman Gentleman. "MY DEAR, DO YOU THINK IT SAFE TO CHOOSE MENIALS FROM AMONG THE ANGLO-SAXONS?"
His Lady. "OH, PERFECTLY! THEY MAY BE SNUB-NOSED, BUT I'M TOLD THEY'RE FAITHFUL"

PUBLICITY: A HINT TO AUTHORS.

"THE trouble," said the Great Financier, leaning back and crossing his legs carefully, "with you authors is that you are not business men."

"I should have thought," said the young author, "that that was one of the few things that could be said in our favour. . . . However, I suppose there is something in what you say."

"There is a fortune in it, my boy," said the Great Financier. Uncrossing his legs he leaned forward and tapped the young author on his threadbare knee.

"Publicity," he said, with infinite meaning—"that's what you fellows lack. You don't know what the word means. Do you know what it means?"

"No," said the young author.

"By publicity," went on the Great Financier, "I do not mean publishers' advertisements; I mean personal publicity, the human note. You want to make people buy your books—don't you?"

"Well," admitted the young author bitterly, "that was my idea."

"Exactly," said the Great Financier; "I thought so."

He was about to go on to explain what precisely he did mean by publicity when he noticed on the young author's face a dreamy far-away look, and in his eyes a shining as though he were contempla-

ting the Promised Land. Plainly, even to the Great Financier, the young author was in the throes of inspiration. He shook his head and moved heavily away.

When he had gone a safe distance the young author leapt to his feet and dashed home. There, keen as any French gardener's boy, he seized pen, ink and paper and worked far into the night.

A few days later, chancing to meet the young author in the street, the Great Financier stopped him.

"I want a word with you," he said. "Let us go to my club."

"Very well," said the young author a shade nervously; "but stay by me, for I have an inferiority complex."

So they went into the club and the Great Financier said, "Have you written a book called *The Lily of the Valley*?"

The young author started violently. "Don't tell me you have seen it somewhere!" he said.

"It was brought to my notice," answered the Great Financier, "by an anonymous letter which I received today. I will read it to you."

"Do," said the young author politely.

"As a well-wisher," read the Great Financier, "'I feel it my bounden duty to tell you that a book called *The Lily of the Valley* has recently been published, in which, under a disguise so thin that

even your business associates will penetrate it, you are libelled and calumniated most vilely. As the book is on sale everywhere I advise you to act without delay.'"

He paused.

"Well, what do you make of that?" he asked.

"What," said the young author, "did you make of it?"

"I got the book at once and read it from cover to cover; there was no reference to me in it of any sort or kind, nor anything that could conceivably be construed as one."

"Extraordinary," murmured the young author vaguely. He took out his watch and looked at it intently.

"Excuse me, but I have suddenly remembered an extremely pressing engagement."

He rose and prepared to go.

"Tell me," he said—"did you buy a copy of the book?"

"I did. It was a seven-and-sixpenny book."

"You did? Good. So, I hope, did the two thousand other people who got that letter from me this morning."

"WALL STREET.

"SHORTS PUNISHED IN STRONG SESSION."
Daily Paper.

Last time our shorts were punished our session became extremely weak.

THOMPSON ISLAND.

[A Norwegian expedition after an exhaustive search has failed to discover Thompson Island, said to be uninhabited and situated in the South Atlantic.]

IN the heart of Poseidon's expanses

Hardy Norsemen have searched to the south

For this isle that has captured their fancies

And put a new song in my mouth.
On their charts its existence was stated
(Though a question, it seems, of "degree"),

But, alas! it is still unlocated,

Oh! where can it be?

Does it float like the isle where Latona
To Dian and Phœbus gave birth;

Ever find, as it drifts all alone, a
Fresh locus, this lost bit of earth?

Does it mount in the ambient ether

Like Laputa, nor list where it goes,
And descend now and then for a breather?

Ah! nobody knows.

They may chance (later on) to annex it,

Find it useful or not worth a bean,
But for me, I'm inclined to say, "Exit

For ever henceforth from the scene;"

Since the riddle demands a solution,
After weighing the facts of the case

I have come to this private conclusion—

There ain't no sich place.

A. K.

THE ELDERS' HOUR.

IT was Aunt Jane who suggested a charade.

"You young people dance too much," she said in her dogmatic way. "Be less solemn for once. Let us have a charade this evening."

So we trooped out of the room, leaving two aunts, two uncles and an old family friend behind us.

"We must humour them, I suppose," said Edward, "though brain-work after dinner upsets my digestion. I take it we do 'Carpet' as usual."

"Digestion after dinner has affected your brain-work," said Henry. "We shan't do anything so crude as 'Carpet.' We shall do 'Deadlock,' so as to have a murder in the First Act. I'll kill Monica with a shrewd blow from the gong-striker, and she will be dead."

But Monica refused to be dead. The best charades, as she pointed out, have the same characters in each Act, and she was not going to be out of things after the first. This seemed the general feeling, and there was for the moment a deadlock before ever we got into the drawing-room. But Edward finally gave way on the understanding that, in the manner of *Monte Cristo*, he should be thrown into the sea in a sack—preferably a pillow-case—under suspicion of deadness, and then struggle free.



"OH, JOHN, SUCH A NICE MAN CALLED ABOUT YOUR INCOME-TAX TO-DAY!"

"'Lock,'" pronounced Henry, "will be the lock on the tower in which the beautiful Monica is incarcerated, while 'Deadlock'——"

But at this moment the drawing-room door opened and the thin ascetic face of Uncle Graham appeared.

He blinked at us through his pince-nez. "It rhymes with 'Dear,'" he said mildly.

We stood dumbfounded. Henry was the first to find his voice.

"What rhymes with 'Dear'?" he asked in icy tones. But it was too late; the door had already closed again.

We broke into hysterical laughter.

"Explain to them," said someone—"explain to them that this is a charade and not Dumb Crambo."

Henry was about to do so, but with his hand upon the door-handle he turned to us.

"Don't you think," he asked, "that we'd better humour them? If they want it to rhyme with 'Dear,' let it. After all, this is the elders' hour."

"That is so," we agreed. "This is the elders' hour."

So "Deadlock" joined the great host of unacted masterpieces and we prepared to represent *Lear* in modern dress.

A. W. B.



Lady (to distinguished Archaeologist). "AND THESE—ER—CITIES AND—ER—THINGS THAT YOU LABORIOUSLY EXHUME—CAN THEY BE USED AGAIN?"

SMILES ON (DAILY) HELP.

At 19, Carchester Crescent, W., there is the usual Crape* on. This time it is because sundry of the staff have elected to walk out on their cringing mistress. Do I say "this time"? Nay, then, I mean every other time, too; for 19, Carchester Crescent, you must learn, is one of those vast Victorian survivals that in appearance smack strangely of an Embassy, or you may perhaps prefer to liken it to an old-fashioned pair of corsets in that it is greyish, straight-fronted, extremely ugly and highly uncomfortable (the two columns supporting the portico would probably be the suspenders). The result is many servants and much tribulation.

When the Craper asked me to come at five o'clock to listen to her woes ("Not to tea, dear; you see how we're placed") I went in that mood of brisk come-comyness induced by the troubles of others and found her bent over the Situations Vacant and Wanted. She rose with a wail like the O'Donnell banshee,

*Crape = a family term signifying a condition of dissatisfaction with prevalent conditions.

and asked whether I knew of any occupation more soul-deadening than perusal of that particular type of literature?

I did. I derive far more humanity from the Situations Vacant than I do from all the proposals and long kisses invented by the Misses DELL and RUCK. Approached in the right spirit, the Domestic Help page has much in common with DICKENS; it offers scope for unlimited speculation.

When on Monday I read that Mrs. Horspool of Gloucester Terrace wants a between-maid, and on Wednesday her advertisement is withdrawn, I am pleased for her sake and almost moved to congratulate her on a post-card. And I see Lizzie most clearly, trotting on Sundays down that spacious road with her little best hat on to take tea and A Bit Of A Relish in the seventeenth kitchen off. And later, her leatherette case upon her knee, I see her laboriously writing home to Mum about it, saying, "I like the place fine," while upstairs Mrs. Horspool manipulates the silver tea-pot and remarks, "My dear, I am suited at last; yes, country girl—needs supervising, Cook tells me, but in time. . . ."

Then there is the Italian cook. She's still disengaged at time of writing. She "speaks English fluently." And there, I suspect, is the rub. If she would confine her ejaculations to "*Santissima Maria!*" and "*Corpo di Bacco!*" when she reverses the ravioli on to the linoleum, all concerned would be delighted and giggle shrilly at the quaint Dago and The Funny Things She Do Come Out With. But unfortunately her dismays are couched in the English language. And they are excitable people, these Italians. So there it is.

Then there is the gentlewoman who Highly Recommends A Companion who can not only, apparently, do everything, but is in addition Cheerful and Tactful.

I tremble for her. I know that kind of tact. When you say "Damn," it says "Hem!" When you allude to the legs of revue and dispassionately remark that Goldie Silligag has the prettiest in London, it is apt to change the subject, so that, in wig-maker's parlance, "the join shows." And when your cousin, the Major, comes to tea it glides out of the room believing that you are engaged



AT THE CAFÉ DES DICTATEURS.

Enter King ALEXANDER of Yugo-Slavia.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (to Señor Primo de Rivera). "THIS PLACE ISN'T QUITE SO EXCLUSIVE AS IT USED TO BE."



Nurse (telling bed-time story). "AND THE BIG BEAR GAVE A GREAT BIG KNOCK ON THE DOOR—RAT-TAT-TAT! AND THEN THE LITTLE BEAR GAVE A TEENY-WEENY KNOCK ON THE DOOR——"
 Pamela. "I KNOW—MOUSE-TOUSE-TOUSE!"

to him or that if you aren't you ought to be.

Then there is the nurse who describes herself as A Refined Nannie Devoted to Toddlers.

Let us pass on lest she desire to "Commence" her duties at once.

And another nurse who wants a post in Cairo.

Why Cairo? What is this dark urge? Is she something in disguise? Is she The Beautiful White of some Crook International Complication that has headquarters and trap-doors in Limehouse or is she merely wishful to have Passages with a Sheik?

It's maddening not to know.

And I can't help warming to the Houseparlourman Who Must Be Able To Carve and Valet. How terrible it would be if one day he became all hot-and-bothered and put the shoulder of mutton in the trouser-press and sheared the tails from the dress-coat with the carvers. . . .

And if all this isn't richness, I want

to know what is. Many an evening have I spent with these friends-in-print, and shall again. But when I said as much to the Craper she merely remarked, "But you don't need a cook."

And this, though indubitably true, is not the Merrie England spirit I like to have about me.

RACHEL.

REACTION.

CAMEL's foot in the dusty track
 Stepped softly as the foam
 When she, the wise little Queen, came back,

When Balkis was come home;
 And "Oh," says she to her girls, "my pets,
 I'm crammed with statecraft and so do let's
 Have sugary cakes and pink sherbets
 And then a game of ball;
 And I'm not at home to anybody,
 To anybody at all."

Roses bobbed to the bulbul's song
 And how the evening shone
 When Balkis was come home along
 From the Court of KING SOLOMON;

Says she, "He talked to me, yards and yards

(Oh, just let visitors leave their cards,
 Unless they're subalterns of the Guards—
 Like Rustum and Hira Laul;
 And I'm not at home to anyone else
 If anyone else should call).

"To-morrow," she says, "I'll reign, I'll reign,

I'll wear my goldst crown,
 But now (oh, nice to be home again!)
 I'm newly lighted down;"
 And "Oh," says she to her girls, "my pets,
 I'm terribly learned now, so let's
 Have sugary cakes and pink sherbets
 And play a game of ball;
 For I won't see anyone else to-day
 But you, my darlings all,
 And anyone silly you choose to say
 Like Rustum and Hira Laul;
 But I'm not at home to anyone else
 If anyone else should call."

P. R. C.

Laughing-Stock.

"Sale of Model Hats, Gowns and Coats at ridiculous prices."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

NOTES ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE BUDGERIGAR.

A BIRD-LOVER of long standing (though not so long as those who wait about in the wet sea-marshes, for which I have no time to spare), I have not hitherto contributed any original observations of my own to ornithology. That I am able to do so now is largely the result of an accident.

One of our next-door neighbours, who was leaving her home for a short period, asked us to take charge during her absence of a pair of budgerigars. I was delighted when I heard about this, and said I should be charmed to have these pretty playfellows in my own room, where I work during the hours of the forenoon.

"And when may our little guests be expected to arrive?" I inquired.

"They come this very morning," I was told, "and they will stay with you till Friday afternoon."

They will not.

I once knew a man in Oxfordshire who kept blue budgerigars, or love-birds as they are generally called. He said that they exercised a great influence on his life, spurring him to higher things (like MAETERLINCK), and I remarked that I expected these animals would do this to me, though they were only green ones.

And then a faint uneasiness stirred in my heart.

"Shall I have to clean out the cage?" I said.

"No," they told me, "nor change the water and seed. Nobody would dream of trusting you to do anything like that."

I was relieved. I was writing an article at the time on the Rationalisation, or Cartelisation, of Industry, which I had been asked to read to the local branch of the Working Lads Brigade, and I was very busy indeed. I should have little time, I knew, for menial work in connection with our feathered friends.

"The only trouble about them," they continued, "is that, according to Mrs. Brownrigg, they may mope."

"Why should they mope," I asked, "when I am with them?"

"They like a cheerful noise in the room."

"They shall have a cheerful noise," I replied. "What kind of noise do they like best?"

"Almost anything, according to Mrs. Brownrigg. Conversation, music, laughter, putting coal on the fire—"

This last struck me as a curious idiosyncrasy.

"They can't listen to many coals being put on the fire in the primeval forests where they roam," I said.

"What are the beautiful valleys whence they come?"

"South Africa."

"The rattle of diamonds is what they really like, then. We haven't got any diamonds in the house at the moment, have we?"

"We have not."

"Well, well, we must make shift with what we have. What happens to love-birds when they mope, by the way?"

"One dies."

"And then?"

"The other dies too. Unless of course you put a looking-glass in the cage."

"What for?"



"WINGED WORDS" BY THE NEW DEMOSTHENES.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH AT LIVERPOOL ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, IS TO BE RELAYED BY LAND LINES TO MASS MEETINGS AT BIRKENHEAD, SOUTHPORT AND WIDNES.

"Then it doesn't know that the other one is dead."

"How strange a thing," I said, "is love!"

The green budgerigars came, and were put in the window where the bulbs are to get as many ultra-violet rays as might be going. When I had calmed the jealousy of my dog, which also uses the room where I work, I sat down to write, ever and anon throwing an anxious glance towards my charming visitors to see that they were making themselves at home.

For a time all went as merrily as a marriage-bell. There was no constraint about the budgerigars. At irregular

intervals one or other would let out a little screech, like water running down a bath-pipe, and its life-mate would respond with the sound of an unrolled caster on a rapidly-wheeled armchair. They then commenced a pleasant little domestic drama which I could not forbear to observe.

The doe, or hen, as I judged her to be, sidled along the perch to the cock and landed it a series of heavy pecks in the solar plexus and round about the eye. There was no retaliation whatsoever, but after a while the cock would leap up to the higher perch and descend again on the opposite side of the hen, hoping, I suppose, by this smart stratagem to escape from being further ill-used. But the respite was short. A cunning look would soon come into the eye of the hen, showing that she had observed the ruse, and, sidling up again, she would jab him all over the rest of his face and the other side of his torso.

For nearly an hour this conjugal jollity went on, and when it showed signs of waning I snapped my fingers or shouted "Hola! Hola! Tweet, tweet!" to encourage the little playmates in their revelry.

As the morning wore on, however, the fun seemed to pall. Lifting my eyes from my work I became aware that the two birds were now nestling close to each other on their perch with their feathers ruffled up and their heads buried in their bosoms. They seemed to be allowing themselves to sink into themselves, so to speak. I had no doubt but that melancholia, if not actual moping, would supervene unless they were stirred up again to a little *joie de vivre*.

I put a number of coals on the fire, making as much noise with the tongs, shovel and poker as I possibly could. The hen-bird whiffled slightly, but there was no other response. Continuous tweeting and chirping proved equally without avail. I laid aside my work on the Cartelisation of Industry and went downstairs for the gramophone.

I started with "O for the Wings of a Dove," and when even that remarkable treble had failed to lift the cloud of depression which had fallen upon the animals I adjusted in turn the first five records of "Two Black Crows."

The love-birds remained acutely miserable.

I then read aloud to them in a deep and eloquent voice the first leader of the current issue of *The Times*. A slight quivering of the tail-feathers on the part of cock was the only recompense I received for my pains.

I was in despair. The situation of a London householder who is in fear that the love-birds of an esteemed neighbour are about to perish of nostalgia

may seem ridiculous to some, but to me it occasioned a very real distress. I was particularly fearful for the hen or jill bird (as I believed her to be), whose gloom seemed, if anything, profounder than that of her partner and friend. The words—

"She pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat . . ."

forced themselves irresistibly upon my mind.

I went downstairs again and brought up the Chinese gong. A few powerful strokes on this resonant instrument had a most gratifying result. The female woke from torpor and, giving a kind of eldritch scream, struck her still slumbering mate a heavy blow in the slats. He woke and leapt with a wild convulsive flap down to the seed-box, where he consumed a larger amount of farinaceous food and with greater rapidity than I should have thought possible, making a loud crackling noise as he did so. When the other love-bird had tolerated this as long as she was able, she flew down also and struck him heavy body-blow after body-blow with her beak, until he staggered away and flapped up on to the central

perch again. The young wife then started wolfing seed.

Looking at the clock, I found that this apparently impulsive manoeuvre was based to a certain degree on common-sense. The time was a quarter-past one.

I conclude, for the benefit of readers interested in ornithology, that the South African budgerigar is nervous and temperamental in the extreme. Furthermore, that the management of these charming little pets is a full-time job, and that a special governess or keeper should be employed to prevent them from pining away.

The present pair I have had removed to another room, and am hiring a saxophone artist to entertain them until their mistress returns. EVOE.

Inexpensive Furniture.

"POETS

Bound in Leather—limp and padded from 1/6 to 10/6."—*Bookseller's Advt.*

Customer. I think I should like a limp STWELL at 1s. 6d., please.

"Rate-bite Fever in Hong Kong, p. 1177."
Index of Medical Weekly.

Same here, but cases are not reported.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

NELSON'S on a column—

Such a high, high place
That only birds that fly there
Or airmen who go by there
Could ever see his face.

The lions at the bottom

They guard him night and day;
Their manes are fine and frilly,
But it does seem rather silly
That they're so far away.

If ever he should need them

They wouldn't be much good;
They're kind and wise and solemn,
But they'd never climb that
column—

I don't see how they could. R. F.

Fireside Chat.

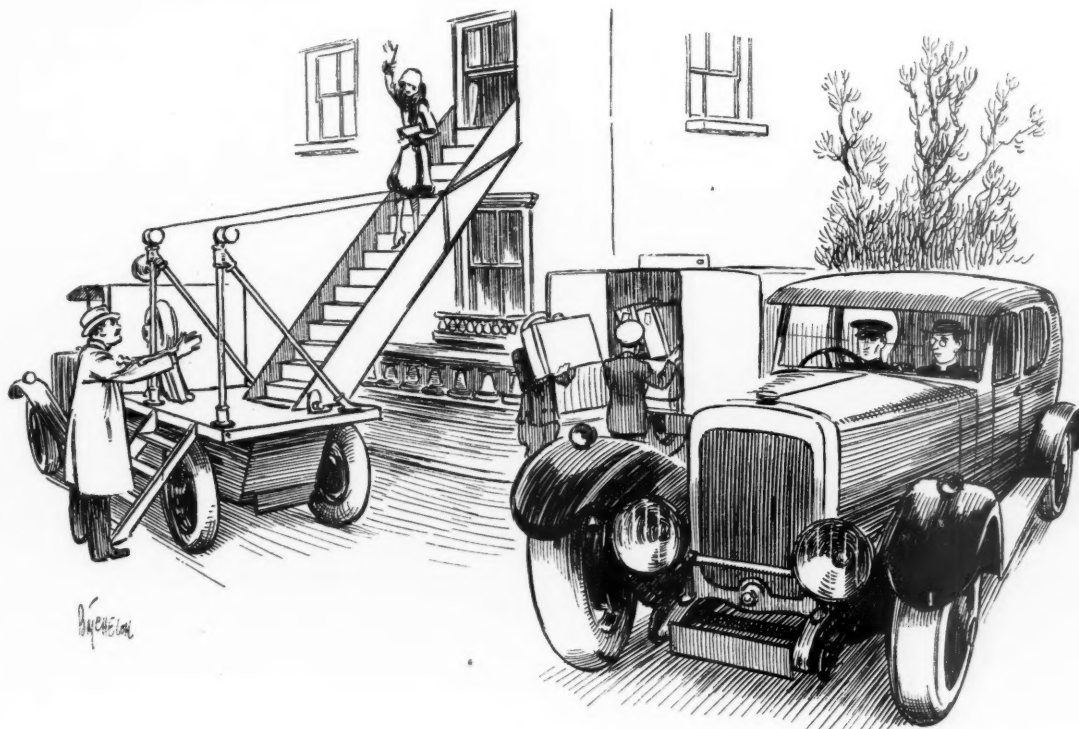
"HOBBS—BY FENDER."

Evening Paper Poster.

"Margaret admitted frankly to herself that she was tired of being perpetually
Continued on page 52."

Woman's Magazine.

Our sympathies are entirely with Margaret. We are thoroughly sick of it ourselves.



ELOPE IN LUXURY. MOTOR ESCALATORS AND FAST SALOON CARS DAY AND NIGHT. LUGGAGE CONVEYED IN PLAIN VANS. OUR OWN CLERGYMAN PROVIDED.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CHINESE BUNGALOW" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

MR. MATHESON LANG, having bid farewell to *Count Pahlen* and his mad sovereign, declines upon his favourite brand of *chinoiserie*. *Yuan Sing*, a man of great wealth and culture, has married a pretty English girl, *Sadie Merivale* (Miss MARJORIE MARS), out of Singapore, and taken her to his princely bungalow among the rubber-plantations of Malaya. As both she and her beautiful sister *Charlotte* (Miss FRANCES DOBLE) have lost caste among their white friends by this lapse from the accepted code, *Charlotte* also goes to live with the *Sings*. For *Sadie*, who is a little fool, the life is a dull one, and the smooth mysterious kindness of her husband rather terrifying than comforting. She turns for consolation to the witless young rubber-planter, *Harold Marquess* (Mr. BRAMWELL FLETCHER), who is definitely much more her style. The way these two idiots, who can never have seen *Mr. Wu*, go about on their unlawful occasions surrounded by an army of stealthy Chinese menials and yet hope to escape detection reflects little credit on the dominant race. And when *Yuan Sing* comes home unexpectedly at a late hour to find our romantic *Harold* in the courtyard of his bungalow *de luce* their conspicuous air of guilt is enough to give away the secret of the lovers to a very much less astute person than *Mr. Sing*. Vainly does the resourceful *Charlotte* come to their rescue with the impromptu declaration of her engagement to young *Harold*—*Charlotte*, who really appreciates *Sing*, studies the wisdom of *CONFUCIUS* with him, and is called by him affectionately his "Heart of Jade," in contradistinction to his mere "Cherry-Blossom," *Sadie*. We have already guessed the connoisseur's preference for solid jade over evanescent orchard-bloom.

Three months pass, spent by *Yuan Sing* in quietly torturing his foolish wife with doubts as to how much he actually knows. *Harold* meanwhile is dead of a fever, and *Harold's* elder brother, *Richard*, has been laying siege to the

Heart of Jade, and, as we see, successfully. There is a tense atmosphere of gloom and impending calamity. *Harold's* ghost is alleged to walk the bungalow—an invention, one supposes, of the crafty

eous and apparently as considerate as ever, gradually gets sinisterer and sinisterer. We begin to see the thoughts working behind his impassive mask. He is for disposing of the *Cherry-Blossom*—whether by divorce or summary execution is not quite clear, even when poor howling *Sadie* is led away by the ju-jitsu experts—and cleaving to the treasured Jade. The Jade has, as we know, other views and is horrified, especially as she no longer has the same regard for her friend and teacher.

It would not be fair to disclose the details of how this fine gentleman and punctilious sportsman, according to his Oriental lights, engages in the ordeal by champagne with the crude but no doubt sterling and well-meaning *Richard*. (I always hope to see my countrymen, heroes of this kind of romance, showing some trace of decent manners, respect for other people's ideas, or even ordinary common-sense in their dealings with their Oriental antagonists, but in vain.) Nor must I give away the secret of the little Siamese cat who was so fond of poor *Harold*.

You can guess however how at the end, his tuxedo and black butterfly tie now concealed by a magnificent mandarin's coat, *Yuan Sing*—*Mr. Greatheart* in the Chinese manner—sways a little in the lime-light, shivers over so little and slips lifeless to the ground, extorting from us the respect due to a moral victory. And what plaudits are bestowed on the discreetly smiling gentleman when he has come to life!

It is all rather jolly nonsense—MARION OSMOND and JAMES CORBET have done their job efficiently—and admirably performed in the appropriate key, decorated with a magnificence that escapes being ostentatious. Altogether a sound entertainment for lovers of the not-too-serious theatre. T.

Our Swollen Headliners.

"THAMES RISING RAPIDLY.
ORKNEY CUT OFF."
Daily Paper.

"A petition is being prepared in Battle, Sussex, for the signatures of those who object to the extinction of the old-world made to the Home Secretary before January 24."—Daily Paper.
We hope "Jix" will stand firm against this revolutionary project.



A MOVING SCENE.

YUAN SING (MR. MATHESON LANG) SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HIS WIFE (MISS MARJORIE MARS).

Sing. *Sadie* is in the grip of chronic hysteria. Even *Charlotte* is a little shaken. And *Sing*, in general as court-

lifeless to the ground, extorting from us the respect due to a moral victory. And what plaudits are bestowed on the



CHAMPAGNE FOR TWO, POISON FOR ONE.

Yuan Sing MR. MATHESON LANG.
Richard Marquess MR. AUSTIN TREVOR.



Hunt Secretary (reviewing the field from strategic position). "YOU'RE NOT A SUBSCRIBER, I THINK, SIR? I SHALL HAVE TO TROUBLE YOU FOR TWO POUNDS—CAP, YOU KNOW."

Stranger. "TWO POUNDS? I WAS HERE TWICE LAST SEASON AND WASN'T CHARGED ANYTHING!"

Secretary. "AH—THEN THAT WILL MAKE IT SIX POUNDS."

THE MAP.

(A Memory of October.)

No, let the motorist for motoring
Obtain a map of this fair land *in toto*,
A small-scale semi-microscopic thing;
His gentlest pace is commonly *con moto*
And his swift soul demands the broad
highway
To flash along as fast as it will let him.
His purposes are not as ours to-day,
Nor is his map for us; we will forget
him.

We wear our boots out. We will walk
at ease
And find a bit of England for our
leisure,
Sun on the ploughland, still autumnal
trees,
Keen air to breathe and quiet country
pleasure;
We will be brothers of the placid herd
And the calm ewes shall be adopted
sisters,
Speed our last thought, for speed is too
absurd;
We will buy slow content—perhaps
with blisters.

So must the map that gives us our
desire
Mark the contour's mysterious chops
and changes,
Speak of cool levels, slopes where we
perspire,
Babble of commons, moorlands, farm-
steads, granges,
Bring barrow, camp and tumulus to burst
Into our vague historical researches,
Whisper a welcome "Inn" to quench
a thirst
And keep on saying "Ch." when there
are churches.

And fieldpaths must it mark with dotted
lines,
Some that we may use, some that we
ought not to,
But, though to do it often undermines
The moral sense, at times you've
simply got to.
There shall be lanes each fairer than
the last,
Foot-bridges where the little river
passes,
And we shall never find ourselves out-
cast
On broad highways perfumed with
petrol gases.

We have the map. O General WILLIAM
Roy,
Who didst the great base-line at
Hounslow settle,
O many a long-forgotten soldier boy
Triangling on with proper British
mettle,
The Ordnance Survey (one inch to the
mile)
You brought to birth! we therefore
can escape any
Instant to Arcady. . . . Across the
stile!
Now measure off the inches with a
halfpenny.

Cruel Jest.

"TEA DANCE AT ST. GEORGE'S
Waffles or Hot Cakes Served with Tea
NO ADMISSION."
Shanghai Paper.

More Police Revelations.

"The court views with grave police officers
consume intoxicants apprehension the fact
that police officers consume intoxicants to the
extent they appear to have done in this case."
Sunday Paper.

This only shows the sinister effect that
this sort of case has on the printer.

AT THE PICTURES.

"OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS"
(EMPIRE).

Or rather "Our Kissing Kids." Or rather "America's Kissing Kids." Or rather an imaginative scenario-writer's idea of rich America's Kissing Kids. It was kisses, kisses all the way. It is my custom to jot down odd notes as the drama unfolds itself, and very soon I found that I was jotting down almost nothing but embraces. A first-class full-blooded kiss I jotted down in block letters, so—**KISS**. To my surprise I find only twenty of these recorded, which shows the frailty of mere impression and memory, for I should have sworn there were fifty. I find also two cases of Kiss with a **X** against it (which



A DANCING DAUGHTER'S LATEST STEPS.

Anne . . . MISS ANITA PAGE.

means a super-caress or general facelick), two pecks parental and three or four hen-salutes from one girl to another. Any influenza germ which was about while this film was being made did a great deal of travelling.

Let me say at once that the kissing was very well and convincingly done. The movies have made great strides in this department since the early days of the two-minute close-up kiss. And don't imagine that I am raising old-maidish objections to promiscuous osculation among the richer young Americans. My objection was that it increased the difficulty of identifying the characters. All the young women seemed very much alike and all the young men seemed very much alike. And no sooner had I got one couple firmly fixed in the mind by a passionate embrace than each of the twain was (with equal passion) embracing somebody else. However, one

good kiss deserves another, and there it is.

But if it were worth while to criticise this story seriously I would say to those responsible for it, "Doubtless you have



Ben (Mr. JOHN MACK BROWN) to Diana (Miss JOAN CRAWFORD). "WHENEVER WE'RE ALONE, SOMEBODY WAILS A SICKLY-SENTIMENTAL SYNCHRONISED SONG AND PUTS ME OFF."

good authority for saying that there are sections of society who live like this, but do people who kiss so frequently and diffusely get married so easily? You cannot have it both ways. Your rich young hero, an *habitué* of this sophisticated circle and kissing with the best of them, would know far too much to be snared into matrimony by the designing blonde beside the moonlit sea, especially as he had become almost engaged to the heroine that afternoon. The message and story of the film (so far as it has



THESE PATRONS SAID IT WAS LOVELY.

either) is that the bold girl who throws away her skirt while doing a solo Charleston at the dance may have a heart of (pure) gold; and there is something in it (though, by the way, do girls wear

skirts these days which can be taken off and flung aside in the middle of a dance?). But the young man would have known all about that. Certainly he would not have fallen like a ripe plum for the pretended "innocent," who said to him simply, "I want a home—a husband—and babies." (In America, it seems, it is always Leap Year, for in this film all the proposing is done by the ladies.)

In other words the story is, briefly, as its progenitors would say, "punk." But there is life and humour and movement in the presentation of it. These daughters of Jazz, who want to "taste all of life, catch it like the sunlight"; who whisper to their mothers, "See you at dawn"; who Charleston on table-tops and talk about "necking," may be overdrawn (I do not know), but if so they are well and thoroughly overdrawn. One is forced to accept the premises of the picture, though not its conclusions. But



A CLOSE-UP WITHOUT A KISS.

ANNE AND DIANA.

what do these girls do in the daytime? We never see them except dressing for the ball (at which time they "sneak" their mothers' stockings), going to the ball, at the ball, or returning from the ball. One of these days the Modern Girl will bring an action for libel against somebody, in which she will point out that, though she dances a good deal, she does do other things as well.

Miss JOAN CRAWFORD, the star, is the bold girl with the golden soul. No complaints about her, but I thought the best acting came from Miss ANITA PAGE, as Anne, the worthless hussy. Without her mad (or was it intoxicated?) performance the ill-bred and ludicrous concluding scenes could scarcely be sat through.

But no, that is not accurate. The ghastly thing about the film is that one can sit through almost anything. It is the world's most powerful narcotic. We sit in a respectful hush and look at stuff which in the living theatre would set the whole audience talking and coughing, or bring them

madly booing to their feet. I am all for the union of the English-speaking nations and all that, but I do hate to see the old "Empire," with its old traditions of British flesh and blood, given up to the bastard shadows of Hollywood.

And why in the world, by the way, must the Empire go "dry" (the Empire, of all places) when it becomes a glorified cinema? Does Prohibition come over with the pictures? Or is it because the picture-public are so pure? And if so, why are they permitted to see so many kisses and so much undressing? Or is it that films are likely to drive the Briton to drink? And in what way, again, is this beastly metallic "synchronised" music superior to the flesh-and-blood orchestra? And oh! that terrible nasal song, "I love you still as I loved you then," repeated *ad nauseam* throughout the film! No doubt there are people who would say that the Empire as it is is a sweeter and better place than the Empire as it was. I doubt it. There are more ways than one of corrupting the mind, and in those old days at least the English language was spoken at the Empire. You can keep your "necking" and your "synchronisation" and your "canned" music and your "sound-projectors"; give me an honest comedian on the stage, and an honest blare of brass in the orchestra, and an honest beer at the bar, and I will go to the old Empire again.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Synchronised Picture. Director, HARRY BEAUMONT. A. P. H.

THE CIRCUS

(OLYMPIA).

"ARISING" (as the Commons say) out of my remarks about the lions' accommodation at Olympia, I received a courteous invitation from Mr. BERTRAM W. MILLS to inspect the lions' cages more closely than I was able to before. As to the lighting, of which I made particular mention, it appears that I did the management an injustice, for on my second visit, made in the forenoon, I found the lions' corner as well lighted as any other, and I was assured by Mr. MILLS and his son that the lighting has always been the same. It seems that I was misled by the special arrangements just before and after the actual performance. I wish therefore to withdraw, with apologies, the expressions "dark corner" and "gloomy alley" and my other remarks about the light.

This, of course, does not affect the general observations made upon the caging and exhibition of performing lions. The lions in their home were very placid, allowed us to stroke their



ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Musician. "I 'EAR THERE'S A PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WOT THEY 'VE JUST PAID A DUTCH ARTIST 'ARF A MILLION QUID FOR."

paws, and, so far as one can judge from the expression of a lion, appeared to have no complaints. Mr. MILLS, who welcomes criticism and receives it in the friendliest way, told me that all but one (I think) were born in captivity; and this has been impressed upon me by others. The argument is, I suppose, that a lion born in a cage does not feel the call of the wild, just as a baby born

in Pentonville would prefer, of course, to live out its days in prison. But, with all respect, is not this rather dangerous reasoning? For if the creatures are really so very much at home and content, is there very much point in the lion-tamer's performance? These lions, I gather, are as happy as domestic cats; but do we pay to see a man go into a den of domestic cats? A. P. H.

BELINDA.

Of all my female cousins, and I own a plenteous stock,
Belinda Potts (*née* Booster) is the flower of the flock—
Not in the sense of *goodness*, for she *can* be simply horrid,
But in the proper meaning of egregiously florid.

Resolved from earliest youth to follow self-expression's path
At two she bit her mother's nose when struggling in her
bath;

Three times she ran away from school; then went upon the
stage;

Then married a rich merchant who was more than twice
her age.

They've got a charming country place among the Cotswold
Hills,

And there her husband lives and hunts and pays Belinda's
bills;

While *she* for ten months of the year is absolutely free
To roam and taste the perils of sky and land and sea.

She has scaled the rocky summit of the peak of Aconcagua;
Explored and filibustered in the State of Nicaragua;
Has coped in other countries with the deadliest type of Dago
And returned unawed, uneaten from Tierra del Fuego.

She can talk in fluent Zulu, with all its curious clicks;
Has mastered Indian magic and Indian conjuring tricks;
She can play the Papuan nose-flute, and on the Burmese
gong

Accompany herself in weird intricacies of song.

She created a furore when, before the British Ass.,
Attended by a gorgeous Anatolian *kavass*,
She warbled airs of Araby, the boomerang she threw,
And successfully contended with a boxing kangaroo.

She's a climber in all senses; she's a terror and a freak,
With an iron constitution and an ultra-brazen cheek;
Bohemian in her bearing, yet fond of Courts and Kings,
And remarkably resourceful when it comes to pulling strings.

Celebrities may come and go, may soar and tumble down,
But she at least has never known the blight of Fortune's
frown;

For she's no transient phantom that shines and disappears,
But has revelled in the lime-light for quite a dozen years.

Strange legends run that she was seen boarding a motor-bus
With a full-grown pet gorilla and a duck-billed platypus;
That she is married to a Sheikh, in fact the great Senussi,
And keeps Australian dingoes in her kennels at Kingussie.

There may be something in it, these stories may be true;
Belinda is emphatically *capable de tout*;
And the reflected lustre that attaches to her kin
Is the only immortality that I shall ever win.

Still, I do not *love* Belinda, though I can't refuse the meed
Of admiration for the will that spurs her to succeed;
But all the same my sympathy is for the patient Potts,
Who keeps the home-fires burning while round the globe
she trots.

A Miss in Balk.

"The story that the three Balkan States of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania are thinking of turning themselves into a united kingdom, and are looking round for a monarch, will require a good deal of corroboration before it enters the region of the credible."

Sunday Paper.

We would go further and say that no amount of corroboration will make us believe that these Baltic States have entered the region of the Balkans.

HOW TO READ YOUR NEWSPAPER.

FOLLOWING the lead of *The Daily Express*, the Editor of *The Simpletown Advertiser* has approached the more famous of its readers with a view to ascertaining their exact method of procedure when reading that journal. "Do you read the front page first?" *The Express* inquired of its famous ones. And the Simpletown Editor led off with the same query. Further, he intimated—again following the example of his renowned contemporary—that, if any other method were used, he would be happy to hear all about it.

Up to the present sixteen replies have been received; and it is hoped that the ordinary man, hesitating miserably before deciding on the proper thing to do with his *Advertiser*, may experience uplift and enlightenment after a perusal of the selection that follows:—

The Mayor of Simpletown. I use no particular method when reading your excellent paper; every line is so interesting. Sometimes I begin in the middle and work outward to left and right. Or I commence at both ends and work in towards the middle. My post-prandial method of lying back on a couch with *The Advertiser* immediately above my face is, perhaps, not sufficiently original to merit inclusion here.

Mr. Cook (the famous traveller). Owing possibly to a long stay in Japan, I seldom read your incomparable pennyworth otherwise than by commencing from the bottom right-hand corner of the last page and working steadily back to the title on the front. Also I frequently stand on my head to look at the pictures, a habit which I attribute to long years of travel in the Antipodes.

Professor McCracknell (the famous astronomer). In the course of my professional calculations of time and space I constantly deal with enormous figures, yet I never fail to be staggered by your nett sales.

Mr. Livingstone Stanley (husband of the famous big-game huntress). As my wife usually reads *The Advertiser* before passing it on to me it reaches me in a dishevelled condition, which precludes anything remotely resembling method in my selection of reading-matter.

Major Edward Crumpe (the famous veteran). My method of reading your paper, Sir, depends largely upon where I happen to be when my copy is handed to me. At home I just read everything as it comes—cookery recipes, the adventures of Sloopie and Flubb, racing notes, advertisements, insurance payments—everything! During battles, on the other hand, I confine myself strictly to your "Society Notes" and the crossword puzzle. Good luck to you, Sir!

Strangely enough, the only jarring note is struck by a distinguished, if self-effacing, man of letters. His reply runs as follows:—

"I never begin anywhere with your newspaper.—G. B. S."

High Kicks from the Kailyard.

"The large company had an opportunity of dancing to the music of the well-known band from the Cafe de Paris, London. . . . To-night a similar dance will be held, at which the Cafe de Paris band will again appear."—*Dundee Paper.*

We are pleased to see that the local musicians are not taking the knock-out from their London rivals.

Competitive Chewing.

"Leiston have for several seasons associated themselves with the A.G.E. Cud Competition which this season is more interesting to them since six of their regular senior players are available."

Local Paper.

Of course the senior players should be more proficient in rumination.



SIR JOHN MARTIN-HARVEY.

To save a beggar badly chilled
 His cloak the late ST. MARTIN shed;
 But our ST. MARTIN (-HARVEY) knew
 A far, far better thing to do,

And, murmuring "It's *The Only Way*,"
 Would mount the scaffold day by day
 (Twice when a matinée was billed)
 And sacrifice his head.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXVI.



Wife of prolific Author. "HERE'S A REVIEW OF YOUR LATEST, DEAR."

Prolific Author. "YES. THE FELLOW SAYS IT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE WRITTEN IT. NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT I BELIEVE HE'S RIGHT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S *Accident* (CASSELL) is a trifle, but on the whole a masterly trifle. Its action takes place entirely on (and, owing to unscheduled circumstances, off) a Continental *train-de-luxe* between Victoria and Genoa, and a rather inadequate wind-up of the problems opened on the journey is staged at the Italian terminus. There is something attractively archaic about the technique of the sketch—a study of the conjugal relations of three couples running quietly across its vehemence of episode, just as the pattern on primitive Tuscan drapery goes on unmodified by accidental folds. This quaintness of convention, coupled with even more than Mr. BENNETT'S usual robustness of handling, combine to produce an extremely piquant piece of work, and one which, slight as it is, strikes me as representative—a sort of anthology piece. For the rest it has a natty little plot: the auspicious departure of *Alan Frith-Walter*, company director, to meet his wife on the Riviera; a complacency-shattering sight of his daughter-in-law *Pearl* (supposed to be in the North of England with her husband) on the same train; an encounter with a retired commercial rival, *Lucass* of Newcastle, and his adored and devastating wife, "the hag beauty"; a discovery that *Pearl*'s husband, *Alan*'s only son, is heading for Communism and that *Pearl* is returning to her mother; the dramatic marooning of the *Lucass* pair at a wayside station; the dramatic appearance of *Pearl*'s renegade partner at Aix-les-Bains; a railway accident, and (as I hinted before) a rather perfunctory "Time!" Details of taste annoy me, conspicuously the

stale Continental reek of illicit relations which Mr. BENNETT so oddly imports into English matrimonial intimacies; but the merriment, vivacity and human discernment of the book would overcome greater disabilities than these.

It has been said of Mr. GLADSTONE that he was "solemn, unbending, domineering, pompous, pedantic, unsocial." In *After Thirty Years* (MACMILLAN), Viscount GLADSTONE makes it very clear that he will have none of it. He recalls his father romping in the nursery, or joining in a family part-song, hardly being given a fair share in the round-talk at table, or applauding in unconstrained delight at a village entertainment. He tells how, when serving as his private secretary, he once made the great man re-write an ill-drafted letter a second and a third time, the culprit submitting like a school-boy; and he touches softly on the discovery in unpublished diaries of the proofs of sorrow for a broken friendship. Page by page and chapter by chapter he disposes of entire crops of hoary or more modern legends, the myths of the favourite hymn-tune and the many hats, for instance, faring no better than more malicious attempts at disparagement, the zeal for tree-cutting becoming no more than good forestry on a neglected estate, and even the position of the tall collars being seriously shaken. When Lord GLADSTONE turns to matters of greater moment, there can be no denying that he is a hefty fighter, and, whether he is dealing with Africa or the Near East, with the tangled record of Ireland or with the method in which recently-published extracts from QUEEN VICTORIA'S correspondence have been selected, he at least establishes a case which all who would rather see a famous fellow-countryman proved a good sort than not, must read in

the name of fair play. Indeed, though pulling down from their pedestals statesmen who were the idols of their own day and generation is, of course, a legitimate occupation of historians, it seems not improbable that certain of them will have to decide that it is as well to leave Mr. GLADSTONE alone.

The Crime and the Confessor's not
A breathless and a feverish scurry;
It has a well-constructed plot
(It's published by the House of
MURRAY);
And HORACE HUTCHINSON, so keen
In logic to its goal to drive it,
Amoto ludo (on the green)
Jam seria quæsit.

We miss our HORACE from the links,
Yet welcome the investigator
Of crime, unravelling the kinks
Of mystery, the skilled narrator,
With Science, mercilessly sane,
Passion, by wrong made blind and
deadly,
And Dogma's paralysing chain
As motives for his medley.

None of the characters appealed
To me by any traits endearing;
The best, because his lips are sealed,
Is the least comforting or cheering;
Yet, though we leave him sore bested
By one unanswerable question,
Few novels that of late I've read
Are richer in suggestion.

Wearied (and very naturally) of personalities and their exploitation, Mr. T. S. ELIOT devotes much of the enthusiasm of his latest book to the man who is an exemplifier of principles first and himself (if at all) afterwards. Into this somewhat exotic category his preface inducts its writer, who is described as "classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and anglo-catholic in religion," and as having three books in preparation which will more fully reveal their author in these capacities. Pending their appearance the public is invited to break its fast on *For Lancelot Andrewes* (FABER

AND GWYER), a reprint of eight articles falling under similar heads. The ecclesiastical note rather tends to predominate, and in this department Mr. ELIOT's erudition strikes me as incomplete. "Lancelot Andrewes," for instance, congratulates its hero on several obviously derivative originalities, among them one of ST AUGUSTINE's word-plays, the pretty quibble about the speechlessness of the baby Word which occurs in one of His Grace of HIPPO's Christmas sermons. Even a character-sketch of MACHIAVELLI—in many ways an illuminating reconstruction—goes so far as to credit the author of *The Prince* with a "quite possible" weakness for "an established National Church, such as the Church of England," an attribution which seems to me not only unlikely but equally discreditable to both parties. On the other hand, "Baudelaire in Our Time," "Thomas Middleton" and "A Note on Richard Crashaw" all contain distinguished criticism, the second being one of the most just and telling



"BOO! MUVVER, CAN'T I 'AVE A B'LOON? I WANT A B'LOON!"
"YOU DON'T WANT NO BALLOON; YOU'RE GOIN' TO 'AVE YOUR SUPPER IN A MINUTE."

comments I have encountered on its subject. "The Humanism of Irving Babbitt" is, I think, the most lucidly argued of Mr. ELIOT's philosophical excursions, while "Francis Herbert Bradley" is chiefly remarkable for an apt and amusing parallel between BRADLEY's ironic method and that of MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I must confess to a strong prejudice in favour of the English judicial system; but many, no doubt, would prefer the more exciting legal method described by Miss FRANCES NOYES HART in *The Bellamy Trial* (HEINEMANN), by which it is possible for a judge, deliberately and with perfect safety, to make himself an accessory after the fact to the murder which is being tried before him. For that is the unprofessional situation in which His Honour Judge Anthony Bristed Carver of the American Supreme Court finds himself. The account of the trial of *Stephen Bellamy* and *Mrs. Patrick Ives* (whose

husband went with the American army to France) for the murder of *Bellamy's* wife is, as it is intended to be, like a newspaper report of a sensational trial; but it has the added disadvantage of not having been "cut" to a readable length. On the other hand, the love-story is thrown in of two young persons who meet in the Press-seats on the first day of the trial, and become happily engaged on the last. During the trial, opposing counsel hurl personal abuse at one another and at the witnesses, while the judge at intervals knocks down with his gavel the judicial pronouncements of the Court, like brisk lots at a sale. Nor do those members of the public who have been pugnacious enough to secure seats in the "court-room" allow the gravity of the issue to interfere with their full enjoyment of the entertainment. "There was an empty pop-bottle just by the rail, apple-cores and banana-skins were everywhere, clouds of smoke, fragments of buns . . ." I hope that Miss HARR exaggerates as much in her presentment of American legal procedure as she does in her estimate of the time it took the American army to win the War.

The Inheritance (BLES) opens cheerfully enough with a "big blonde young man"—I do not know that I quite like that feminine termination—annexing the seat of a crusty millionaire, one *Alan Chaffery*, on his way to Newbury races. *Nigel Hennelly*, the "blonde" in question, may not have been really much to blame, seeing that it was a race-train, and that the paper which *Mr. Chaffery* had placed on his seat had fallen to the floor. Still, not for worlds would *Nigel* have argued the point had he known that the man he was thus incommoding was the father of the fair *Iris*. He was not exactly an eligible

suitors for her hand at the best, and now his position was desperate, for *Chaffery* was obstinate to the verge of apoplexy and boasted that he never forgot an injury or a face. There was a most painful scene when they next met, and it was soon made clear that if *Nigel* and *Iris* married they need not expect anything from the paternal treasury. However, the girl is no less obstinate than her father and the wedding takes place, the experienced novel-reader noting a whole bank of storm-clouds massing on the horizon. For *Hennelly* is a poor lot; *Mark Renshaw*, the rising young barrister (who had given up his seat to *Chaffery* on that same race-train) would have been infinitely preferable. And he too loved *Iris*. After she had undergone the unusual term of two years' penal servitude for defrauding an insurance company he would still have been only too glad to take her to his heart. But she would not be taken. *Nigel* somehow had a hold on her, and in the end they are reunited, though without much prospect of future happiness so far as we can discern. It is a little difficult to see what the motive of Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG was in writing this novel. It begins in a vein proper to comedy but soon sinks into the profoundest gloom. I wish she had allowed cheerfulness to break in a little oftener.

Since the glorious *début* of *Mr. Mandell-Essington* I have associated *Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON's* name with comedy of the best kind; but in his new novel, *The Jade's Progress* (THE BODLEY HEAD), he has departed from his traditional vein and has given us a light and delicately-written story of domestic intrigue. His hero is a young Naval officer, *Rodney Hurst*, who is so commendably keen on his job that he refuses to leave it for a lucrative share in an uncle's motor-car factory. I liked him instinctively, and felt really sorry for him when he married the wrong girl and, axed from the Navy at the end of the War, had to take to the landlubberly job of a golf-secretary. *Valerie*, his wife, is extravagant and unfaithful, and, discontented at being a poor man's wife, has an affair with his cousin, who has inherited the now-booming factory. She jumps, however, on the wrong side of the fence, for the cousin dies and *Rodney* gets the money. By accident (though I suspect *Mr. STORER CLOUSTON* of match-making) he meets his first love on the golf-links; and in her capable and charming hands we leave him trustfully. The plot is complex enough to keep us continuously on the alert, and the moral does not obtrude itself more than we feel that it should.



Riding-Master. "HI! WHAT ARE YER PUTTIN' YER 'AND IN 'ER MOUTH FOR?"

Youth. "I AIN'T. I'M TRYING TO TAKE IT OUT."

Nat Stoddart, a wealthy American, employed a young English architect to build *The House* (MURRAY) on Long Island; but this young man while doing his work (and he did it excellently) fell in love with *Mrs. Stoddart* and she with him, so that was the end of this magnificent structure as far as the *Stoddarts* were concerned; and when the *Slades* and the *Bambergers* in turn owned and occupied it misfortunes came to them also. There is, further, a human link that connects these families, namely a butler called

Smith. Owners of the house might come and go, but *Smith*, who had been imported from England by *Stoddart*, remained, and among butlers of fiction he deserves to sit in a pantry exclusively his own. It is a well-written story, quite exceptional in its observation, and the skill with which *Mrs. ZANGWILL* makes her readers see these various families—*Stoddarts*, *Slades*, *Bambergers*—from *Smith's* point of view is consummate.

In 1844 some fourteen hundred people started to trek from Missouri to Oregon, and among them were the *Sagers* and their brood of young children. Early in the journey both *Mr.* and *Mrs. Sager* died, and their eldest son, *John*, a self-willed boy of thirteen, suddenly found himself in a position of great responsibility. How he acquitted himself in the dangers and adventures that followed is told by *HONORÉ WILSIE MORROW* very graphically in *The Splendid Journey* (HEINEMANN). With reason the publishers claim that this book is a classic for everybody who has a spice of the pioneer in him. Assuredly it is a tale of great adventure and of victory over terrific difficulties, and I believe that boys will be delighted to accompany *John* and his brothers and sisters on their thousand-mile trek.

CHARIVARIA.

IT seems that a certain professional pianist would have liked to be a boxer. We ourselves have often regretted that pianos can't hit back.

A writer says that the strict father still exists. We know of one who insists on his children being home in time for breakfast.

The revolt against the modern reforms in Afghanistan seems to indicate a strong desire to remain an old buffer State.

Under a new order a man awarded a term of imprisonment in Germany may serve his sentence at a time convenient to himself. In return we think that crooks should study the convenience of householders when arranging their fixtures.

"Actress finds Youth wandering in her Garden," announces a headline. But the majority of course have to buy it at the beauty specialist's.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD complains that the view from his Hampstead house is spoilt by a new building, and it is thought that this will weigh with him in considering a return to Downing Street.

According to Sir JAGADIS CHANDRA BOSE, plants are most excitably awake after midday. Our aspidistra gets terribly above itself just before lunch.

A man accused of housebreaking was said to have taken nothing but a bite of cheese. He is thought to be qualifying for the career of mouse-burglar.

We understand on good authority that a new journal is to appear as soon as a suitable comic strip has been found.

A news item mentions an American golf professional who can speak seven languages. Fortunately in this country most men play golf in English only.

We read of a North London man who swore at a policeman for twenty-three minutes without stopping. It seems a terrible waste of good bad-language.

Civil servants in Jugo-Slavia have been forbidden to curse the public. The kill-joy spirit appears to be spreading.

MR. EDGAR WALLACE mentions the would-be playwright's impression that the stage is a place where a number of characters are introduced and talk at one another. If Mr. WALLACE had his way they would shoot at one another.

Protection for Ireland is to be Mr. DE VALERA's policy if his Party wins the General Election. This measure will be too late, however, to protect his adopted country from the imported politician.

Hendon is seeking Parliamentary powers to absorb Edgware, which the Middlesex County Council proposes to transfer to Wealdstone. The lesson of

police that he was known in Marseilles as "the burglar with the velvet paw." A cat burglar, of course.

A sculptor has made a statue of Mr. BERNARD SHAW in the form of a totem-pole. It becomes increasingly difficult to take a broad view of Mr. SHAW.

It is anticipated that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will find his cruise especially restful in view of the fact that the Mediterranean has no flowing tide, like Liberalism.

COUNT BETHLEN's remark at a meeting of the Government Party that last year, for the first time since the War, a Great Power had officially espoused Hungary's cause, was received with cries of "Long Live MUSSOLINI!" In some quarters the incident is regarded as a slight to Lord ROTHERMERE.

Of the nine persons lynched in the United States last year, according to published statistics, eight were negroes and one was a Mexican. Lynchers of the old school maintain that in their time Mexicans didn't count.

The advertisement of a metal contrivance for drawing up the fire, as a substitute for the dangerous practice of using a newspaper, strikes a shrewd blow at the indispensability of the Press.

A railway company is installing plant for extracting oil from firemen's clothes. This is regarded as tantamount to an admission that nothing more can be squeezed out of passengers.

Another railway company is conducting experiments with the object of finding out what it is that passengers want. Officials have long been perplexed by the beseeching look in the eyes of these dumb creatures.

A contemporary suggests that a new opera-house is needed in London. It has always been our contention that opera would pay in this country if the public would.

A "poor man's lawyer" relates how a box of chocolates presented to a wife turned her mind from divorce. How true it is that a soft centre turneth away wrath.

Our Hardy Suburbanites.

"Board-Lodging for man; side Pond."
Croydon Paper.



His Lordship. "WHAT ARE PERMANENT WAVES?"

the Treaty of Trianon seems lost on the outer suburbs.

Whenever a certain French playwright is at a loss for an idea he plays the saxophone. After a little of this he no longer worries about ideas.

Disappointment is expressed that the modern section of the Exhibition of Dutch Art at Burlington House includes no originals of illustrations for bulb catalogues.

Chicago is described by a newspaper correspondent as an Augean stable. This is the burg that puts the "Aw, Gee!" into Augean.

A man has admitted to the Paris

THE LESSON OF AMANULLAH.

[The situation in Afghanistan is obscure, and nobody seems to know how many abdications have occurred and who is King there just now. The writer cannot accept responsibility for not anticipating any developments, tragic or other, that may happen after these lines have been committed to the printer.]

It only seems the other day
Round Europe's capitals he went careering,
Flattered by Pressmen, everybody cheering,
And trousers, trousers all the way;
And now in flight from Kabul he has gone
(Still with those fatal trousers on),
Because the Western culture he achieved
Has most unfortunately peeved
The higher clergy, and the Reverend Mullah
Has knocked our AMANULLAH.

What had he done to earn this fate?
He merely introduced our modes and manners
All for the good of his Afghanistaners,
So as to bring them up to date:
No more the prudish *yashmak* should eclipse
The lurking charm of nose and lips;
No more should flowing drapery obscure
The Oriental leg's allure;
"Down with the *purdah*! We are far too dull a
Nation," said AMANULLAH.

"Your turbans too must go," he said;
"The billycock's idealistic graces,
As sanctioned by the more enlightened races,
Shall civilize the native head."
Such was his urge for Occidental cults,
And what have been the net results?
Those great reforms on which his heart was bent
Have all gone West (the way he went);
Even his crown and orb, poor AMANULLAH,
Are pinched by HABIBULLAH.

Has not our hero's fall supplied
A moral? Yes. Oh, what a warning this is
To such as lightly laugh at prejudices
Inherent in the local hide!
Let MAXTON have a care! Should he import
Exotic stunts—the Bolshie sort,
Then, though I think that Nature never can
Have meant me for a clergyman,
The moment he behaves like AMANULLAH
I shall become a Mullah. O. S.

OUR LEGAL PANTOMIME.

[“Ipswich Police Court, in Ipswich Town Hall, has one arresting distinction, a disappearing dock. When Quarter Sessions are held the dock emerges through a trap-door in the floor, like the demon king in pantomime.”—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT enchanting possibilities are here opened up! Could not this idea, with suitable elaboration, spread to our London Law Courts? Until our Judges are broken in to this innovation I have deliberately selected a well-known matter of contention from our story-books, viz., a portion of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, as an example of what might be done with more humdrum actions. And for this occasion I suggest that Mr. NORMAN BIRKETT, as Counsel for the Prosecution (*Demon*), might attach some sparkling batwings to his gown, and perhaps place a trifle of tinfoil upon his eyelids—always a terrific effect. And Mr. Justice AVORY (as *Good Fairy*) would do well to set a trembling tinsel star upon his wig, and the formality of his bands could perhaps be relieved by an encrustation of *diamanté*.

His wand should be topped by a pair of electric-lit scales, representing equity (the battery being hid in his sleeve).

Dramatis Personæ.

The Spirit of Mercy (Counsel for the Defence).

Dame Durden (Plaintiff).

Jack, her son (*Defendant*).

Truculano (*Demon*; Counsel for the Prosecution), NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.

Justitia (*Good Fairy*; Judge), Mr. Justice AVORY.

The Associate of Court 8. Chorus of mixed Jury.

SCENE—Interior of Court 8. Enter Jury, dancing.

First Member of Jury. They won't exempt my deafness, but with care

Bits of the case I'll pick up here and there.

Second do. My plea was moral, based on reasoned fury,
That lives and fates are settled by a jury.

[An enormous book, marked "*Common Law*," is pushed in. It opens and *Justitia* emerges and occupies the Bench in the middle of a golden spot-light. *The Spirit of Mercy* is seen in a smaller spot-light. *Truculano* springs out of a star-trap and stands bathed in green limes.

Truculano. This case, *Justitia*, I would have you know,
Concerns a widow, antecedents low,
Who brings an action, hingeing on a cow,
Against her son, John Durden, who, I vow,
Exchanged the beast for beans, sans explanation,
A deed that most evoke our condemnation.
This pondered malice (of the type *prepense*)
Has justly outraged her maternal sense.
A hasty bargain Durden cannot plead
With Giles, the farmer—here's the written deed,
In which John Durden, plainly contumacious,
Yields ruminant for seedlings farinaceous.
Further, it seems that when he comes of age
Defendant gains a goodly heritage.
My client claims, ere pleading be too late,
Her damages and costs from said estate.
Consider, first, Defendant's state of mind;
He looks in health, and yet—what do we find?
We find, *Justitia*, that a former Durden
Of sundry inhibitions bore the burden.
Nightly he dreamed a giant thundered "FEE!"—

Justitia. A barrister, no doubt. (Laughter.)

Truc. This is my plea:—
What inference in this enlightened day
Would doctors draw?

Jus. I really couldn't say.

In court too often are my ears annoyed
At hearing ev'ry crime explained by FREUD,
While COUÉ's claims, enormous and unbounded,
Depress me much. I think them most unfounded.

CHORUS—The Jury.

To punish bad sperrits and deal on its merits
With evidence no one is fitter;
Yet he'd like to conspur the precepts of COUÉ
Which AVORY day and in AVORY way
Make him bitter and bitter and bitter!

Spirit of Mercy. The widow Durden, when her son returned,

Became abusive, all excuses spurned.

[*Dame Durden* is put in the witness-box.

Dame. Daisy, me cow (she's brindled, with a spot),
The only valuable I had got,
I sent with Jack to put 'er up the spout,
AND WHATTYER THINK?

Jus. Dear lady, do not shout.

(Continued on page 88.)



AFGHANISTAN REPUDIATES WESTERN IDEALS.



Granddaughter. "SHE WAS GASSING ABOUT HER MARVELLOUS RELATIONS TILL I COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, SO I SAID, 'WELL, I'VE GOT AN ABSOLUTELY EARLY-VICTORIAN GRANNY; SHE'S DASHED NEARLY GEORGIAN!'"

Dame. "Ho," says the boy, "the farmer's bought our Daisy For all these jolly beans." I think 'e's crazy.

Jus. Theories are quite invalid as defence;
The things you think in law aren't evidence.

[The spot-light picks out Jack Durden sitting in the Court.]

S. of M. Cringe, Truculano, for your reign is short!

Truc. My dear Sir, I'll do nothing of the sort;
And, what is more, when you are sent on circuit
I shall be here! They all want NORMAN BIRKETT.

[He laughs horribly and tosses a small fire-ball into the air.]

Jack (sobbing). In Daisydimple village we are needy;
Even the cow was starving, thin and seedy,
An', when I found that Farmer Giles would pay—

Truc. Be very, very careful what you say.
This "bill of sale" that you so rashly signed
Distinctly says "For beans," not cash, you'll find.

S. of M. What kind of beans were these, pray tell the Bench—
Butter? Or Horse? Or Runner? Broad or French?

Jus. What is the point the learned sprite would raise?

S. of M. Just this: the Jury soon will give its praise
To sense and wit. Defendant knows, I think?

Jack. The beans? Oh, runners—sorter black-an'-pink.

S. of M. Runners. Precisely. Nourishing and light,
And rich in vitamins, so doctors write.

Jus. The laws on agriculture plainly state
You plant them early (lest they come up late).

S. of M. Quite so, quite so; their value is specific:
They yield a paying crop and most prolific.
That fact disposes of the charge of spite
Against defendant. He knew that all right.

Next point: On oath Jack swears the cow was meagre

Through under-feeding. No one would be eager
To offer any but a wretched bid
That would not keep the Durdens if they did;
Whereas the beans, with endless multiplying,
Will prove a source of income gratifying.

What did Jack do? With brain acutely bright
He got the bargain signed in black and white,
Disproving finally a mind demented
(A theory which my learned Fiend presented).
Now, Jury-members, to your common-sense
I trust this lad with firmest confidence.

(Tenderly) Parents there are among you, it may be,
And could you cause this mental agony
To your young boys that Plaintiff brought to
Jack

When on his thoughtful deed she turned her back?
You weep—a greater tribute than your smiles. . . .

Truc. Foiled, foiled! And by those perjured crocodiles!
Jury. Our verdict's this: The Dame we will requite
And damages bestow—a farthing bright.
No lien on Jack's fortune shall she claim.

Dame. You nasty brutes!

Associate. Here is your farthing, Dame.

Jus. Breaches are sad, but I am here to heal 'em.
Fiat Justitia! (also *ruat cælum*).

[Justitia's throne is suddenly outlined in coloured lights. The Associate and Jury throw crackers to the public as Justitia stands blowing kisses under a rain of rose-leaves from the roof.]

RACHEL.

GETTING READY FOR THE ELECTION.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states that just before sailing for Sicily and the Italian coast Mr. LLOYD GEORGE ordered a deck-tennis outfit, deck-quoits and a punch-ball to be sent on board his yacht.

With the approach of the General Election the inclusion of a punch-ball among the right honourable gentleman's equipment is significant. Many politicians, in getting ready to face the new electorate, are said to be relying on the growth of a crop of side-whiskers or on a face-lifting operation; but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE prefers more virile methods.

He is believed to be the first ex-Prime Minister of this country to make use of a punch-ball in preparation for a General Election. But his originality does not stop here. Not content with the usual training quarters—a remote country inn—he has ingeniously selected a yacht. Privacy is essential. Needless to say, at every port of call the ship is surrounded by motor-boats, rowing-boats and other small craft bearing inquisitive visitors; but their curiosity is rewarded by no glimpse of the statesman, and the only satisfaction they get is an occasional sound of a thud-thud. At both the port and the starboard gangways faithful private detectives stand armed with boat-hooks to ward off unauthorised callers.

The daily programme is a simple one. The right honourable gentleman is roused by his trainer at 7.30 promptly, dons his tennis outfit, walks briskly up to the punch-ball and hits it repeatedly, and then goes for a two-mile spin round the decks, bowling a deck-quoit.

After breakfast the serious business of the day begins. With massage, garglings and bouts with the punch-ball the morning soon passes. Among the entourage is a Welsh harpist, whose duties are to inspire the statesman to fresh efforts in moments of weariness. In the afternoon some attention is given to deck-quoits and deck-tennis, but the right honourable gentleman soon wearies of these and returns to the punch-ball. After tea he sits and takes a critical view of the setting sun. After dinner he steals away, and again the thud-thud is heard through the ship.

Romance.

"Farmer in fair circumstances like to meet Widow or Spinster, any age, view marriage. Must have chaffcutter."

Matrimonial Column, Australian Paper.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"SPECIAL STOCKS OF SHELLEY CHINA." *Provincial Paper.*

"It will break at last" (SHELLEY'S *Indian Serenade*).



Client. "ROTTEN TIP YOU GAVE ME LAST TIME I WAS HERE."

Barber. "YOU MEAN THAT ONE FOR THE 2.30?"

Client. "No, THE HAIR-RESTORER."

JESSICA IN LONDON.

REGENT'S PARK.

WHAT makes the ducks in the pond, I wonder,
Go suddenly under?

Down they go in the neatest way;
You'd be surprised at the time they stay.
You stand on the bank and you wait
and stare
Trying to think what they do down
there;

And, just as you're feeling anxious,
then

Suddenly up they come again
Ever so far from where you guessed,
Dry and tidy and self-possessed.

What is it makes the ducks, I wonder,
Go suddenly under? R. F.

Inspired Journalism.

"This robbery is believed to be one of a number which have occurred in the district." *Daily Paper.*

TOPSY, M.P.

XIX.—CONCILIATES THE COUNCILLOR.

Trix my little ring-dove it's too sensational I've practically converted Councillor Mule to moderate sanity well my dear I know I told you about my rather skunkish conduct at the Salamander dinner, well my dear he was so beflattened that the little feminine heart was totally melted, and besides it's quite my policy to conciliate rather than inflame the foe, that is of course if they're not too utterly impalpable, because my dear that is after all the absolute cream and redolence of practical politics, well don't you agree darling, anyhow soon after that in a fit of

girlish remorse I invited the repugnant person to dine at the House and mutually examine the comparative absence of cordiality between us, and my dear I apologised winningly for my rather cod-like behaviour at Burbleton but adding of course that quite nothing but his abnormal toadery could have provoked a gentlegirl to such proceedings, anyhow he came and of course my dear you can say what you like about despising politics but there is just something about the House of Commons which utterly disarms the ravening lion, my dear I've seen constituents come there quite cozing at the ears with poison and splutter, my dear too Vesuvial, and they go away like performing pigeons, but my dear whether it's the architecture or the girlish charm, anyhow the Mule came and he wolfed his whitebait and adored the entrée, my dear the food was uneatable as usual but he knew no better, and of course I introduced him to everybody who came in, my dear Councillor Mule the Burbleton dynamo, which gave definite pleasure though rather bewildered because I made most of them Lords or Cabinet Ministers, so that about the savoury the iceberg melted and it came out that he was faintly wounded with his own fanaticalness because it seemed there'd been sulphuric whisperings and utter innuendoes in the camp, my dear I gather it was even suggested that he'd rather surrendered to my pagan fascinations, anyhow I was too compassionate but tactful darling, well I merely said

Well it only shows you, and what a warning to have no truck with the fanatical fowl, and so we parted in a sort of septical neutrality.

However my dear strike while the victim's tottering is my motto, so my dear to Haddock's intense reluctance I invited the Mule to stay the New Year week-end with us, my dear the suffering, but of course I wanted to show him how too innocuous are the worldly pleasures which so upset the tribe of Salamander, so we took him to one of the more ascetical night-clubs where the sole sign of revelry is the hoarse laughter of the police, and of course he expected to see drugs and dice and debauchery and drinks, and vampires

they had agonies of heartburn in the fourth or fifth Act, and just then Miles Anderson came in who my dear is on one of the papers and had missed his dinner through having to write the longest leader about the Church crisis, and also Twiggy Marlow and Marion Flake who'd been rehearsing a film without food since daybreak, so they all had kippers which of course was all rather tuneful and opportune darling, because as I observed to the Mule there are people who practically have to eat at midnight, and anyhow why not, because what has it got to do with anyone else, well the Mule quite concurred and Pearl was too salubrious to him because I think

she thought he was a wealthy cotton spinner going to put money into the Drama, and meanwhile the atmosphere of kipper was so pervading that even the Mule succumbed and kipped, and my dear such is the effect when Pearl turns on her plausible little lamp that by about half-way through the second kipper his whole life-policy about actresses had changed, and he'd quite decided to have Repertory Movements all over Burbleton way and Pearl had promised him an absolute box for Ibsen, and that my dear was absolutely that.

Well my dear on Sunday flushed with triumph I proceeded with the selfless mission and took him to a Sunday



Pumber (to his Apprentice Mate). "NOW THEN, IT'S NO GOOD YER STANDIN' THERE LOOKING A PICKSHER O' MISERY. YOU'VE GOT TER SPEND THE REST OF YER LIFE IN BARF-ROOMS, SO IT'S TIME YOU BEGAN TER LOOK APPY ABOUT IT."

and bat-women and carnal dancing, but of course what he did see was a few stilted suburbanians doing clockwork waltzes in slow time and a few austere theatricals drinking coffee and orange-juice because it was after hours, and my dear the whole thing like a choir-treat which is not going too well, well my dear I introduced him to Bryan Bare and his lady who my dear are in Ibsen just now and they were eating a dangerous kipper after the labours of the day and we discussed the Repertory Movement and the influence of Checker or somebody and what is genius and has Music a meaning and everything, my dear quite spongy, you never heard such functional talk and as for the Mule, well my dear Brian and Pearl explained that they never could eat before doing a highbrow play because it turned the food sour and

Concert of Good Music, my dear too filthy, especially as Haddock declined to come because he said there were limits, anyhow we two went and my dear I could have screamed with lassitude, my dear the most amorphous little German songs, and protuberant contralto women sort of hearing about favries, and anæmic Andantes and things on the piano, my dear I swear to you there wasn't the taint of a tune from beginning to end, however as I said to the Mule there are people who openly enjoy that sort of noise, and if so why not, because it does nobody a mischief but of course in Burbleton all music is too illegal on Sunday, anyhow my dear tireless in well-doing that evening I took him to the nearest cinema, and my dear all this time by the way the poignant monster was rather beginning to rather like me because of course

he's accustomed to the *sourest* females, well there was the *most* uplifting film about a business man who *utterly* made good and didn't go off with the stenographer after all because at the *critical* moment he *suddenly* remembered how he was taught the *Catechism* and everything, my dear *pure* suet, but of course the Councillor was *too* impressed, and my dear we were *quite* surrounded by the *tender* proletariat, so I said how much better for the great heart of the people to be able to *hold* hands in here and see a film with an *antiseptic* message instead of having to cuddle in passages or crawl about the streets cl eking or merely *dwindle* into the pub like they do at Burbleton, well he said there was something in that only of course they oughtn't to want to hold hands on Sunday, so I said not before lunch perhaps but if they'd been to church in the morning a little *Platonic* clinging at the pictures in the evening wasn't a menace and he said *Too* right but *had* they?

However my dear the change in him was quite *chemical*, because every hour he was away from the vinegar-women of Burbleton (West) he *increased* in charity and *loving-kindness*, and my dear the last night we *quite* persuaded him to make a *personal* visit to the Black Swan which my dear is the *most* darling old pub round the corner with a *floral* garden where they have the *most* mediaeval *skittle* alley at the back and Haddock's the absolute *President* of the Skittles Club and thinks he's *too* important, well of course they have *Associations* and matches and things, and *that* night there was a match between the Black Swan and the *Full* Moon, and my dear it's like the *most* County cricket, you can hear a *germ* breathe, and my dear I don't really understand it but I do try, anyhow they play 8 a side or perhaps it's 9 and they have 9 sort of *nine-pins*, unless it's 8, and it's all *too* athletic and scientific, because they throw the heaviest kind of *flat* round thing which my dear is called a *cheese*, and my dear the *real* throb is when they knock *all* the 8 9-pins down with *utterly* one blow of course it's all rather like *golf* really only I can't explain, anyhow they're the *most* cordial and disarming fellows, and *too* sober because of course you can't throw a cheese straight otherwise, however of course there was *beer* and my dear in the interval we had *pickled* onions and *bread* and *gherkins*, consumed in the fingers, my dear *too* democratic, well the Black Swan won and my dear last year it seems they won a *silver* cup, anyhow there were cheers and speeches, *too* Eton and Harrow, and my dear the Mule sat *gaping* because of course his



FRANK MICHAEL

Foreign Gentleman (taking leave of fellow-traveller). "VELL, IF VE NOT MEET AGAIN—ULLO!"

one idea was that *nothing* happens in a pub but *alcohol*, and my dear knowing nothing of his *repugnant* past they were *too* sweet to him, because my dear they're *Nature's* gentlemen, and the Captain asked him to make a speech, and what with goodwill flowing to such an extent he *actually* gulped a *glass* of beer, after which my dear we took him home to bed, and this morning darling he said he'd had his *life's* holiday, so I said Well *darling* Councillor *do* try to think more about the pleasures of the people and a *little* less about the ideas of the *Aunts*, and he said he definitely would because he said his eyes had been *quite* opened and henceforth he'd be a *complete* moderate like *me*, and then darling the obese old thing *utterly* *kissed* my hand, *rather* moving my dear because I do believe that the life of Burbleton is going to be changed for the brighter, all owing darling to your *laborious* little Torsy.

A. P. H.

Our Useful Tipsters.

"Sir Shaun seems to be improving, and I should not look any further for the winner if I were certain he would win."—*Sporting Paper*.

When the Storks Came.

"Eighty birds were registered in Portsmouth during last week, corresponding to an annual birth-rate of 18.1 per 1,000."

Portsmouth Paper.

Hollywooden-headed Professors.

"Harvard University is establishing a film library. Films past and present are to be obtained and preserved, and the professors of fine arts and history are putting their heads together to provide shelving accommodation."

Photographic Paper.

"The Psychological Basis of the Break at Eleven." On hearing that this was the subject of a lecture to be given at the Educational Conference, Smith Minor breathed a hope that they were going to make it twenty minutes instead of a quarter-of-an-hour.

SMELL.

CIVILISATION advances with swifter and swifter tread. But, though we have developed the majority of our existing senses to an excessive extent, so that it is a far cry from the week-old chunk of mammoth buried at the back of the cave to the present-day gourmet's *le coq au vin Henri IV. pommes parmentier*, and an even further one from Cromagnon man peering through the undergrowth to Mr. Cyrus P. Yonkers in New York studying the expression of a business rival in Hamburg; though, I say, we have even, with the help of either science or Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, developed new and unsuspected senses, yet there is one, of old perhaps the most important, that we have actually allowed to fall into decay. I refer to the sense of smell.

Many people nowadays hardly realise that they possess the sense of smell. The average man has grown so accustomed to living independently of it—and in most modern cities being glad of the fact—that he now can notice little but the strongest and crudest of odours. It seems to me, therefore, that there is a field here for the philanthropist. Why not found a Society for the Restoration of our Vanished Sense? Not only would it attract all those champions of lost causes who daily rage in the correspondence columns of the newspapers, but it would at once arouse in many quarters that fierce opposition to anything new which ultimately ensures success. For at once one of the great dailies would take the question up as a circulation reviver, and as soon as the Plight of the Nose had become almost as important a subject as the Plight of Hungary or of the Farmers it would be the signal for a rival to condemn roundly any attempt to deal with it, and the resultant publicity would be enormous. In a short while Smell, like Sight or Hearing, would have a cult of its own; there would even perhaps be a group of modern artists in redolence living in Outer Hampstead or Inner Chelsea who would give olfactory plays—an idea which has already been developed by Mr. Punch.

On the more popular side of the movement it would not be long before definite places of nasal refreshment sprang up, purveying every kind of aroma to parched and odour-starved passers-by. How much better than the present public-house, where such common stuff as beer is sold, would be the new-style ports of call! Follow me and I will picture a Saturday night at "The Attar of Araby," or even at that more popular resort, "The Jolly Nostril," further down the road.

Do you not see, as I do, the pretty barmaids serving customers against a background of shelves laden not with gin and whisky but with flagons of rose and lilac, heliotrope, pine and musk? Observe their white untainted hands deft to satisfy their customers' demands; hear the bar resound with:—

"A large pot-pourri, please, Miss; "

"Good evening, Gladys; mine's a double verberna; "

"Violet, please, straight from the wood; "

"Two lavenders, Muriel; neat for me, and with *eau-de-Cologne* for this gentleman."

I can hear it, can't you? Isn't it lovely?

Look! Those two workmen over there are having a quiet lily-of-the-valley together; that pale fellow with the love-lorn eyes is taking orange-blossom, while his companion—for there will be strange tastes, particularly among the younger generation—has got an asætida, because he thinks it is manly. The three commercial travellers are sticking to orris-root; the quiet foreigner is taking a bouquet of garlic (they have to send out for it); the cheerful gentleman who has so obviously over-indulged is trying to manage his third nosegay cocktail.

Outside is the wistful figure of an enforced teetotaler, for he has a nasty cold in the head. He is waiting for his friend with the double jasmine to come out, as he will do when the place closes at the well-known cry of "Sniff up, please!" The old phrase, "Time, gentlemen, please!" has of course been superseded; it sounded too like the offer of a free one on the house and was far too expensive, for wild-thyme always was a popular perfume.

In my mind's nose I can smell it all. Whether it will come to pass I don't know. I am afraid that, as we train up this lagging sense of ours and the common Houses of Drink vanish before the Perfume Palaces, we shall become more and more particular. The old simple smells will not satisfy us and we shall be demanding something more subtle, like "Sussex Gorse in June" or "Burning Autumn Leaves in Grannie's Garden." The more decadent among us will be clamouring for "Gravesend at Low Tide" or "Village Drains," the curious for "Port Said Bazaar" or "Tibetan Monastery"; while many of us for memory's sake will only be satisfied with "Rest Camp behind the Lines" or "Lachrymatory on the Somme."

Finally, I am much afraid it is highly probable that advanced and daring spirits will soon begin to ask for the odour of a pint of bitter.

And that will be All Wrong. A. A.

SUBURBAN THRENODY:

OR, CAME THE THAW.

"REPAINTER of the rustic scene,
Redecorator of the town,
Simple, serene,
Wearing a garment pure as early love
Or eiderdown,
O snow!
Why do you go?
Why can't you stay?
Why must the Corporation shove
People upon the streets to scrape you
all away?
How vile you look when brown!"

I had not put these observations to the snow
(Which for some curious reasons rendered no
Reply;

How different from Mr. BERNARD SHAW!)
For very long,
When suddenly, as though it were a
sigh,

Or a bird's song,
Somewhere amid the frosty atmosphere
there woke

The spirit of the Thaw;
And the two gentlemen who took out skis
And the young boys who slid
Came home; and bits fell off the roofs
and trees,

And one old bloke
Got a large lump upon his hat, he did;
Beauty began to pass
And one could see the grass
Both on the greens and tees.

There is no splendour that endureth,
And no unbroken toy,
Brittle is happiness,
The permanence of any mortal joy
No one, I understand, insureth,
Not even the daily Press.

And so
It happened with the snow,
For all that garment soft as eiderdown,
Tender and delicate as early love,
That lay upon the town
Began to melt away: the sleeping,
The innocence, the purity were gone,
And from above
There came a dreadful sound of weeping
Which I maintain that I detected first
And commented upon,
Not Emily, not Katherine, nor John;
For, when the snow
Began to go,
From prison leaping
The pipes were burst.

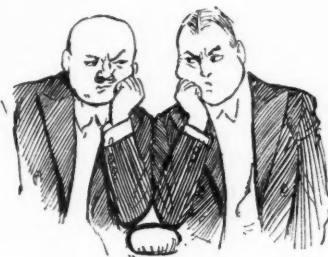
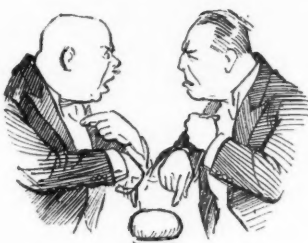
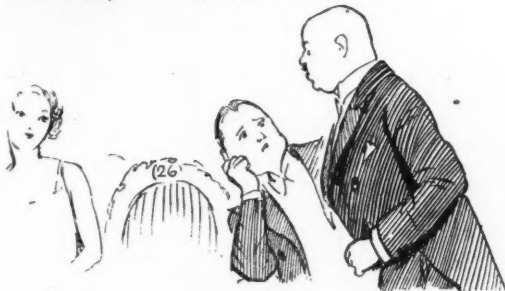
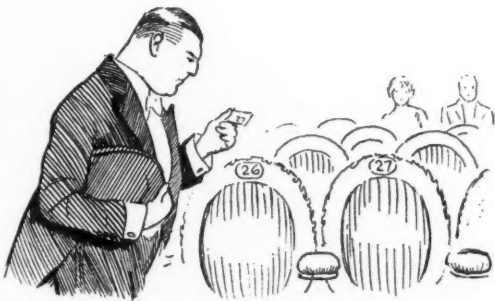
EVOE.

An Irresistible Couple.

"Messrs. Cock and Gossip proceeded without hindrance."—*Manchester Paper*.

"7 A.M. QUEUE FOR 'CHINESE BUNGALOW.'" *Headline in Evening Paper.*

The housing shortage seems as acute as ever.



THE ELBOW-REST.



Polite little Householder (to female burglar). "OH—ER—PERHAPS YOU WOULD PREFER TO SEE MY WIFE, MADAM?"

"TAKE THIS DOWN, PLEASE."

"Priscilla," I said, "I am weary of your endless typing mistakes. I am quite sure that my manuscripts are rejected solely because you are incapable of interpreting my lightest thought correctly, or, as you would put it, 'interpreting my lightest THOUGH correctly?'" I really cannot wonder that the editor is indignant when he reads such stuff. It cannot be his business to presume that when you write £ you mean 5, or that a - in your eyes is the same as a). I feel sorry for the man, and this has got to stop."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Priscilla. "Even your jokes begin to pall after I have written them out three or four times. I will get you a professional typist without delay."

"Pray do so," said I.

"Miss Batters will be here to-morrow morning at ten," said Priscilla.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Miss Batters, your new secretary.

Have you forgotten that you wished me to engage one for you?"

"Oh, I say, Priscilla! I was only joking, you know. What am I to do with a secretary?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Priscilla. "That is your look-out. She is plain, competent and fast. Perhaps she'll be amused by the jokes you'll dictate to her."

"Don't be an ass, Priscilla! This is awful. What am I to say to the woman? What do I call her? Typist?"

"Of course not. You call her Miss Batters. And when you're ready to begin you say, 'Take this down, please.'"

"Ready to begin? I shall never be ready to begin. Priscilla darling, I'm paralysed with fear."

"I have no sympathy with you," said Priscilla.

The next morning I found a strange woman ensconced before Priscilla's typewriter.

"This is quite a neat little machine," she said in the tone of a famous jockey congratulating a child on his pony.

"Oh, yes," I replied airily; "the key-board is not bad. The key-board is not at all bad. Oh, yes," I added as another technical term came to my mind, "and the ribbon. The ribbon is pretty."

She then launched out into a long disquisition on the characteristics of different type-writers. Thank heaven the woman was a chatterer. I would keep her chattering all the morning if I could.

"How very ingenious!" I said from time to time, and "What I can never understand is——"

In this way I kept her going for half-an-hour.

"And now," she said brightly (she had taken complete charge of the situation) "to work!" She rested her hands delicately on the keys and looked straight to her front.

"Um—er——" I said.

"Is it a letter?" she asked after an embarrassing pause.

What a brain-wave! Why hadn't I thought of that? Of course it was a letter. Any fool could dictate a letter.

"Please put the date, Miss—er—"
(I had forgotten the woman's name.)
And how was I to begin? What was
it Priscilla told me I had to say? I
couldn't think of it. I racked my
brains but I couldn't think of it. There
was the woman waiting to begin and I
couldn't think of the formula. I began
to sweat. She coughed. I lost my head.
"Hallo, typist!" I said.

"I beg your pardon?" said she.

"Look out!" I replied. "Are you
ready? Steady—go! Um—er—'Dear
Sirs'—"

At any rate I had begun. Now the
rest would be easy. "'Dear Sirs.' Have
you got that? Ah! I have it! TAKE
THIS DOWN, PLEASE. 'Dear Sirs'—"

The woman was looking stern and a
little frightened. I must say something;
it didn't matter what. Anything rather
than this disapproving silence. "'Dear
Sirs,—With reference to yours of the 15th
ult. to hand we have much pleasure in
acknowledging same. Our Mr. Gregory
will be very pleased at any time con-
venient to yourselves to wait upon your
Ladyship and receive your esteemed
commands. The matter is receiving
prompt attention.'" (Miss Batters was
rattling away.) "'Should you at any
time be in urgent need of our special
fabrics we shall be happy to send you
samples as per enclosed invoice, car-
riage forward, on receipt of stamped ad-
dressed envelope. . . .'" This was easy.
. . . "'The Editor's decision is final,
and no correspondence will be enter-
tained. . . .'" Ridiculously easy! I
could go on like this all day. . . . "Take
this down, please: 'Re your ship-
lading bills, we regret to find same are
not in order. Our representative in
Oporto advises us . . .' I beg your
pardon? Yes, certainly. The same
letter, of course. I am going to be rude
to them now. . . . There, you've put
me off. . . . Never mind. That will
do for one letter. We'll finish . . .
Take this down, please: 'Et veuillez
agréer, Messieurs'" (not for nothing
had I taken a course in commercial
French), "'l'assurance de mes senti-
ments distingués.'"

Miss Batters has left me. She thinks
I was making fun of her. Nothing was
further from my thoughts. I was
frightened of her. But I am sorry she
has gone, for now Priscilla has flung
herself once more into the breach and
I shall, for ever, I suppose, have to put
up with this ssortO fthing.

A Chile Compliment.

"Mr. Hoover is particularly worthy of study
as a symbol of the most typical virtues and
qualities of the nation that has just benighted
him with the title of the first man of the
land."—*Santiago Paper*.



"THIS COUNTRY LIFE'S ALL VERY WELL, WILFRID, BUT WE'RE MISSING SOMETHING."

"HO! WOT YER GOT 'OLD OF NOW?"

"WELL, LISTEN. 'IN LOMBARD STREET MONEY WAS IN AMPLE SUPPLY.'"

THE CAPTIVE.

FAIRIES are the fine folk, the fine folk are they,	They've stole young Louisa, they've stole her away
They ride on white horses between the white may;	To ride a white palfrey beneath the white may;
Their eyes are like green jewels, cold emeralds all,	They've stole poor Louisa, Louisa they've stole,
Their gowns are like green water that straightly does fall.	Because she has a shadow, because she has a soul.
Fairies are the sad folk, their hearts are ash of coal,	She rides in the moonlight with all the wan train;
They've all to seek a shadow, they've all to seek a soul;	There's rings upon her fingers and gems on her rein;
They ride through the moonlight, but don't you look to see;	Begowned like green water she rides that strange stage,
Fairies are the fell folk, the fell folk they be.	Her bright eyes as frightened as a lark's in a cage.

P. R. C.

MORE ABOUT THINGS.

I OFTEN wonder that we scientists even pretend to take an interest in what is happening in this tiny world, considering how much we know about the vaster worlds beyond.

I have been studying recently a little book called *Eos*, by a brother physicist, and I cannot refrain from chatting for a little while about some of the remarkable statements that he makes therein.

The curvature (or globification) of space may be already familiar to a few of my readers, who had to pretend, when they went out to dinner, to know who EINSTEIN was and not mix him up with the panel. But the size of the spacial ball, now we know that it is a ball and not an infinitely lopsided parallelogram, as we previously supposed, is not nearly so much talked about as it should be. Light, as Sir JAMES JEANS aptly points out in *Eos*, takes a seventh of a second to travel round the world. But, travelling at the same pace, he goes on to say, it would probably take something like a hundred thousand million years to travel round the universe.

This speed seems slow, and on first reading a statement of this kind we are tempted to wonder whether the author is not consciously exaggerating; or, alternatively, supposing him to be speaking the truth, to ask whether light does not loiter *en route*. But, surprising as it may seem, my own calculations, made in my own laboratory, work out almost exactly the same as Sir JAMES'; in fact I only differ from his estimate by a month and four or five days, making light get home not on a Sunday morning but on a Thursday afternoon.

The figures that have to be used, of course, when we are dealing with this spacial ball, or quasi-globular spheroid of the universe are immense and are usually given by means of a mathematical formula. For instance, if 10^6 is a million, 10^{12} is a million million.

"The largest number which occurs in the present book," explains Sir JAMES, "is $10^{430,000,000,000}$."

This, it will be seen at once, is a lot.

"Failing our convenient mathematical shorthand," the author pointedly con-

tinues, "this particular number would have to be expressed by a 1 followed by six million volumes similar to the present all full of 0's."

The question will immediately occur to the reader, "Why not do this?" It would be impossible, of course, for any one modern bibliophile to take up the complete issue of such a brochure, but there must be at least a million Anglo-Saxon students of literature in the universe, and if every one were to pur-

ner. What will the poor simp of a reader think when I tell him about radiation and heat? When I state, for instance, that the most luminous of known stars, S. Doradus, emits three hundred thousand times as much light and heat as the sun?

"If this star were to replace our sun," says Sir JAMES, and I agree with him, "our temperatures would run up to about seven thousand degrees Centigrade, which is about twice the temperature of the hottest part of the electric arc."

The result of this would be rather amusing; the wretched little reader would dissolve like a slug.

Once again, "while the smallest known star, Van Maanen's star, is about the size of the earth, and a million such stars could be packed inside the sun and leave room to spare, the largest known star, Betelgeux, is so large that twenty-five million suns could be packed inside it. In fact, if Betelgeux were to replace our sun we should find ourselves inside it, its radius being greater than that of the earth's orbit."

There is no probability of course of these changes taking place at present, Betelgeux being outside the sphere of reconstructive politics, but it is always as well to remember what would happen if they did. And it ought to be understood that matter is packed so tightly in Van Maanen's star that about a hundred tons weight of matter would easily go into a terrestrial pocket-book; while in Betelgeux matter is so diffused that an ordinary ton would take up as much room as the Albert Hall, besides being of greater architectural beauty and



Poor Dancer. "I WISH I COULD GO ON DANCING WITH YOU LIKE THIS FOR EVER!"

Partner. "WHY? DON'T YOU WANT TO IMPROVE?"

chase six of these volumes it may be calculated that, without overloading their shelves, they could subscribe to form a joint idea, at any rate, of this stupendous figure.

As a rider upon it I may mention that a batsman who perpetually made a pair of spectacles in every match in which he played, and jotted down his scores in notebooks of a similar size, would take exactly twenty thousand æons, if not more, to complete his monumental task.

But we must not dally too long with mere numbers. Astronomy has many other sensations in store for the begin-

more permanent artistic use.

These things only startle the neophyte. We scientists grow accustomed to them as we penetrate more deeply into the mysteries of cosmogony. We are aware that radiation is the fundamental fact of the universe; that it perpetually breaks up atoms and messes them around at a rate far exceeding gas explosions in the streets or workmen in Piccadilly, and that nothing can be done to stop it. This twiddling about, as we call it, of atoms is the source of no little concern to us. "It has even been suggested," says the author, "that the radi-

ation poured out by millions and millions of stars through millions and millions of years may ultimately cause space to become overcrowded with radiation, just as a cage would become overcrowded with squirrels if we kept putting them in and never took any out."

I doubt this point myself because in all my experiments with squirrels I have found that after the first few thousands they follow a law of increasing pugnacity in the ratio of 7^n , the earlier occupants of the cage destroying and eating the later arrivals, and becoming more ferocious and capable of digestive assimilation by "concoctive heat," as MILTON calls it, in proportion to the time of their tenancy of the cage, which is not the case with atomic molecules, the latter having a larger number of constituent electrons and less fur. But the reader may make his own trial at leisure. At any rate we feel convinced that there is no immediate danger of the overcrowding of space by means of radiation, other than that of the ridiculous B.B.C. For, as Sir JAMES rightly remarks, "although numbers of universes may already have perished into radiation and be wandering in ghostly form round space, there would be plenty of room, if ours were destroyed, for one more."

There are few more consoling thoughts than this on a cold winter day.

Let us turn then to the composition

of these stellar atoms. What are they? Where does the reader stand in stupidity about them? How do they produce radiation by this perpetual process of becoming hot and bothered and barging into each other and bustling around? It is hard to say. There are probably ninety-two types of atoms existing on earth, thinks Sir JAMES, only two of which have not been identified or isolated. (I put the number myself at ninety-three, for there is an unidentified piece of energy in my pipe at the present moment which I am vainly attempting to isolate.) At any rate the lightest atom is hydrogen and the heaviest is the beautiful little uranium, so well known to all lovers of the wild.

Are the stellar atoms then different from these, or the same, but slightly hotter to the touch? Opinions are bound to vary, but we incline on the whole to the former theory, contenting ourselves by saying that the stars consist of rapidly-whirling but lucid matter which is at the same time too controversial in point of taste to be suitable for publication in the popular Press.

We come now to the last point: *How long will the world go on?*

It has been charging up for about two thousand million years (in my own view slightly longer), and there seems little reason to suppose that it will not remain in working order a million

million years from now. This is important, for the point has been hotly debated in the evening papers, many of whose regular subscribers buy their houses and furniture on the instalment plan. At the date I have mentioned, 10^{12} winters on, the solar year will be a little longer (no bad thing) and the climate considerably colder, so that we shall get some better skating on our home ponds. There will be no coal, no oil (thank goodness) and no timber. On the other hand, Sir JAMES thinks the human race will possibly know 10^{12} times as much about science as it does now, which ought to keep it busy while not enjoying winter sports. Finally, according to my own calculations, there will be a General Election in the early part of 1000000001929.

EVOC.

Croydon, January 16th, 1929.

Flying home across the waters
Lady BAILEY greets her daughters,
With the minimum of pother,
As our most experienced Moth-er.

"A hot-water bottle tucked between the sheets early in the evening and a fire in the bedroom will be more than welcome, and that early morning (not too early!) cup of tea, daintily served with a biscuit or two, will work wonders in getting folk up in time for breakfast the following morning."

Sunday Paper.

It sounds rather like the Snark.



HIRE-PURCHASE SYSTEM IN EARLY DAYS.

House Furnisher. "THE GOODS, MY LIEGE, WILL BE DELIVERED AT YOUR DRAWBRIDGE ON A MOONLESS NIGHT IN A PLAIN COVERED WAIN."



Old Lady (at Victoria Station). "OH, PORTER, HAS THERE BEEN A RAILWAY ACCIDENT?"

Porter. "ACCIDENT! NO, LADY. THEY'VE JUST COME BACK FROM ENJOYIN' THEIRSELVES AT THE WINTER SPORTS."

OUR MECHANISED MAIDS.

"HAVE you met the new people at 'The Lawns'?" asked Mrs. Burdock-Jones. "Another cup, Mrs. Crisp? Yes, a charming couple—so terribly old-world. Do you know, they actually have a maid. A fact, my dear. I saw her only this morning. And what do you think she was wearing? One of those print dresses that maids used to wear before they were mechanised."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Mrs. Smythe. "The bodywork turned out now is very deceptive. With their slim lines and natural cellulose colours they look quite human. My husband can't take his eyes off Emma. Poor dear, he's so impressionable."

"Quite sure," confirmed Mrs. Burdock-Jones. "She was making eyes at the baby next-door. No mechanised maid would do that. There's nothing sloppy about a machine. One can send it back to the garage without a storm of tears. And it is such a comfort to be spared the troubles of flirting and followers."

"I don't care what you say," asserted Miss Prism, "a lot can be said for the old-fashioned maids. I like human beings about me."

"For my part," argued Mrs. Smythe, "I grew heartily sick of pert maids with their impudent back-chat."

"We escape back-chat, certainly," retorted Miss Prism; "but what is worse than a mechanised maid who is always conking out when one asks her to accelerate? Give me human beings every time."

"Exactly what my poor husband used to say," sighed Mrs. Crisp. "He never quite took to his mechanised typist, although he had a most efficient model. He used to get home hours earlier after she was installed."

"I can quite believe it, dear," cooed Mrs. Smythe.

"He was just as conservative at home," continued Mrs. Crisp, "and hated parting from Mary (my last parlourmaid, you know), just because he was used to her. But I insisted. She sniffed so terribly."

"If it comes to that," asserted Miss Prism, "I find the mechanised maid sniffs just as terribly."

"Not if one blows out her jets. I always take down Maud's carburettor once a week."

"Oh, if you don't mind messing about with machinery——"

"My dear, it's quite simple and well worth the trouble. Such a comfort, I find it, to know one's maid is tuned up. Imagine a dinner-party at which she developed a choked jet! The service would be so jerky."

"We got rid of our last human maid," volunteered Mrs. Harris, "simply because she wouldn't get up in the morning. I never had a cup of tea in bed until we bought our 12-h.p. Gladys."

"I used to get a cup occasionally in the old days," said Miss Prism, "but now, never! My maid is quite fast on the level, but she can't climb."

"Won't she climb your stairs in bottom?" asked Mrs. Crisp. "Plugs sparking all right? Is she firing on all four cylinders?"

"My dear," protested Miss Prism, "I never interfere with my maid's insides. It's not decent."

"What make is she?"

"A Tweeny Seven."

"That explains it," decided Mrs. Crisp. "All right for a bungalow, but totally unsuitable for gradients. If one buys the right make there is never any trouble. Isn't that your experience, Mrs. Brown?"

(Continued on page 101.)



A RELIC OF THE INSULAR AGE.

BOY OF THE FUTURE. "WHAT'S THAT FUNNY PICTURE MEAN?"

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE IT, MY BOY, BUT THAT'S HOW WE USED TO GO TO FRANCE IN THE QUAIN OLD DAYS BEFORE THE TUNNEL."

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"No," replied Mrs. Brown miserably. "I envy the newcomers their little country ma'd."

"How terribly obsolete, my dear! But surely you have a 10-h.p. General?"

"Oh, that!" she exclaimed scornfully. "Yet I'm working harder than I've worked in my life."

"Then you don't know how to manage her. You must drive her. Throttle her. Make her go. Can't your husband do anything with her? Even quite ordinary men seem to have a way with machinery."

"That's the trouble. My husband keeps taking her engine down, and while he's reassembling her I have to wash up. I've been washing up now for three weeks."

"You can't blame the maid for that, my dear. The 10-h.p. General is considered quite serviceable. Mass production, of course, but splendid value for the money. There's no question, to my mind, of returning to human maids."

"Absolutely," intoned Mrs. Smythe.

"The Lawns," continued Mrs. Crisp, "is the one home in Sycamore Avenue that is not mechanised. We must put that right."

"What make would you suggest for them to start with? Personally I think they should pick up a second-hand model to begin with."

"Perhaps they'd like my 10-h.p. General," suggested Mrs. Brown; "I wouldn't mind taking their girl in part exchange."

"Nonsense, my dear. You mustn't think of giving up," insisted Mrs. Burdock-Jones. "But perhaps we oughtn't to rush these good people. Suppose we have them to tea, in turn, and introduce them to our mechanised maids. They'll soon instal one when they see how clean, efficient and noiseless—"

A terrible crash of crockery interrupted her.

"Excuse me," murmured Mrs. Burdock-Jones, making for the door.

"Quite like old times," said Miss Prism acidly.

"Is crockery a third-party risk?" asked Mrs. Harris.

"My mechanised cook," explained Mrs. Burdock-Jones on her return. "She skidded badly taking a hair-pin bend. I'm sending her back to the garage. And I shall refuse a reference, of course." W. E. R.

Rotarian Progress.

"Four-wheeled Pony and Trap for sale."
Ceylon Paper.

"The Government will proceed upon the even terror of its ways toward an ordained destiny."—*New Zealand Paper.*

It sounds like Mr. MAXTON's Government.



MIXED BILLIARDS.
A LITTLE CHALK.

A PUNCH PROCLAMATION.

[Mr. ERNEST LESSER, Chairman of the Plumbing Trades National Apprenticeship Council, in a letter to *The Times*, suggests that the time has come for the "Comic Press, headed by Mr. Punch, to give the long-suffering plumber a rest."]

OFF on the plumber have We cast
aspersions,
Rallied him on his love of being
late,
Scoffed at his job, his casual exertions
And his young mate.

Yet unperturbed he went about his
duty;
We mocked and mocked, he heard
Us and was still;
Proud of his calling and his true re-
pute, he
Bore Us no ill.

Now We, his most inveterate aggressor,
Have noted in *The Times* a mild
rebuff;

The plumber at long last, hints Mr.
LESSER,
Has had enough.

We learn indeed that he's a far more
handy
Fellow than he is often taken for;
So We are urged about him not to
bandy
Jibes any more.

KNOW THEN that We at Our High Court
of Humour
Do now proclaim the said long-suffer-
ing bloke
(Despite all contrary report and rumour)
BEYOND A JOKE. A. K.

"The crew will hardly be able to leave
Oxford until the fifth or sixth week in Febru-
ary, as men have to 'keep' terms."
Sunday Paper.

Has the calendar been already reformed
at Oxford, and February been given a
couple of extra weeks to make up for
past neglect?

THE REGISTERED LETTER.

"I DON'T say I've had a good holiday," he said. "That would be going too far. But something very interesting happened in it. For the first time in my life I was broke."

"That's a pretty good record," I said. "Why, you must be fifty?"

"Forty-nine," he replied hurriedly. "But when I say broke I mean absolutely broke. Of course I've been hard-up time and again; but never before have I been utterly stony, done, without a bob, without a bean. Have you?"

"I don't think so," I said. "There's always been something, if only postage-stamps."

"Nor could I pop anything," he continued. "I was miles from a town, and if I had gone there it was too small for a pawnbroker. I had in fact deliberately cut myself off in order to fish and sketch and be alone. I was in a tiny cottage belonging to an American friend, and no one knew the address—which was in the French Pyrenees—but my housekeeper, and she was pledged not to give it away, except under very remarkable circumstances. You see I really was trying to get a holiday."

"I started out with money enough, and should have been perfectly right if I hadn't fallen for some old silver in a farmhouse where I was getting lunch. It was too beautiful to miss—you shall see it some day—and I gave what they asked, entirely miscalculating my reserves. The result was that after I had bought my next household supplies I had nothing left but just enough francs to communicate with my bank in London asking for a remittance."

"The first day or so it was all right, but I received rather a nasty jar when the butcher wouldn't let me have anything more on tick. You see, there was no ice and it got suddenly very hot. But no, he did not know Monsieur. Monsieur hitherto had always paid in cash and that was the custom in those parts. In Paris no doubt bills could be run up; but not there. He (this bestial joint-peddler) was a poor man and one must live."

"Not only did he live, but the brute told the other shopkeepers—the baker and the grocer—and they too no longer greeted me with the old smiles. It is terrible how quickly a French smile can freeze."

"When I explained my difficulties they were not amused. Absence of money is not a subject of interest to

the Gaul. That foreigners should be rich is almost the first article in his creed.

"By eating as little as possible and making what use I could of the neglected garden I managed to get along, spending most of my time watching for the postman and wondering what could have happened to the bank's letter. Could my telegram have been suppressed and the francs for it misappropriated? One has little faith in these rural post-office people. That was a disquieting thought, if you like. Had the bank's letter been wrongly addressed? You

and it was to see him standing beside my bed that one morning I awoke, for being now reduced to living on the principle that he who sleeps dines I was lying late.

"He proffered his receipt-book and his pen and ink, and asked for my signature. I signed and held out my hand for the letter, but I was in too much of a hurry. There was a fee that must be paid first.

"But," I said, "I have no money. It is for the money which you now bring that I have been waiting."

"He intimated with perfect French clarity that, although that was possibly so, the fee must precede the delivery of the letter. No fee, no letter."

"I again outlined the situation, explaining that he was himself holding back the goose which laid the golden eggs. If he would allow me to open the envelope, he would see that it was filled with money, some of which would be his in addition to the official fee. The incident would then be closed and he could have his lunch."

"But he was inflexible. Not even the promise of a *douceur* or the prospect of lunch affected him."

"At last we hit on a compromise. He could not let me have the letter without first receiving the fee, but he would himself open it and, all being as I said, hand me the contents."

"He didn't like it; it was unprofessional; but he would do it."

"Good! Very slowly then he severed the envelope and, all impatience, I reached for the notes."

"This is what he gave me."

He paused in his narrative and, taking a folded paper from his pocket-book, handed it to me. I read as follows:—

"DEAR OLD MAN,—I am truly sorry to be a nuisance, but I am on the rocks and can think only of you as a rescuer. Can you let me have twenty pounds at once? I extracted your address from your housekeeper at the point of the bayonet (you must not be angry with her) and I have registered the letter with my last threepence to make sure of your getting it. Yours gratefully,
EVERARD CASE."

"Can you beat it?" he asked as he handed it back. "That's the only part of the story that matters. The bank's letter came the next day and all was well."
E. V. L.

The Case for the Crown.

"The decision of King Amanullah to advocate in favour of his brother . . ."—*Evening Paper.*



Prospero (to his Wireless Ariel). "THIS WAS WELL DONE, MY BIRD."—*The Tempest*, Act. IV., Scene 1.
THE PRIME MINISTER AND SIR KINGSLEY WOOD.

know how stupid the summer can make people in offices.

"I tried to find the *curé* to get him to reason with the butcher, but he lived miles away and came to this remote spot only when sent for."

"I would have offered the butcher my watch, but the idea of being without knowledge of the time was intolerable. It's true that he let me have two veal cutlets on the strength of a pair of links, but that was all."

"And then at last the postman arrived."

"You know what the postman who brings a registered letter in France is like? The importance of him! Carrying a registered letter gives him the right to burst even into your bedroom;

FICTION THAT WAS NEARLY FACT.

WITHOUT doubt there was a decided nip in the air and Hubert was feeling the true Anglo-Saxon contempt for the rolls and coffee with which the foreigner breaks his fast.

"I thought you said," he remarked, "that this place was warm even in October, and that one could lie on the sun-warmed beach watching the gay frolics of the bathers as their brown limbs——"

"You wrong me," I interrupted, "the Syndicat d'Initiative said that."

Hubert stamped his feet and turned up the collar of his coat.

"The Syndicat," he said, "ought to be told about the Truth-in-Advertising Campaign."

"Your trouble," I retorted, "is that you rely too much on advertisements. Every time you see the one at the hotel which reads '*Demandez le cocktail de la maison*' you go and do it. What we both need is a walk."

The frown disappeared from his face.

"Hoof ho!" he said; "maybe on our travels we shall encounter some of the historic ruins and romantic edifices for which the surrounding country of Blancville-sur-mer is so——" He broke off as we strode rapidly inland.

"The lad who wrote that prospectus for the Syndicat," he continued, "is a liar."

A few minutes later, with pipes drawing evenly and circulation restored, we were at peace with the world. A graceful château, partly hidden by the surrounding trees, attracted our attention and instinctively we took the path which led to the tall forbidding gates. A white-haired white-bearded man stood there, *point-de-vice* from boots to hat. Catching my glance he inclined his head in a gracious nod of welcome.

"Who," asked Hubert, "is your aristocratic friend?"

"I will tell you his story," I replied, "and then perhaps you will believe more in the romance of the district."

"At the time of the French Revolution the Marquis de Morbiquand was well loved by his tenantry. When the inevitable agitators arose, demanding in the name of Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood that he should go to the guillotine, there were many who found

time to give a friendly warning and assistance. The Marquis, with his wife, family and movable wealth, was smuggled into a small boat and found his way to England and safety. When the turmoil of the Revolution was over the young Marquis bought back his lands, and here the family have lived ever since—somewhat impoverished but happy in the knowledge that a De Morbiquand is still in possession of the estate. The old gentleman we have just passed is the present Marquis. We are too far away to see the motto, '*Je Reviendrai*,' over the door of the château."

Hubert stopped for a moment to knock out his pipe.

"I'll bet we are," he said cryptically; "I begin to think it was you

whether it would be worth a hundred francs. Hello, what a topping little garden!"

Looking up, I saw a small thatched cottage. In the neat well-kept garden was an old man, busy among the rose-trees.

"Another marquis?" asked Hubert. I had never seen or heard of the man before, but I seized my opportunity.

"He is the father of our hotel proprietor," I said. "In the early days of the hotel he gave his son the use of all his money to keep the place going. Now the son is doing well, has repaid his father and in addition gives him sufficient allowance out of the proceeds of the hotel to live at ease. The old man has two hobbies, gardening and an occasional gamble at the casino. Not," I added stiffly, "that I expect you to believe me."

Hubert nodded. "Yes, I do," he said; "there's a ring of truth about that one."

As we walked on I decided how to spend the hundred francs.

* * *

At dinner that night I suggested that we should go down to the casino. So far we had not been tempted, for there are so many more attractive ways of losing one's money than by playing the one-sided game of Boule.

"Oh, may as well, I suppose," said Hubert. The dinner with its attendant wine had been good, and the idea of

throwing away a few francs on the tables was not without its appeal. In any case, I reflected, I had a hundred francs to come from Hubert at ninety-three. We finished our *finés* and, putting on overcoats, walked down to the wooden hut which is Blancville's casino.

As we took our seats at the table, "I have a feeling," said Hubert, "that I am going to win to-night. If only one knew when to stop playing—if only someone could tell me when my luck has changed!"

He flung a chip onto the nine. The ball rolled round the board, bumped into a hollow, bounced out and rolled drunkenly into the next.

"*Le neuf*," announced the croupier. "I shall stop," I said, "when I've lost a hundred francs."

"So shall I," replied Hubert, collecting his winnings and pushing another



TOO LITERAL.

HE HAD SAID, "I'LL CALL FOR YOU WITH THE OLD BUS"—AND HE DID.

who wrote that lying prospectus for the Syndicat."

"Am I to understand, Hubert, that you do not believe me?" I asked coldly.

"You are," he replied; "it was a good effort, but I know your style too well. I'll bet a hundred francs you can't pull my leg with any story of that description."

"Done—I'll take you," I said. "What about a time-limit?"

"Nine-thirty to-night?" he suggested, and I agreed. Presently I noticed a ruined villa which stood at the edge of the wood.

"Have you heard the legend of that house?" I asked guilefully.

"I have not," replied Hubert; "and you needn't invent one, because there's nothing doing."

I sighed. "You have missed a good story," I said.

"Possibly," he replied; "but I doubt

chip onto the 'one'; "and, speaking of a hundred francs——"

"*L'ace—numéro un*," said the croupier.

"This is too easy," said Hubert, and put a lou's on the five. "I was going to say——"

"*Le cinq*," said the croupier. "*A qui le louis?*"

"*A moi*," said Hubert complacently.

There was a movement at my side and, looking up, I saw the old man from the garden.

"Your friend," he said with a smile, "is very fortunate to-night."

A glance at my watch showed me that it was a little after nine-thirty. Now was the time to find out who and what the old man really was.

"He is," I agreed; "but I hope to share some of his gains. May I congratulate you, Monsieur, on your so very charming garden, which we passed this morning!"

"You are very kind, Monsieur," he replied; "gardening is my hobby and, since my son keeps me in idleness, I have plenty of time to devote to it."

A sudden apprehension chilled me. Had I inadvertently invented a true history of this old man? If so, Hubert's leg had not been pulled. In addition to his phenomenal luck at Boule it seemed possible that he was going to win a further hundred francs from me. Grimly I decided to follow the trail to the end.

"And your son," I asked, "does he live here at Blancville?"

"But certainly," he replied; "he is the proprietor of—— *Tiens!* But your friend has won again!"

"*Faites vos jeux, 'sieurs, dames*," said the croupier, with a resigned glance at Hubert's pile of chips.

"My friend is winning all the time to-night," I said wearily. "Of which hotel is your son the proprietor, Monsieur?"

"Hotel?" he repeated in surprise. "No hotel, Monsieur. He is the proprietor of the garage in the Grande Place."

I touched Hubert on the shoulder.

"Pack up," I said; "something tells me your luck has changed."

Commercial Candour.

"LOOK AT OUR BARGAINS
AND SAVE YOUR MONEY."

Notice displayed over East-End shop.

From a West African school examination paper:—

"Question: Who is Mr. Coolidge?"

Answer: Mr. Coolidge was a Lake poet."

One seems to remember President COLERIDGE saying with his caustic humour,

"Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."



Policeman. "SO YOU'VE LOST YOUR HUSBAND? IS THERE ANYTHING TO DISTINGUISH HIM BY?"

Lady. "AY, LAD, THERE IS. 'E'AS A MERMAID TATTOOED ON 'IS LEFT SHOULDER."

JANE AND MICHAEL.

SHE'S six years old and he is three,

This little girl and boy,
And he it is who sees that she
Obtains the favourite toy—
The gun, the fairy-cycle,
The soldiers or the train—
For what you give to Michael
Always goes to Jane.

When Michael does what Michael mayn't,

I smack the usual part,
And Jane looks on a trifle faint
With palpitating heart:
And every blow I strike 'll
Result in double pain,
For what you give to Michael
Always goes to Jane. J. M. S.

AT THE PLAY.

"HE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"
(VAUDEVILLE).

As a faithful reporter I am bound to record that this oddly farcical play was received by an apparently normal audience with manifest signs of approval. This is a phenomenon I do not profess to be able to explain. There were a few lines which were vulgar without being funny; one or two that were both funny and vulgar. The rest depended rather on situations neither new in themselves nor newly treated, and on the brave optimism of the players and their skill in hypnotising their victims, for which they must, I suppose, be reckoned to have acquired merit.

Sir Andrew Tankerton, an elderly gentleman of unusually feeble intellect, has married a second wife who bullies him in a motherly way. *Anne Tankerton*, his daughter by his first wife, is a young lady of determined character and not, one supposes from her candid bearing, totally uninstructed in what is referred to with much sniggering innuendo as the "mystery of life." She is most unaccountably friendly with a peculiarly unpleasant young man who is a guest in her father's house. The *Tankertons* are expecting a new butler. He turns out to be a briefless barrister (temporary gentleman from 1914 to 1918), who is expecting a job from the Admiralty and, as he can no longer afford to wait for their decision, is reduced to butling for a livelihood. *Sir Andrew*, not out of meanness but merely through lack of native wit, promptly consults him about his matrimonial affairs. He has surprised his new wife and the bounder in what he supposes to be a love-passage. *Lady Tankerton* has been, in fact, merely expressing extreme approval of the prospect of having the unspeakable youngman as a stepson-in-law. (No wonder *Sir Andrew* never thought of that as an explanation.) *Quarterhouse*, the butler, advises him to pretend to leave his wife, to steal away from the nuptial-chamber in the dead of night, leaving the customary note which he dictates (elaborately funny "business"). She, realising what a treasure she has lost, will be heart-broken and feed for evermore out of his hand.

Quarterhouse and *Anne* have met before. Indeed, on a certain moonlight night at a dance he has almost proposed to her. Now he professes indif-



SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

Sir Andrew Tankerton. MR. JOHN DEVERELL.
Jeffrey Deacon. MR. BRIAN GILMOUR.

ference, but is infuriated by the favour *Anne* is apparently showing to the bounder. But *Anne* is taking a leaf out of the book of *Quarterhouse* philo-

sophy, and contrives that he shall overhear an invitation to the breezy cad, *Deacon*, to come to her room at midnight. She has, however, directed the delighted and complacent *Deacon* to her father's and stepmother's room; so that while *Sir Andrew*, stealthily preparing for his flight, is struggling into his trousers wrong side before (amusing and original entertainment), and holding up his wife's cami-knickers and girth-reducing stays (a sight obviously to cause tears of happy laughter), the deluded *Deacon* enters, to be kicked out of the window into the cucumber-frame by *Sir Andrew*. The merriment which the sight of the unfortunate man next morning at breakfast, his face covered with plaister and obviously unable to sit in comfort, causes in the breast of *Lady Tankerton*, who knew nothing of his fell purpose and slept through the racket, may well be imagined. All the best hostesses of course go into roars of laughter when their guests are seriously hurt. It only remains for *Anne* to fall into the arms of her butler and for the curtain to fall—to my inexpressible relief. However, each to his taste.

MR. JOHN DEVERELL has long possessed a select repertory of diverting gestures and explosive protesting notes of exclamation and a capacity for amusing us by making himself look supremely ridiculous. But it would be more entertaining for us, and I should have thought for him, to vary the formula slightly on occasions. I find his business often too extravagant to be really mirth-provoking. Nothing, I suppose, looks or feels deader than a tiger-skin rug, and his attempt to make-believe it was alive, to leap into bed scared by the contact of his foot with the beast's head, to chirrup endearments to it as to the domestic cat—these and this kind of devices lack the plausibility that even the broadest fooling demands.

The title of the play, the charming prettiness of Miss BETTY STOCKFELD and her spirited and competent affectation of interest in the affair, were grains of consolation. Miss EVA MOORE had a part entirely unworthy of her; MR. BRIAN GILMOUR self-sacrificingly made a brute of himself, and MR. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE, a careful actor in the wrong environment, did his best. T.



THE MORNING AFTER.

MR. BRIAN GILMOUR.



Post-War "Sportsman" from Town. "JUST 'IT 'IM ONE BE'IND WITH THAT TOASTIN'-FORK, WILL YOU?"
Farmer. "NOT ME! 'E KNOWS MORE 'N YOU DO—KNOWS A FIELD O' BEANS, ANY'OW, IF 'E DON'T GET MANY."

A BALLADE OF GOOD FARE.

LET others praise crab, oyster, ham and chicken,
Sunny champagne, dark port or choice Tokay;
Let gourmands guzzle and dyspeptics sicken
On what rich eates their festive boards display.
Or furtive pantries screen from nice survey;
Far other viands do my palate please.
When the late evening brings my twinkling tray—
Brown ale, spring onions and a slice of cheese.

When fragrant fumes about the chimney thicken,
When the tongue wags and gravest things seem gay,
When rosy Marjorie and honest Diecon
Clip hands to fleet the careless night away;
Then, when my briar is brought, or seasoned clay,
With the squat jar that holds the herb of ease,
Last, last and best, on a white table lay
Brown ale, spring onions and a slice of cheese.

Pity it is the merry thoughts that quicken
My lips to laughter have short time to stay
Ere the old fellow with the scythe hath stricken
My youth from me, and turned the green to grey;
Yet, strong in heart and hope withal, I pray:
"If all else fail me, at the least may these
Delight not less in my declining day—
Brown ale, spring onions and a slice of cheese."

Prince! Be your favoured tipples what it may,
Whate'er Hesperidean grape you squeeze
Betters not this most excellent array—
Brown ale, spring onions and a slice of cheese.

The Ellen Terry Memorial.

THE objects of the promoters of this Memorial, on whose committee Mr. Punch has the honour to be represented, are:—

1. To acquire Small Hythe Place, the Tudor house which was ELLEN TERRY's home for the last twenty-five years of her life, and endow it with an income sufficient to put it in good repair, preserve it, keep up the garden, and pay the salary of a custodian, one of whose duties will be to show the house to visitors who may be expected from all parts of the English-speaking world.
2. To keep two rooms much as they were in her lifetime, preserving the atmosphere of simplicity which faithfully reflects her character and taste.
3. To devote another room to the purposes of a Library, chiefly of books relating to the drama and the theatre, of which ELLEN TERRY's own collection will be the nucleus, and a Museum of theatrical relics of historical interest.
4. To adapt the Barn adjoining the house, a fine outbuilding of the same date, to the purpose of a "Barn Theatre," where it is hoped to institute an Annual Dramatic Festival on a small scale during the week in July in which the anniversary of ELLEN TERRY's death falls.

For these purposes a sum of £15,000 is required, the greater part of which will be used as an Endowment Fund. Mr. Punch begs that all those among his readers who loved ELLEN TERRY's art and personal charm will take this opportunity of paying a tribute to her memory. It is hoped that the sum needed may be raised by February 27th, her birthday. Gifts should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, ELLEN TERRY Memorial Fund, 56, Manchester Street, London, W.1.

A LIFT IN LIFE.

Albert was a Duke's son, and Fred was another;
 Not another Duke's, I mean the Duke's other one;
 To put it quite plainly, Fred was Albert's brother;
 Albert was the heir, and Fred the younger son.

Albert was a nice boy, tidy, industrious,
 Just the kind of lad to make a fine steady Duke;
 Fred found it harder to grow up illustrious;
 His levity, his aunts felt, called for rebuke.

"Algy," they would say to the Duke his father—
 "Algy, that boy is a disgrace to the House."
 "He is," said the easy-going nobleman, "rather;
 But Albert's such a good boy, don't let's grouse."

On wet days Fred would be smoking in the stable,
 Reading the gossip of the footlights and boards;
 While Albert, seated at the library table,
 Perused the Journal of the House of Lords.

Albert was only flogged once at Eton,
 And that (noble fellow!) was to shield a friend;
 Fred for his scrapes was perpetually beaten,
 And had to be removed to Harrow in the end.

At Harrow the authorities soon took note of him;
 He did not fit in with their arrangements quite;
 "Will not learn 'Forty years on,'" they wrote of him;
 "As difficult as BYRON was and not so bright."

Albert went decently from King's to diplomacy,
 Toiling at the Foreign Office, twelve to four;
 Never so steady a pillar of the home as he;
 "Solid," men whispered of him, "solid to the core."

Fred brought greyhounds home one day with him;
 "Dad, we could train 'em, if you'd put up the cash;"
 But a Fitzurse roused has a short sharp way with him,
 And Fred saw the famous old Senlac flash.

"Me, boy? Train? Can you fancy me spilling
 Cash? If you want cash, go to the Jews;
 Take—here, Claudia, give the boy a shilling—
 Take your quadrupeds and go where you choose."

Fred, as he passed down the patriarchal avenue
 Out into the night, thought, "Here's a how-d'ye-do—
 So the home of your ancestors is no longer havin' you?
 Good-bye, Home, then! So long! Toodle-oo!"

Albert, chatting to a Balkan Minister,
 Noticed at the dinner-table Fred's empty chair;
 Saw the Duke forgot the port—a fact rather sinister—
 But kept a stiff upper lip and tried not to stare.

And the years rolled on, with their European crises,
 Each adding laurels to Albert's head;
 The years rolled round, from Assizes to Assizes,
 And still there was never any news of Fred.

"Albert," said the Duke, "you'll be Duke now, shortly;
 I've had a good innings in spite of the gout;
 But I fancy I was once a little brusque and uncourly.
 What about Fred, eh? Could you find out?"

Albert, at the hint, brooking no interferences,
 Hurried off in person to Scotland Yard;
 Went through the fingerprints of all Disappearances,
 And the crooks' card-index, card by card.

The Chief Commissioner, nonchalantly smoking,
 Hoped there was nothing gone wrong at home.
 Albert, frowning at his ill-bred joking,
 Said, "Round up the Underworld and put it through
 the comb."

They found quite a lot of things—a meat-king's heiress,
 Two K.C.'s who were supposed to be dead,
 A missing Foreign Prince and a lost millionairess,
 And a new gang of forgers—but they didn't find Fred.

Albert, turning home, said, "Well, it is a pity,
 Poor old Fred, we shall never more meet;
 One more tragedy of this vast city—
 Single, please," he added, "to Dover Street."

The liftman's voice said, "Pass along, please, there!
 Pass—Hullo! Albert," it said, "old boob!"
 What, can it be Fred that Albert sees there?
 Fred snipping tickets in the Piccadilly Tube?

They did not make a scene—that was unthinkable;
 After all, they both had relations in the Guards.
 "We'd have a little drink, but there's nothing here
 drinkable;
 Cheerio," said Fred; "give Dad my kind regards."

The Duke expressed great gratification;
 "So the boy's made good," he said, "and he's been
 found;
 Where was it you said? At an Underground station?
 I'm a Director of the Underground."

They called an Extraordinary General Meeting
 To consider and report what to do about Fred;
 The Shareholders flocked to it, crowding all the seating;
 "It is such a human agenda," they said.

"New Zealand, one would hope," his aunts remarked
 acidly;
 "It may be remote, but it saves a lot of fuss."
 "Nothing of the sort," the Duke said placidly;
 "He dines here to-night as one of us."

He dined in his uniform, fresh from duty;
 His artless bonhomie in all that state
 Melted the hauteur of Rank and Beauty;
 He would keep addressing them each as "Mate."

And he thought to himself, "Well, thing: look rosier,
 But I see Dad's legs are not what they were;
 It would make the ancestral hall much cosier
 If I fitted him a lift or a moving stair."

The Duke was delighted with the installation;
 "Albert," he said, "don't take it amiss,
 But you, with your expensive college education,
 Have never done as useful a job as this."

And such are the effects of Filial Piety,
 When your father is an influential Peer,
 That *Who's Who* gives, among the Pillars of Society,
 "Lord Fred, Consultant Hydraulic Engineer."

A Soft Thing for the Winner.

"The annual tournament of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing
 Society, for the 'President's Butter' . . . —*Sussex Paper*."

Frenzied Philately.

159 BUENOS AIRES: 1859, 1p., double print, S.G. 42b, and two
 normal varieties.—*Stamp Catalogue*.

Probably used by WILLIAM I. when announcing the con-
 quest of the Argentine to MATILDA.

A Blazing Indiscretion.

"The household staff were aroused, the police communicated with
 and the bridges summoned, but owing to some misunderstanding
 the bridges did not arrive. . . . The fire originated in a bam
 beneath the fireplace in the drawing-room."—*Local Paper*.

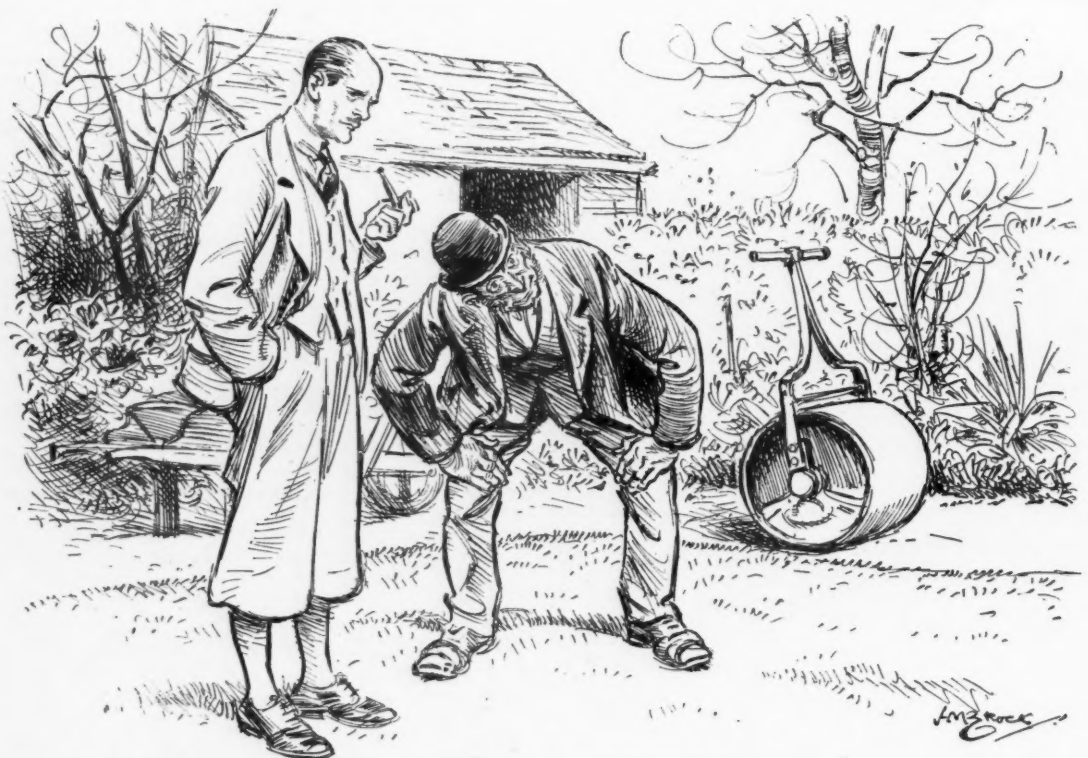
If you can't depend on your bridges it is safer to keep
 bams in cold-st rage.



ONE SOMETIMES WONDERS WHAT WILL BE THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT ARTERIAL ROADS, ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH SO MUCH MONEY IS BEING SPENT.



PROBABLY SOMEONE WILL ALWAYS FIND A USE FOR THEM.



Employer. "You're supposed to have levelled the lawn, SIMPKINS, but look at it!"
Simpkins. "WELL, THAT'S A FUNNY COINCIDENCE, SIR. I WAS READING IN A MAGAZINE ONLY LAST WEEK THAT THERE'S LOTS O' LITTLE EARTHQUAKES WE NEVER HEAR NOTHING ABOUT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF in the course of *Private Suhren* (METHUEN) we sometimes seem to be rather arduously getting nowhere, I think we must attribute our sense of fatigue and frustration less to the author of this admirable "memoir" than to the character of the late War. Having fathered his presumably personal experiences on an imaginary private, Herr GEORG VON DER VRING was obviously at liberty to make things hum for his reader; and that he could have handled a series of great moments greatly his treatment of his allotted quota shows. Among such moments I recollect the funeral of a Scots prisoner of war, a visit to Laon Cathedral in company with a conscript mason, a dash through German cherry-orchards—cherries that "look as though they had been blown out of red glass"—on the way to Poland, the burial of the horse *Musch* on the Tursk road—none of them, you perceive, the "moments" of a professional soldier. But then *Private Suhren* is not a professional soldier. "He lies in the straw in a dress that he never chose; carries a gun with which to kill men he never knew; marches over hills that were never his home—and doesn't know why." In private life he was an artist, and with one exception all his fellows in the barracks, in France and in Russia, are equally civilian and detached. War for them is a dirty, smelly, wasteful and wholly uninteresting interruption to the business of life; and so Herr VON DER VRING describes it, mitigating its persistence not by the men's heroic will to victory but by their dogged and undeviating effort to keep up civilian good-fellow-

ship. It is the success of this effort that renders *Private Suhren's* story profoundly human and, in an entirely unconventional way, inspiring.

By someone anonymous (name him who can!)

FABER AND Gwyer have issued these

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man

(George Sherston's life and a look at his gees)

From the day that he mounts a Shetland pony

And rides with the coachman, perched aplomb

(Old Dixon's a capital "stable crony"),

Till we take our leave of him at the Somme.

Young George, he was never the opulent one,

But, in the Provinces—Kent, I think—

He makes the most of the cheaper fun

As he goes from "ratcatcher" up to "pink,"

And starts for the Shires with his scanty pennies

And his string of screws with a turn of speed

To lodge with the friend of his boyhood, Denis,

An M.F.H. of the "Flurry" breed.

Here is a book that's without any plot,

That lacks a lass and a love affair,

And of actual hunting there isn't a lot,

Though ever the Chase is in the air;

But, let hounds run slow or let hounds run faster,

The folk who follow them, these are planned

To the draft of a character-drawing master,

By a pen, you'd say, in a poet's hand.

A Portuguese proverb which maintains that women are always missed when absent and superfluous when present illustrates, I think, what we all feel about the admission of feminine influences in biographies of great men. English biographers tend to understate in these matters, the French overdo them; and M. RENÉ BENJAMIN's *Balzac* (HEINEMANN) is an extreme example of the Gallic method. Undoubtedly the middle-aged dames from whom BALZAC solicited favours and borrowed money enter justifiably into his story. Madame DE BERNEY seems to have taught him manners, Madame D'ABRANTÈS took him to meet CHATEAUBRIAND and Madame RÉCAMIER, and the Marquise DE CASTRIES wheedled him into writing for the Legitimist Press. Naturally his relations with these women gave him a certain amount of insight into the feminine heart, but to a novelist of BALZAC's range his own personal appetites and relations are a mere drop in the sea of his experience and should have been treated as such. The fascinating thing about BALZAC was his almost piratical acquisitiveness of literary material and his extraordinary power of conferring reality on a curiously distorted world. We certainly get hints of his processes throughout M. BENJAMIN's book. The first journey to Brittany to fill his "larjer" before writing the *Dernier Chouan* is excellently described, and the chapter devoted to Touraine and *Le Père Goriot* is of the highest importance. But hard on the heels of the latter we are back dangling after the Countess HANSKA, whom, when her husband was "called to heaven," BALZAC proposed to marry and ultimately did. Written as far as possible in exclamatory dialogue, the book has obviously given its translator a stiff task. He has at least erred on the side of that "strict, bald version of thing by thing" which BROWNING described as the lesser of two evils.

Where, as recently as 1903, M. RAYMOND RECOULY, author of *The Third Republic* (HEINEMANN), spent seven days in travelling by caravan between Tangier and Fez, there now runs a civilised highway traversable in a few hours by car. The truly inspiring story of French colonial expansion fills what are by far the most attractive chapters in this, the seventh, volume of *The National History of France*, his description of the work of such great leaders as GALLIENI and LYAUTEY being so much to one's liking, and his brief account of the British occupation of Egypt so notably fair in statement, that one fully anticipated that his estimate of Britain's part in the War would be equally generous. It came accordingly rather as a shock to discover that, as far as this volume would lead one to suppose, this country practically took no part in it at all, only coming in after the event to insist on terms of peace to her own liking. For the rest, and in spite of the writer's



Lady of Fashion (to her maid). "YOU KNOW, JELLABY, THERE'S SOMETHING SO SOOTHING ABOUT BEING BEAUTIFUL."

occasionally rather comical claim to "inside information," as for instance when he solemnly records how the consort of FERDINAND of Bulgaria once threw a cup of boiling broth in the royal face, his book is a straightforward account, marred occasionally by overliteral translation, of the haphazard evolution of the French Republic constitution after the tragedy of Sedan and of the superb moral and material recovery that followed that disaster; the tale of the endless succession of Ministries, together with such hysteria-incidents as the BOULANGER episode and "*L'affaire Dreyfus*," being treated with just about as much patience as they deserve. It is a pity that the slurring of Britain's part in the War robs this history, in other respects so accurate and informative, of much real value.

Literature needs at present no Foot-paths Preservation Society, but if ever that need should come Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC will surely be among the earliest subscribers. Digression is in his blood. He will start you off along a main road with the best intentions in the world, but be sure that he will have you over the first stile he comes to, and if the view is not too good you must at least walk with him once or twice round the scarecrow. (This one, my dear Sir, is the "corrupt Cabinet Minister"; the "turnip-headed scientist" is in the next field but one.) Let me, however, be fair to Mr. BELLOC and admit that in his new collection of essays, *A Conversation with an Angel* (CAPE), the scarecrows are merely incidents, to be briefly noticed and dismissed. They are all there, of course, but a word or two suffices. Here are thirty-four essays on a variety of subjects, ranging from turbots to MACAULAY, and pavement-artists to Lucifer, and at least half of them so good that they must be read again at once. The most richly humorous of them is "The Man who Lashed Out," in which a resigning Member speaks the truth, for the first and last time, to an audience of his constituents, who, understanding nothing, cheer his bitterest taunts. There is also, and it is perhaps the best of them all, an essay on "Lucidity," which every young writer should read and re-read till he knows it by heart. It is profoundly true; it is also a beautiful little example of its own teaching.

Mr. WILLIAM McFEE's new novel, *Pilgrims of Adversity* (HEINEMANN), describes, at considerable length and with much close attention to detail, the voyage of a young Scots marine engineer to a Central American port in the tramp steamer *Candlehoe*, and the political and emotional complications in which he there finds himself involved. The book contains a great deal of clever character-study and shrewd, if rather savage, observation of various types of seafaring, and more particularly engine-room, humanity. Its setting is effective and Mr. McFEE demonstrates his ability to handle a dramatic crisis as it should be handled. Yet the book as a whole somehow leaves me with a sense of disappointment. This is perhaps partly due to the fact that, despite all the care the author has devoted to delineating them, there is no single personage on his crowded stage—unless it be the middle-aged romantic Mr. *Claxton*—in whom I have been able to feel poignantly interested; least of all, the young Scots engineer himself, who strikes me as a self-sufficient young prig, sadly lacking the saving grace of humour. Moreover, in its matter and to a certain extent in its manner the book definitely challenges comparison with CONRAD: which is a pity, not only because

CONRAD is always a dangerous model, but also because Mr. McFEE, as his previous books have already shown, is perfectly well able to proceed under his own steam.

Readers of detective novels will surely take notice when they find, in *The Death of Laurence Vining* (BENN), that a man has been murdered who had lived in the East and returned to England in possession of a sacred relic. For this kind of acquisition has caused more deaths in sensational fiction than I should care to count. So when I discovered that *Vining* had stolen the royal and holy *kris* of a Malayan sultan I strongly suspected that his sudden decease was due to this sacrilegious theft, and the suspicion remained dominant in my mind, although I distrusted the motive of the man who did contrive to carry out the crime. In short, Mr. ALAN THOMAS, as far as I am concerned, laid a false trail with complete success, and I admit a fair bamboozle. Competition in this branch of fiction is very keen, but Mr. THOMAS is a promising candidate for high honours.

How to Enjoy the Starry Sky (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) has, so Mr. MARCUS WOODWARD tells us in an introduction, been written in accordance with the idea of PROCTOR, the astronomer, that the chief charm of astronomy "does not reside in the wonders revealed to us by science, but in the lore and legends connected with its history, the strange fancies with which in old times it has been associated, the half-forgotten myths to which it has given birth." So this little book, which should find a place in all school libraries, is not intended for advanced students of astronomy. But those of us who know too little of the starry sky will assuredly be stimulated by Mr. WOODWARD's legends

and Miss FRED A. NOBLE's beautiful colour plates to resolve that our ignorance shall be enlightened.

Mr. Punch expresses contrition for an error. The welcome which he gave in his issue of January 2nd to *P.T.O.*, a collection of drawings in colour and black-and-white by "FOUGASSE," should have been given to the same artist's *E. and O.E.* (METHUEN), a further collection, recently published, of work that has appeared in these pages. *P.T.O.* received a welcome from Mr. Punch at the time of its advent, long ago.

Another Impending Apology.

"Mr. —, who is Assistant Sports Editor of the Gazette and was formerly sports editor of the Daily, stresses that journalism could be considered as a stepping stone to pub-life."—*Montreal Paper*.



Diner. "HEY, WAITER—HEY!"
Waiter. "ALL RIGHT, SIR, BUT WE SHALL HAVE TO SEND OUT FOR IT."

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to the Rev. J. T. RHYS, there are no swear-words in Welsh. But there is Welsh.

The rebel King of Afghanistan is known as "The Son of the Water-Carrier." He should studiously avoid his father's occupation. The only water-carrier known to English history fell and broke his crown.

With reference to the soprano who walked off the platform as a protest against smoking at concerts, we can only point to the more tolerant attitude of smokers towards the practice of singing at concerts.

A clown attacked by a lion at a circus sustained no personal injury but had all his clothes torn off. It would seem that the craze for the "Comic Strip" is spreading to the animal world.

A number of Scotsmen have been demonstrating Highland games at a London music-hall. Owing to the risk of damage to these pets during transport they were unable to include the Scottish pastime of "Tossing the Haggis."

Many London hostesses, we note, do not consider their parties complete without a sprinkling of artistic talent. It gives distinction even to Bohemian parties.

Sir ARTHUR KEITH's theory that fishes have no power of memory is in conflict with the belief that many of them have vivid recollections of the whopping anglers they got away from.

Dr. A. V. DOMM, of Chicago University, who claims to have found a way of changing cocks into hens, has not yet succeeded in inducing them to lay eggs. Still, it is something if he can stop their crowing.

In the recently-published *Memoirs of Napoleon* it is recalled that JOSEPHINE's bills followed him even to Elba. Some historians incline to the view that this was why he left Elba.

A loud-speaker, we are warned, may

project influenza germs for a distance of five feet. We trust therefore that the B.B.C. is careful to ascertain that broadcasters are free from infection.

A beauty-specialist in a daily paper gives advice on the treatment of long faces. We ourselves doubt the real efficacy of anything but a substantial reduction of the income-tax.

Emily, the Home Office cat, we learn, is a personal friend of Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS and attends all secret

The newspapers have referred to a man who has been twice divorced by the same wife. It doesn't seem to have taken the first time.

A gossip-writer mentions a man who used to sell oysters and is now an editor in Brazil. This just shows the danger of selling oysters.

Only eight hundred and sixty-two births were registered in Bath city last year. It begins to look as if people purposely avoid being born in Bath.

A man told the Hackney coroner that he had driven a motor-car one hundred miles a day for eight years and had never knocked a man down. He is evidently still an amateur.

In the Divorce Court Mr. Justice BATESON made absolute one-hundred-and-twenty decrees nisi in one day. It is not known how many his lordship wants for game.

A nonagenarian struck a waiter because he kept him waiting for a meal. The latter will now realise that age must be served.

A burglar who rifled the safe at a cinema gave the commissionaire a shilling as he came out and then disappeared. We welcome this new type—the tip-and-run burglar.

A phono-film devoted to health-hints has been shown in America. The sounds of a man gargling against the flu ought to be very impressive.

Miss ELINOR GLYN is responsible for the matter of a film called "Three Week-Ends." An old-fashioned playgoer says that this title might be used for almost any modern three-act play.

Licence begets licence, says the Secretary of the National Vigilance Association. All the same, if you have taken one out for your wireless set, you will have to buy another for your dog.

A correspondent has written to *The Times* suggesting that games should be more rough. We do hope that there won't be any talk of introducing jostling into chess.



conferences. Ministerial cats as a rule are kept in bags.

"Soho is not the bright and happy district it used to be," says a writer. It is suggested that one thoroughfare should be renamed Gloomy Dean Street.

A rumour is current that a celebrity looked in at a fashionable restaurant at lunch-time the other day and found all the tables occupied by paragraphists.

When publicly rebuked by Mr. BALDWIN the POSTMASTER-GENERAL blushed. He is said to have turned the colour of a penny stamp.

THE PASSING OF "LA FLOR."

To this day I don't know why I bought it. It must have been the result of one of those reckless moods which seize you upon the rare occasions when you have just had champagne for lunch at someone else's expense—occasions when you realise that the world is yours by rights but for that stupid little error in the title-deeds, and when a friend has only to make a suggestion, however absurd, for you to act upon it, provided he throws into his voice a certain amount of disbelief as to your capability.

Yes, I now feel certain that must be why I bought it. I know I had had a champagne lunch put up by Percival's uncle. I know Percival and I were walking down the — Arcade (which at the moment belonged to me), and I am positive he made some derogatory remark about my ability to buy *La Flor*.

Mind you, *La Flor* was no ordinary cigar. Its full name, titles and rank went something like this: "*La Flor Del Excepcionales Marvillosos Y Perfectos Inmensos Con Esplendidos*, and I should say the designer and builder meant every word of it. It gave the impression of being several feet long and as thick as your wrist. It had a gaudy *cummerbund* about its stomach like an alderman wearing the Bessarabian Order of Corpulence (2nd Class). And it occupied the central position of honour in the tobacconist's window, together with some stout gold mounted walking-sticks. In fact at first I rather thought it was a very stout gold-mounted walking-stick.

The man didn't seem inclined to sell me *La Flor* at the start of our talk. He said they were made specially for Lord Forcedraught, who was the only man who had ever smoked one right through. Then he said it was really an advertisement in a manner of speaking. Then he said he didn't think he had any more in from the factory or machine-shop or wherever it is they turn them out. Finally, as under Percival's incredulous and scornful eye I became really insistent, he sold me *La Flor* in all its glory.

It cost an awful lot—but, hang it, one doesn't get champagne given one for lunch every day, does one? He packed it up with tissue-paper and straw and cotton-wool in a kind of cardboard crate that looked as though it had been originally designed to hold a flute. I asked if there was a paper of instructions to go with it, and he said superciliously he didn't think so, but gave me a few verbal hints about keeping it in an even temperature and the best way of starting up from cold. I thanked him, and then Percival and I each shouldered one end of the crate and left the shop.

By tea-time I was wondering why I had bought the thing. By six o'clock I was wondering why the devil I had bought the thing. By seven o'clock I was wondering why people did such silly things as to take champagne in the middle of the day. By the end of the evening I had given it to Percival, who said he had a friend in a City office who had just the figure for a cigar like that and would appreciate the gift. So he took it away late that night in a taxi. The driver charged him sixpence extra, and one end stuck out of the window.

I heard nothing more till the following evening, when Percival with a solemn face brought me a file of documents. Apparently his business-friend was of a humorous turn of mind, and this (coupled, I should imagine, with a slack day in the office) had led him to send Percival intermittent bulletins of the progress of *La Flor Del Excepcionales Marvillosos Y Perfectos Inmensos Con Esplendidos*. As the shopman had hinted, it had proved too much for one man alone and the whole office staff had dealt in turn with it.

At about 10 A.M., I gathered from Percival, his friend had got the end of *La Flor* supported to his satisfaction on a pile of books at the far side of his desk and had had it formally touched off with a port-fire. The first bulletin a few minutes later read:—

"*La Flor* assumed to be burning well at far end. Can distinctly see smoke."

A short while afterwards a triumphant second bulletin was issued stating:—

"Smoke now reached my end of *La Flor*, but find it hard work to maintain draught necessary for continuous current."

After a long interval came the laconic:—

"Have passed *Flor* to partner for necessary action."

Thereafter the bulletins read as under:

Bulletin 4.

"Partner still in action, but respiration and pulse very weak."

Bulletin 5.

"Partner in *extremis*. Head clerk volunteering."

Bulletin 6.

"Head clerk passed out. Head accountant now carrying the torch. Says fine."

Bulletin 7.

"Second clerk at grips. Strong smell of burning during his big scene traced to *La Flor's* band. Band (apparently made of scarlet-and-gilt cardboard) removed with aid of office scissors and a chisel."

Bulletin 8.

"Junior accountant resumes after lunch interval."

Bulletin 9.

"Junior accountant caught in gully. Third clerk now taking guard."

Bulletin 10.

"Third clerk in play. Fire Brigade sent away for second time. End of *La Flor* now in sight."

Bulletin 11.

"Third clerk carried out suffering from smoker's heart, partial asphyxiation and lock-jaw. Short innings by office-boy. Commissionaire now making fine stand."

Bulletin 12.

"Commissionaire (ex Company-Sergeant-Major with sixteen years' service) still holding out nobly."

Bulletin 13.

"Commissionaire fails at last inch-and-a-half. Commissionaire from next-door (ex-Regimental-Sergeant-Major with twenty-three years' service) emphatically refuses. *La Flor* therefore considered unsmokable. Officially classed as a butt and thrown into mud of gutter."

Bulletin 14 (supplementary).

"Passing tramp (ex-Able Seaman with two years service) picked up *La Flor* and finished it with every appearance of enjoyment, last centimetre being consumed in clay pipe. Outlook for continued British naval supremacy considered hopeful." A. A.

A FAMILY MAN.

I HAVE an elder son

Who has a younger brother;

I never liked the one,

And can't abide the other.

My daughters—they are twins,

A tragic kind of present—

Are like a pair of pins

In being most unpleasant.

My wife, though I'm aware

Those burdens must have brought her

A lot of private care,

Is not what once I thought her.

And doubtless you'll agree

That, beyond all denial,

So flat a home must be

One long domestic trial.

Yet somehow, in a way,

I snatch some trifling pleasure;

I'm always out by day,

With golf in hours of leisure.

And, though the evenings might

Give me a lot to pine at,

I get along all right

With a good club to dine at.

===== DUM-DUM.

Little-Game Trophies.

"(G) A mouse's head and antlers."

Sale Catalogue.



HIGHLAND GAMES FOR WESTMINSTER.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL TOSSES THE PLANK.

[Stimulated by an item in the programme of the Labour Party, Sir HERBERT SAMUEL has announced the adoption of Scottish Home Rule as a Liberal Plank.]



ACHTUNG!

ONE OF THE MINOR DANGERS OF THE ALPS.

THE JOYFUL HEART.

LET other men, men who understand these things, say whether the little book is literature. It is a little book of verse. I am no judge of modern poetry, especially when written, as this little book is written, straight on, without lines, as if it were common prose.

Like this:—

NEIGHBOURS.

You ask, "Who are my neighbours?" We haven't met as yet, know nothing of their forbears. Their name? It's—I forget. Their birthplace doesn't matter, their religion, sect or creed, they're neighbours, that's the only point I have just now to heed. For neighbours are just human, so much like you and me—perhaps I'd better ask them if they'd like a cup of tea.

I daresay it is very good. I am not concerned with that. I am only concerned with the reactions this kind of cheerful philosophy, this smiling optimism, has on my own soul. I say frankly that it plunges me in melancholy. It fills me with despair. When I had been reading the little book for a short while I began to weep.

I have no excuses to make for myself. It is a kind of moral perversion. But suddenly as I went on reading a ray of hope dawned. I perceived that by very slight alterations, which I could make as I went on, keeping in most cases the actual rhymes of the original, I could fit the verses to my own morose disposition and gain from them both comfort and joy. If I can help any other reader of like temperament with mine own who happens to read the little book I shall be happy to have done service for him.

For example (I keep intact the title of the original):—

THE FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHY.

Since things have gone from bad to worse, and this has proved to be the case, I cannot change the universe, I can but loathe the human race. I have no time to do my work, there's far too much for Life's short span; the great thing therefore is to shirk and leave it to some other man. My consolation is, I said, to hope that everything will freeze, to wish my dearest friends were dead and order some Limburger cheese. To walk about beneath the sky until the fog enwraps my soul. To butt into some passer-by and

put myself upon the dole. To tear up all my monthly bills, to curse in no uncertain voice. To scrape the soot from window-sills and smear it on to something choice. Ah, gentle Nature, I detest the sun, the moon, the horse, the hen, and, fitting crown to all the rest, I cannot stand my fellow-men!

There!

When I had read it that way, a sort of quiet peace, a gentle complacency stole into my bosom. I began to feel that in some strange way the authoress was doing me good. I persevered.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

Don't be lavish with your praise; cleave to misanthropic ways! Silent wrath no heart can guess. If you hate your friend's new dress for its sheer unloveliness, say so. Not good manners? Why? Truth is better than a lie. When the impulse is sincere, duty bids us be severe: do you think your wife is queer? say so. If she seems unkind, pull her hat off from behind. If your neighbour proves a pest, no one like him east or west, hit him hard below the chest. Such a difference it can make—pointing out a man's mistake. If those who ought

to work for you say they have a touch of flu, beat them till they're black and blue.

AND DO IT NOW.

Mind you, I am not a harsh man. It is merely that language affects me in a rather unorthodox way. My heart does not seem to beat, on paper, with the great warm heart of the mob. By the time that I had finished my second poem I was radiant with goodwill, and would have gone out into the street and given half-a-crown to a beggar if it had not been so cold.

I saw that if I went on reading I should soon be rising on stepping-stones of my dead self to higher things. So I went on.

TO A PERFECT HOST AND HOSTESS.

Now that I'm home again, good friends, this letter I desire to write, for when the actual visit ends the heart is bubbling with delight. You smiling met me at the door, and said, "We're glad that you are here!" I felt I was an awful bore, and wished that I could disappear. I knew you hated having guests, and were reputed to be near. Your children are disgusting pests, and there were spiders in the beer. And, if I caused you extra work, you always made me realise how my presence grew to irk—I watched it in your lips and eyes. The bridge was more than I could bear, and no one lit the bedroom fire. I hungered for my own armchair. The golf-links were a mass of mire. My curse for this—and more beside—that when at last I reached my home, that housemaid who appeared cross-eyed had not packed up my brush and comb.

I was now in something like the condition of Mr. Wardle when inviting the picnic party to a long stay at Dingley Dell, or the brothers Cheeryble in one of their gayest and most irresponsible moods. If I had seen a reviewer of one of my own books or a dog drowning in a pond, I would have gone instantly and told the police about it. Even the tribulations of transport in modern London seemed a mild affliction when compared with eternity, sunsets, the milk of human kindness, good fellowship and all that kind of thing. So that it was with a brave heart and a stout courage that I set about reading

EARLY MORNING FACES. (How delightful a theme!)

There's something very horrible and something deadly plain about the people's faces in the early-morning train. They come, these men and women, the old ones and the young, and some sit down in silence and some on straps are hung. The men have a conceited look and wear portentous ties; the women have been painted about the lips and eyes. And this one has a paper that that one has



Squire's Daughter. "AND HOW ARE YOU, MRS. MARTIN?"

Village Pessimist. "WELL, MISS, I MIGHT BE BETTER, AND I SUPPOSE I MIGHT BE WORSE, BUT I DON'T THINK SO."

not read, and so he tries to read it by twisting round his head. And some are swearing softly because the day's begun, and some have left their houses before the boots were done. There's something very beastly and something sadly plain about the people's faces in the early-morning train. And there's something most delightful, if a man is not a snob, in having to pay fourpence for stifling in a mob.

We must all work out our salvation in our own way. For myself I can only plead that when I had finished the

perusal of the little ditties that I had thus revised I was feeling, if possible, a nobler and a better man. **EVOE.**

Shoebert's March ?

"Military honours were rendered by a company of Chasseurs Alpines."—Daily Paper.

"There is an immense variety in evening bags. Some people wear brilliant feather creations which are anything but lovely. They call undue attention to what should be an unobtrusive necessity."—Newcastle Paper.

We quite agree. Feathers are well enough for wings but not for trousers.

TOPSY, M.P.

XX.—HAS HEALTH TROUBLE.

Trix you small snake, I will not be stung with mordant reproaches, how could I write to you, my dear I'm *supine* on a bed of sickness and having the most complicated sufferings, but of course, if you ask me *what*, well the doctors call it the *rudest* name, but my dear the *nude* fact is that the doctors know *nothing* and I was *utterly* saved by a *Medical Dictionary*, because my dear one night at the American Embassy I suddenly asked loudly what a *sweetbread* was, because at that moment we were having one of those *inflating* farinaceous foods the Americans eat and I thought a sweetbread was the same sort of thing, my dear like sweet corn or sweet potato, *too* fallacious, because, there was a *steamy* silence, and afterwards Haddock said that every public woman ought to know about the *facts* of the stomach and everything, which of course were *quite* Greek to your virginal little friend, so the other day I saw this *divine* book and bought it.

Well my dear I don't know if you've ever looked at a *Medical D c*, my dear *too* *dis-integrating*, though of course just at first it's rather a *hilarious* work to sort of *merely* loiter with, well you keep on coming across things like *OESOPHAGUS* the technical name for the *gullet* which see, and then you look up *GULLET* and you see *GULLET* or *OESOPHAGUS* is *merely* the *food* canal, and my dear *KING'S EVIL* is an old name for *Scrofula* which seems rather un-called-for don't you think, well of course I looked up *SWEETBREAD* for fun and it

said *See PANCREAS*, and my dear it's rather a shock to find that the *whole* of one's thoughtless life one's had sweetbreads and pancreases and things and known *nothing* about it, my dear I don't want to *agitate* you but as a *matter* of fact you've got a sweetbread *too*, however *don't* speed off to the doctor or anything because it isn't exactly a disease, though of course as far as I can see the *whole* of life may hang on a girl's pancreas, my dear it's a *digestive* gland which secretes the *pancreatic* juice into the *small* intestine, and my dear when I tell you that it may be the seat of *cancer* and the formation of tumours which are called *pancreatic cysts* you'll

understand that the sweetbread isn't *exactly* the sort of subject for table-twitter at the American Embassy, nor yet darling for reading in *bed*, which was where I stumbled on the murky truth, especially my dear as *besides* all this it's the *assiduous* pancreas that pours into the blood, *your* blood darling, a fluid that regulates the consumption of *sugar* by the muscles, and my dear if it fails to do that it says you have *one* form of diabetes, only one darling, but one would be enough, I thought, and my

Well my dear I felt *quite* spongy with intestinal pains but I said nothing to Haddock about the diabetes, although that night the little eyes did *not* close till about half-past cock-crow, well the next day I *simply* cut sugar and starch and flour and thick soups and oysters and liver right out of my life, but notwithstanding the *next* morning after rather a dawn-party at Bow-wow's I had the most suggestive *symptoms* in the *back* of the head, my dear a sort of cross between an *ache* and an inflammation, well I



Artist Film-Fan (submitting joke to Editor), "I'M OFFERING YOU THE EXCLUSIVE PRE-RELEASE WORLD PREMIERE."

dear if I have got a vice it's *sugar*, because I always have a *sweet* Martini and *never* a dry, so of course I turned to *DIABETES* with dithering fingers, and my dear *imagine* my horror when I found that the *symptoms* were *thirst* and a voracious appetite, and either loss of flesh or obesity, complicated my dear by *mental* depression, my dear *too* convincing, because of course I eat and drink like an emu, I've *slung* away flesh since I was in the House, my dear I'm *puny*, and as for depression there are times as you know when I feel that there's *nothing* for it but the gas-oven, only of course I *never* understand all those *intimidating* taps.

looked up *HEADACHE* and my dear there are twenty-five reasons for having a headache, from overwork and alcohol to blood-clots on the brain, *poisonous* circulations and *tumours* in the skull, my dear *too* gruesome, and of course the *blood* may be contagious through abscesses or scarlet fever or else *chronic* Bright's Disease, and my dear it *might* be the beginning of *apoplexy* or cerebral thrombosis or brain-fever or *water* on the brain, which I didn't think I'd got, but anyhow the *divine* thing was that *nothing* was said about diabetes, at which I perked up buoyantly and put the whole thing down to overwork and worry, so my dear I expelled Taffeta Mole, neglected the *entire* correspondence of Bumbleton, telephoned to Lewis-ham that I could not lay the foundation of the new roller-skating rink and *super-cine-madrome*, asked the Whips for a pair and pranced out to the Zoo to have a *girlish* holiday with Georgie Rowland, who has popped up again my dear only more of a Topsyphillist than *ever* before!

Well of course the *first* person we met coming out of the Monkey House was *poor* Jack Lantern who mumbled brightly at us that he'd had *all* his teeth out, which he said was *too* marvellous and *quite* everybody ought to have *all* their teeth out because he'd had no more headaches or inferior nights and bounced out of bed as fresh as a *bulb* in May-time, because he said it's the known thing now that teeth are so many *toxic* growths which utterly *pollute* the blood-stream and bring on permanent *septicæmia* or something, my dear *too* lowering, because of course from *that* moment the buoyancy sank to *absolute* zero, I had lassitude and debility and the *acute*st pains in the back, however my dear I crawled on



Visitor. "WHAT'S THE COURSE LIKE?"

Caddie. "WELL, I DID 'EAR THAT THEY 'AD TO BURN THE 'OTEL VISITORS' BOOK."

bravely as far as the Reptiles, and there we met little Ivory Doon who had just discarded *her* teeth and was in a rapture about it, so my dear seeing it was the done thing I abandoned George in chagrin and the Snake House, flew to my dentist and implored him to dismantle the *poisonous* mouth, however he said the little tusks were quite too taintless and utterly declined, so my dear feeling more and more rickety and mucous and everything I *slunk* home and retired to bed with *abdominable* spasms and the Medical Dictionary, because I was too determined to find out for myself *exactly* what was the matter with me, though by this time the little head was a mere ferment, *agony* darling.

Well my dear in about ten minutes I found I was suffering from a long-neglected kidney complaint, rather aggravated by *cirrhosis* of the liver, as a result of which it said death generally supervenes, and of course with the *pancreas* not functioning as well you'll get some idea of the condition your poor little blossom's arrangements were in, my dear don't go on with this letter if you'd rather not, only I rather think you ought to, well anyhow I phoned

jeebly for the doctor and lay there shivering and alone because Haddock was making a speech at the Mansion House to *all* the solicitors, well of course the doctor was out and meanwhile darling I found the *most* sinister little swelling in the neck which was *probably* goitre or else *tuberculous* enlargement of the *lymphatic* glands, so my dear I sent for Annie and dictated the *most* wistful little will, I left you two frocks darling and all my *celestial* new undies, however the doctor came at last and said he thought I should live with *complete* rest and *no* parties for a *whole* week, only he heartlessly deprived me of my dear little Dic, which only shows you darling the *jealousy* in that profession, because as I said if I hadn't *known* what a state I was in I should probably have dropped dead in *harness* at the House of Commons, however Haddock said he was *too* right, and since then he's been sending *anonymous* Medical Dictionaries to all the people he *can't* endure, with the result my dear that there's been an absolute *crop* of nervous breakdowns among the yams and loofahs and prawns of this island, my dear my poor Coun-

cellor Mule wrote me a poignant farewell because he said he was just off to the doctor having found he had *incurable* myxœdema and nephritis or something, and I see that four or five notorious nose-pokers are in the invalid list with complaints unspecified so there *may* be something in it, only as I told Haddock I still think his reasoning's mouldy because what I think is that one ought to utterly *face* these things because my dear health is everything, well *isn't* it, and my dear *without* knowledge how *can* you hope to keep a *complex* arrangement like the feminine body in order, anyhow I've told Bustards to send you a Medical Dic for your birthday darling, so be good and keep well, your rather *anæmic* little Torsy.

A. P. H.

Things that might be Less Profanely Expressed.

"—'s OCTAVO EDITION OF ANTHEMS.
837. He that shall endure Mendelssohn 3d.
898. He that spared not His Gladstone 4d."
Adapt. in Musical Monthly.

"HELEN WILLS ROMANCE."

Evening Paper Contents-bill.

But did not HELEN will it some time earlier, to the great confusion of Troy?

THE NEW WAR-LORD OF AFGHANISTAN:

A graphic pen-picture which Mr. Punch has for some time been vainly hoping to find in the columns of the popular Press.

Not long ago I had an interesting experience.

"Do you know who that is?" asked a friend, poking me suddenly in the ribs.

"Don't do that!" I said crossly. "No—who?"

He informed me that it was BACHA-I-SAQAO. Thus it was that I saw the personage who was till recently, and may be even as I write, Dictator of Afghanistan; one of that little band of autocrats who have revolutionised world politics during the past ten years to such an extent that in many cases they seem to have turned completely round.

It was in Monte Carlo that I encountered him, when I was staying with the Duc d'Aix, and it was Freddie Munchausen, the big-game hunter, who poked me in the ribs.

I meet so many people in Monte Carlo, some of them so profoundly uninteresting, that the reader may be surprised to hear that I came across anybody as much in the public eye as BACHA-I-SAQAO. But so it was. He was tall and dark.

During a moment of temporary embarrassment at the tables he asked me for a loan of fifty shekels, which I handed over to him and he placed characteristically upon the red.

If all goes well with the new régime at Kabul, perhaps I shall write and remind him of the obligation.

What manner of man is he, this dusky son of the hills who occasioned KING AMANULLAH's fall? It is not too easy to describe him. With eyes more deeply set but less magnetic than those of MUSSOLINI, he has something of the carriage of PRIMO DE RIVERA, united to a touch of the suavity of KEMAL PASHA and not a little of the dignity of REZA KHAN. He had a large scar on the left cheek and part of the right ear was gone, no doubt amputated in some political fracas.

Clothed in European dress, however, his *savoir-faire* was such that without his face he might easily have been taken for a Frenchman, a Belgian or a Pole. He did not seem greatly excited by the play, except when he won or lost a stake.

A fine upstanding figure on his feet, he was an equally graceful and accomplished sitter when he chose, and he puffed a cigarette, I noticed, with an easy self-consciousness that might have

been envied by an ambassador. He had patent-leather shoes and a ring on the right hand. But for his manners and his appearance you would have said that he was a Nonconformist divine.

* * *

I made inquiries about him not only at the time, but afterwards, when I was trying (without success) to discover in what hotel he was staying, and I learnt much of the life-history and achievements of this singular man.

"Afghanistan for the Afghans," I was told, has been his motto from boyhood, and of the League of Nations as an instrument of *Weltpolitik* he has always been distrustful in the extreme. Uninterested alike in the MONROE doctrine and the Polish corridor, BACHA-I-SAQAO views proportional representation with abhorrence and has little knowledge of international finance, though he confesses to a liking for a strong gold reserve.

An enthusiastic Mussulman, he shows all the simple prejudices of his race and creed. Furious when angry, he smiles at once if amused, and has a rooted aversion from soap, dry Martini and sock-suspenders. His wives are few but well-chosen, and he seldom reads.

* * *

My friend Freddie Munchausen, who is responsible for much of this information, was for many years the life and soul of esoteric clubland in Kabul.

* * *

He went on to say that BACHA-I-SAQAO, or HABIBULLAH GHAZI, as he now calls himself, has never shown the slightest hesitation in exposing his low opinion of KING AMANULLAH's régime.

"No good," he would say, with a downward motion of his hand (an Oriental gesture symbolising contempt); and for the KING's brother, INAYATULLAH, he shows even less regard. He would draw his finger across his throat, at the same time making a slight clicking noise, when he talked of this potentate, a sign which in Afghanistan usually indicates dissatisfaction with, if not disloyalty to, the person of the reigning prince.

* * *

At intervals he reinforced these gestures by adjectives which cast aspersions on the parentage of the KING, and which, though common in Eastern countries, might sound bizarre to Occidental ears.

* * *

There can be little doubt that this warrior son of a poor but patriotic water-carrier has always nursed ambitions to control his country's destiny, and Munchausen recalled particularly the occasion of a certain feast in the mountains when BACHA-I-SAQAO came

out in his true colours. Plucking a sheep's eye out of the vast dish of roast mutton, he pressed it with his thumb and fore-finger between my friend's hesitating lips, at the same time making a loud noise at the back of his throat which Freddie took to mean (though he may have been mistaken), "The Supreme Khan honours thee, an Englishman, with the choicest morsel of the feast."

* * *

It was noticeable that, in a brief conversation held after this meal, the rebel leader betrayed a total lack of sympathy with the principles of electrical transport, female suffrage, the endowment of universities and scientific research.

* * *

At the same time the new EMIR (if such he still remains) must be described as a thorough sportsman. A splendid shot with a rifle (though a poor one without it), he is equally at home with the *swasha*, or native Afghan sword, which resembles an ordinary native sword in shape, only somewhat more so. Riding at full speed, he has been known to kill a mountain sheep from the saddle with his battleaxe, and devour it, fleece and all, before he retired to rest.

* * *

It is this temperamental fondness for the outdoor life more than anything else that has caused him to eye with disfavour the prospect of an industrialised civilisation in Afghanistan, and to look with something like horror at the introduction of Parisian lingerie and the lipstick amongst the simple peasant-women of the mountain tribes.

* * *

A devout clericalist, he is at one with the mullahs in regarding the silk stocking, the slim line, the spat and the safety-razor as so many symbols of the triumph of the infidel, and is reputed to have taken a vow never to wash or remove his undergarments whilst a single opera-hat was to be found in Kabul.

* * *

We are likely to hear much more of this dominant personality during the next few weeks if he is fortunate enough to keep out of the way of assassins, always a nuisance amongst the hills.

Versed in the ways of Western diplomacy to the extent of never committing himself to a definite pledge, HABIBULLAH is further strengthened by his national habit, when the occasion serves, of giving one and breaking it immediately afterwards; and his reverence for the sanctity of human life is tempered by an ability to forget it when any national or personal claim seems paramount.

* * *

Time, in fact, alone can show what commercial relations Western Europe



Butcher. "HAS YOUR HUSBAND GOT ANY WORK, MRS. GREEN?"

Customer. "No, 'E AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'. YER SEE, 'E'S BIN WAITIN' FOR YEARS EXPECTING TO START ON THE CHANNEL TUNNEL."

will be able to establish with the new autocrat of Afghanistan.

But I shall always be proud to remember that I once met BACHA-I-SAQAO—or something that sounded jolly well like it—on the Côte d'Azur. EVOE.

An Almost Certain Apology.

"Painist: MISS VIOLET —"
Provincial Concert Programme.

Still Life in Canada.

"The colony land consists of two hundred acres of pleasant groves and corpses."
Canadian Paper.

THE SOOT-FLAKE.

A TINY flake of soot one foggy day
Came floating down, lamenting on its way
Because 'twas not a blossom to be worn,
But just a soot-flake, dusky and forlorn.
"Alas," it mourned, "soon in the cruel street
I shall be trodden under heedless feet,
Unnoticed and unwept, my mark unmade!"
But as towards the pavement mire it strayed

It chanced a Personage was striding there,
Pride in his heart, importance in his air,
And lo, the soot-flake, glad to end its trip,
Alighted softly on his nose's tip,
And all who met that pompous person smiled;
So to its lot the smut was reconciled.

W. K. H.

"Anne Boleyn fascinated the Morry Monarch all right, but that did not prevent her losing her head when he was weary of her."

Daily Paper.

And it took all NEEL GWYN's wit to bluff KING HAL.

"Rudie."

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN, WHO WAS BORN JANUARY 3, 1856, AND DIED JANUARY 22, 1929.

To those who knew and loved him there is a sad comfort in the thought that he is at last set free from the lingering malady, most bravely borne, that broke his strength of body and mind. Looking back over the thirty years and more of our friendship, I have my first clear memory of him at a very perfect dinner that he gave at the Reform Club to his *Granta* contributors. A little earlier I had sent him some verses with the request that he would use his influence to get them accepted by FRANK BURNAND, then Editor of *Punch*. He wrote that he had quite enough trouble to get his own contributions accepted and would use my lines in the *Granta*. So I began to write regularly for his paper, and a happy chance that took me back for a summer term to Cambridge, where he was editing the *Granta* and coaching on the river, brought me into closer contact with him.

A second request for mediation was more successful, and I owed to RUDIE my first appearance in *Punch*. When I joined the Staff I was given a seat next to him at the *Punch* dinners, and our friendship, growing out of this fellowship, survived the attitude (not so unpopular to-day as it then was) which he took in the Boer War. This attitude, though explained, in part at least, by an incorrigible Quixotism which always engaged his sympathies on the weaker side, cost him for the moment many friendships. During our long intimacy at the Table I can think of only one quarrel that we ever had—a little one, arising out of some official (or officious?) action of mine as Assistant Editor; and here, typically enough, an appeal to old friendship, as a much more important thing than any point of difference at issue, touched his generous heart and brought about a complete reconciliation.

Later, when my appointment as Editor took me away from his side at the Table, we were still in close touch with one another, and, though his political views often collided with those of the majority of his colleagues, he was amenable to reason and compromise, and I could count unfailingly on his loyalty. A certain masterfulness of manner, traceable perhaps in some degree to his superiority, mental and physical, over the companions of his early days and to the accident of his association, as rowing coach, with men who were younger and less gifted than himself, was easily tolerated, even by its most habitual victim, because the real gentleness of his nature was never in doubt. He loved the Round Table and felt bitterly the severance when his increasing weakness compelled him to leave it.

RUDIE was at his best—and his best was very good—in his own home among his family and surrounded by a retinue of adoring dogs, whose poet he was. His death brings back with poignant force one's memory of the closing lines of the poem he wrote in *Punch* to a favourite spaniel, *Rufus*,

where he pictured him on the further Stygian bank watching Charon's ferry for his master's coming:—

"There shall you sniff his corgies as they come,
And droop your head, and turn, and still be dumb
Till one fine day, half joyful, half in fear,
You run and prick a recognising ear,
And last, oh, rapture! leaping to his hand,
Salute your master as he steps to land."

RUDIE's hospitality was boundless. I recall in particular two joyous occasions when he entertained the Staff at a *Punch* dinner at Fieldhead, the second visit made still more delightful by the gracious presence of his new wife from America. I think of many happy week-ends both in his bachelor days and when his children were growing up about him and mellowing that superficial quality of sternness which masked a nature that was in love with all lovely things. I think of those long talks in the great library that reflected a scholar's taste, inherited and acquired. I bathe again from the noble boathouse, stored with every kind of racing ship and glorious with the memory of all those Varsity crews that he had entertained in quarters specially built for their service. I cherish the remembrance of great times on the river, and notably the last of them, when we rowed down to Marlow in a clinker four, stroked by C. J. D. GOLDIE, and I was glad of as many easies as I could get. RUDIE himself, though many years my senior, had kept astonishingly fit and never turned a hair.

And there were those later visits, when his splendid strength was gone and he could do little but sit and listen to our talk. Of these I think with a sadness only relieved by the unforgettable beauty of the devotion that ministered to his helplessness.

I will close this poor personal tribute, if I may, with an expression of true and affectionate sympathy, shared, I know, by his old colleagues of the Table, to his wife and children in the sorrow of their heavy loss.

O. S.



"RUDIE."
A MEMORY OF THE PUNCH TABLE.

The Afghan Tea-Party.

"I understand that already Amanullah's agents are on their way to give orders for big buns, airplanes, ammunition, and other war supplies."—*Sunday Paper*.

The Royal Crumpeteers have of course long since been mobilised.

Invalid Cookery.

"Our Durries and Blankets are largely consumed by the Civil and Mission Hospitals for excellence of quality and reasonable prices."—*Indian Shop Catalogue*.

"She was striking matches with a small, set face."

Feuillette in Daily Paper.

One of the hardy Norsewomen who invented the Tandstickor of our youth.

"The Hollywood *Examiner* announces that Miss Bebe Daniels, the film actress, is to be married soon to Mr. Ben Lyon.—*Reuter*."

Evening Paper.

LYONS have no terror for young film DANIELS.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE DUTCH MASTERS.



I THOUGHT THE VERMEERS SO LOVELY—



AND THE STEENS SO CHARMING—



AND THE TER BORCHES SO VERY BEAUTIFUL—



AND THE REMBRANDTS SO PERFECTLY EXQUISITE—



Arthur Watts
29

THAT THE NATIONAL GALLERY SEEMED QUITE DULL AFTERWARDS.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME. . .

SOME of us are old enough to remember a popular song that advised us in these circumstances to ask a policeman. As I have never personally tested this advice, I can offer no opinion of its value; but this at least I can say with the confidence born of long experience, if you want to know the time, don't waste it by asking any member of my family.

With us, indeed, it may almost be said that time does not exist, except as an abstraction; and such practical value as it may possess is merely relative or conditional. Mathematicians tell us that this has already been clearly demonstrated by EINSTEIN; but the proposition seems to us to be self-evident. It would be much more to the point if some master-mind could tell us how to be certain of catching the 9.11 train to Town in spite of these drawbacks. At present, with our imperfect methods of synchronisation, we usually find ourselves travelling by the 8.45 or the 9.28.

What we really need, in fact, is a special edition of *Bradshaw*, in which the 9.11 would be described in terms more suitable to our peculiar circumstances. For example:—

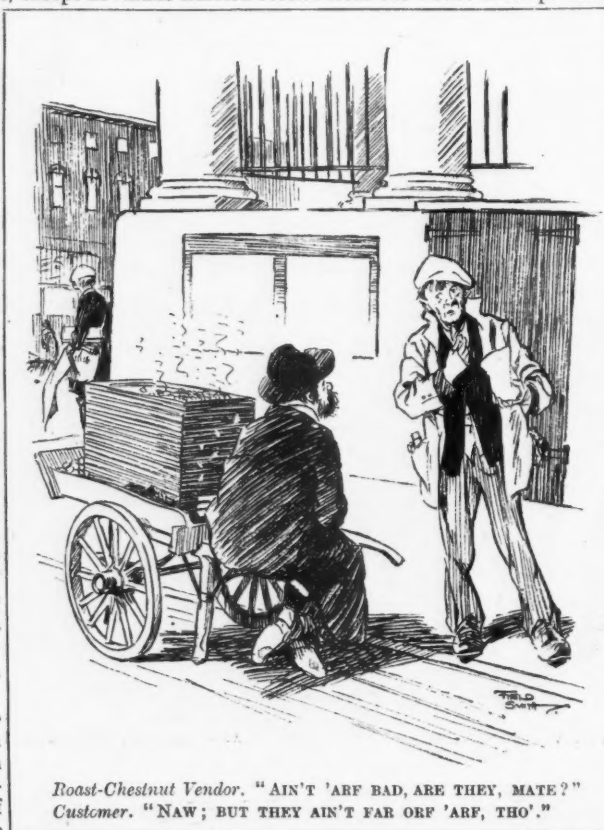
9.11 = $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8.40 \text{ by hall clock.}^* \\ 9.2 \text{ by clock in gro-} \\ \text{cer's at corner.}^\dagger \\ 9.17 \text{ by wife's} \\ \text{watch.}^\S \end{array} \right.$

As a family we seem to exert a sinister influence on all clocks and watches in our immediate neighbourhood. At the moment of writing all the clocks in the house save one have given up the unequal struggle. The sole survivor is an ancient timepiece, called by courtesy the alarm-clock. In point of fact it never alarms us in the least, being functionally incapable of doing so, and its sphere of usefulness is largely restricted, owing to the fact that it will never go unless placed face downwards.

My daughter has lately acquired a new wristlet-watch on which we built great hopes, but its utility is discounted by its extremely artistic design, which necessitates figures so quaint that they

cannot easily be identified, and a general shape so eccentric that they cannot safely be guessed.

We are, however, a resourceful family, and it has not taken us long to discover that there is an educational establishment next-door which displays to the public view a clock that often keeps excellent time. This clock faces the same way as our front-door and, so to speak, dresses by the right with it. In these circumstances members of the household in quest of the time must make hurried sorties from the house in



Roast-Chestnut Vendor. "AIN'T 'ARF BAD, ARE THEY, MATE?"
Customer. "NAW; BUT THEY AIN'T FAR ORF 'ARF, THO'."

all weathers, with due allowance for the effects of foreshortening and perspective if the full journey essential to a direct view of the clock-face is not undertaken. We have obtained some very remarkable results from these excursions, and we are now engaged on the compilation of a table of personal equations which should materially assist us in co-ordinating our observations. It was a matter of considerable surprise to us that our house-maid was able to ascertain the time with great accuracy from what appeared to us an impossible angle of sight; but it was subsequently found that she had obtained her information *viva-voce* over the fence from the girl next-door.

TUNNELITIS.

THE opinions collected from various prominent persons on the subject of the Channel Tunnel are so far, with very few exceptions, vitiated by their personal interest, *pro* or *con*, in the matter in dispute. By way of clarifying public opinion *Punch* has adopted the far wiser method of approaching disinterested, dispassionate and detached observers, with the following illuminating results:

Sir MARTIN CONWAY said that it was impossible to discuss the proposal to tunnel the Channel without considering its repercussions on the State subvention of Opera. Personally he thought that the depth charge needed for the former was irreconcilable with the high cost of the latter, and as an Apostle of Altitude, whether in regard to peaks or skyscrapers or *coloratura* singers, he was prepared to contemplate the indefinite postponement of the Tunnel with equanimity. He was deeply interested in the Art of the Netherlands, but he drew the line at submarine excavations. "Excelsior" might be bad Latin, but the sentiment was unimpeachable.

Lord ASKWITH, speaking on behalf of those who were interested in greyhound racing, expressed his readiness to approach the question in a benevolent spirit. But he and his friends were firmly resolved not to countenance any scheme which did not provide the construction of a special tube or track for the pursuit of electric eels.

Miss MERCEDES GLEITZE said that she regarded any attempt to undermine the Channel as an unwarrantable interference with the rights of swimmers and a sinister depreciation of their achievements. For herself she was determined that if this cowardly subterfuge were constructed she would never marry any man who used it.

Mr. A. C. MACLAREN, the famous Lancashire and England cricketer, pronounced himself as whole-heartedly opposed to the scheme. The use of a Channel Tunnel, as opposed to a sea or air transit, would, he was convinced, seriously cramp the style of all British cricketers, whether amateur or professional, and place them at a great disadvantage with Australians accustomed

* If corrected by time-signal the night before last.

† Without prejudice.

§ When available (E. & O.E.).

to the vast open spaces of the Antipodes. He remembered very well some thirty years ago discussing the matter with W. G. GRACE, who remarked with great emphasis, "I never have believed in underground bowling."

MISS WILHELMINA STITCH with generous promptitude condensed her views in the following memorable message: "Let fools intent on strange delights become subaqueous troglodytes; man with his high-aspiring soul was never meant to be a mole, and till this scheme of things goes pop I am resolved to stay 'on top.'"

MR. EVELYN WAUGH (aged 25), the author of the remarkable manifesto entitled "Too Young at Forty," recently published in *The Evening Standard*, observed that the paramount and imperative duty of the age was to recognize that there was a younger generation, though menaced and thwarted by the sinister vivacity and vitality of the Peter Pans of Bloomsbury, who refused to grow old at forty. Channel Tunnels were otiose, supererogatory and adventitious, but, if they could be used as a means of rapidly evacuating these noxious growths, well and good. What

really mattered was the Booming of Youth.

SIR ARBUTHNOT LANE was of opinion that the boring of a tunnel might lead to hygienic results, though by a circuitous route. Of late years there had been an undoubted increase in the numbers of cases of claustrophobia, especially amongst the young, who exhibited an extreme disinclination to being shut up. The Tunnel would inevitably promote claustrophobia, but there was no doubt that the submarine atmosphere, charged as it was with ozone, was conducive to an intense appetite for brown bread. He added that the engineering aspects of this scheme presented features which specially appealed to him. The Italians were admittedly the best tunnel-makers in the world, and this was probably to be traced to their habitually partaking of food in a tubular form, e.g., macaroni and spaghetti.

SIR HUGH ALLEN declined to pronounce any opinion on the economic or political aspects of the question, but admitted that he had been rejoiced to learn that the acoustics of the Tunnel would probably be most unfavourable to the activities of whispering baritones.

"FOUGASSE" AND "FOUGASSINE."

An Exhibition of *Punch* and other drawings by KENNETH BIRD ("FOUGASSE"), and of paintings in water-colour by MARY HOLDEN BIRD, will be opened at the Fine Art Gallery, 148, New Bond Street, on February 1st, and will remain open (10—6, Saturdays 10—1) till February 16th.

Nuptial Gaiety in Ireland.

"The wedding took place on Saturday last, where Chopin's Funeral March was played by the Legion Band, after which the ceremonies concluded with the sounding of the 'Last Post.'"—*Irish Paper*.

Mr. Punch, it will be remembered, has always thought rather along these lines.

Masonic Football.

"The forwards engaged in brick work during the early stages."—*Devonshire Paper*.

"PLUMBER MISTAKEN FOR A BURGLAR."

Headline in *Evening Paper*.

It is supposed that absent-mindedly he must have brought his tools with him.

"Man wanted in Newspaper Office; knowledge of make-up desirable."

Advt. in *Provincial Paper*.

It sounds more like a woman's job.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

"I'VE BEEN AN ENTHUSIASTIC ANGLER ALL MY LIFE, BUT I'VE NEVER CAUGHT A FISH WEIGHING MORE THAN HALF-A-POUND."



HIS PART.

Football Fan (just returned from Cup-tie). "YES, WE WON ALL RIGHT—SCORED IN THE LAST MINUTE. OLD CLARK TOOK A LOVELY PASS, SO I SINGS OUT, 'LET'S 'AVE ONE, NOBBY!' AN' I THINK 'E MUST 'AVE 'EARD ME."

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

Our home engagement on Saturday last had been eagerly awaited, for our visitors. Slaughter-under-Weatherley, head the local averages in connection with the disablement of opposing players. Additional interest in the event was aroused by the fact that Charley Ashbin, our centre-forward, recently transferred to us, after expensive negotiations in the taproom at the "Punch Bowl," was to make his first appearance against his former club-mates, who had expressed a keen anxiety to meet him.

At one time it seemed doubtful whether P.C. Roberts, the village constable, would play for us as usual at centre-half, for the reputation acquired by supporters of Slaughter-under-Weatherley is such that several members of our committee considered it desirable that P.C. Roberts should be on the ground in his official capacity. After much discussion, however, it was finally decided that Roberts should turn out as usual, but that his tunic, helmet, truncheon and whistle were to be kept

in readiness behind Farmer Porrett's hayrick.

Our captain, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," having won the toss, we elected to defend the duckpond end, and started in sensational fashion, for within the first three minutes Sam Hackett, our inside-left, having unexpectedly intercepted the ball immediately after it had left the foot of a visiting defender, scored with a brilliant rebound. When eventually able to sit up and take notice, Sam was delighted to learn that he had registered a goal, but he gave us the impression that he would have been equally pleased had he scored with his foot instead of with his face. Our Captain's remark, to the effect that we had been lucky in drawing first blood, was, under the circumstances, considered a little unfortunate.

Proceedings for the next ten minutes were somewhat uneventful, apart from a stoppage of the game while our First Aid man explained to Charley Ashbin that a collision, in which he and four opponents were involved, had not done him an irreparable injury.

Soon after the resumption of play the

visiting goal-keeper was ordered to leave the field, having miserably failed to convince the referee that a punch, stopped by James, the under-footman at the Hall, our outside right, had been intended for the ball.

The supporters of Slaughter-under-Weatherley, already disgruntled, were infuriated by this decision, and when ten minutes later a second visitor was ordered off the field as the result of an unsuccessful attempt to throttle our outside left, the crowd got altogether out of hand.

Before P.C. Roberts, who was limping badly, had time even to gain possession of his whistle the game was abandoned in accordance with instructions issued by the referee just before he went down for the third time in the duckpond.

"In fact, it reminded me of Hilaire Belloc's pointless rhyme:—

"I thought I saw my aunt descending from a bus;

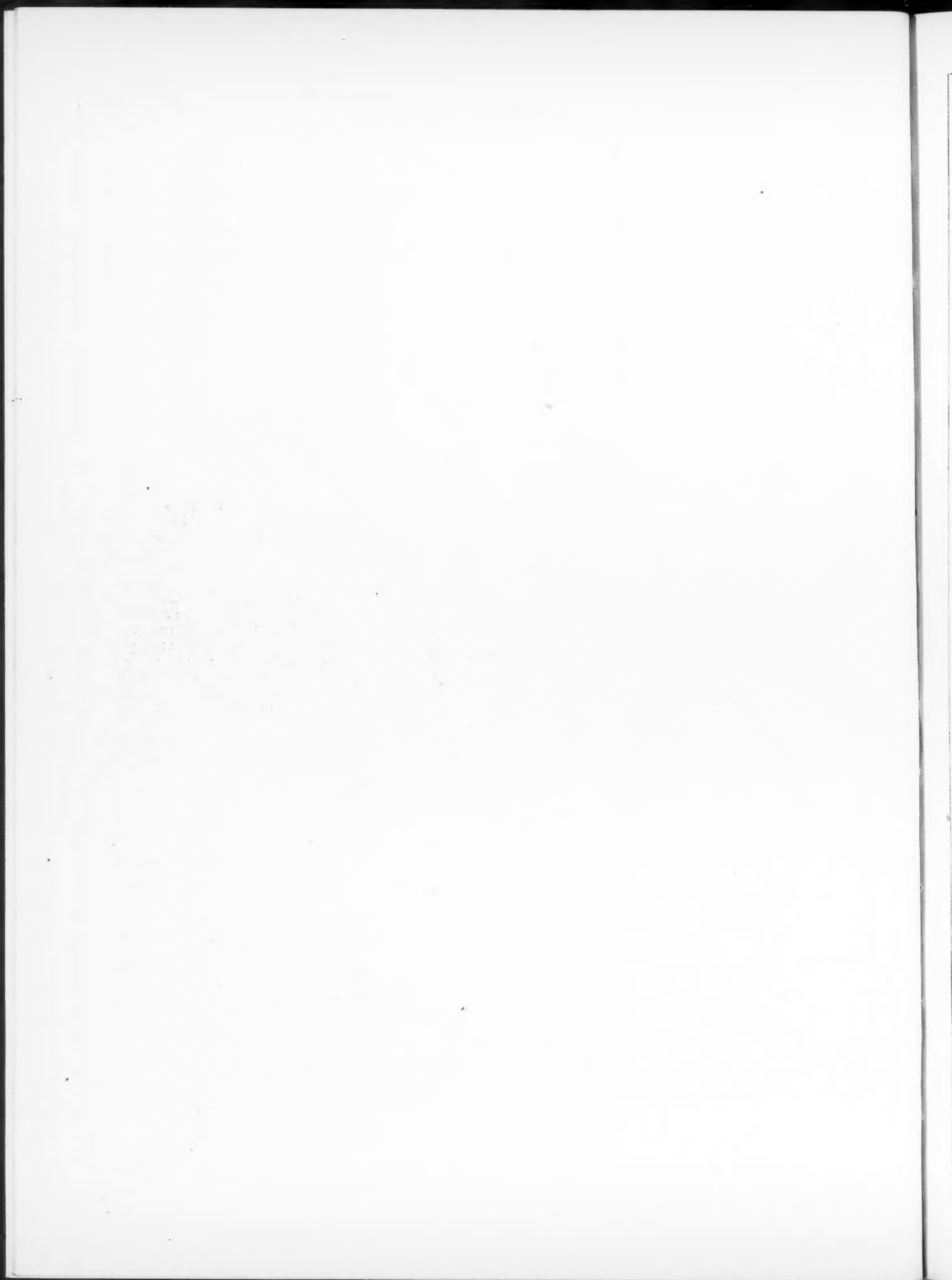
I looked again and saw it was a hippopotamus."—*Sunday Paper.*

Had he looked a third time he might have recognised LEWIS CARROLL.



A LOYAL SEA-CHANTY.

FATHER NEPTUNE (*off the Sussex Coast*). "HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—Normally the House of Commons is a somewhat self-centred organism. Like the electrons that whirl eternally about the positive nucleus of the atom, the activities and interests of Members revolve primarily about the doings and sayings of the Cabinet and the Leaders of the Opposition. (The simile is not impaired by Professor EDDINGTON's declaration that the electron is merely a "dummy.") It is otherwise when a General Election is at hand. The Government ceases to be the nucleus of attraction. From its doings, which, like its days, are numbered, the thoughts of Members

The rôle of a Dutch Don Giovanni practising his serenade is rather becoming to the Member for the English Universities, but it cannot be truthfully said that Mr. CHURCHILL, in the rôle of the serenaded, came up to expectations. He shared, he intimated, the hon. Member's sympathy with the aims of the League of Opera but regretted that all the sympathetic assistance now in the Treasury was heavily earmarked for other purposes.

This gave Mr. SHINWELL an opportunity of intruding himself into the picture, though not in any Old-Masterly fashion. Did not the Minister know more about comic opera than about opera? Mr. BROMLEY thought he could

affected had been amicably settled. He had added somewhat loftily that, so far from the Government subsidising the B.B.C. as alleged, it was the B.B.C. that subsidised the Government. All seemed to be going well when something inspired Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to ask the PRIME MINISTER why he had received the deputation of newspaper folk that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had refused to see. Was it the practice of the right hon. gentleman to go over the heads of his trusted Ministers?

"I never feel any hesitation in doing so if I think it desirable," replied Mr. BALDWIN. Sir WILLIAM looked up sharply and rather indignantly. A public spanking is not the less un-



THE BIG SIX.

(After REMBRANDT'S "The Syndics.")

turn outward. Their heart's in the country, their heart is not here. Their heart's in the country a-chasing the maiden suffrage.

But Solons are Solons and the plough of legislation must be driven sternly through the stiff loam of opposition. Meanwhile the eternal vigilance which is the price of a good showing at Question-time is not relaxed. Through it the House ascertained this day that the nation spends about a quarter of a million a year on chewing-gum—considerably less than Parliament spends annually on chewing the rag.

That the House is not entirely concerned with politics was evidenced by Sir MARTIN CONWAY's request that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, having grasped the educational importance of a permanent opera in England, should give some sympathetic assistance to the League of Opera.

improve on this. Had not enough money already been spent on the *opéra bouffe* of the present Government? Mr. CHURCHILL replied that without wishing to be controversial he would say that he knew nothing about *opéra bouffe*, though he was occasionally brought into contact with low-comedians.

Needless to say that in this matter of question and answer some have all the luck. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL seems to be one of the unlucky ones. True he has been suspected of a certain bump-tiousness, an unforgivable sin in a junior Minister. True also he haughtily refused to see a deputation of newspaper folk who waited on him in order to protest against the B.B.C.'s new journalistic enterprise, *The Listener*. Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON had explained to Sir A. HOLBROOK that the dispute between the B.B.C. and the interests

pleasant because it is unexpected. However, as Lord WOLMER was heard later to observe, since the Post Office has become the Whipping Post Office . . .

It looked rather as if Mr. HORE-BELISHA had been doing good by stealth and was now blushing to find it a frost. Let us try to reconstruct the scene. A poor but able fireman presents himself to the Member for Devonport. He has, it seems, been cruelly wronged. A year ago last September, innocently going ashore at Galveston, Texas, without a passport, from the s.s. *Plawsworth*, he had been flung into the local hoosegaw and kept there without trial for over a year. Then he had been turned loose and left to work his way back to England as best he could.

Dockyard M.P.'s don't allow that sort of thing to go uninvestigated. And we may well believe that Mr. HORE-BELISHA did not permit one who had

suffered so cruelly to go on his way without a substantial talisman against the further assaults of misfortune.

But alas for the simple faith that goes with Norman blood! No s.s. *Plawsworth* visited Galveston or other Texas port in 1927. No careless British fireman languished in a Texas gaol during the period mentioned. On the contrary the s.s. *Plawsworth* was engaged at all material times, as the lawyers say, in the British coastwise trade. Nay more, a man bearing the name of the luckless fireman failed to rejoin the s.s. *Plawsworth* at West Dunston-on-Tyne. Truly did Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN observe that such a man was in no way fitted to be a *protégé* of a kind-hearted but credulous dockyard Member.

The House toiled conscientiously through the fifth allotted day of the Local Government Bill.

Wednesday, January 23rd.—Immune to such unsettling processes as a General Election, the House of Lords yesterday resumed the even tenor of its legislative way by giving a second reading to the Bill providing for additional judges to try House of Lords' appeals. The LORD CHANCELLOR's reference to ex-Lord Chancellors as persons "on whose services I have the right to call" seemed faintly to re-echo a recent controversy as to whether an ex-Lord Chancellor who has decided to be "something in the City" should continue to draw something from the Treasury.

To-day their Lordships discussed de-rating, on a motion of Lord PARMOOR, who evidently pined to make it plain that as a good Socialist he is all for the farmers paying all the rates that can be got out of them for the benefit of the industrial worker, an attitude of which the unhappy farmer, wavering uneasily between hostile *Codlins* and unhelpful *Shorts*, will doubtless take note.

Lord MELCHETT said the de-rating of mines was going to be a real help to the industry, but why wait until next October? This notion—that it will do the patient more good to give him a dose of medicine than to leave the bottle on the shelf where he can look at it—indicates the whole cleavage between the world of business and the world of politics. Lord MELCHETT said action and not patience was what was wanted.

Lord JESSEL said it would have been "unfair" to exclude a particular industry from the benefits of de-rating just because it happened to be prospering; a curious argument.

The sixth day allotted to the Local Government Bill produced a lively and at moments exacerbated discussion on the substitution of a block grant system

for the existing percentage grant system for maternity, child-welfare and kindred services. It fell to a mere male, and a Conservative male at that, the Member for North Kensington (Mr. GATES), to open the case for the retention of the



DON GIOVANNI'S SERENADE

(After FRANZ HALS).

SIR MARTIN CONWAY APPEALS FOR OPERA.

existing system; but the debate quickly passed into the hands of the ladies, with Lady IVEAGH upholding the MINISTER OF HEALTH's proposed changes and Miss WILKINSON acidly assailing them.

There was a moment—an awful



"THE LISTENER."

Lord WOLMER. "THIS HURTS MITCHELL-THOMSON MORE THAN IT DID ME."

moment—when the debate took a distinctly feminine turn. The House dimly sensed that elemental forces were on the verge of being unleashed. Woman, red in tooth and claw—*femina feminae felis*, as HOBBS would put it—gave momentary evidence that in the Commons, as elsewhere, the female can be deadlier than the male.

Miss WILKINSON began it by declaring that it ill behoved Lady IVEAGH to "oppose the extension of maternity and child welfare services when she was herself a millionairess having for her own children every care that could be given to them." Lady IVEAGH, whose husband's family have probably done more for maternity and child welfare than the whole Socialist party put together, contented herself with shaking her head in dissent.

Not so Lady ASTOR, who dislikes unfair attacks as much as she loves a "scrap." "Would it not be just as illogical to say that because you are not a mother you have no right to talk about children?" she interposed. Miss WILKINSON said something about cheap sneers, but was promptly reminded that she had herself aimed a cheap sneer at Lady IVEAGH.

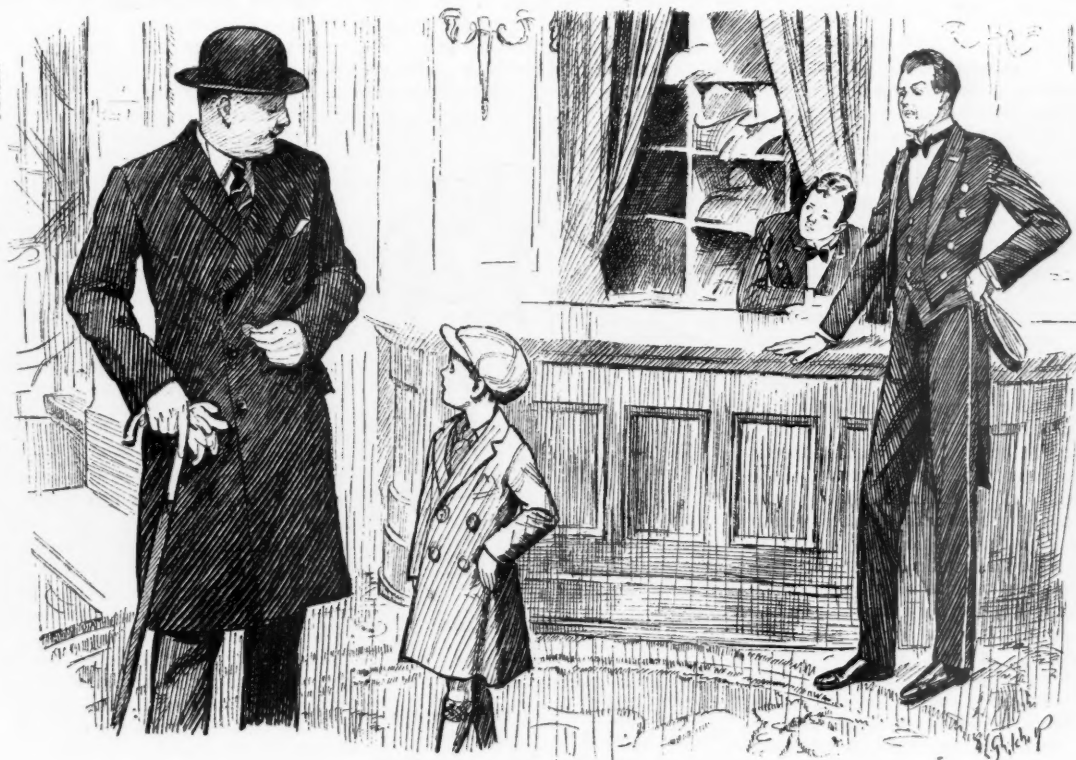
The CHAIRMAN soothingly suggested that they were getting rather far from the question. Miss WILKINSON said that Lady ASTOR's argument would apply to many men in the House. She might reasonably, have said *all* men, since none of them is a mother. "But they are fathers," exclaimed Mr. ERSKINE, who has enriched the Clan Erskine to the tune of four clansmen and one clanswoman and is legitimately proud of the fact. "Therefore they do not look after their children," retorted Miss WILKINSON. "Do they not? I do," countered Mr. ERSKINE.

Lady ASTOR suggested that women with money had just as much interest in child welfare as anybody else. "You are more interested in keeping your money!" shouted Mr. PALING. "Oh, rats!" replied her Ladyship, inelegantly, if you will, but effectively.

Thursday, January 24th.—The Commons are going to be too busy to debate the Channel Tunnel, Mr. BALDWIN told Mr. THURLE on Tuesday. The Lords, with more time for the practical things of life, discussed it to-day at the instance of Lord NEWTON, who derided the militarists' apprehensions (first voiced by Lord WOLSELEY in the early eighties) that a party of French soldiers would pop through the Tunnel disguised as tourists and seize Dover.

Lord THOMSON supported Lord NEWTON's demand for a joint Anglo-French Committee to examine the project and revealed that his objection to the Tunnel, as a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1924, was based not on military considerations but on some quaint notion of how the Tunnel was going to be constructed. Lord SALISBURY warmly defended the various Imperial defenders, soldiers and politicians alike, from the charge of being imbeciles, but expressed satisfaction that a new inquiry had been ordered.

M.P.'s "Oh'd" when Mr. CHURCHILL



CLOAKROOM TIPS.

Observant Youngster. "HAD YOU SOLD THAT MAN OUR HATS AND COATS, UNCLE GEORGE?"

Uncle. "OF COURSE NOT."

Observant Youngster. "THEN WHY DID YOU HAVE TO BUY THEM BACK OFF HIM?"

said that he had no power to make the Southern Railway provide shelters on Victoria Station platform for the Customs' inspection of passengers' baggage, nor any means of bringing pressure to bear on the railway. A strange impotence for a paternal Government to manifest! Now, if it had been a matter of the sale of chocolates or cooked tripe . . .

Mr. CHURCHILL made the welcome announcement that the Road Fund grant to Class I. and II. roads would be substantially increased. Thereafter Mr. GROVES introduced a Bill to regulate competitions at fun-fairs. He did not explain what a fun-fair is, but apparently it is like a General Election, with more fun and less competition.

Anagram of the Week.

ASTOR: "O Rats!"

"Anyone frightened at the title of this week's Empire film, 'Man, Woman and Sin,' need be under no misapprehension. The sin is only the murder of a newspaper proprietor by one of his own reporters."—*Sunday Paper*.
Hardly a sin—just a journalistic stunt.

"FIRST SPEAR."

[*"At the hunting of the Calydonian Boar, killed by Meleager, Atalanta, who had been first to wound it, was awarded the head."*

Any Classical Dictionary.]

Sons of the Hog-Spear, on to your feet!

Here is your Patroness, fair to see,

Atalanta the young, the fleet,

Roses red and white is she;

Roses white may your wits bewilder,

Roses red—how their charm endears,

But to worship her, Sahibs, you'll build her,

Build her a shrine of spears!

For doesn't she, silver-swift to score,

Claim the rights of your riding kin?

Hadn't she scotched the Boar, the Boar,

Ere the Sons of the Spear were in?

So, oh! when the heroes held his rushes

And oh! when he'd done of his splendid worst,

Wasn't he named for her, hide and tushes,

Who'd thrust at his shoulder first?

Sahibs, remember it ere you ride,

At Calydon was your law laid clear

That he who is first in the grey boar's hide

To him are the honours, to him "the spear";

His is the Pig that goes down fighting,

Silently charging, thrust on thrust,

His is your Grey One grimly biting

Death and the Kadir dust.

Blue-eyed maid, O chaste, O fleet,

Roses white and red to see—

Knights of the Hog-Spear, on to your feet!

Here is your Lady, here is she;

Roses red shall your dreams bewilder,

Roses white—oh! their charm endears;

But, to pleasure her, Sahibs, go build her,

Build her a shrine of spears;

For never the languid garlands thrilled her;

Sahibs and sons of the Sahibs, go build her,

Build her a shrine of spears!

P. R. C.

"A working kitchen is a very good arrangement."—*Evening Paper*.

And a working cook isn't a bad idea.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE CIRCUS AGAIN.

If the proprietors of circuses have not yet formed themselves into a Society for their Protection, they must do so, or the present tendency of the film to paint them black will bring their activities to an end. Just as surely as the circus clown on the movies has a heart of gold, so surely does his employer nourish within his dark breast the injustices and cruelties of a TORQUEMADA. Yet I have known personally more than one circus proprietor and have found them, in reality, amiable and tolerant men, capable perhaps of impatience when a horse was stubborn, an elephant indiscreet or a juggler maladroit; but brothers under the skin.

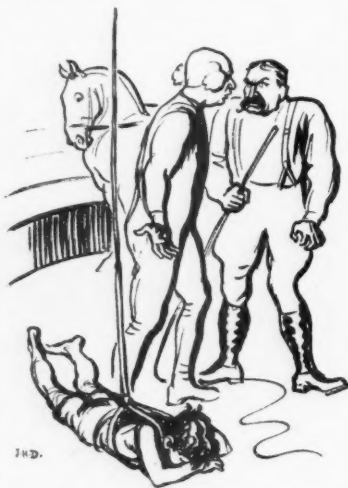
My earliest acquaintance in this fascinating line of life, FRED GINNETT, of the Brighton circus in the seventies, was of a benevolent rotundity, with a generous way with the poor of the town. Later, when I met both BUFFALO BILL and Major BURKE, I judged them to be commanding but far from tyrannical. Captain MILLS is the soul of benignity. Finally, I put it, would GEORGE SANGER have been raised to the peerage had he not been a gentleman? Yet the sweetest of these, did Hollywood get at him, would emerge a despotic oppressor and a beast. For that is the law.

Hence it is not surprising in *4 Devils*, the new picture of circus life at the Tivoli, to find the owner, *Cecchi*, as savage and brutal as a DE SADE. To him none the less are orphans entrusted in order that he may train them to be acrobats; and the four devils of the story, two boys and two girls—devils only in name—are his pupils. Regardless of the S.P.C.C., he lashes them into terrified efficiency, until in a drunken bout he goes too far and is laid out by *The Clown*—humane and understanding as ever, but, as ever, a drudge—and he is left unconscious while the miscalled Satanic quartette and their protector, accompanied by the most attractive figure in the whole affair, a humorous spaniel, escape in a caravan.

Until this point the four devils have been impersonated by children, one of them with the unconvincing name of DAWN O'DAY; but when next we see them in the full flower of their demoniac fury as trapeze artistes DAWN O'DAY, as *Marian*, has expanded into the maturity of the real star, JANET GAYNOR, and JACK PARKER, as *Charles*, into CHARLES MORTON, the head of the troupe, a young man with the little side-whiskers without which no hero of the films can possess the true sex-appeal. It is VALENTINO's legacy.

When I said that the four devils had

a trapeze act you knew of course what was coming; and you were right. There was to be a daring mid-air leap. But before we reach it *Marian* must discover that she loves *Charles* and *Charles* that



Clown (Mr. FARRELL MACDONALD). "YOUR TRAINING IS BRUTAL."

Cecchi (Mr. ANDERS RANDOLF). "IDIOT! THIS IS ONLY A CINEMA CIRCUS."

he loves *Marian*, and their happiness must be blasted by a Hollywood vampire called simply *The Rich Lady*, who, talling for *Charles's* little side-whiskers, throws a rose at him after every per-



Charles (Mr. CHARLES MORTON). "NOTHING STANDS IN THE WAY OF OUR HAPPINESS."

Marian (Miss JANET GAYNOR). "WELL, NOT UP HERE; THE VAMP'S DOWN BELOW."

formance and then carries him in her limousine to her mansion behind iron gates, to exotic fruit and champagne wine.

The result is that by the time the great benefit night of the *4 Devils* arrives, when, for some strange reason (obvious enough to Hollywood but improbable in a circus-de-luxe), they are to dispense with their customary safety-net, *Charles* is not the acrobat he was. It is true that he has vowed never to see *The Rich Lady* again and has returned to *Marian's* arms; but we are conscious that disaster is ahead.

None the less—and it is the only surprise in the film—the daring mid-air leap is successful. Amid frantic applause *Charles* descends to the floor of the circus, and *Marian* is about to do so when *The Rich Lady*, again alone and rapt and passionate in her private box, once more flings her provocative rose.

Seeing this from a dizzy height and taking fullest advantage of the much-advertised absence of the net, *Marian* releases her hold and drops to her death. Well, not exactly her death, for *The Clown*—now much older, but serene in his possession of a share of the troupe's profits, a lounge-suit, the comic and alluring spaniel and a big cigar (virtue unusually rewarded!)—is able to tell *Charles* that she will live; and the final moment shows us the two lovers in perfect accord, *Charles* once more, but finally, repentant, and *Marian* tenderly forgiving.

Such is the film of *4 Devils*, very well acted, particularly by JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES MORTON, and, so long as the performers are on the ground, good in its photography. But once again the trapeze has beaten the camera, and confused scenes from different points of view are the result. My advice to cinema producers would be: "Give the circus a rest—malignant proprietors, sentimental clowns and, above all, intractable aerial feats." F. F.

Brighter Broadcasting.

"BERLIN.—7.55 a.m.—Crimes from the Potsdam Garrison Church."

Broadcasting Notes in Daily Paper.

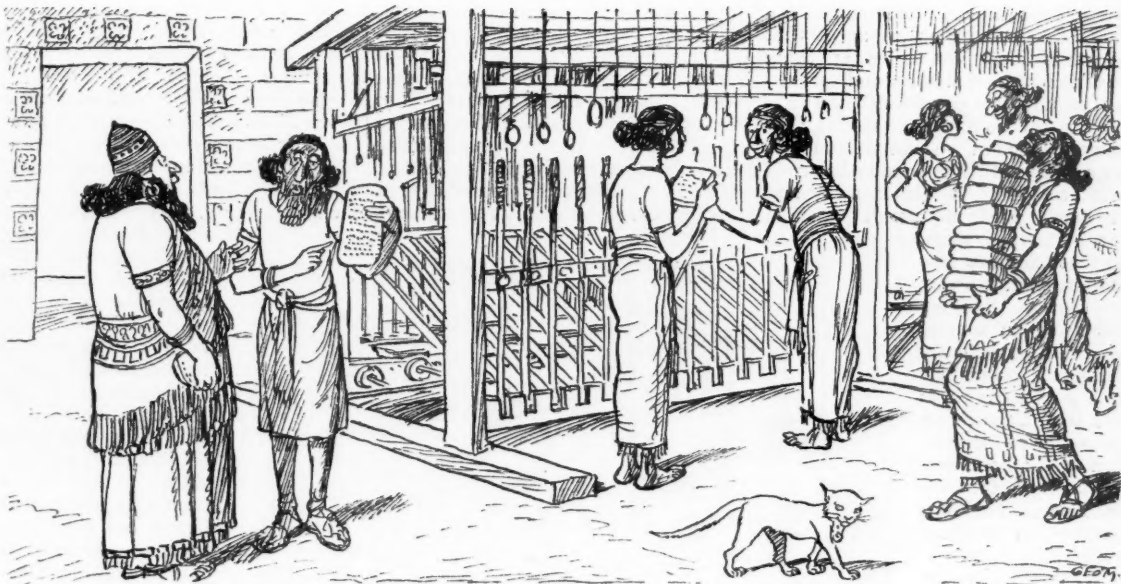
But there is no truth in the rumour that the Children's Hour will in future be relayed from Borstal.

3/- LUNCHEON	2/6 LUNCHEON
Roast Mutton and Onion Sauce	Roast Mutton and Onion Sauce
Sauté of Beef	Sauté of Beef
Gold Roast Turkey	Cold Roast Turkey

Menu in Restaurant Car.

Who shall say that our railways are extortionate when the *auri sacra fames* can be indulged in for only sixpence extra?

' BUSINESS EFFICIENCY IN THE PAST.



INVENTOR OF TYPEWRITER FOR STAMPING CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS ON CLAY GIVES A DEMONSTRATION TO A LEADING BABYLONIAN MERCHANT.



AGENT FOR "EVER-READY RECKONERS" LAYS A PROPOSITION BEFORE "ETHELRED THE UNREADY."

AT THE PLAY.

"JOURNEY'S END" (SAVOY).

I WONDER how many of the Wise Men of the West-End who gamble on the London Theatre Exchange told Mr. R. C. SHERRIFF or his agent that the public didn't want to hear anything about the War, couldn't stand seriousness, required happy endings, and anyway went to the theatre to see the well-known player in the star-rôle, and here was a play with five equally-balanced parts; told him to take it away and not waste business men's valuable time. Many, I hope, and that they are now gnashing envious teeth. For *Journey's End*, besides being an acutely observed, excellently restrained, poignantly tragic piece of work, is also a box-office winner. I have seldom seen and heard such an enthusiastic first-night reception. I am told that the audiences on succeeding nights have been as deeply moved. The Arts Theatre Club, which gave it a first hearing, has again proved itself a good friend of the theatre.

Journey's End, moreover, is the more effective as a reinforcement of the arguments against war which serious minds are constantly shaping and re-shaping in that it does not concern itself directly with propaganda at all. It simply presents a picture in detail of a small corner of the scene of the greatest of Mankind's

Follies as viewed for a few hours from a dug-out before St. Quentin in the March of 1916, through the actions and reactions of the six officers concerned: *Captain Stanhope*, most efficient, trusted and beloved of company commanders, a highly-strung youngster made old by grave responsibilities, keeping himself by overdraughts of whisky from the terror that walks by day and night, the fear of showing fear and of letting down his job and his men by breaking under the strain; *Captain Hardy*, his stolid, unimaginative and rather slack second, about to go on leave; *Hardy's* relief, *Osborne*, a school-master in the forties, *Stanhope's* trusted deputy and understanding friend; *Trotter*, promoted ranker, plumber in civil

life, magnificent in his work-a-day courage, shrewd unstudied humour and dependability; *Hibbert*, with a mean obscene little mind, a shirker shamming sick in order to get away to the base, untouched by any sense of the shame of letting another bear his burdens—that magnificently human support of courage tending to falter under strain.

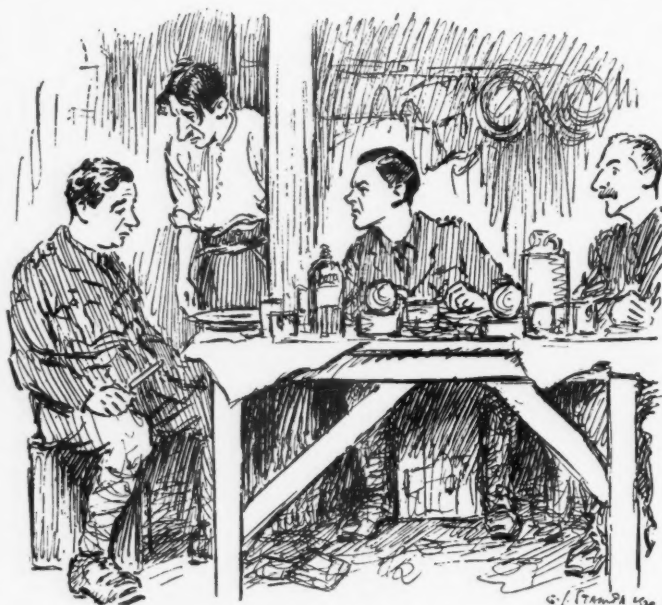
Hints of each man's private life, so far as they dare dwell on these sacred far-off things, are given with admirable economy of means by the perceptive author. We catch a glimpse of the girl *Stanhope* loves (he will not go on leave

we learn that it is *Raleigh's* sister that *Stanhope* loves. The boy has wangled himself into his hero's company and is aghast at the bitter unfriendliness of *Stanhope's* reception of him.

There does not seem to me one touch of false sentiment or exaggerated emphasis in the author's treatment of his characters. Those who have been through the great adventure assure me of the fidelity of the general picture of the War at this period. The author is wisely restrained in the use he makes of mechanical effects. The clamour of war, the signal lights, the effect of the shells

on the fabric of the dug-out are adroitly indicated—no more. The tragedy is very properly set forth in the minds of his characters as betrayed in their speech and necessary actions. In the relief of humour, too, the author shows an admirable restraint. This play may not conform to classical pattern, but it has the ring of authentic tragedy, an epic quality, showing forth the grandeur of human suffering, the magnificence of human courage.

I have left myself little space to speak of the players. I can most truthfully say of the five principals (Mr. COLIN CLIVE, *Stanhope*; Mr. GEORGE ZUCCO, *Osborne*; Mr. MAURICE EVANS, *Raleigh*; Mr. MELVILLE COOPER, *Trotter*; Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT, *Hibbert*) that they all rose to the full height of their admirable opportunity both indi-



THE SERIOUS SIDE OF WAR.

NO PEPPER!

Second-Lieutenant Trotter	Mr. MELVILLE COOPER.
Private Mason	Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD.
Captain Stanhope	Mr. COLIN CLIVE.
Lieutenant Osborne	Mr. GEORGE ZUCCO.

as his turn comes, partly because of his job—you see the born soldier and leader in him—but mainly because he dare not let her see him as he has become, a weakling dependent on a bottle of strong drink; of *Osborne's* wife and child at home and his leave spent in making a rockery by day and reading in the evening by the fireside—the wife sustaining him by her equal courage and her brave reticence; of *Trotter's* missus in Battersea watching behind her Nottingham lace and aspidistra; of *Hibbert's* cherished picture-postcards and squalid pleasures. And, with the coming of the new sub, *Raleigh*, a babe just out of school—*Stanhope's* old school, where he had been a general favourite, hero particularly and friend to young *Raleigh*—

vidually and, what is almost better, in the finished co-operation of their teamwork. Nor did Mr. DAVID HORNE's disgruntled *Hardy*, Mr. REGINALD SMITH's stolidly efficient *C.S.-M.*, Mr. H. G. STOKER's quiet simple-minded *Colonel*, and Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD's humorous batman in any way fail in support. The whole must have owed much to Mr. JAMES WHALE's most intelligent and sympathetic production. Mr. SHERRIFF in fine has done a very noble piece of work and he has found all but perfect interpreters. Critical detachment has no place here, and I am not ashamed to lay it aside. What poignant memories of dead friends, of keen yet fearful regrets for a great adventure missed, of hopes and fears for England

on trial, of admiration for the unimaginable endurance of common men of all the nations does not this all bring back!

"HER PAST" (SHAFTESBURY).

Miss ALICE DELYSIA has every reason to be gratified at the warmth of her reception after her five or six years' absence and the appreciation shown of her first "straight" part. As for me I am depraved enough to prefer the DELYSIA of the daring or dubious innuendo, which is not to say that this talented lady failed to show that she has a much wider emotional range than she has hitherto had occasion to display for our entertainment.

Vivienne Le Sambre, widow or divorcée, it was not quite clear to me which, has for six years been the dear friend of handsome Sir John Chadwick, the famous K.C., who periodically tears himself away from his briefs, his golf and his fishing to spend a few quiet days in Paris with his attractive mistress. She, though from the cut of her jib you might not guess it, is a thoroughly domestic woman, anxious to settle down and be respectable. Will not her dear John marry her? They have been and will be so happy? Dear John's cautious legal mind works swiftly to the conclusion that this proposal is all very well for Vivienne, but will be a sad interruption of golf and fishing. He will have none of it.

Vivienne therefore concocts a plot. By ways and means not revealed to us she makes acquaintance with one of Sir John's friends, young Eric Havers, discovers that he is in love with his father's ward, Pamela Lefferidge, and that this modern young woman has a serious objection to matrimony because it interferes with hunting, and accordingly keeps her young man uncomfortably suspended on a string, half engaged, half rejected. Eric presents himself at Havers Place with Vivienne as his declared betrothed—for inspection. Will they like her? Old hen-pecked Sir William quite evidently does. Not so his wife, or the Duchess of Dunborough, her sister; least of all the furious young Pamela. An anonymous letter to Lady Havers has suggested that Sir John, the friend

and adviser of the family, be sent for, as he may know something to Vivienne's disadvantage. Sir John appears, astonished, ill-pleased but sporting, and pretends not to recognise her. Under the attacks of these highly respectable Englishwomen on her beloved Paris she

So that when dear John incautiously comes to her room (incidentally to be tempted and not too resolute under the temptation) one by one the respectables, who have all had their Parisian indiscretions—Lady Havers an elopement only just redeemed from disaster by a pursuing father; Sir William, an adventure with a young lady of the *Folies Bergère*; the Duchess, with an expensive gigolo, sleek, swarthy and bewhiskered; Pamela, a purely romantic attachment for MAURICE CHEVALIER—come to make explanations and proposals. All but Pamela bring gifts to purchase Vivienne's silence—pearls, diamonds, a cheque. Pamela declares war. She will fight for her Eric. Of course dear John has been bundled behind the inevitable curtain and hears it all.

All this is diverting enough, amusingly written, and ingeniously if untidily planned. The situation is to be cleared up in the morning. One guesses correctly that after further ingenious

games at cross-purposes Pamela and Eric, John and Vivienne, will be brought together. One hoped that Vivienne would be found never to have had any past to speak of! But not at all. In uriated by the smug hypocrisy of her English critics, their suspicions of blackmail and the continued reluctance of her K.C., she gives them the whole story—washerwoman mother, unknown father, the painter, the actor, the Grand Duke, the French Marquis, all before Sir John found her starving by the soup-stall near the Rue de Rivoli. (Do the Viviennesses with such gifts and opportunities starve?) She is not ashamed; on the contrary, she is proud of it. She who has made herself; she who has suffered and climbed from the gutter into an English country-house. And they can all go to the devil!

A false note all this surely. Nobody up to now has behaved like a real human being. Pleasant puppets had danced as the author (MR. FREDERICK JACKSON) pulled the complicating strings. I couldn't believe a word of this Vivienne suddenly come to life and making everything that had gone before ridiculous. No wonder the Duchess and Lady Havers didn't know where to look; no wonder Pamela fled to the



THE INVISIBLE MOUSE.

Sir John Chadwick	MR. PAUL CAVANAGH.
Sir William Havers	MR. MORTON SELTEN.
Madame Le Sambre	MISS ALICE DELYSIA.
Eric Havers	MR. HAROLD WARRENDER.

suggests that Paris, a city of light and virtue, is only made squalid in parts by the visits of highly respectable English people, to say nothing of Pilgrim-fatherly Americans. She could a tale unfold.



HIS PAST: HUSH-MONEY.

Sir William Havers	MR. MORTON SELTEN.
Madame Le Sambre	MISS ALICE DELYSIA.

stables to see the puppies, the tears welled up in *Eric's* bright eyes, *Sir John* leaned his head against the historic panelled wall—and gave in. He would make an honest woman of *Virienne*.

However we had a pleasant taste of Miss DELYSTIA's accomplished versatility; Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH's *Sir John* was an attractive and adroit performance; Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH's adventurous *Duchess* was there to smile at in a friendly way; Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER brought a skilful lightness of touch to *Eric*; Mr. MORTON SELTEN was himself again, and in general everybody in the audience seemed in good humour.

T.

BLACK DAY.

THIS is Black Day.

THIS is Slave Day.

This is the day I toil for the Government. It has been calculated that for the whole of one day in every week we labour for the State and not for ourselves and our hungry families. For the days of our work are five days and a half, and do they not take from us one-fifth of our wages by way of income-tax, to say nothing of the rates and the entertainment tax and the dog tax and the whisky tax and the tobacco tax and the car tax and the tax on port and the tax on scent and this and that and armorial bearings? Were I to mention all these taxes, and many others which I do not, I think that any competent statistician would conclude that we labour for the State not *one* day in the week but *two*. However, for the purposes of formal celebration I am content to leave it at one.

And I have appointed Thursday to be Black Day, and my proposal is that Thursday should be recognised as the National Black Day.

On this day I wear black. I sit at my desk and curse bitter curses, muttering (and sometimes shouting)—

"THIS IS THE DAY I WORK TO PAY
TOO MUCH MONEY TO THE U.S.A."

Or else I cry aloud in my agony—

"WEEK BY WEEK THE BURDEN WAXES—
CURSE THE STATE AND BLAST THE
TAXES!"

On this day at meal-times I say to my family, "To-day your father is not, as you suppose, a free-born Briton, accumulating savings for your education, but a State-slave labouring without reward. Your father has to find eight hundred million pounds a year. This is a very large sum; so don't have a second helping."

And when I am weary of work I go out into the street and have a look at that State which I am keeping going.

The first thing I see is generally three detestable small boys who have just committed their third runaway-ring and caused the cook to give notice. I do not bash their heads together, as others might do. I say sardonically, "Go on. Do it again. This day I have paid for your education, and this is the result."

Then I wander up to the High Street, reflecting rather bitterly that on this day I have actually *worked* in order to provide Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS with a salary.

Political philosophers have often asked daskly, "What is the State?" Well, if they are income-tax-payers they have only to walk up and down the High Street and they will soon know. The State is all those people who never have an interview with the Inspector of Taxes; and in my borough nearly everyone I meet is the State. Sometimes, to sweeten the pill, I walk the street with a proprietary air, as it might be a squire, reflecting proudly, "All these people depend on *me*—their roads, their policemen, their pensions, their education, their fire-engines, their law-courts, their armies, their navies, their drains—*my* work, all of it!"

But this is not in the true spirit of Black Day. One ought to go up to all the unnecessary people, who pay no taxation except an occasional penny on their poisonous tea and an occasional twopence on a poisonous film, and say, "You are the State; *l'État, c'est vous*. You are costing me eight hundred million pounds per annum. And in my opinion you are not worth it." But somehow one never does.

On the whole I like to think that I pay for the police. But, when I meet a policeman at a night-club, if it is Black Day I make a point of saying to him, "Kindly remember that I pay for you. And go easy with the champagne."

And so I wander home, a conspicuous figure in my mourning garments, muttering "Eight hundred million pounds! It is too much. Four shillings in the pound! It is much too much. Twelve-and-six for a four-shilling bottle of whisky! It is ludicrously much. And what do I get for it all?"

I get a vote, which is as much use as a thimble in a flood. I get representatives in the House of Commons, which declines to discuss anything in which I am interested. I get a Navy, which I am told is obsolete. I get an Army, which I am told is superfluous and in any case will call upon me for assistance if anything happens. I get aeroplanes, which I detest. I get a policeman who summons me for faulty parking but fails to prevent the stealing of rugs,

suit-cases, spare tyres and other valuables in the guilty car. And I get Jix. It is not enough.

These are the thoughts of Black Day. And what I propose is that all income-tax-payers should think, speak and act in gloomy concert on Thursday, which is Black Day. Let them all wear mourning and labour with curses. And whenever on that Day one shall meet with another, he shall repeat the password:—

"Eight hundred million pounds! It is too much."

To which the answer is—

"Four shillings in the pound! It is much too much." And so on, as follows:—

"Twelve-and-sixpence on a four-shilling bottle of whisky!"

"It is ludicrously much."

"Eight hundred million pounds! And how much of that is spent upon us?"

To which the answer is—

"Eightpence."

And then—

"What do we get for it all? We get Jix."

To which the answer is—

"It is not enough."

Thus and thus, by the public and ritual advertisement of our injustices may we stir the oppressed classes to mutiny and at last obtain relief.

* * * * *

And now this article must close, for I have an appointment with the Inspector of Taxes. A. P. H.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

THE VERY BIG HOUSE.

THERE'S a very big house

That stands in Park Lane,

The bottom part's trimmed,

But the top part is plain.

The bottom part's white

And the top part is pink. . . .

It's not very pretty

To look at, I think.

R. F.

Commercial Precocity.

"Drapery Assistant.—Age 17; 17 years' experience in large retail establishment."

Irish Paper.

A Charming Malady.

"The — of —, tall and handsome in a long Kolinsky sable coat over a grey dress and worn with a grey silk beaver turned up laimmed hat, without trimming save for a diamond and pearl plague in the band, acted as hostess."

Belfast Paper.

A plague of pearls in our hat-band would always be welcome.

"The Irish captain said:—

"It was the cleanest game we have ever played against France. This was due to Mr. Cumberledge's excellent refereeing, which struck us as giving satisfaction all round."

Irish Paper.

Oui, Oui.



THE HON. LADY BAILEY.

*Upon a Moth's back, rather like young Ariel,
She crossed a continent—the most malarial—
All by her lone self in her little bus,
And never made the faintest bit of fuss.
O what a lesson this for some of us!*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXVII.



The Relation. "SO THAT'S CORDELIA'S YOUNG MAN? NOT A BAD YOUNG FELLOW AT ALL. WHAT'S THE FATHER LIKE?"
The Countess. "OH, THE KINDEST CREATURE! HE SAYS HE'LL USE OUR COAT-OF-ARMS ON HIS CORNED-BEEF CANS IF WE LIKE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MIDWAY through *The Five Books of Mr. Moses* (METHUEN) the writer of the novel puts forward an apology to the reader. He had planned, he explains, a work which was to have "wiped off old scores" between Jew and Gentile, replaced "the Ikeys and Moseses in Gentile novels" by something of unique dastardly in the way of Christians, substituted Arcadian Jews for the "simple, honest, manly, innocent Gentiles"—and it hasn't come off. Well, I cordially agree that, except in so far as its third and most praiseworthy aim is concerned, it hasn't; and I regret that in setting his hand, however frivolously, to so foolish an enterprise as Christian-baiting Mr. ISAK GOLLER has made artistic shipwreck of what should have been a delightful novel. Scratching my head as hard as the *Mayor of Hamelin* I cannot recollect many Jewish villains in English literature. The murderers of "The Prioress's Tale," certainly, and the Jew of Malta and *Shylock* and *Fagin*. The first three are ancient history, the third was deliberately atoned for by DICKENS in the creation of *Riah*. From *Daniel Deronda* on we have been as amiable if not as discerning as Mr. GOLLER himself, and no one could describe a typical East-End couple more attractively than he does. But the Catholic youth who sins with a Jewess and, on becoming a priest, makes the *Cohens* guardians of his convent-bred daughter, has considerably less guts than the average guy; and his return, a Cardinal, to claim his child strikes me as a piece of barn-storming which even the bravely-sustained humanity of the foster-parents

fails to redeem. The book's English diction is as inadequate as its English characters. I have nothing but praise for its quaint and eloquent Anglo-Yiddish.

Sir HUGH CLIFFORD, when in charge of a party of Eastern chieftains visiting London at the time of KING EDWARD's coronation, found one of them one evening, homesick for Malaya, tramping fifteen miles up and down the floor of his hotel bedroom, journeying in imagination between the villages of Kuala Kangsar and Bukit Gantang. If in his latest collection of yarns from the outposts of civilisation, *Bush-Whacking* (HEINEMANN), Sir HUGH does not set one longing quite so much as all that for the country of sodden jungles and roaring rapids, where the blue mountains are a wall behind which lie the Benighted Lands, he does at least conjure up vivid pictures of strange scenes and simple peoples, strikingly contrasting conditions as he found them many years ago with that state of ordered progress under the British *raj* which he has given his whole strength to establish and maintain. In this volume the author shows again his instinct for the right incidents on which to build his chapters, and, though I cannot quite make out how the Southern Cross could appear overhead in the latitude of Hong Kong, he controls such an amazing store of colourful local detail that, if at times his power of presentation may seem to lag behind his appreciation of his literary opportunities, this is only because it would call for the subtle genius of a CONRAD to rivet on the imagination all that is implied in stories so blazingly tropical as "Wan Bey, Princess of the Blood," or "The Past of the Schooner." He is at his best in the study of the poor silly little Chinaman marooned

and despairing on a rock surrounded by four feet of water; while his recollections of the Pahang disturbances of 1890, unconsidered and very far-off scrimmages and chasings that yet determined the destinies of millions of fellow-subjects, have real value in the historical records of the Empire.

These *Gordons* adventurous, *Cora* and *Jan*,

Having toured the U.S. in a shaky "sedan,"

In order to prove that the spirit romantic Is there for the finding beyond the Atlantic,

Describe all their travels from Georgia to Maine

In *On Wandering Wheels*, lately published by LANE.

The manners and methods they sternly rejected

Of orthodox tourists, as might be expected;

Eschewing the Pullman's effeminate toggeries,

They camped by the wayside and ate at Hot Doggeries,

And here's the result, in a hotch-potch delightful

Made up of Klux Klansmen in panoply frightful,

Of New England farmers and fiddlers and fairs,

Revivalists, Mennonites, vagrants with bears,

A show boat, a barn dance, a singing convention,

And casual meetings too many to mention,

All tending to prove Brother Jonathan's habits

Refreshingly seldom concordant with *Babbitt's*.

Just as *All the Rivers Run into the Sea* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), so do the meditations of Principal HUTTON, of University College, Toronto, debouch sooner or later into the ocean of religious experience. "A man's religion is the most interesting thing about a man," he characteristically remarks midway through a dissertation on "The Philosophy of Political Parties"; and a definite other-worldliness is the keynote of the addresses formerly delivered to his students and now reprinted here. This element is so attractive in itself, imparts such nobility and zest to the handling of ethical problems and is so obviously the result of personal experience and conviction that it is hard to say why the book as a whole cuts comparatively little ice. The obvious retort, that what is suited to the Colonial undergraduate—who has to be formally introduced to the Voltairean god and other less recondite deities—is rather slow-going for the adult European, is not the whole of the answer. The difficulty with Professor HUTTON's opinions is that they form no communicable corpus. You can very refreshingly reconstruct the man from the book, but not with any completeness his creed. He is a champion of the Gospels, but



"GIVE ME A CLUMP ON THE JAW WITH YER 'AMMER, ALF, TO FRIGHTEN ME. I'VE GOT THE 'ICUPS."

is sorry for Paris because she is poorer and therefore less happy than Toronto. He classes WELLS for sentimentality with ROUSSEAU, but himself inclines to a Wellsian god of benevolent limitations. Over a span of twelve years or so he is obviously entitled to revise his opinions, and I highly commend his pluck in reprinting his war exhortation, "A Text from Pericles," in the same volume as his post-war view of "National Leagues." The only vital teachers are those who go on learning; and in this respect Principal HUTTON may be said to exhibit immortal youth.

Miss NETTA SYRETT is an eminently capable novelist in her class. She can contrive a story, which is very properly the important thing to most readers, and she writes with a certain zest as though she too were veritably interested in the fate of her creatures. Some of our moderns will not

even pretend to be interested; they look down upon their characters from aloft, like the careless gods of Olympus. But Miss SYRETT clearly loves *Lavinia Leslie*—in fact both of them, for she has a grandmother and grandchild who share that name—and she has a decided kindness for *Rosamund Wilmer*, one of those Dresden-china figures of a certain age fore-ordained to be married off at the finish, looking surprisingly young and pretty, to a disappointed lover who has been thrown over by the heroine proper. Equally clearly our author hates *Joyce*, the step-mother, and her husband, *George*—but especially *Joyce*. Indeed she can hardly restrain herself from heaping epithets of abuse on that irritatingly-righteous woman. Perhaps for this reason *The Shuttles of Eternity* (BLES) is a more feminine book than we are accustomed to find written by the woman of to-day. The men too might be described as of the drawing-room type. I cannot give either *Geoffrey Churchill* or *Hugh Kingslake* full marks for reality, much as I admire their names. But Miss SYRETT lets herself go in painting love-scenes, in the Outer Hebrides and elsewhere; and there is some noble self-abnegation and a pleasantly-contrived little surprise towards the end quite according to the best models. For those who enjoy such things there is also a dash of second-sight and some excellent moralising from the old grandmother. But she should not be described as standing between two dazzling shafts of light “like some noble sybil of an earlier age.” BENJAMIN DISRAELI is the only author permitted to spell the word like that.

It is *Lord Ravencombe* speaking, this time in *The Gate Marked Private* (CASSELL), but speaking as under other names he must have spoken to Miss ETHEL M. DELL's readers for fifteen years or more: “No woman who has played me false once”—he spoke between his teeth as though he clipped off the words one by one—“is ever given another opportunity.” And had he a scar running from temple to chin which turned livid when he was angry? He had. And of course you know *Silas Hickory*, farmer and gentleman, utterly without humour and as solid as his native oak—hickory, in fact, all through and from the neck up as well as down. Now these two splendid males both loved *Roberta Wendholme*, but there was an obstacle in the person of a “niece,” *Rosemary*, alleged daughter of a dead brother. As it proved, there was no dead brother, and so we all thought (*Silas* and *Ravencombe* and I)—we thought—well, what would anyone think, especially when *Roberta* was always hugging the child to her bosom and calling her “my very, very own”? It was too easy. And then Miss DELL calmly tells us at the very end of the story that the child belonged to a sister whose reputation *Roberta* was nobly defending at the risk of her own! I don't believe a word of

it. Miss DELL's admirers may call this a “surprise,” but I tell her frankly that she will not deceive me again. She will not get the chance; because no writer “who has played me false once”—and I am clipping off my words as I say them—“is ever given another opportunity.”

The Pathway (CAPE) is both an exceptionally charming and a rather irritating story. So vividly does Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON draw an old Devonshire family whose poverty and hugger-mugger mode of life emphasize their gentle birth that I know and entirely sympathise with them. But when I come to *Maddison*, the man who was attractive to the younger members of this family, however distasteful to their mother, my sympathy wanes. I would gladly have been

convinced that *Maddison* was a genius, but I could never quite believe in him; and this lack of belief interfered with my enjoyment of the tale. There is, however, another side to this book which held me completely captive. Mr. WILLIAMSON is a real nature-lover, and never has he been more happy and liberal in sharing the results of his observation with his readers. As yet he may not be a great novelist, but he is an entrancing companion.

In *Mixed Relations* (BENN) Canon VICTOR WHITECHURCH is inclined to overwork a good joke, but the earlier part of his story is really diverting. The aristocratic *Archdeacon of Frattenbury* had the decorum of his life abruptly upset by the arrival of a dynamic American sister-in-law and a nephew as adept as she in the vernacular. Moreover, owing to the idiosyncrasies of an errant brother, the *Archdeacon* had only just heard of the existence of these remarkable relations when they descended plump upon him and caused a considerable flutter in the cathedral set of Frattenbury. And presently, when it was discovered that these visitors

were a source of interest to the police, Frattenburians were provided with a sensation which they both deplored and enjoyed. Although this tale is not quite successful it contains several amusing situations and ample evidence of Canon WHITECHURCH's particular qualities as a novelist.

Forethought in the Free State.

“A deputation waited on Mr. McGilligan, Free State Minister for External Affairs, on Wednesday.”—*Irish Paper*.

We understand that Mr. DE VALERA's appointment as Minister for Internal Affairs will shortly be announced.

“In spite of their heavy defeat by Ayr United, 288 Berwick Rangers put up a fair game, and they were very unlucky in having to play during the second half with ten men.”—*Scots Paper*.

The loss of two hundred and seventy-eight players in the first half is most unusual.



Rustic. "I PUT A FAG-END BEHIND ME EAR A MINUTE AGO. LEMME KNOW IF YOU FIND IT."

CHARIVARIA.

THE EX-KAISER has told a newspaper interviewer that he will never visit England. That makes it unanimous.

A hen belonging to a farmer at Ribchester has laid an egg weighing six ounces. We think the hen did the right thing with it.

The new Berlin regulation, that perambulators must not use the pavement unless they contain babies, is a blow to those who think it smart to be seen pushing an empty pram.

We gather from a news item that doctors in the Clyde district are praying for rain. Somebody ought to start praying for the doctors.

A boxer in a Sydney contest mistook a ring-side telephone bell for the gong, dropped his guard and was knocked out. Sorrow was expressed that he was t-r-r-oubled.

Thieves robbed a Surrey poultry-farm just before a fox raided it and took a duck. In hunting circles a grave view is taken of this growing disinclination to recognise the fox's claim to priority over any other interests.

With reference to complaints about loud laughter in the studio during the broadcasting of humorous items, we understand that it is introduced with the object of enabling listeners-in to distinguish the funny bits.

Winter-bathers are said to prefer water with a bite in it. Just like winter-anglers.

DEMPSEY is reported to have begun training for his "come-back" by going for tramps in the country. Our thoughts are with the tramps.

A well-known Welsh family is said to claim descent from a witness of the Norman invasion. This is regarded as conclusive evidence that the Norman invasion really occurred.

Through his complex toy railway, it is suggested, the boy acquires the art of organisation. It is only fair to point

out that these complex toys were not available when our older railway officials were boys.

On reading that a Varsity Darts match is to be played we can only express the hope that Darts Night in Town will not be made an excuse for uproariousness.

Although a magistrate has urged that the police should have right of entry even into the Athenæum, the members are reported to be completely indifferent to the possibility of being caught napping.

According to a news item a burglar who broke into a suburban drug-store

still do that sort of thing even after eight o'clock at night.

It is possible to obtain wealth from inferior coal," says a writer. The discovery comes too late. Our coal-dealer invented the trick long ago.

The wife of an alderman of Twickenham has just presented him with his twenty-second child. We are asked to deny that the happy father demanded a re-count.

A correspondent writing to a contemporary asks the B.B.C. to broadcast more debates by M.P.'s on Government Bills. A morbid curiosity.

A man charged at Leicester assizes was alleged to have struck his opponent because—so it was alleged—he cheated during a game of dominoes. These domino fans are notoriously hot-blooded.

A gossip-writer informs his readers that he has been laid up with the 'flu for several days. Unfortunately he omits to give a list of celebrities whom he missed dining with.

It appears that an effort is being made to remove the wrinkles from prunes. We look forward to safety-razors for shaving gooseberries.

PEARCE, the Australian cricket umpire, has been dismissed for catching the ball during a match. He might have done worse; he might have missed it.

The influence of crook plays on the weak-minded is alleged to be a cause of crime. It is of course under this influence that many crook plays are written.

A City man writes to a contemporary to say that he pays all his taxes in January. Others seem to have an idea that taxes should only be paid when there is a "z" in the month.

The engine of Major SEGRAVE'S motor-boat does over six thousand revolutions a minute. This is the sort of thing that makes Mexicans give up hope and go in for hotel-keeping.



Boxer (waking up). "WHAT'S HAPPENED?"
Trainer. "WHY, YOU SHOVED YOUR PERISHIN' JAW OUT AND HE SOCKED YOU ONE."
Boxer. "WHO DID?"
Trainer. "BILLY BIFF OF BERMONDSEY, OF COURSE."
Boxer. "THEN IT'S ALL A DREAM ABOUT ME LICKING GENE TUNNEY?"

took away his loot in a stolen motor-car. That was dishonest.

When Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S yacht put back into Naples harbour for shelter the other day, surprise was expressed that the EX-1 REMIER had departed from his usual practice of weathering the storm.

"I don't think the piano will ever disappear from private houses," says a musical critic. Quite right; we must have somewhere to stand photographs.

BACHA-I-SAQAO is described as illiterate, dirty, repulsively ugly and cruelly vindictive. This decides us not to ask him to tea.

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS has reminded a meeting that the newspapers have made cartoons of him in connection with D.O.R.A. Happily the Press can

SOLACE FROM THE SOUTH.

WHEN we had, last year, a summer just like Eden ere the Fall

(You will recognise this metre which occurs in *Locksley Hall*)—

Halcyon weeks and even fortnights going on and on and on,
While the public simply wallowed in a sun that shone and shone;

Then I vowed that for the future, be the weather what it might,

All my language on the subject should be studiously polite.

Long I bore with its vagaries for the sake of that fair time,
Overlooked its alternating fogs and blizzards, rime and slime.

But at last my vow collapses; I can keep the thing no more;

And I curse the British climate as I never cursed before.

Yet I find a sneaking solace when I think upon the poor
Mutts who fled from England's horrors to the *Côte* (so-called) *d'Azur*;

There to couch on beds of lotus in a land of flaming June,
Where it's always *après-midi* (which is French for afternoon).

Year by year, a hopeful swallow, I would flutter Southward too,

Bound (I said) for balmy airs and skies of undiluted blue;

Sure of sitting in the open (such my childlike, fond belief)

And regarding every hour as sacred to *l'apéritif*;

Year by year was disillusioned, as I learned with fresh surprise

How the true conditions differ from the posters' lovely lies.

So to-day, detained in England, I am pleased to mock
(Ha! ha!)

At those miserable migrants gibbering in the cold *la-bas*;

Yes, it gives my dear heart's cockles warmth and comfort
when I scan

Pictures of those wretched-swallows pounding through the
snow at Cannes.

O. S.

BEAU GIGOT.

"VOILÀ, M'sieu," said my friend the man from Cook's as we mounted the gangway from the Marseilles quayside on to the Algiers boat, "look—a draft for the Legion!"

I looked. And there, filing up the next gangway, I saw some twenty men or so in shabby mufti being herded on board by an elderly Captain and a couple of N.C.O.'s in the uniform of the famous regiment. Recruits for the Legion! All the way down in the train from Paris I had been gloating far into the night over the latest best-seller dealing with this dare-devil corps, and had gone sleepless in order to follow the hero, a young English hothead who had got into a mess at home and run away to join the Legion, through hair-raising adventures against the Touregs with his swashbuckling comrades down to his rescue of the American heiress from the clutches of the mysterious Sheikh, and his return home with her to his title and his estates in the concluding chapter.

And here, while my brain was still glowing with all that fictional glamour, was the real thing under my very nose!

With bulging eyes I watched the legionaries marching on board—a commonplace, rather sulky-looking lot, who might have been of any nationality; all of them wearing the half-chewed cigarette, the squash-hat, soft collar and suit of dittoes which seem to constitute the civilian uniform

of the young men of to-day in every class and clime. But my growing disappointment was suddenly checked. The last man but one, a pale-faced fellow of about thirty, with gloomy desperate eyes and signs of a missed morning shave, was gloriously different from the others. On his head he wore an old blue cap which didn't fit it, and he was in full evening-dress. Here were romance and mystery and implications of midnight *imbroglio*! What sudden night alarm, what rake-hell scuffle in the small hours, had brought him headlong to the recruiting-office of the Legion without the few minutes' delay which would have sufficed for him to change from his dress-clothes?

He was well-featured enough, though sallow, and might have been a young English *milor* rather the worse for wear, a dark West-countryman, or a Celt from Cornwall. His dress-suit was not ill-cut, though it looked disreputable in the cold morning light. Had he killed his man after a cry of "Cheat!" at the tables at Monte Carlo? Or, young reprobate, had he just managed to escape some lurking husband in an hotel at Nice? Or had his deadly upper-cut stretched lifeless on the floor of some villainous cabaret on the Rive Gauche the creature on whose knee he had found his worthless *Dulcinea*? I seemed to hear the crash of the falling body, the discords as the band stopped playing, the shrieks of terrified women and the howls of the white-faced patron as he rushed for the police.

Not a moment evidently had been lost. A dash to the door, a lightning taxi to the Gare de Lyon just in time to catch the express for the South; and then had followed hours of hollow-eyed remorse in the crowded third-class carriage, the furtive visit to the slop-shop near the terminus at Marseilles, where his last few sous went in the purchase of the ill-fitting cap, the registration at the Legion's recruiting-office under an assumed name, and the march to the docks with the others in the cold grey dawn next day, to embark on the ship which would put all the wide Mediterranean between himself and the grip of the Law!

"Pardon!"

The glamorous spell was broken by somebody pushing past behind me. It was the elderly Captain of Legionaries. In breathless and not impeccable French I took courage to ask him about his melodramatic recruit in dress-clothes. He didn't seem to mind; in fact he seemed rather gratified at my interest in the man.

"Oh, yes," he said, putting me to shame with his good English, "that is Gigot—the good little Gigot! He has had, you see, a cold all the winter here in Marseilles and would like to work, as it were, in a warmer weather. Also he is attracted by the *solde coloniale*—the foreign-service pay—for he is dissatisfied with his dam little *pouboires*. He was, you will understand, *garçon de café* at the Restaurant de la Garde—what you call—yes?—a waiter."

A waiter! My mirage melted away and a smell of garlic seemed suddenly oppressive.

Should Mermaids Advertise?

"South Cornwall.—Lady, in lovely unspoilt cove, desires Paying Guests."—*Morning Paper*.

Cruel Cricket.

"With the old ball, Tate, in his third delivery, extracted from the dying wicket a vicious kick."—*Provincial Paper*.

Serve him right, knocking it about like that when it was moribund.

"Lady Principal, with good premises, country, near London, will buy nucleus Boarders (girls); cash; vendor's services possibly retained."—*Daily Paper*.

Her premises may be good, but her conclusions are dangerous.



SAFETY DEFERRED.

ROBERT (LORD CECIL). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M MAKING A MEMORANDUM ON DANGEROUS DRIVING. CAN YOU ASSIST ME?"

MR. BALDWIN. "WELL, I CAN'T STOP NOW—I'M JUST OFF TO THE COUNTRY. WHEN (AND IF) I RETURN I SHALL BE HAPPY TO DO WHAT I CAN FOR YOU."

[It was officially stated in the Lords that, while the Government were in favour of the general principle of Lord CECIL's Road Vehicles Regulation Bill, the main object of which is to diminish motor accidents, it was quite impossible to introduce legislation dealing with so controversial a subject in the life of the present Parliament.]



Constable. "WHAT SORT OF A CAR WAS IT?"

Casualty. "BIT LATE, AIN'T YER? THERE'S BIN TWO MORE OVER ME SINCE THEN."

HOW TO EAT DESSERT.

(Being some further notes on this subject by request.)

SOME while ago in my helpful little way I discussed the subject of dessert with reference to the different kinds of fruit encountered, the correct way in which each should be eaten and the various states of doubt, error or downright mess in which the reckless or inexperienced diner might find himself.

Since then I have of course received a flood of letters on the subject. Some are obviously straight from a grateful heart, such as the proud cry of the lady in Balham who says she would now be prepared to tackle an over-ripe orange at a City banquet; while some are ingeniously helpful, such as that from the gentleman in Ashted who points out that the most pleasurable method of eating a banana is to pound the outside of the skin till the fruit within is reduced to a soft pulpy state and then cut the top off and squeeze it out directly into the mouth like toothpaste. Others are merely frivolous, such as the gentleman

who writes from Colney Hatch to say apples should be eaten straight off the tree in order to avoid both the trouble of picking the fruit and the subsequent question of what to do with the cores—which latter will provide the tree with a novel and intriguing appearance for the remainder of the autumn. And finally one unexpected correspondent writes from Egypt to accuse me of "jibbing badly in omitting to deal with the mango and other typically Eastern fruits."

In answer to this last criticism I would say that I was at the time only dealing, on behalf of the majority of English fruit-eaters, with fruits in European circulation, and not with the delightful and more sensational burdens of Eastern dessert dishes, which are often but an unattainable ideal to those living in cold climates. In which connection it may be pointed out that many of those who while in England rave most about "the luscious fruits of the glorious Orient" usually, when confronted with a dish of the same, plump for an apple or a peach if available. However, that

is neither here nor there. For the benefit of Eastern readers in general, as represented by my correspondent in Egypt, I will pass on to—

PART II.—ORIENTAL FRUITS.

Mango.—The mango is a yellow and orange-red affair, which seems to have been specifically designed by Nature in a moment of ill-judged humour to offer every difficulty possible to the tidy fruit-eater. That in one small fruit there should have been compressed so many obstacles to refined consumption is but a further proof of the ingenuity and inscrutability of Providence. For the mango has—

(a) An inordinately tough skin, which it requires a very sharp instrument and considerable force to penetrate.

(b) A form that is neither round nor oval nor pear-shaped, nor indeed the same from any two directions, which ensures that upon any considerable force, as above, being applied it will leave the plate unexpectedly and at high speed.

(c) Pulp which clings desperately to

the stone and can only be scraped off with much mighty pressure.

(d) An abundance of juice, which ensures that upon any mighty pressure, as above, being brought to bear, it again, and even more unexpectedly than before, leaves the plate.

(e) A large stone, which makes you wonder whether the whole business is worth it.

(f) A faint taste of turpentine, which makes quite a lot of people fairly certain it isn't worth it.

The method of dealing with this rather feeble jest is to slit the skin with a sharp chisel or fruit-knife, peel it off and scrape the pulp from the stone with a spoon if possible, holding it steady meanwhile with a fork, again if possible. In fact the whole business is if possible.

The mango should not be confused with the—

Mangonel, which, upon reference to my dictionary, I find to be not an Eastern fruit at all, but a kind of ancient machine for throwing large stones (doubtless about the size of mango-stones) at anyone who annoys you. The mangonel therefore should not be confused with the—

Mangosteen, which I am glad to find, on reading a bit further, is really the word I am after. The mangosteen is in outward appearance exactly like a small hard apple which has been polished up by a cavalry officer's batman with ox-blood tan boot polish. Inside it contains, quite unexpectedly, "pegs" like an orange.

The correct method of attack is to cut round the centre line and twist off the thick skin of the top half. You then get to work with a fork at extracting the "pegs" from the lower half. The unconsumed (and unconsumable) residue of these "pegs" should be dealt with in the same way as cherry-stones. (See my earlier hints.) Next is the

Durian.—This is a green spiky fruit about the size of a bachelor's bath-sponge and looks something like the weapon that knights of old used to swing on a stick and chain to discourage opponents. The best way of eating this is, first, to burst it open with the fist. Inside you will then find a white pith and, embedded in this, several beige banana-like "pegs." If you have no sense of smell you may eat one of these pegs; if you have no sense of taste you may conceivably take another. This, however, you will probably be asked to do by yourself in the garden.

It is rumoured that people can acquire a taste for durian; but it is certain that the most lax of sanitary inspectors would probably condemn it from a quarter of a mile away.



Miss Lavinia (hearing wireless for the first time). "JANE, I'VE A BAND IN MINE. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN YOURS?"

Durian Blanda.—Though its name, size, shape and colour are all similar to those of the last-mentioned, it is impossible to confuse the two; for the *durian blanda* has no smell. Not even under the most favourable weather conditions can this be said of the *durian*, a thoroughly insanitary fruit.

Passion Fruit.—This is the size and shape of a duck's egg, and has either a pale or dark-brown skin, of about the thickness of rhinoceros-hide. The top should be removed as from an egg, but preferably with a hack-saw, and the contents are then extracted with the aid of a tea-spoon, by ladies and married men eating in the presence of their wives. Bachelors and others, however, prefer suction.

Pomelo.—This is something like a grape-fruit with swelled head, for one "peg" alone is considered a helping. It should be eaten decorously with a knife and fork. Its chief advantage is that sometimes your hostess will inadvertently ask you if you would like another "peg." You should thereupon hurriedly empty your glass and say you don't mind if you do, with such a happy smile that she will not like to correct your misapprehension.

Poppoya.—I am afraid I have forgotten just what this is like. I have a sort of idea that you must bite off the fuze, extract the detonator and immerse it at once in your finger-bowl before it is safe to eat; but I may be wrong. A. A.

TOPSY, M.P.

XXI.—WINS BREAD.

TRIX my poppet I'm rather prostrate, my dear I've been doing the most exhausting practical study of the absolute life of the people, well you know it's the done thing nowadays to have served in front of the mast or resided in tenements or laboured in the mines and things so that one can tell the Labour Party they know quite nothing about it, and of course I've always wanted to have a rather deeper understanding of the democratic strata especially the toiling girls of our land, however I thought it would be too drastic and repugnant to serve before the mast or behind a counter or anything, and one day I had the most plaintive epistle from a girl at Grunton who was a sixpenny partner in the Palais de Danse, because she said her wages were too harsh and she had quite nothing over after paying for her room and everything, so my dear I thought I'd explore the Sixpenny Partner stratum because if there's one thing I can do as you know darling it is footwork at the ball, and anyhow I'm too saturated with the House and all these dreary incantations about quinquenniums and the rates.

Well my dear I went down to Grunton but of course too incognito in black silk with a lot of sixpenny lace about and saw this girl who was called Elspeth something and was pure fluff, my dear too peroxide, however quite matey, and she told me there was a new Sixpenny wanted and there was an absolute audition or something the very next day, well there were six other candidates, all blonde as barley-sugar, and we all pranced round the spacious floor with one of the he-partners, but my dear almost the moment the manager saw your alluring little chum he merely stam-peded across and engaged me on the spot, of course I had rather conscience-trouble about the other poor females, however in a good cause and everything, anyhow Elspeth got me the drabest little room in the same house as hers, my dear a mere call-box with the frigidest lino, two pound ten darling bed and board including one bath on Fridays, so I left all my luggage at the Metro-

pole except one sparse little tin-trunk I borrowed from Annie, and settled down to a life of utter poverty and wage-earning, and if you could have seen me weeping myself to sleep with nothing but one wee hot-water-bottle between me and suicide, because of course no fire in the bedroom, my dear too harrowing.

And of course my dear I found that Elspeth was too right about the economics, because my dear it is complete servitude to be a Sixpenny, well we all sat in a pen darling, twelve of us, like

pence to dance with you you earn three-pence, so that you see it all depends on how much you magnetise the Jew-boys and other clients, my dear absolute payment by results which is rather brutal, because my dear some afternoons the place is too unpopulated, and of course it isn't everybody who can afford many sixpences for one dance and an attenuated encore, my dear never more than about two minutes together, so it's quite a costly luxury, anyhow most of the girls reckon to make about three

pounds or under, which after the rent and everything doesn't leave much for silk stockings and frocks and the pictures, does it, which latter my dear is the sole thing they think about, my dear it's too staggering, like you darling they never peep at the papers and my dear there were three girls definitely who'd no idea who Mr. BALDWIN was, which is rather fragrant and refreshing in a way don't you think?

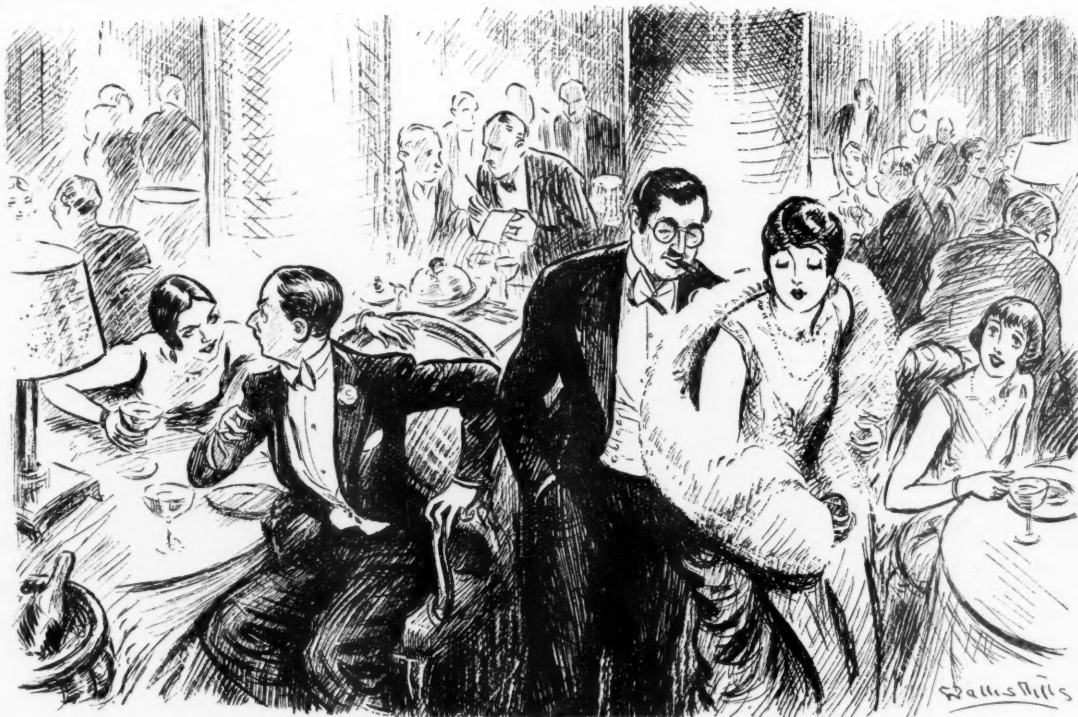
And of course it's the most menial and lacerating labour, my dear 3 to 6 in the afternoon and 8 to 12 at night, not to mention giving lessons in the mornings which some of them do, and if you danced every dance it would mean 70 dances a day and four-hundred and twenty a week, my dear imagine the horror, and all with the strangest men, some of whom seem to think because they've bought you for two minutes they've a right to you for life, my dear I had two or three perfectly septic partners who made the most alarming proposals, my dear it's too extraordinary the number of little frog-men there are who seem to have nothing to do but prowl

round a Palais in the afternoon, Jew-boys mainly and they dance too well only in a leprous style, my dear they have hands like newts and they clutch your fingers in the most messy professional grip as if they were holding a snake by the tail, and my dear at any moment one of them may utterly purchase you for sixpence, and then of course there are the antique monsters with hypertrophy of the abdomen as my Medical Dic would call it who merely trample on you like intoxicated Tanks, so my dear the whole thing would be too murderous if it wasn't for what the girls call regular clients, because my



Alf (admiring vases). "PRETTY, AIN'T THEY?"
'Erb. "AH, BUT THEN YOU KNOW WOT USUALLY 'APPENS—THE CAT GITS UP AN' KNOCKS ONE ORF—AN' WHERE'S YER PAIR?"

performing dogs, of course they were all rather curious about your elegant Top, not that the others weren't elegant, my dear too ladylike, and the most expensive names, my dear Iseult and Auriol and Lillith and so forth, but quite darlings and thoroughly genial to begin with, anyhow all except two called Amethyst and Elaine who were the two princesses of the pen, and rather sniffed about me, however I arranged with Elspeth that I was a clergyman's orphan with utterly no means of consistence, anyhow the sole salary you get is ten small shillings a week, my dear too inadequate, only of course every time a Jew-boy pays six-



He (as well-known actress passes by). "GOOD LORD! SHE HAS THAT GHASTLY PERSON WITH HER. I'VE HEARD HIM SAYING THE MOST SCANDALOUS THINGS ABOUT HER."

She. "YOU SILLY MUTT! HE'S HER PRESS-AGENT AND KNOWS HIS JOB."

dear it's the done thing to have *favour-ite* youths who buy *blocks* of tickets and utterly *book* you for the evening, because then my dear you can *insist* on sitting out now and then and have *Vanilla Sundaes*, my dear *too* poisonous, only you get the same fat fee for sitting out as dancing, which is *rather* hard on the client perhaps, especially as the management is *too* severe, my dear one's not allowed to so much as *smile* at an old customer across the floor, *too* monastic, and personally I found most of my clients were *too* reluctant to sit out at all.

However my dear it was this *exquisite* system that led to the *trouble*, because my dear I was a *blazing* success and was scarcely *ever* left forlorn in the pen, which was *rather* warming in a way, because my dear it is nice to know that one's appeal is *quite* universal and *democratic* and everything, like SHAKESPEARE I mean, and my dear as one dragged the *bleeding* little toes to bed it gave one *rather* a glow to think one was definitely a *working-girl*, however the *dire* thing was that *half* the girls' particular clients switched over to me, and especially *Amethyst's* and *Elaine's*, my dear *too* fatal, because *what* was I to do, you can't *refuse* to dance if you're a *sixpenny* dancer, well

you can understand there was a certain *petulance* in the pen, and my dear I can't tell you what I heard *Amethyst's* elderly *pet client* who comes down from town booked your *well-intentioned* Topsy for Saturday afternoon and evening, and he was *rather* a dove darling because he only wanted to dance about *once* in ten, the slow waltz being his strong suit, and he bought mountains of chocolates and *gazed* yearningly only then he started to tell me about his wife and 8 children who spent *all* his money and *never* understood him, so it was all on the *difficult* side, and what with *Amethyst* looking *vitriol* at me, however believe me or not I stuck it for 8 days, though *so* tired darling that in the mornings I had to *creep* into the Metropole and have a Christian bath, however at last my *Elspeth* who was *too* loyal said if I stayed much longer I should get a hat-pin in the midriff from *Amethyst* or *Elaine*, and my dear I was ticked off *too* barbarously by the manager for being five minutes late one night, so my dear I waited till Friday when they have a sort of *Staff* meeting for complaints and everything, only nobody dares to complain, and at that I rose up and said that *all* the girls were *too* exploited and

they ought to have an absolute *basic* salary because *how* could a girl be lady-like and pure for that money, not to mention *free* tea in the afternoon and something to eat at night, sensation my dear and the next day I was *quietly* sacked with a week's wages ten bob darling so that will show you, rather a *degrading* climax perhaps, however all the girls quite *wept* on my neck and even *Amethyst* relented meagrely, and my dear I *do* know now how it feels to be a *mere* wage-girl and of course if *ever* there's a Debate about Palais de Danses I shall make the *most* electrical speech, no more darling your *martyred* little Topsy. A. P. H.

A Good Push-off.

"He begins his new work at St. —, on Shove Tuesday."—*Mission Magazine*.

Our Suicidal Doctors.

"A grape-fruit a day keeps the doctor away . . . Eat more grape-fruit . . . Recommended by the medical profession."

Notice on a barrow in Knightsbridge.

"HARNESSING THE WASH."

Daily Paper.

This can scarcely be claimed as an original idea. We have been trying ineffectually for years to keep a tight rein on our laundry.

HOW TO MAKE CAPITAL OUT OF BOGNOR.

ELECTRIC light users everywhere will take an added pleasure in their favourite hobby when they realise that the magnificent residence at Bognor which has been rented by His Majesty the KING has long been amply provided with this beautiful illuminant. Never have electric light fittings, with every variety which art can suggest for rendering them more ornamental and at the same time more efficacious, been so popular in high society as they are to-day, whether for seaside or inland use.

Electric light, in fact, bids fair to deserve the name which its supporters are never tired of making for it, namely, that it is the most progressive and up-to-date form of illuminant in the modern civilised world.—*The Electric Light Users' Gazette*.

* * *

From many a slope on the South Downs may be heard now and again the musical tinkling of a sheep-bell, and it may happen that the wearer, raising its head for a moment from the wind-swept turf, may see far off, if there is no mist and we have got our topography accurate, the roof of Craigweil House, which has been chosen by the medical advisers of the KING as a suitable residence for the early days of his convalescence. There is no mutton like South Down mutton, impregnated with the vitamins of the wild thyme of which Mr. RUDYARD KIPPLING has so poetically sung; and, though the frozen product of New Zealand may have its charm for some householders, there are many to whom it can never be so endearing or so suggestive of romance as the home-bred article reared and killed in close proximity to our island shores.—*The Sheep-Dippers' Mercury*.

* * *

It was not forgotten amidst the triumphant cheers which followed the victory of Weopham Troubadours over Podwell North End that Harry Chugg, who scored no fewer than three out of the five goals which gave victory to the Trous, as a child frequently spent his summer holidays at Sidlesham, scarcely three miles as the crow flies from Craigweil, the house in Sussex which has been chosen for our Sovereign's visit of recuperation. Indeed, Harry Chugg remembers that more than once he has walked from this delightful village into the lordly heart of Bognor town, and he attributes much of the mustard which he puts into his goal-shooting to the unrivalled sea-air of the famous Sussex watering-place.

Many other professional teams have made tempting offers to Harry Chugg,

but until their price rises a bit he told our reporter he intends to remain staunch to "the good old Trous."—*Sports Column in "The Weopham and District Sentinel and Fortnightly Bulletin."*

* * *

No diet is so suitable for an invalid as the fresh and lightly-boiled egg, and the serious illness of His Majesty the KING draws attention to the fact that many eggs marketed as such have their origin in places so distant from that of their purchase that the epithet new-laid cannot be applied without risk of gross exaggeration if not direct untruth.

Nature intended that eggs should be consumed when perfectly fresh, before any of their mineral or chemical compounds have through over-ripeness become tainted by organic disintegration or decay. It is impossible that an egg from Bosnia or Czecho-Slovakia should preserve the bloom of one sent direct to the British breakfast-table from the nest of that ancient aristocrat of the meadow and orchard, the English hen. Every egg should be stamped indelibly with a statement as to its nationality and date of birth before it is offered to the customer, and egg users, who are at all times, and now particularly, amongst the most devoted subjects of the Crown, should unite to ensure that legislation is introduced to this effect before the General Election comes on.—*The Wyandotte Intelligencer*.

* * *

Famed for the grandeur and beauty of its surrounding scenery and the seat of a bishopric which dates from A.D. 550, though the cathedral itself was destroyed three times between that date and 1402, and did not in fact assume its present form until its restoration by Sir GILBERT SCOTT in 1869, little Bangor has long attracted summer visitors to Carnarvonshire, the route being rendered easy by the fact that it lies on the direct line of communication between London and Holyhead.

An added piquancy is given to its attractions just now by the fact that a slight transposition of consonants and the alteration of one vowel would cause its spelling to be the same as that of Bognor, where His Majesty the KING is shortly to reside, and many persons unfamiliar with English place-names must often have confused the two words. There are few places from which the dawn on Welsh mountains is so easily accessible as pleasant and loyal little Bangor, not far from Pwllheli, on the south-east shore of the Menai Strait.—*The Carnarvonshire Beacon and Weekly Guide*.

* * *

It will come as gratifying news to all

purchasers of Blix, the Pure Motor Spirit, that nowhere does this non-carbonising, high-powered, never-knock speed-giver exist in so undiluted a form or find so much favour amongst motorists as in the delightful petrol-filling stations at Bognor, where His Majesty the KING is about to stay after his recent illness.

Blix is the only motor spirit which has never been known to fail patriotic road-users in an emergency, or, if it has, the Directors of Blix have unanimously and respectfully decided to overlook the extraordinary and unprecedented event.

Blix for Power and Speed.

* * *

Letter to "The Daily Watch."

DEAR SIR,—No doubt many of your readers who, like myself, are bird-lovers will be interested to hear that it was at Bognor, and on the west side of that watering-place, that on February 1st, 1923, I was privileged for the first time to note a specimen of one of the rarest winter visitants to these shores amongst all our feathered friends. I refer to the groyne pipit or breakwater tit.

It was standing on the beach near a portion of driftwood and not far from an old boot (probably jettisoned by some Channel-going craft, or else by a loafer on the foreshore). I had ample time to observe through my field-glasses the characteristic mauve wing-coverts of the species, as also the slight curve of the upper mandible. And as it flew away it twice uttered its piercing rattle, which has always been to me so strangely reminiscent of the instrument used for encouraging the Oxford and Cambridge boat crews.

Whether the bird had been merely induced to come northward by the promise of an early spring, or, as is more probable, some uncanny sense of which we can know nothing had made it conscious that Bognor at any time of year is the most salubrious as well as the most majestic of our southern watering-places, I cannot tell. I frequently waited for it on the same spot afterwards, but in vain, and I often wonder whether it did not shelter itself in the leafy gardens of Craigweil House until the reluctant arrival of the spring.

Yours, etc.,

J. PONTEFRAC BLURGE
(Col., ret.).

* * *

Disappointed at not being chosen as the spot in which the KING might gain the first steps towards recovery from his long illness, Peacehaven is yet happy in the knowledge that the same tides caress the foot of its chalk cliffs as those which lave the shingle of more fortunate Bognor. Inmates of our downland paradise are at the same time well aware that



"YOU CAN'T PARK THAT CAR HERE, MISS."

"OH, BUT THIS IS A CUL-DE-SAC."

"IT DON'T MATTER WHAT MAKE IT IS, YOU CAN'T LEAVE IT HERE."

there are characteristics in the ozone of Peacehaven far more nearly allied with the atmosphere of Western Sussex than is the case with Saltdean, Rottingdean, Ovingdean or even Brighton.

Had residential facilities of suitable dimensions been available, it is not at all unlikely that the Garden City of the Chalk Bluffs might have been honoured with HIS MAJESTY'S favourable consideration, and been known ever after as Royal Peacehaven in the years to come.—*Piddinghoe Times*.

A crate of bananas has been washed

ashore at Angmering-on-Sea, which is said to have given Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH the inspiration for her *Tamarisk Town*, and remains, as then, two miles from Littlehampton along the Sussex coast, and only ten miles from imperial Bognor itself.—*The West Worthing Monitor*. EVOE.

Another Deserter from Free Trade.

"I, —, Hereby Give Notice that I have applied to the Board of Trade in respect of my Ship, 'LLOYD GEORGE,' . . . heretofore owned by myself and others, for permission to change her name to 'PROTECT US.'"

Official Notice in Scots Paper.

An Inevitable Apology.

"Finally, all associated with the play owe a debt of gratitude to Mrs. —, who, to quote the words of the parish priest, 'created chaos out of order.'"—*Local Paper*.

"The muses concerned were a Brinsball to Chorley bus and a Chorley to Blackburn bus." *Manchester Paper*.

This explains much of our modern poetry.

"She had on her beautiful emeralds, which were her favourite jewels, and of which she had a very fine parterre."—"Memories of Three Reigns," by Lady RAGLAN, p. 181.

Personally we prefer a pergola of sapphires.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

THE Navy has risen considerably in George's opinion. I mention the fact because hitherto he has displayed a tendency to regard the Senior Service as an over-rated institution, mainly useful for protecting troops whom seasickness has rendered temporarily incapable of offensive or defensive action. But since the affair on Lake Lulula George has been positively extravagant in his expressed admiration for a body of men who voluntarily, if inexplicably, choose to live on the face of the deep.

In Central Africa we think rather a lot of Lulula. True its edges are reedy, and one has to pass through yards of squelchy and malodorous mud to reach real water, but still it is the best we can do in Nukuku district, and, after all, the maps show it as a lake.

George struck it one shimmering day when he had thrown aside the cares of army existence as represented by a half-company of the King's Askari and gone off into the bush to shoot something. George is like that. He just says casually at breakfast, "Think I'll go and shoot something to-day, skipper. What about a spot of leave?"

An hour or so later he departs, armed to the teeth and accompanied by his batman, Private Ali, by the Mess cook (if he can get him away without my knowledge) and by half-a-dozen assorted dogs, a string of porters and anyone else in camp who has been too slow in hiding or unable to invent a plausible excuse on the spur of the moment.

Most of them trail back as opportunity of escape arises, until towards sundown, George, the faithful Ali and the protesting survivors of the expedition limp wearily out of the bush, having shot nothing of greater consequence than a porcupine. Porcupines persist in the fatal belief that their prickly armour constitutes an effective defence against modern rifle fire at short range.

It was on one of these "safaris," as George likes to call them, that he came across Lake Lulula. When first sighted from a mile or so away the coffee-coloured waters were gleaming surprisingly silver in the sunshine, and

George, gazing entranced, experienced all the sensations of the gentleman who once climbed a South American hill and looked for the first time on the Pacific Ocean.

Closer inspection introduced him not only to the Lake, but to several million mosquitoes, who found his bare knees a delightful change from their normal diet. But the spectacle of a flight of wild-geese rising from the bosom of the water fired his sporting spirit, and, when one of his entourage volunteered the information that a cousin of his wife's lived in the neighbourhood and owned a canoe, not all the mosquitoes in Africa could have put George off.

They trailed unhappily round the edge, sinking inches deep in evil-smell-

words, prevailed on the two remaining members of the party to go aboard. They regretfully picked up the paddles, which were floating about in the stagnant water at the bottom of the canoe, and with Ali at the stern the galley lurched forward.

"Lurched" is the correct word, for George, quite unused to the motions of a craft which called for the nicest treatment by passengers and crew alike, nearly went overboard in the convulsive effort to keep his balance, and the dug-out plunged wildly every time he shifted his centre of gravity. Also the accommodation was so narrow that a well-nourished subaltern could not sit down in comfort, but remained firmly wedged half above and half below the gunwale, a position rendered even less pleasant by the lapping of the agitated bilge-water beneath him.

Still, hunters make light of hardship, and George, afloat on uncharted seas, nailed his colours to the mast and hitched up his damp trousers as well as he could in the congested situation.

They cleared the reeds, and for the first time George realised how big Lake Lulula really is. It was rapidly becoming an inland sea in his imagination when a sudden swirl in the muddy water brought a shout from Ali, and George elicited the information that a large crocodile had been sighted off the starboard bow. It was just then

that George's admiration for the Navy sprang into being, for it came home to him in a flash that it must be extremely unpleasant to be in submarine-infested waters beyond reach of aid.

In the effort to see the crocodile George turned a shade too quickly and the dug-out had dipped gunwale under before a concerted spottle by the entire ship's company could bring her back to an even keel. And, though George was cold and wet below decks, as it were, bright beads of perspiration began to glisten on his brow.

So they progressed unsteadily, a breeze which had sprung up sending little choppy waves smacking against their counter. George says it was a storm, or felt like one, and he was considering the possibility of being seasick in Central Africa when Private Ali, moving forward cautiously and prodding



"GEORGE SAYS HE KNEW JUST THEN EXACTLY WHAT IT FELT LIKE TO BE TORPEDOED."

ing ooze at every step, and by the time they found the canoe, snugly berthed in a reed-hidden creek, the party consisted only of George, Ali and two dusky gentlemen who had failed to find any favourable opportunity of slipping away home.

The dug-out was an ancient craft, entirely lacking in those graceful lines which appeal to nautical eyes. She was in fact a tree-trunk, converted to maritime uses by the simple method of burning out the inside, and, though George embarked without hesitation, his first impression, when crawling forward, was unfavourable. The thing rocked wildly with every movement and it was only by progressing gingerly on hands and knees that George was eventually able to squat awkwardly in what was presumably the bow.

Private Ali, with a few well-chosen

him in the back, thrust a shot-gun in his hands and indicated a line of blobs, which were, he declared, the wild-geese they sought.

George obtained further insight into Navy efficiency as he realised the difficulty of getting in an effective shot from a platform that wobbled wildly with every movement. He steadied himself as best he could, whilst the crew knocked off work to watch, and the dug-out fell away into the trough of the sea, where it rolled alarmingly as George swayed in the bows.

For an instant one of the blobs showed over the waves, and with a hazy memory of shooting at dancing balls in the village fairs of his youth George fired.

The report echoed across the water. George lurched violently, his brain registering an instantaneous picture of the blobs taking wing. Then he grabbed wildly at the side, and the dug-out, shying like a horse, tipped clean over. A great spout of spray flew up as the crew went overboard in a row, and George says he knew just then exactly what it felt like to be torpedoed.

He saw inky waters close over his head, felt himself going down into bottomless depths, touched something hard,

which he instantly took to be a waiting crocodile, gave one frenzied kick and plunge and shot right out into the sunlight, to come down standing with his feet on the bottom of Lake Lulula, knee-deep in murky water. Private Ali and the rest of the ship's company were scrambling sheepishly to their feet beside him.

They covered the distance to the shore in even time, splashing wildly as they went; and once more it seemed to George that the size of Lulula is underestimated. He says it seemed miles of heavy going before they waded out and from the safety of dry land looked back at George's first and only naval command drifting idly, bottom upwards.

A FOOT-BALLAD.

A FOOTBALL trainer has, I wot,
An anxious and an arduous lot
Ere his team win the English Pot.

Before some vital tie they play
It is his daily task to spray
His charges with a violent ray.

Massaging every day each pet,
His life is one continual fret
Lest they should get their tootsies wet.

With agony his brain is cleft
Should some sore "back," of sleep bereft,

Complain he has no "inside left."

He keeps their milk and morals pure,
And twice a day, to feel secure,
He takes the goalie's temperature.

And, gently doffing bandages,
Within a bath of brine he sees
They sedulously scrub their knees.

He screws hot-water-bottles tight,
Turns down their pillows and the light,

And kisses 'em a fond Good-night.

* * * * *
And then some team without the means

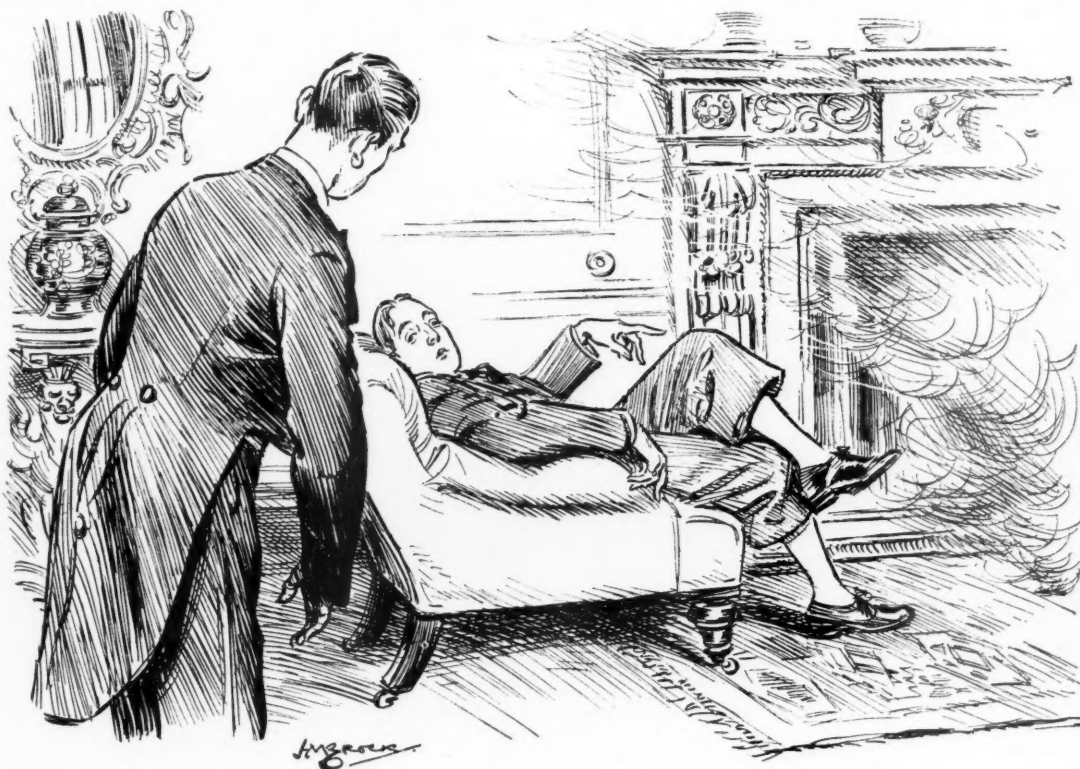
To live on aught but beef and beans
Knocks these poor mutts to smithereens!

Praise that might be more Tactfully Expressed.

"HOWARD.—Am taking up memory-training, but still love you best in world."
Agency Column in Daily Paper.

"— School, for small boys and girls. Day borders. Sound elementary education."
Advt. from Parish Magazine.

Spelling a speciality.



"DID YOU RING, SIR?"

"YES, JAMES. I BELIEVE A SPARK HAS SHOT OUT OF THE FIRE ON TO THE RUG. WILL YOU EXTINGUISH IT?"



Proprietor of a very modern Restaurant (where they cater for jaded tastes). "AND WHAT WOULD MADAM LIKE? A NICE FILLET OF WHALE—YES? FOLLOWED PERHAPS BY SOME BEAR EN CASSEROLE—NO?"

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

[Mr. Punch, like the B.B.C., feels himself increasingly responsible for the education of the people, and has arranged for a series of instructive "Talks," which, after appearing in these columns, will be broadcast from his private station. This may cause a certain confusion and dissatisfaction in the wireless world, but he cannot help that.]

GUIDE TO MUSIC.

(1) STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.

(a) *The Violoncello.*

I PROPOSE in this series of Talks to give you a few practical hints on the practice of Music in its various branches. Too many lecturers and writers on music approach the subject academically, being unable themselves to play "Three Blind Mice" on the pianoforte. I shall deal with nothing of which I have not had positive and painful experience.

First, let us take the violoncello.

This is easier said than done. The violoncello is an inelegant and ungainly instrument with four strings and a prong. This prong is concealed in the abdomen of the instrument and is more important than all the strings put together. The instrument is clasped between the knees (a difficult operation,

for the thing is made of a slippery, though musical, wood); the prong is let down to the ground and adjusted with a screw. Many of you will have noticed the curious facial contortions of violoncellists of the second class. These are caused by the slipping of the screw, after which the prong withdraws gradually into the abdomen of the 'cello, and the frantic musician, deprived of its support, is compelled to hold up the elusive instrument with his knees alone.

KNEE-GRIP therefore is the first essential to good 'cello-playing. And it is for this reason that so many hunting-men have won distinction as violoncellists.

But knee-technique is not everything. The instrument is played with a bow and strings, the latter constructed from the intestines of wild cats, trapped by a special method in Upper Peru. The bow, when drawn across the strings, produces vibrations or sounds, which are often a poignant reminder of their antecedents. Resin rubbed on the bow, however, produces a less catty tone.

"Bowing" is in itself an art and gives the beginner a sore thumb.

The violoncello has four strings, C, G, D and A, reading from right to left. The

G and D strings are the most employed, though a certain amount of rather morbid fun may be had from the lowest or C string.

As a solo instrument the 'cello has its drawbacks. There are very few British homes where practising on the 'cello will be tolerated for very long, for the sounds produced during the first two or three years of practice resemble the mooing of a sick cow; and, if you are (as I was) the only musical member of the household, the absence of a piano accompaniment makes the moo more depressing and the family more frantic. Even that gifted artist, Miss BEATRICE HARRISON, as is well known, finds it necessary to do most of her practising in woods and forests; and even there the nightingale complains.

Further, the 'cello is not an instrument which can be taken to parties or private houses without some definite provocation. The amateur pianist in the house of another may easily find an opportunity to sit down casually at the piano and play his piece; he may even discover that, quite by accident, he has brought some music with him. But the 'cello is carried about in a heavy wooden case (and, if I remember right, requires a

special 'ticket on the railways), and the guest who remarks lightly after dinner, "I have a vague idea that my man may have packed my 'cello," will be suspected of insincerity; while he who slips up to his bedroom to fetch his pipe and returns with a large stringed instrument is seldom invited again.

No, the 'cello is most at home in an orchestra; and my jolliest 'cello-recollections are bound up with an orchestra—the school orchestra—in which I played for two terms. When I say "played," I mean that I sat happily among the 'cellists every Sunday morning, sawing the air just above the strings, but not making many actual sounds. The symphonies and so forth which we practised for the school concert were generally too swift and contained too many demi-semi-quavers for me. But I used to pick out far ahead, some large round white notes, a breve or semibreve, which I could make quite certain of playing correctly. I would carefully arrange the fingers of the left hand in readiness, and when that round white note arrived, with what a royal boom I played it! Then, forty bars on, I would select another easy one. Thus I gave no trouble to anybody, and meanwhile I much enjoyed the thunder of the orchestra about me and the thrilling sense of taking a small part in a corporate act of creation. True, now and then the music-master would tap with his baton and say suspiciously, "Cellos only, please." But I always took good care to have my 'cello screened behind the back of some robust boy, and for all the conductor knew I was playing as many notes as the other four 'cellists. (The wood-wind fellows used to watch my fraudulent bow and make remarks about it afterwards, but they never sneaked.)

And then—then there was an epidemic of influenza. The disease naturally spread havoc among the sensitive musicians. One Sunday there were only two 'cellos surviving, and the cat was nearly out of the bag. But I lay close under the lee of a fat second-violin, and the other 'cellist, an expert, played loud enough for three. The next Sunday he too, the noble boy, was laid low. *I was the only 'cello.* We began the practice with an excessively vivacious sonata by some inconsiderate foreigner, containing far too many semi-quavers and runs and a good deal of tricky pizzicato-work in the 'cello part. After a very few bars the music-master rapped severely on his desk and said, "Cellos only, please! From the beginning."

All eyes were turned upon the only 'cello. All ears were open for the brilliant arpeggio with which that sonata begins. I raised my bow, I arranged



Young Woman of Fashion (using hair-promoter). "A GIRL'S GOING TO BE SIMPLY OUT OF IT THIS YEAR IF SHE CAN'T CULTIVATE A SPOT OF CROWNING GLORY."

my left-hand fingers in a graceful group, I gazed at my music, I beamed foolishly at the conductor—and not a sound came forth. . . .

I was not invited to play at the concert, and the following term I took up Geology instead. And, frankly, I do not advise a British boy to go in for the 'cello.

(Next week's Talk, "Cantata Singing.")

A. P. H.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"In the case of variant spellings, either the commonly-accepted version may generally be preferred, or, on the other hand, the more uncommon form."—*Sporting Paper.*

A Strapping Infant.

"Congratulations to Mr. Ralph L. Cobham on the girth of a son, who arrived on Wednesday."—*Montevidian Paper.*

The Goddard Case.

"*Mephistopheles*: With the police I might make things all straight, But with the courts 'tis quite another matter!"

GOETHE'S "*Faust*," Act IV, Sc. 3.—Sir THEODORE MARTIN'S translation.

"TUBBING ON THE CAM: A Cambridge oarsman practising for the Torpid races to be held next month. . . ."—*Evening Paper.*
Oxford, on the other hand, is not entering any crews for the Lents.



"WHERE'VE YOU BEEN THIS MORNING?"

"NURSERY SLOPES. ROTTEN—HARDLY ANY SNOW LEFT."

"THERE 'LL BE NONE AT ALL IF YOU GO THERE OFTEN IN THOSE TROUSERS."

THE PLOT REVEALED.

NOT so long ago a dramatist expressed a desire to see dramatic critics replaced by reporters, who would merely give a straightforward account of the plot of the play. This, I confess, struck me as a very excellent suggestion. So, after seeing the farce, *The Wrong Wife* (adapted from the French), I sat up till two in the morning writing a straightforward account of the plot, as an example of how the thing should be done. And here it is.

The theme of the play is that Gustave, who is carrying on with the pretty chamber-maid, Julie—at least, she is supposed to be the chamber-maid, but is really the divorced wife of Gustave's friend, Henri, now married to Elise, who has an affair with Gustave's secretary, Georges, who is making love to Jeannette, Gustave's wife, although she is not in love with him but is merely afraid he will expose her conduct with Adolphe (whose real name is Auguste), who has taken the flat below in order to be near her, though he is now married to Julie—Gustave, as I was about to say, who before his marriage, that is, his present marriage, for it transpires that he had

previously been married twice, having been divorced by both wives, one of whom, Sylvaine, is now the *chère amie* of Léon, who has lost his memory in a railway accident—well, he is supposed to have lost his memory, but really, it appears, it was a trick to escape from his mistress, Suzanne, who, having discovered the trickery, has followed him to Paris disguised as a hair-dresser's assistant, and arranges with Henri, who is pretending to be Gustave, to stay at the *Hôtel Bon-Bon*, where, strangely enough, Jeannette and Adolphe are also going to stay at the same time—Gustave, I repeat, who before his marriage with Jeannette has been more than friendly with Lou-Lou, and, on being threatened with an incriminating letter by Gaby, who has been shown to his flat by mistake, instead of to the flat of Adolphe, who is responsible for her twins—or rather is supposed to be responsible, for it turns out that the whole thing is a put-up job after all—Gustave, then, who by the way imagines that his wife is out of town (she is really hiding in the bedroom of Georges, who, hearing footsteps which he thinks are Gustave's, climbs out of the window and enters the room of Elise, whom he

finds in her pyjamas with Léon, who has entered her room under the impression that it is Sylvaine's, and believes Georges to be Gustave, whom he has met (or thinks he has met, for it was really Henri)—well, Gustave, as I was explaining, thinking that she (that is, Gaby) is Lou-Lou, and finding that Jeannette, who has discovered the infidelity (as she thinks) of her husband (really of Henri) with Julie (as she supposes), though it is in fact the hair-dresser (that is, Suzanne), imagines that she (that is, Lou-Lou—really, of course, Gaby) is— Well, anyhow, go and see it for yourself.

"Strayed from 198 Bath Street, large red Persian cat, answers to Whisky; reward."
Scots Paper.

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!"

"A Chippendale mahogany suite of two settees, 16 chairs, and two stables realised £1,102 10s."—*Lancashire Paper*.

With Tishy legs?

"Before lunch Chapman did some brilliant field-finnighfiat mid-off to White's bowling."
Provincial Paper.

This seems to us not cricket, but intimidation.



THE POSTAGE TURN.

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE. "GO ON, GUV'NOR—KNOCK OFF THE TOP ONE! THE CHAP AT THE 'CANADIAN EMPIRE' DOES IT."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 28th.—The milk of human kindness becomes green cheese in Mr. THURLE's veins when it is a question of being kind to Kings. His indignant complaint that, in removing two ex-Kings from Kabul in an aeroplane, the Indian Government had interfered in Afghanistan's internal affairs left Sir AUSTEN unmoved. Only one King, he explained, had been removed to date, and that at the request of all parties concerned and to avoid bloodshed. This let in Mr. SAKLATVALA, who demanded to know what the Indian Government meant by accepting suggestions from "the man HABIBULLA," a "rebel in the act of rebellion." The spectacle of the flower of British Communism upholding the divine right of Kings not to be rebelled against rather took the House's breath away; but the explanation is simple. "The man HABIBULLA" does not like Russians.

In a series of Questions that followed, India, British Guiana, Ceylon, the Solomon Islands, Iraq, Transjordan, the Seychelles, East Africa, Palestine, Canada, the Irish Free State and Thompson Island all came under the House's extensive view. There was, however, some doubt about Thompson Island, which has not apparently come into anybody's actual view yet, though Mr. AMERY hopefully declared that "the evidence of its non-existence is insufficient to warrant the suggestion that it cannot be found," a happy contribution to the language of flowery circumlocution.

Things of beauty are no joys for ever to the Board of Trade. In fact they do not come within its purview at all. Mr. WILLIAMS had explained in an answer of considerable length the present position as regards petrol pumps. The answer disclosed that petrol pumps are like human beings; none are perfect, but some are more reliable than others. All the Board of Trade asks is that they shall not be "such as to facilitate the perpetration of fraud."

It was at this point that Commander BELLAIRS asked if the beauty or otherwise of these pumps had been gone into. This is not the first time that

Commander BELLAIRS has drawn attention to the otherwise of them, but Mr. WILLIAMS intimated that the Board of Trade had no control over æsthetic matters. Excursions into the sublime and the beautiful are evidently a monopoly of the Empire Marketing Board.



THE SPEED-MERCHANT DASHES TO THE DEBATE ON DANGEROUS DRIVING.

LORD H. WE.



"OUT, DAMNÉD SPOT!"

LORD BANBURY'S PROTECTION OF ANIMALS (AMENDMENT) BILL PROVES UNACCEPTABLE TO THE HOME OFFICE.

(After an old "Punch" drawing and legend.)

What is the proper title of a man who garners oysters? It was a tall young oysterman who lived by the river Dee, was it not? But the industry was in its infancy then. In these days, with oysters at four-and-sixpence a dozen, the oysterman has become (if we may accept Mr. GUINNESS's nomenclature) an oyster

planter. In America, where they attach importance to these matters, the owner of what O. W. HOLMES would call their ostriferous ripes is no doubt called an ostrealtor. Anyway, Mr. GUINNESS told Captain FAIRFAX that proposals to revive the Norfolk oyster industry would wring nothing more substantial from his Department than technical advice.

The House toiled meritoriously through the ninth allotted day of the Local Government Bill, whereon debate has reached a condition of intensiveness commensurate with the complexity of the subject.

Tuesday, January 29th.—It was a mere coincidence that the popular personification of the Age of Speed whom the House of Commons knew as Viscount CURZON and the House of Lords now know as Earl HOWE should have slipped unostentatiously into his heritage of scarlet upholstery just as their Lordships were debating, not without some vehemence, the motion to submit Lord CECIL's Road Vehicles Regulation Bill to a Select Committee.

The House of Lords is by no means the conservative body it is sometimes thought to be. Were it desirable a very formidable array of peers could no doubt be mustered whose conception of the needs and difficulties of the age of mechanized traffic is as up-to-date as that of Mr. GROVER WHALEN or the Commissioner of Police in Berlin.

It is enough to say that the handful of distinguished peers who discussed the immediate fate of Lord CECIL's measure did not share the modern view. With the exception of Lord RUSSELL, who seemed to view it in a spirit of tolerant amusement, the debate smacked of the Victorian age, the age that saw political g'ants at Westminster and growlers in Palace Yard.

The carriage-and-pair mentality, if one may call it that, was manifested less in the

opening remarks of Lord LONDONDERRY, who always gives me the impression that he is rehearsing for prize-day at the School of Public Eloquence, or in those of Lord CECIL himself, than in the lofty but vehement sentences in which Lord BUCKMASTER assured their lordships that it was absurd to

send the Bill to a Select Committee, to be pawed over by competing experts, when there was not a single point in connection with the nation's traffic problems on which their lordships could not out of the fulness of their own intelligence quite well come to an adequate decision.

Lord HOWE smiled cynically and said nothing. Since Lord CECIL's Jay-Walkers' Protection Bill, as Lord HOWE would no doubt term it, will probably never be heard of again there seems to be no particular reason why he should have said anything.

Lord BANBURY's Protection of Animals (Amendment) Bill would strike at the man who ill-treats a dog. Its total effect to date has been to incite the Home Office to ill-treat Lord BANBURY. Lord BANBURY went to the Home Office (he explained) and offered to insert in his Bill such Amendments as the Home Office approved. The Home Office laughed callously and said that, if Lord BANBURY thought they were going to re-draft his Bill for him, he was jolly well mistaken.

It was Lord SALISBURY who told their lordships that, unless Lord BANBURY could convince the Home Office before the Third Reading that his Bill was workable, the Government would not support it, and it was Lord BUCKMASTER who arose, quivering with indignation, and said it was monstrous that the Government, instead of opposing the Bill with reasoned and calculating discussion, should simply act as a mouthpiece for the disapproval of some paltry Whitehall Department.

Their lordships thereupon went ahead and amended the Bill to their hearts' content.

"Corruption!" hinted Mr. McLEAN when the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, asked if he would consent to receive a sample of all-English beer, replied with simple dignity that the answer was in the affirmative. Yet Mr. CHURCHILL made it clear that the preferential excise duties sought by Mr. HURD for "all-English beer and whisky" were a little likely to be forthcoming. "All-English whisky, indeed!" murmured one Scottish Member to his neighbour. "They'll be asking for protection for all-English haggis next."

The House in Committee reached Clause 110 of the Local Government Bill.

Wednesday, January 30th.—The House of Lords extracted from Lord CLARENDON, at the point of Lord RUSSELL, the fact that the B.B.C.'s sprightly publication, *The Children's Christmas Annual*, will not blossom again.

Mr. LOOKER's looks are still directed at Hankow, where he finds the authorities plastering a generous and improper tax on property-owners for "bandit suppression." The view of the property-owners is apparently that it would be cheaper to pay the bandits to suppress the municipal authorities.

The PRIME MINISTER informed Mr. YOUNG that, although the U.S.A. and Hungary are examining the matter officially, in his opinion the simplifi-

HOPKINSON were too much for him, and Sir KINGSLEY WOOD was hastily put up to say that the clause would be re-drafted in a shape less subversive of the Bill of Rights, the Supremacy of Parliament and all our other ancient constitutional charters and liberties.

Thursday, January 31st.—

The trunks of a lady called Budden Were seized upon all of a sudden By minions officious Who deemed her seditious, But the search proved an utterly dud 'un.

Nevertheless the HOME SECRETARY stoutly defended the Dover Customs patrol for its sturdy defence of the realm.

The House tackled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's famous Einsteinian formula (Schedule 4 of the Local Government Bill), which reads:—

"There shall be estimated and certified the average number during the three calendar years immediately preceding the beginning of each quinquennium of unemployed insured men resident in each county and county borough, and there shall be ascertained the percentage represented by the proportion which that number bears to the average estimated population of the county or county borough for those three years, and if, as respects any county or county borough, that percentage exceeds one and a half, the estimated population of the county or county borough in the appropriate year as increased in accordance with Rule 1 contained in this part of this schedule

shall be further increased by a percentage equal to the amount of such excess multiplied by the appropriate multiple."

But only one of the brothers, Mr. E. BROWN, was valiant enough to tackle it. Under the circumstances it was unworthy of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD to twit Mr. GREENWOOD and colleagues with "keeping the debate going only with the greatest difficulty."

Monkey-Tricks Taboo.

"A period of industrial co-operation and rationalisation, as against class hate and gorilla warfare, has dawned."

Newcastle Paper.

"Supt. — said he had known defendant was a fochrdlu chmfdlu cmfwyp dant for a good many years, and he gave no trouble."

Bristol Paper.

Except perhaps on the telephone.



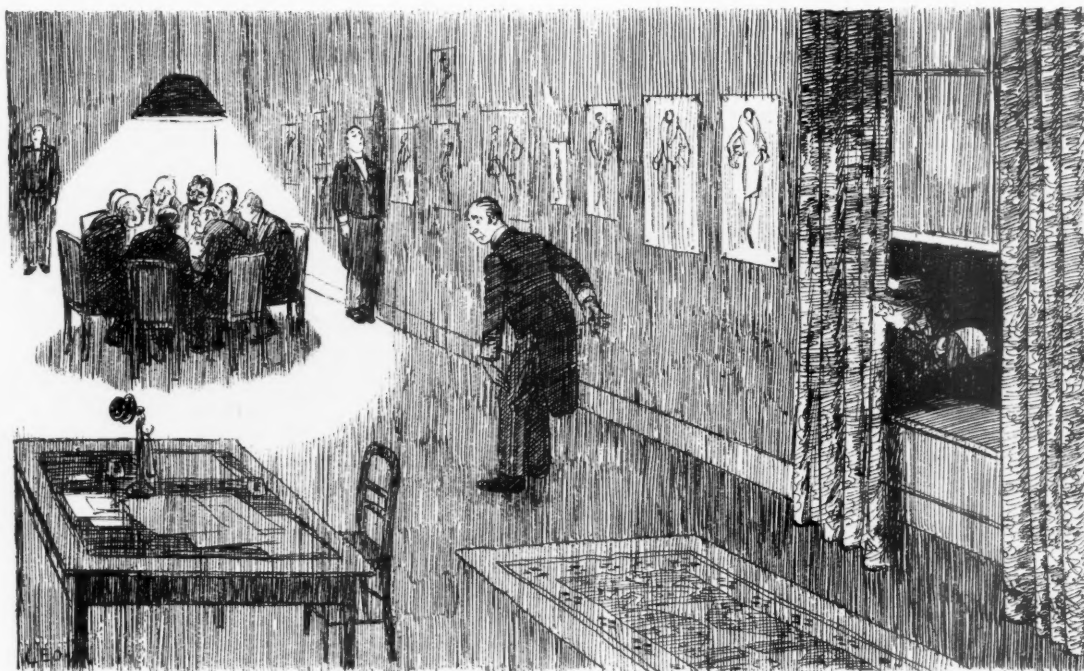
"I thrice did offer him the Kingsley Crown Which he did once refuse."

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD AND MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.

cation of the calendar should be left to private enterprise. Mr. BALDWIN probably does not realise how popular he would be if he simplified the calendar by reducing the number of quarters to three or even less.

The Local Government Bill was discovered to-day to contain one of those clauses, of which the Ministry of Health makes a speciality, whereby the Minister is empowered by departmental order to do this, that and t'other thing—anything in short that he thinks the Act intended or should have been intended to provide for the doing of.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pooh-poohed the idea that he was a Caesar angling for the kingly crown of bureaucratic supremacy, but the combined assaults of Mr. GERALD HURST, Sir HENRY SLESSOR, Colonel WEDGWOOD, Sir LESLIE SCOTT, Mr. KINGSLEY GRIFFITH and Sir ALFRED



AN ACCOMPLICE OF THE PRESS.

CONCLAVE OF FASHION EXPERTS DECIDING THE LENGTH OF LADIES' DRESSES FOR THE COMING SEASON. HOW THE SECRET LEAKED OUT.

JOHANN SCHLICK.

Johann Schlick wanders day after day about the dreary heath, a figure perhaps slightly forlorn. Sometimes he will be near the upper woods, sometimes in the hollows, gazing at the rippled or glassy surface of the pond, watching the coots and the wild-ducks and the swans. Only now and then he will be found on the suburban roads which skirt the borders of the heath.

He has a wary and anxious eye. This is because in a fit of dejection he murdered his great-aunt Gretchen with a battle-axe and took her emerald necklace away.

In a fit of dejection, I said. The trouble that had preyed on Johann Schlick's mind was the fact that day after day, as long as he could remember, he had been obliged to go out for a short walk after lunch along the same road and across the same heath and back again. The monotony of this was too much for him.

"O miserable me!" he cried. Veronica agrees that these were his exact words. "How is it that every day I go out there are the same intolerable houses, the same impossible mud, the same unaltered and ridiculous trees? I do not know whether I like it worst in winter, when the old leaves lie about

like bits of brown paper with sugar sprinkled over them and the skies are dirty grey, or whether it is not worse in summer, when the pretence of a blue sky and the sooty green make a mock of my misery. O! O!"

And, thus speaking, Johann Schlick would strike one of the everlasting trees in desperation with the stick that he carried. Whereupon (as Veronica says) it would break off sharp, so that he only had the handle to carry.

If he could have had his way, Johann Schlick would have fastened pink paper-roses to all the trees in winter-time and lit them up with Chinese lanterns at night to make the heath merrier. In summer he would have had maypoles and Jacks-in-the-green. But the paper-roses, he knew, would have been spoilt by the rain and the dirt, and the Chinese lanterns blown by the winds. And as for the rest, there is no telling what the L.C.C. would have said about it all. That was why Schlick, who felt that everything ought to be as gay as it was in Stockholm or Vienna—for we don't quite know in which of these two places he was born—gave up his beautiful idea.

And then, as I say, in a fit of irritation he committed great-aunticide.

I was for having him do it by strangling the poor old lady with the necklace itself, but Veronica said No, for, if you

said that, people would almost believe it really happened. But if you said he killed her with a battle-axe and chopped her up into tiny little pieces it wouldn't seem so horrible, somehow. I daresay she is right. She reads more stories about murders than I. Anyhow, as I pointed out, the deed is done and the police have drawn a cordon round the heath so that Schlick cannot get away.

"What's a cordon?" asked Veronica. "It's a thing you draw and it's one of the favourite ruses of Scotland Yard," I said.

We, of course, are helping Scotland Yard. Instructing, I should rather say, or commanding Scotland Yard. We have our plain-clothes men everywhere, and we need them, for of all cunning criminals in the great underworld of crime Schlick has proved himself the chief. His devices for escaping recognition are innumerable. An elderly lady? a clergyman? a governess with children? a ranger of the heath? a cross-country runner in training? Very likely. But it may be Schlick. Or, if not Schlick, then one of his confederates, for he has numbers of confederates everywhere.

But did you see that shabby loiterer, apparently looking at nothing, who came by just after the clergyman? One of my plain-clothes men, without a doubt, relentlessly on the trail. The policeman



Lady (who has rashly mounted dancing partner, imported for local Hunt Ball). "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT VERY COMFORTABLE ON THAT HORSE?"

Dancing Partner (between bumps). "OH, IT WOULD BE—ALL RIGHT—IF HE'D ONLY—DO THE STEPS—THAT I KNOW."

in uniform—what is he doing here? Surely he should be drawing the cordon? What an innocent question! It is Johann Schlick himself, very likely. But it would not do to arrest him on the spot, for we must have proof, Veronica, we must have sufficient proof.

And the wiliness of Schlick is well-nigh preternatural. Who but he would have thought of scattering old bus-tickets everywhere, merely to put us off the scent? Of leaving in one place an old boot, and in another a tin-can? Of pretending to be fond of animals (the last thing you would expect of a man who had committed a murder like that), and standing about feeding the grey squirrels or the ducks with pieces of bread?

We recount his past feats with admiration. He is very fond of the Egyptian scent spray which you get from the automatic machine near the fair-ground, but unfortunately the penny is rather apt to stick, and one day, when he wanted to spray his handkerchief and couldn't hit the penny down, he noticed that he was surrounded by plain-clothes men on every side. The pond a few yards away was frozen over at

the time. What did Schlick do but dash violently through the ranks of his pursuers and out on to the ice, shouting—

"Hi! Hi! A girl has tumbled in!"

Crowds of people sprang up from everywhere and ran to the edge of the pond. In the confusion Schlick made good his escape, and after a big détour got to the woods again.

Then there was that other time, when he had been shadowed very closely, and, walking up to the nearest policeman, said to him quite simply—

"Hullo! I am Schlick."

Naturally the man laughed in his face, knowing that Schlick would not be so simple as to give himself away like that. So Schlick walked safely on.

He has had good luck, of course. When Scotland Yard, on our instructions, had arranged to trap him by leaving an empty motor-car about with a secret spring in it, so that when you got in the doors automatically locked themselves and the engine refused to go on, Schlick would certainly have been seized, for he never can resist a motor-car. But by accident our men had left the label, saying "JOKE CAR"

on it, just as it had been sent from the works, and Schlick saw that and avoided the snare.

The time too when an errand-boy heard him soliloquising inside the trunk of a large elm-tree, where he had taken refuge, pretty nearly proved fatal to him, because the police gathered together a posse of woodmen to cut it down. But luckily for him Schlick was rather a ventriloquist, so the woodmen chose the wrong tree, and he watched them, smiling, out of one of the holes that the grey squirrels used to nest in.

Another device that almost proved his undoing was our use of dogs to track him down. Alsations, Airedales and retrievers he naturally fought shy of; but he never suspected the middle-aged lady with the five Pekingese, and they very nearly had him in the clump of trees by the bathing-pond. However, Schlick always carries a bag of petit-beurre biscuits about him, so he managed to delay the pursuit while he got into a hut and disguised himself as a man-about-town.

Three times he has pretended to commit suicide by leaving a coat and hat near the very deepest of the ponds, with

labels inside them marked "SCHLICK'S COAT AND HAT." But the last time he inadvertently left two coats and two hats on the same day, so that Scotland Yard suspected at once that there was trickery afoot.

He slept at night for a long time in a little shelter he had made for himself in the woods, and marked out the "JOHANN SCHLICK, PRIVATE," so that, naturally thinking a schoolboy had done it, we never thought of looking for him there. Now that we have pierced through this impudent piece of bluff, the shelter is deserted, and we think he creeps through the cordon and goes and gets a bed at the Carlton or the Savoy. But these places are too hot to hold him by day-time, and he is obliged to get back before dawn to the heath again.

Curiously enough, I have not seen anything of Schlick lately. But Veronica, in a letter, expects that there will be a recrudescence of his activities about Easter-time.

EVOE.

HOY AND POLLOY.

Hoy was a plumber, Polloy was his mate;
I marked them well as they came through my gate;
But that which struck me most about the twain
Was the rich phrase and accent of Cockaigne.

When first I heard them, in historic mood
They were discussing one who had been rude:

"I says to 'im, I says, 'Tike of yer coat;
I'll knock yer fron' teef darn yer blinkin' froat."

Thus Polloy in a gentle murmur spoke,
And Hoy replied, " 'E was er naarsty bloke."

Then, as my watchful visage they espied,
Silence fell on them and they stepped inside.

"A lidy arst me and me mite ter call,"
Said Hoy, while Polloy leant against the wall.

I thanked them and I led the way upstairs
To where the bathroom clamoured for repairs.

Long time they gazed through the half-open door
Upon the lake-like levels of the floor;
They showed no signs of hurry or of fuss;

"A poip av bust," said H.; P. answered,
"Yus."

At that I left them. They were experts, I
Merely the man who paid the rent, so why



Philanthropist (to Johnny, who has washed his face since the visitor's arrival). "HERE'S A SHILLING FOR YOU, MY BOY. AND HERE'S ANOTHER FOR THE LITTLE BOY I SAW WHEN I FIRST CAME IN."

Should I intrude upon their mystery?
And, as I left, "A poip av bust," said P.

Time passed. The sound of voices rose
and fell;

I did not heed them, thinking all was
well.

Later I noticed rank tobacco smoke,
And then the words, " 'E was er naarsty
bloke."

Could they mean me? I had been so
polite;

What had I done that was not strictly
right?

Then I perceived, in reminiscent vein
They merely fought their battles o'er
again.

"I says to 'im, I says," repeated P.,
'Don't try no blarsted monkey-tricks
on me.'

Wiv that 'e ups an' tries ter push me
fice;

Nar wot would *you* 'av dun in such er
caise?"

Hoy paused: "I would er dahned 'im,
mite," a view

Which seemed congenial to Polloy
too.

"That's wot I should er dun," re-
sponded he,

"On'y 'is missis up an' went fur me."

The battle raged "in blissful anti-
phone"

Till Hoy came down; reproach was in
his tone:

"Guv'nor, there's sev'ral uvvers to do
fust;"

Polloy, as chorus, said, "Their poips
'av bust."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LADY WITH A LAMP" (GARRICK).

WHAT is happening to the London theatre? Some angel of intelligence seems to be stirring the waters. Is it that those pale hoarse ghosts of the "Talkies" are at work doing what seems to me their proper job of persuading us that to them can safely be left all that is necessary in the way of futility and half-wittedness for the entertainment of morons, and that the men of the theatre may occasionally now dare to finance plays that have wit and bowels, that are not mere aids to eupespa for the slightly over-fed.

There are twelve pieces now running in London that a man of reasonable intelligence need not disdain to see, and this hasn't happened for many a year. Long live *The Singing Fool* and all his preposterous works!—if that be the explanation.

Mr. REGINALD BERKELEY, after various experiments of varying success, now begins to settle into his stride with *The Lady with a Lamp*. Here is a fine serious piece of work—not free from flaws but interesting throughout; imaginatively treated with admirable characterisation, especially of his heroine. He is under debt of course for this to Mr. LYTTON STRACHEY, who should prove himself "d—d good to steal from" for a long while yet. In this particular production economic necessity has dictated the inclusion of a certain number of players of not very great experience or notable talent, and therefore the author's interests suffer a little. On the other hand the quite—even to hard-set admirers of Miss EDITH EVANS—astonishingly fine performance of this gifted lady of the theatre as *Florence Nightingale*, and the very happily inspired mood of Miss FFRANÇON-DAVIES as *Lady Herbert*, make full compensation. Mr. LESLIE BANKS has decorated the piece with intelligence rather than inspiration and has successfully avoided the temptation to be startling or distracting.

This chronicle of a national heroine, now seen in a proper perspective, presents to us the early struggles with her well-to-do and highly-conventional parents, and with her lover, for the right to pursue

her chosen discreditable career of nursing; the first stage of her progress in the foundation of a modest pioneer Harley Street nursing-home; the offer from PALMERSTON, inspired by SIDNEY



THE SAME OLD STORY.

Corporal Jones (Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN).
"THE WAR OFFICE MUDDLES THINGS UP AND LEAVES ME TO PUT IT RIGHT."

HERBERT, of the post of organiser of the hospital arrangements of Scutari, "with full powers"; the resolute exercise of those powers in the face of official opposition, and the complete rout-

of her downright nature; and, finally, the sad evening of her days, an almost forgotten figure, decorated in her dotage with the belated Order of Merit—a piece of irony too apt to be true, except that it happens to be actually true.

Mr. BERKELEY has not avoided dull passages, but he has touches of lively humour in relief; has not attempted to make his play into a correct period piece so that he can allusively use modern parallel instances with effect, and has in general succeeded in holding the audience's interest to the end in a not too easy genre.

Besides the outstanding performances of Miss EVANS and Miss FFRANÇON-DAVIES Mr. EILLE NORWOOD's *Pam* is effective, and Mr. LESLIE BANKS makes a charming figure of *Henry Tremayne*, *Florence's* lover. Miss MURIEL AKED's sketch of *Mrs. Nightingale* and Mr. HENRY OSCAR's *Dr. Sutherland*, the heroine's staunch colleague, are well done. A play certainly to visit and enjoy. T.

"LIVING TOGETHER" (WYNDHAM'S).

Mr. SUTRO has chosen an interesting problem—what will the ultra-progressive young of our day make of their improvised substitute for old-fashioned marriage? And nobody will seriously quarrel with him for finding the seemly and plausible conclusion that there's a good deal to be said for that venerable

institution, with all its faults. I could wish, however, that he had argued his case more fairly and provided us with more likely puppets to present his thesis and counter-thesis. Let nobody suppose that he does not make a brave show of open-mindedness. Can it be that he doesn't know any modern young, or that he has been unfortunate in his experience? I will not assume that he has studied from the life the particular types he has chosen, for a less likely collection of oddities we have seldom seen gathered together by a dramatist of experience.

Lady Belting came out of a shop, and her husband, who had done well in hardware to the point of being knighted, always felt that in the marriage-market he had been sold a pup. He is happily dead, not before having re-



AN AMATEUR OF LAMPS.

Lord Palmerston Mr. EILLE NORWOOD.
Florence Nightingale Miss EDITH EVANS.

ing of the entrenched military medicos and rascally or indifferent uniformed civilian contractors; the years of acknowledged success and the development of the autocratic domineering side

duced her to a condition of semi-imbecility and leaving as issue one eager, soulful, clever (alleged—no evidence) girl, now a professor of bio-chemistry in the University of London, and a deplorable little cad of a boy (also alleged, and making some attempt, to be clever—in the later Bloomsbury manner). Young *Roland*, this bright scion of the house of *Belting*, is living in a fine free union with *Julia*, a minor film actress, a pretty Cockney gamine, entirely unmoral, but possessed of character and sound instinct—and indeed the only tolerable human being in this queer assortment.

Roland's "clever" ultra-serious sister *Barbara* is romantically happy with *Tony Ambersham*, a handsome unsuccessful novelist. *Tony*, a young man of easy morals but perfectly correct conventions, would prefer the blessings and conveniences of honest matrimony; but *Barbara*, who puts her precious work before all things, and next the right of free spirits to do what seems to them best from moment to moment, steadfastly refuses to be made an honest woman—to the passionate regret of *Tony's* father, who thinks *Tony's* grandfather, an old and arbitrary gentleman, will cut off *Tony's* allowance and land him with a new responsibility. That pale grey mouse, *Lady Belting*, feebly regrets the whole affair; but, the hardware knight having given her no very happy view of marriage, she mildly acquiesces, and has at any rate the wit to realise that she is no match for her soulful daughter and resilient son.

Twelve months pass. *Tony*, bored with literature, has leapt into the Stock Exchange and laid the foundations of a fortune, having, as he modestly admits, a "flair for finance." I can imagine the harsh sounds of disdainful laughter uttered by my stockbroking friends at this naïve assumption. Unaccustomed luxury has turned his head, and twelve months have shown him that with *Julia* as a partner a free union looks good.

At just this inconvenient moment the Dean of the Faculty of Bio-chemistry issues regretfully an ultimatum that *Barbara* must either marry, or fly from, her *Tony* or cease to instruct susceptible young men and maidens in Gower Street. He is all for free unions himself, apparently, but "you know what parents are." *Barbara*, out of a kindly feeling for Mr. *Ambersham* rather than any appreciation of being the wife of a man with a flair for finance, nobly yields. *Tony*, who meanwhile has learnt that *Julia* has loved him for months and months and never so much as hinted her love, consents reluctantly but like a gentleman. But, happily for all concerned, *Barbara*, discovering his unholy passion for *Julia*, has the kind of seizure

for which burnt feathers were prescribed in a less enlightened age; *Roland*, robbed of his mate, suddenly shows the red cave-man under the Bloomsbury pallor and (vainly) tries to throttle *Tony*; *Julia*, now convinced that she is not stealing



THE GENTLEMAN THIEF.

Roland Belting (Mr. WALLACE GEOFFREY). "YOU'VE ROBBED ME OF JULIA."

Tony Ambersham (Mr. OWEN NARES). "CAN YOU BLAME HER?"



THE LADY THIEF.

Barbara Belting (Miss ALISON LEGGATT). "YOU'VE ROBBED ME OF TONY."

Julia Bailey (Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM). "SAY THE WORD AND YOU CAN HAVE HIM BACK."

Tony from *Barbara*, offers him honourable marriage, an offer which with engaging frankness he refuses, not quite seeing honest, passionate, unladylike *Julia* as the hostess of the Park Lane mansion that is in his stars.

Miss PHYLLIS KONSTAM played her well-written if a little inconsistent part with great spirit and intelligence. It wasn't her fault that she told us so often about *Barbara's* bitter sobs which haunted her and made her feel so noble and self-sacrificing. Mr. OWEN NARES deserved great praise for so staunchly living down his past and appearing before his admirers as the thorough-paced young rotter. He played with his usual easy, by which I do not mean careless, grace. A good performance. Miss ALISON LEGGATT had a desperately unsympathetic and, as it seems to me, unreasonable and contradictory part. I am afraid she is developing, not modifying, her tendency to over-emphasis in phrasing and in facial expression. She has power and sincerity, but it needs firm disciplining. Miss ETHEL IRVING gave us a careful study of the wraith-like costive *Lady Belting*.

Our Bright Young Things will laugh heartily at all this, and some of us who are neither bright nor young will smile.

T.

Journey's End was originally produced by the Stage Society and not by the Arts Theatre Club, as stated last week in these columns.

THE SHEPHERDESS IN SÈVRES.

(LA RUE MODEL.)

BUTTERFLY poise,
Elegant mise,
Art that decoys—
Did a *Marquise*
(Fragile each frill is
And frail as *frou frou*)
Ape *Amoryllis*
For Monsieur LA RUE?

Shepherdess she,
Pink, white and gold;
Say, can you see
Her sort in a fold—
Poached clay and wattle,
A storm-lantern slung,
Tea in a bottle,
And bearing of young?

Leave it at that;
Leave her to dance,
Aristocrat
Of a dream of Old France,
Posed still to capture—
Bo-peep *aux beaux yeux*—
Every sham rapture
Of Monsieur LA RUE. P.R.C.

More Birth-control?

"LANDLADIES WHO BAR CHILDREN?"
Headline in Morning Paper.

Dean INGE says that he despairs of us as "a nation ruled by catch-phrases." Yet where would he himself have been But for that phrase "the Gloomy Dean"?

AT THE TELEPHONE.

I AM surprised at the number of people who allow themselves to be annoyed by trifles. Things like broken shirt-buttons or odd socks, I mean. There must be thousands in the world, or so I gather from the number in my neighbourhood.

You see, my telephone has a number not dissimilar from that of the Brightside Laundry, and I am constantly being called up by clients (or should it be patients?) of the laundry, who are clearly in a state of absurd ferment.

"Hallo! That the Brightside Laundry?" a hoarse bass will demand. "Mil's of The Laurels this end. What the devil have you been up to with my shirts? The cuffs and collars have been starched—*starched*, I say, confound you! Like boards. I was nearly strangled to-day when I put one on. Why the blazes—I beg your pardon. Oh, you're the Vicarage. Sorry."

I always say I'm the Vicarage when a caller becomes too fluent, and it is surprising how suddenly the voice changes and how hurriedly the receiver is replaced. And yet they say the Church is losing its hold on the people.

Of course I don't always say I'm the Vicarage; sometimes I say I'm the Bachelors' Club. That is when a feminine voice insists on going into embarrassing details. Women are very bad in that way; they never seem to realise that telephone-girls make mistakes. They plunge straight into their grievance and are quite annoyed when at the first pause I murmur gently, "Who is it you want? This is the Bachelors' Club." They seem to think they have been deceived in some way. Then "Ring off, please," they say in tones which imply, "And kindly be more careful in future."

When I think the occasion demands it, however, I am neither the Bachelors' Club nor the Vicarage, but something even more arresting. The other afternoon a very thick voice ticked me off because some laundered pantaloons were, it alleged, damp. The fellow had caught a cold in consequence, and was even then sitting by the fire imbibing quantities of medicine. All through my diabolical carelessness.

I couldn't get the aroma of the medicine over the wire, but, to judge by the fruitiness of the voice, the mixture wasn't very much under proof.

"I don't quite follow you," I said, when at last he broke off, "but I can assure you of my very best attention, if you will let me have your address. But aren't you a little premature?"

"What d'ye mean—premature?" he demanded. "Who are you?"

"Simpkins the undertaker. Didn't you want—?"

The way he cried "Good gad!" and banged the receiver down led me to think I might have done him quite a bit of good.

That is really the keynote of my attitude: I like doing people good, checking their irritable and other evil tendencies in this subtle way. I only wish I could effect something of the sort with Irene. She gets frightfully annoyed if we have three or four calls for the laundry in quick succession. Wants me to write to the Post-Office about it and says things which are almost bloodthirsty. Only yesterday she told an insistent caller she didn't care if his shirts had been sent to Timbuctu; in fact she sincerely hoped they had, and were even now being worn by Fuzzy-Wuzzies. Then she discovered it was the Brightside Laundry ringing up about some shirts of mine which had gone astray. By this time, however, the laundry had become a little curt too, and in the end the conversation concluded without any further reference to my poor shirts.

Of course I used the occasion for a little moralising on the subject of self-control and a sense of humour, but at the end of it Irene merely said, "Oh, rats!" so I am afraid it didn't really get home.

She may have noble authority for the expression, "Oh, rats!" but the outcome of it was that I had to call at the laundry on my way to the station this morning and straighten things out. After all I cared very much whether my shirts had gone to Timbuctu or not; they were good shirts. Fortunately they had by this time been tracked down, and the laundry assured me they would be sent home in the course of the day. I thought it would be kind to let Irene know this, so when I got to the office I rang through to her.

"Hallo! Is that the Brightside Laundry?" I said (for I must have my little joke). "No, no. Don't bang the receiver down and scowl; it's Charles speaking. I say, it's all right about those shirts of mine, darling."

"Glad to hear it, old dear," replied a voice which was feminine and rather musical, but was certainly not the voice of Irene. It rather startled me. "Who are you?" I asked.

"The Brightside Laundry. Didn't you want—?"

I rang off without a word. I am one of the best-humoured men in the world, but this really was a bit thick. I had given my own number with extreme clarity and yet the idiotic girl had got it wrong. After all, if a chuckle-headed Post-Office insists on issuing confus-

able numbers, they ought at least to employ girls with a rudimentary idea of accuracy. And who, by the way, had the audacity to answer for the laundry like this? I was not going to stand that, at any rate. I rang up the laundry again.

"I shall be glad to know who the impertinent person is who answers your telephone," I demanded sternly.

"Impertinent?"

"Yes, impertinent."

"Who are you, please?"

"Mr. Charles Miller, of Woodbine Cottage, speaking."

"Good gracious! Irene this end. What on earth's the matter?"

I rocked. "Great heavens!" I said faintly, "they've made a mistake in the number again, dear. Ring off, please."

I simply couldn't explain then. There are moments when righteous indignation must find an outlet or produce apoplexy. I took up my pen there and then and wrote the POSTMASTER-GENERAL one of the most powerfully uncensored epistles that I have ever drafted.

THE LAST STRAW.

[A process is announced by which photographic prints can be made absolutely permanent.]

NEVER again upon my noble features

Shall photographic artists try their skill,

For I am one of those unhappy creatures
Whose studio portraits always turn out ill;

My visage, strained and anxious (*meo more*),

Has never yet been treated justly by
The camera, which cannot tell a story,
But sometimes seems to try.

Till now I've gathered solace by recalling

How photographic art, though long,
was not

Quite everlasting; even the most appalling

Study would fade in time and be forgot;

But, since this solace fails, my vow I utter

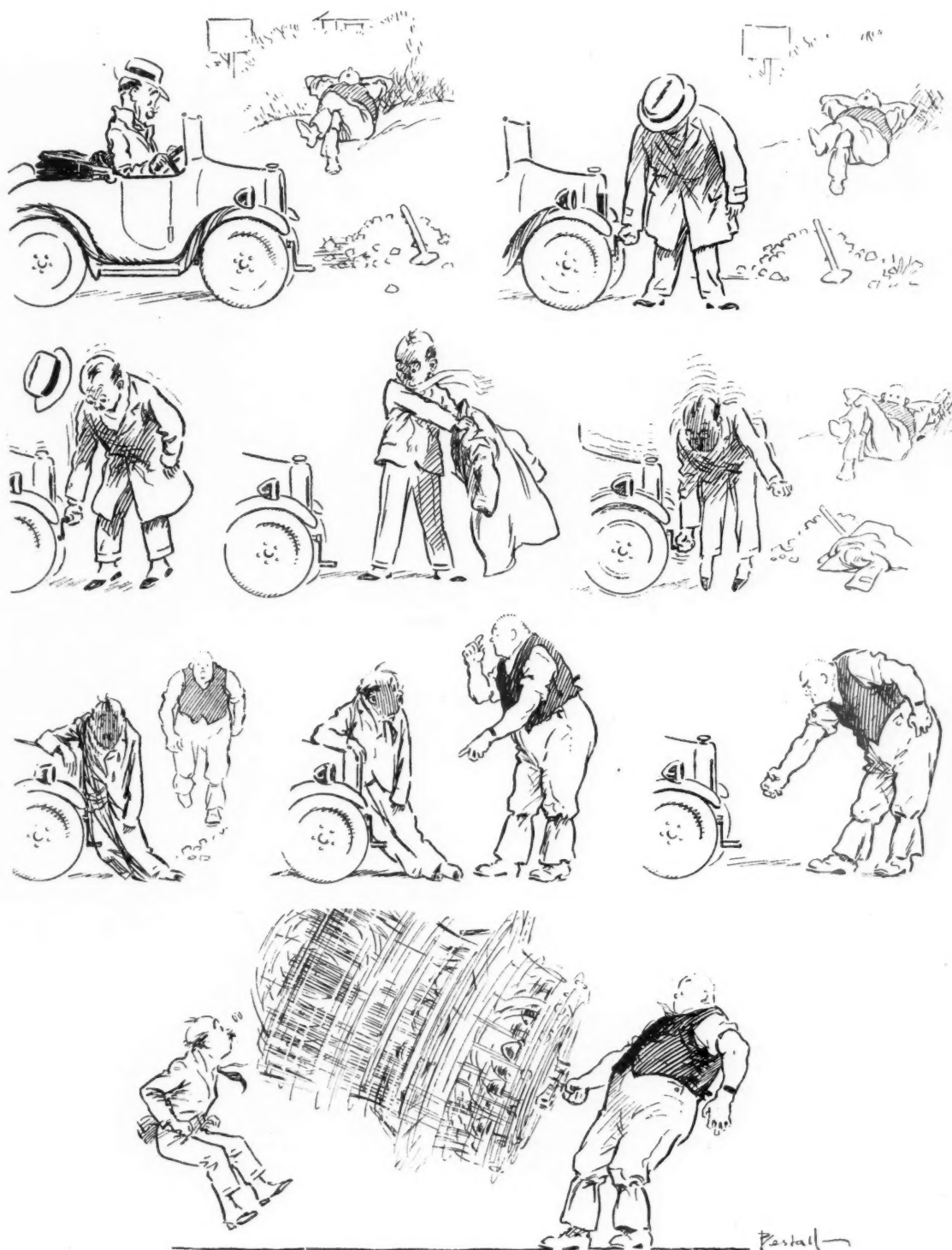
Rather to venture into lions' dens
Than face henceforth the slander of the shutter,
The libel of the lens.

Applied Humour in the Type-Room.

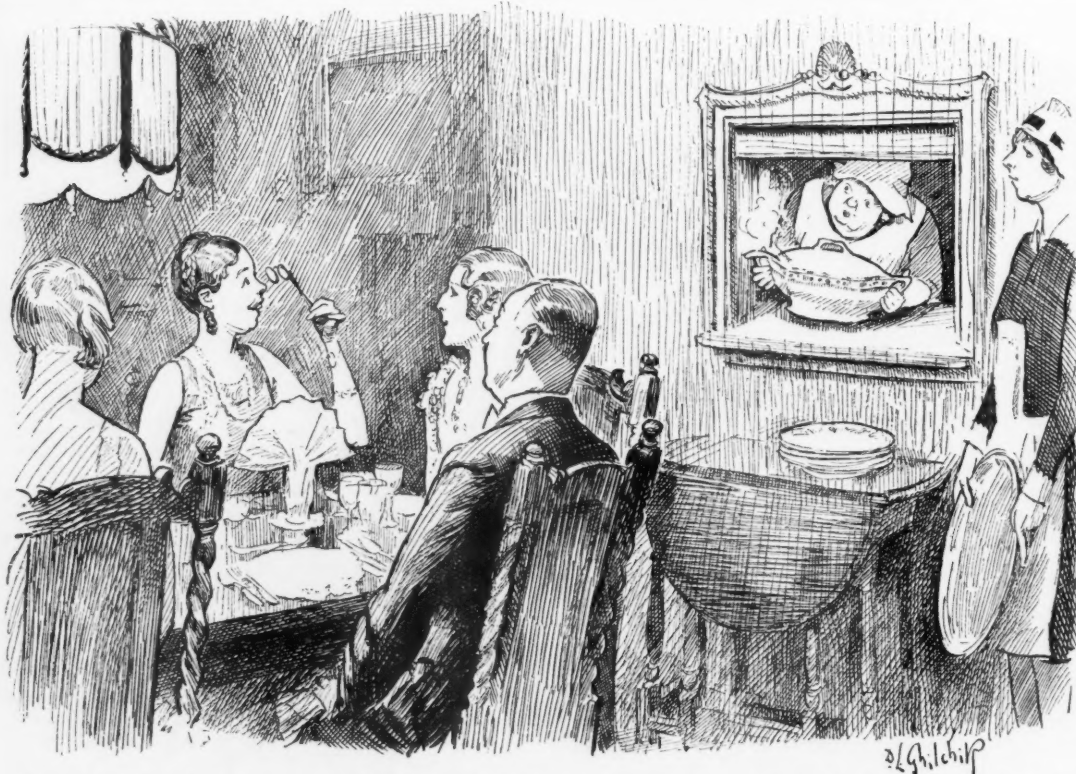
"We saw the rest of the 'plane turn over the pond." *Daily Paper.*

"A dense fox on Friday night did not promise well for hunting with the Essex Union." *Essex Paper.*

Some foxes are too stupid to learn the rules.



THE HELPING HAND.



Short-sighted Guest (noticing service-hatch). "MY DEAR, WHAT A PERFECT PICTURE! A DUTCH OLD MASTER, OBVIOUSLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ODELL SHEPARD has, among other literary feats, edited THOREAU's *Journals*, and, either from THOREAU or, as I should rather suspect, from a natural and cultivated affinity to the whole Concord school, has learnt to "affect the quality of his day" by creating an atmosphere of his own through which to look at it. Twice in *The Joys of Forgetting* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) he acknowledges his debt to ROUSSEAU; but it is a ROUSSEAU at one remove, a ROUSSEAU decently New Englandized, who haunts the entirely healthy and exhilarating essays of this particular romantic. Piquantly enough Mr. SHEPARD utters his recluse oracles from a notably gregarious English solitude, for he resides at Boar's Hill, whence as Fellow of the Guggenheim Foundation he is able to descend at intervals on Oxford. He does not tell us what he thinks of Oxford; but he writes with such heartfelt appreciation of the pigs and ducks in his middle-distance that I wish he had extended his purview to the dons and Morris-Cowleys in the background. More partial, I think, to scholarship than scholars, he has no use whatever for "the childish mechanical toys of industrialized science"; and this alluring little book, alluringly prefaced by Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE, abundantly proves that the romantic is worth preserving from the world for the world's sake as well as his own. There must be someone to write "The Natural History of Hobby-Horses," to appreciate the conversational vintage known as "Essays by Word of Mouth," to praise, in "Candle-Holding," the office of the unsoured onlooker. If I may hint a preference where all is congenial, I own to finding the country-lover even more entertaining than

the book-worm and regret that examples of the former's vein are numerically rare.

At a time when the lure of the voyage from England to America seems, to works of art, to be irresistible, it is consoling to realise how many of the nation's most valuable possessions—pictures, sculpture, porcelain, woodwork—are dollar-proof. Nothing, for instance, in the Public Galleries can go. But national collections are not all; there are smaller treasure-houses no less firmly safeguarded against attack, and not the least of these is the Lady Lever Art Gallery at Port Sunlight, near Liverpool, in which are assembled articles so varied and choice as to constitute it a Victoria and Albert Museum in little. Not everyone can go to Port Sunlight to rejoice among these things; nor, I must admit, can everyone afford fifteen guineas for the three-volume illustrated record of the Gallery which has just been issued by Messrs. BATSFORD, in accordance with the late Lord LEVERHULME's wishes. Nor could everyone acquire these volumes, even if the money was nothing, for there are only three-hundred-and-fifty sets, a hundred of which are reserved for the special purpose of making the mouths of American collectors water and water in vain. Yet, since many of the sets will go to Public Libraries, the fame of the Lady Lever Collection will now be more widely spread, and more and more pilgrims, it is to be hoped, will visit the beautiful building in which they are preserved. The volumes deal respectively with (1) the Porcelain and Pottery, (2) the Furniture, Tapestry and Needlework, and (3) the Pictures. Not only do they make a very sumptuous possession, but they show what remarkable results can be attained by a single collector with enthusiasm, wealth, devotion and taste.

In My Opinion is the views

On horses and the horseman's task
Of twenty pens (and could you choose
A twenty better pens, I'd ask?)

They're edited by Major LYON,
An M.F.H. and horse-master,
Who knows a horse from crest to iron;
And CONSTABLE's his publisher.

This work, beyond the usual thing—
Hunting and polo, "sticks" and
shows—

Treats of the magic sawdust ring,
Yes, here the ambling piebald goes;
And here is solid sense on shoeing
And apt exemplars on first-aid,
And of horse-dentistry the doing
Is ever painlessly portrayed.

Lastly the painters of the gee
Are dealt with by an A.R.A.;
From SEYMOUR's "Flying Childers" he
Conducts us to the present day;
And thence are Nimrod artists called in
To illustrate, and (only look)
MUNNINGS and EDWARDS, ARMOUR,
ALDIN
Set seals on an instructive book.

The chart on which I record my delight in *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* and its successors has its highest zigzag in the early years of the century, the years of *Fraulein Schmidt*, *The Caravaners* and *Princess Priscilla*. In subsequent novels I feel disillusionment has too often become a convention, a convention expressed with a stabilised cynicism very different from the pretty and intriguing fluctuations of "ELIZABETH's" pre-War temper. In her latest book, *Milly Bott*, widow of a suburban magnate, is suspected by her husband's people of past infidelity. *Milly's Ernest*, who was universally supposed to have regarded his wife with due *Bott* complacency, cuts her off with a thousand pounds. The rest of his fortune is left to a Magdalen asylum, "my wife will know why." *Milly* does know why; the *Botts* can only conjecture. Her flight from these conjectures, her betrayal by her lover and her sister, and her championship by the only *Bott* with a consistent philosophy—the grandmother, who has ostentatiously transferred her earthly solicitudes to the tranquil province of food—efficiently cover the canvas. Its central figure strikes me as pathetic, but rather on the lines of the *White Queen*, her entanglements betraying very little more causality than that bewildered sovereign's relations with her hair-brush. It is hard to believe that a woman inured to the militant respectability of the *Botts* would err so haphazardly, for, though the respectability itself is out of date, *Milly* is undeniably its contemporary. Her relations with her grim sister are sensitively felt, but even here "ELIZABETH" is too inclined to deal naggingly with naggers. Indeed her reprobation is so much more animated than her reprobates that the cumulative effect of *Expiation* (MACMILLAN) is that of a one-sided quarrel with a world inadequately understood.



Bo'sun. "YOU KNOW, SIR, ALL THIS SILLY TALK ABOUT A CHANNEL TUNNEL JUST MAKES ME SICK."

Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON contrives to lead his principal characters by easy stages into the most hopeless situations, and then, watching their fruitless endeavours to extricate themselves, each from his own particular muddle, he jeers at them. *Pas de Quatre* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is the story of two marriages. Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank and Mr. and Mrs. Perreau all have an immense amount of "character," but none of them seems to be gifted with a fair share of intelligence, so that trouble of some sort is to be expected. Nor is the reader disappointed in this respect. Both marriages are blighted by the indiscretion of Mrs. Cruikshank and Mr. Perreau, and by the temperamental differences between the parties. In the course of the story Mr. CREIGHTON indulges in some spirited tilting at the present divorce laws and at the

practice of the Divorce Court, but, just as you have settled down to the fact that his solution of the vexed question of how best to deal with unhappy marriages lies outside the province of the law, he turns round and points out the unsatisfactory result of the dissolution of such marriages by mutual consent. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON is somewhat of a cynic, but a perusal of *Pas de Quatre* will show that he is a witty one, with a very happy knack of parody.

Trilogies are in fashion for the moment, and I have no particular quarrel with them. It seems only fair that your novelist should be allowed to develop those characters which he has invented more fully than the confines of a single volume permit. But from the reader's point of view it is sometimes a little embarrassing to come upon the second or third volume of a series before he has been, so to speak, properly introduced. Personally I have not had the fortune to see either of the volumes that preceded *Ultima Thule* (HEINEMANN). I gather it is the third part of the chronicles of one *Richard Mahony*, of which Part I. was called *Australia Felix*, and Part II. *The Way Home*. In these earlier books *Richard*, I dare say, was a very pleasant fellow. There are still traces of a lovable nature about him, but even at the start he is clearly doomed to a tragic end. A retired doctor who has lost his money and returned to Australia to take up his profession again as a middle-aged man, he is not of the stuff to "stage a comeback," as they say in the prize-ring. He is shy and proud and unsociable, and, though he loves his wife and children dearly, he is for ever doing precisely the things that hurt and perplex them most. HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON, who has written his story, is, I believe, a woman—though why women should employ masculine pen-names in these enlightened days, except for the joke of confusing unhappy reviewers, I do not know. Perhaps she thought the story too relentlessly tragic for a writer of her sex. Here we have the last phase of a long struggle against fate, in which the chief male character is shown in a gradual process of degeneration until he dies at last ruined and imbecile. Not a cheerful novel nor a book to encourage prospective emigrants to Australia, but a serious work of some value. The trilogy as a whole should be worth keeping on your shelves for days when you feel a lowering draught would be useful.

If you have a winter evening to spend and a taste for ingenious stories, you can draw a chair comfortably to the fire and take ten shares in *Jennerton & Co., Ltd.* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON). In all of these tales Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM has a definite idea, and in some of them he develops it so skilfully that I advise his publishers to cease from calling him "The Prince of Story-tellers," and boldly claim that he is the King of them. Mr. OPPENHEIM may

not be a profound psychologist or modern enough in his methods to please the high-browed; but he can tell a story, and he knows to an ounce how much weight his ideas can carry. The tales which I thought the pick of a good basket were "The Tax Collector," "Waiting for Tonks," "Numbers One and Seven" and "The Great Bear"; but you will not find a dud in the whole collection.

On a certain May morning *Christopher Brade* shut his front-door behind him and went to his office after a violent quarrel with his wife, whose tyranny he had endured for seven years. On the evening of the same day he returned from a dinner-party, and then at midnight left his house and his wife for ever. That is not a mere brief synopsis; it is the entire story of *St. Christopher's Day* (GOLLANCZ) as told by Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG, and a finer one or a more absorbing I have not read for years. And how dull it might have been! It is but a slight exaggeration to say that this



ORTHODOX EASTERN POTENTATE REPRIMANDING HIS SON FOR ADOPTING EUROPEAN DRESS.

story has neither action nor dialogue. There is inevitably a certain amount of explanatory retrospect, but in the main it is just a description, hour by hour, of the feelings of the husband and of the wife, with the climax of the evening's meeting always before them. Perhaps it would have been a greater book if Mr. ARMSTRONG had put *Rosamund's* case as sympathetically as *Christopher's*, but if greater it would have been far less interesting. A quarrel makes poor reading if one may not take sides in it. Mr. ARMSTRONG tells his readers plainly that *Christopher* is their man and all of them, male and female alike, will follow his lead. They will even be glad that, as a solution, he has renounced the easy method of reconciliation and has given *Christopher* the more lasting gift of freedom. This

book is a splendid achievement, with just that touch of magic in it which entitles it to be called a **work** of genius.

The Man with the Amber Eyes (JENKINS), by Messrs. EDGAR JEPSON and HUGH CLEVELY, is, when compared with the majority of to-day's sensational novels, remarkably slow off the mark. Indeed as regards physical violence I had to be content for some hundred pages with two straight punches "from a sledge-hammer right," one of which is realistically illustrated on the paper cover. But, if the authors' villains are laggard at the outset, they make a complete recovery in the later parts of the story. For *Peter Kennedy*, who was superfluous from their point of view, is shot, and, as the bullet failed to find a vital spot, is presently sand-bagged and thrown into a tidal river, thence to be promptly rescued by the competent heroine. The tale improves with its development; but *Peter's* affairs of the heart remain tedious. And I wish, by the way, that these collaborators would not be so lavish with their dots. On one page I counted twelve fours . . . They make a single full-stop look absolutely silly.

CHARIVARIA.

A FEMALE cat-burglar has come under the notice of the police and been sent to prison. Hitherto all the cat-burglars caught have been toms.

We hear of a crook, believed to be in England, who is wanted in Chicago. It is amazing that they should want any more in that city.

The two groups of figures which Mr. EPSTEIN is completing for the new headquarters of the Underground Railway represent "Morning" and "Night." Disappointment is expressed that they do not symbolise the rush-hours.

From an article on the ingredients of cocktails we learn that Indian hemp has the effect of making minutes seem like hours. It is therefore hardly calculated to mitigate the tedium of a cocktail party.

We read in a contemporary that musicians can muffle a saxophone with a bowler-hat. Then why don't they?

A Paddington confectioner has been fined five pounds for selling two penny-worth of cough-drops after hours. If, as the HOME SECRETARY has stated, D.O.R.A. is dead and buried, her ghost seems to be doing a bit of prowling about.

It is a pity, by the way, that Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS did not tell us of the funeral beforehand so that more could have attended the festivities.

Sofa dollies, we note, are still very fashionable. They are of course a foil to the more emancipated type of girl.

A possible explanation of the increasing practice of naming telephone exchanges after famous poets is that the operators "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come."

Dr. GEORGE WALKER, of Baltimore, has discovered that the absence of lime from a man's diet makes him cruel. Income-tax collectors should be persuaded to take a second helping of the stuff.

A complexion-specialist advocates the application of egg to the skin. It should, however, be removed after breakfast.

Reports of missing foxes near Melton Mowbray will have drawn attention to the need for a Home for Lost Foxes in the shires.

Chelsea's failing, according to a football report, is too much exhibition stuff. Local art-influences are to blame.

A famous violinist caused comment the other day by playing pieces otherwise than as the composers intended. A similar independence characterises the performances of the little girl next-door.

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN has put a number of his chorus-girls on a special diet in order to increase their weight. It is regretted in theatrical circles that so few newspapers can be persuaded to abandon their present method of feeding their dramatic critics on raw meat and barbed-wire in order to keep them savage.

The public has only just been allowed to learn that Mr. G. B. SHAW was stung by a wasp last summer. He gives and takes these "little digs" in a sporting spirit.

The teaching of the Welsh language in the schools of Newport, Monmouthshire, is to cease. It has not yet been decided what other form of discipline will be introduced.

A weekly paper is trying to revive interest in draughts, but we doubt very much if that game will ever really compensate for the recent closing of so many night-clubs.

Civil aeroplanes can now be acquired on the instalment plan. So much down before the thing goes up.

Indoor golf is said to be becoming very popular. The dining-room sideboard makes a very attractive nineteenth hole.

A lady writing in a contemporary says that she advertised for a maid for a fortnight without getting a single reply. But of course a fortnight is a long time to expect a maid to stay.

According to a gossip-writer many golf-clubs specialise in some particular dish. It is a pretty sight to see the members of a certain exclusive club teeing up their green-peas.

"M.P. who keeps racing pigeons" reads a headline. It must make him terribly out of breath.



Professor. "AND WHAT'S THE STEAK LIKE TO-DAY?"

Butcher. "TENDER AS A WOMAN'S 'EART, SIR."

Professor. "AH, IN THAT CASE I THINK I'LL HAVE HALF-A-POUND OF SAUSAGES."

"Who is the Postmaster-General?" was a recent General Knowledge question in a daily paper. Our feeling is that this assumed ignorance amounts to "rubbing it in."

It is recalled that WAGNER had a horror of noise. Yet he didn't seem to mind WAGNER.

Although in his ninetieth year, Mr. TOM WATSON, of Darlington, is going fishing in Scotland this month. So much for the theory that those addicted to angling eventually grow out of it.

DOMESTIC WEATHER.

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A BAROMETER.

"I DON'T know what's the matter with this barometer at all," said Angela, tapping it in a rather condescending way. "It doesn't seem *interested*, somehow."

"Why should it be?" I asked.

"Because that is what it is for," said Angela. "Why do you imagine people have barometers?"

I smiled mysteriously.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I've been asked not to—er—disclose that."

"Disclose what?" asked Angela.

"Why people have barometers. I *know*, of course, but I'm afraid I mustn't say."

"Now you are just being ridiculous," said Angela. "But if this barometer doesn't go up before next Saturday I shall give it to Daphne. So there!"

"But, my dear girl," I said reasonably, "you can't expect a barometer to go up by itself like that."

"Of course I can," retorted Angela. "How else can a barometer go up?"

"But I mean it requires cyclones and anti-cyclones and deep depressions and ridges of high pressure and—oh, all sorts of things, to encourage it."

"Why?" asked Angela.

"It's—er—it's too complicated to go into now; it depends on the refractive index of mercury and—er—the mutability of matter and so on."

"Anything else?"

"The B. B. C. weather forecast, of course. That's important."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Angela decisively. "If that barometer doesn't go up, it goes out. It isn't *trying*."

I looked at the barometer sadly; there didn't seem much hope for it. It was pointing gloomily to MUCH RAIN with one eye on STORMY. I tapped it kindly, but it seemed utterly unable to shake off its lethargy. It has never been any real use as a barometer, but it has often been a sort of companion to me in moments of stress. In some circles men beat their wives; in others they tap the barometer. Any husband will understand.

"It hasn't gone up," said Angela at breakfast next morning.

Angela has a way of beginning a conversation in the middle; for the moment I was at sea.

"If you are referring to our stock or share in Amalgamated—"

"I was referring to our barometer," said Angela.

"Oh! I fancied I noticed a slight movement. In any case I am sure it has every *intention* of going up during the next few hours."

"It had better," said Angela.

But it didn't. It seemed to have no appreciation of the awful fate which was hanging over it.

On Friday morning I inspected it with growing anxiety. There was no change, and Angela, with a sort of half-concealed sneer in its direction, went in to breakfast without a word.

It was a difficult situation. The more I thought about it the more I realised how fond I was of that barometer. Its very steadfastness in a world of hectic change endeared it to me. I went out and tapped it again, but it was true to its principles; like MARTIN LUTHER, nothing could budge it.

And then all of a sudden I realised that I couldn't bear to lose it, so I *tampered with it*. I know it sounds a pretty awful thing to have done, but I did; I *tampered with it*!

It wasn't easy, either. There was a bent tube in its inside full of mercury, and little weights on the two ends of a piece of string, and it was not until I had the bright idea of stuffing the tube with wet blotting-paper that I was able materially to improve the weather prospects. But that did it. When I left, the barometer was pointing to SET FAIR, with a sort of smirk on its face.

"Have you *seen* it?" asked Angela excitedly on Saturday morning.

"Seen what, darling?"

"The barometer. It's simply gone *bounding up*."

"Splendid! Then you—you won't give it away after all?"

"Give it away?"

"To Daphne."

"Oh, *that*," said Angela. "I never meant to, anyway. But"—and here she put her head on one side and looked at me as—well, as only Angela can—"you haven't forgotten your promise, have you?"

A cold clutching hand seemed to run up and down my spinal cord.

"What promise?" I asked anxiously.

"You know," said Angela. "You promised—*ever* so faithfully—that I should have a *beautiful* new spring costume as soon as the weather was SET FAIR. And it is."

"Is it?" I asked weakly.

"Of course it is. You can't argue with the barometer, can you?"

"No," I said sadly. "I suppose you can't."

"That is why I was so anxious for it to go up by this morning," explained Angela happily. "Cécile has got the *darlingest* costume, and she promised to hold it for me until to-day. And it *only* costs. . . ."

I looked round sadly at the barometer. It was still pointing to SET FAIR, but a deep depression seemed

suddenly to have enveloped the universe. I reached for my cheque-book with a sigh.

"Thank you *ever* so much," said Angela. "And now I shall go and give the barometer a *great big kiss*!"

"Am I not in this at all?" I asked a little plaintively.

Angela flashed a dimpled smile at me. "It's really the barometer's doing, isn't it?" she said. "We must be *fair*, you know." L. DU G.

SOLACE FOR SAINT VALENTINE.

WITH a gale of wind and a scud of snow,
With clouds above and with mist below,
Oh! it's little your shivering poet can
sing,

As he walks afield, of the coming of
spring,

Of a young man's fancy and that sort of
thing.

But there, at the flooded meadow's
edge,

Sit a small brown couple beneath the
hedge,

Who furnish at least one happy line:
Partridges pair at Saint Valentine.

Valentine, Valentine, tender saint,
Where are the posies he used to paint?
He would bid the gallant in piteous case
Be done with his sighs and his doleful
face,

And would frame his pleadings in paper-
lace,

Tricking them out with a Cupid's dart
And a couplet to melt Amanda's heart.
Nobody wants him in these hard times;
Nobody cares for him and his rhymes.

Poor old dreamer, he quits the stage,
To the jeers of a more enlightened age,
And, musing sadly on his defeat,
He wanders out in the fog and sleet,
All forgotten and obsolete—
Then he sees in the furrow, squat and
trim,

Two lovers who still remember him.
Take heed, take heed to it, mistress mine,
Partridges pair at Saint Valentine!

A. C.

Oxford Will Out.

"A reporter asked him if he was Aircraftsman Shaw. Speaking in cultured tones, which betrayed him, he replied, 'No, my name is Mr. Smith.'—*Sunday Paper*."

"To-day Mr. — was unable to sit owing to a slight cold."—*Police-court News*.

We can understand University oarsmen in training eating their meals in a standing posture, but this seems a preposterous excuse.

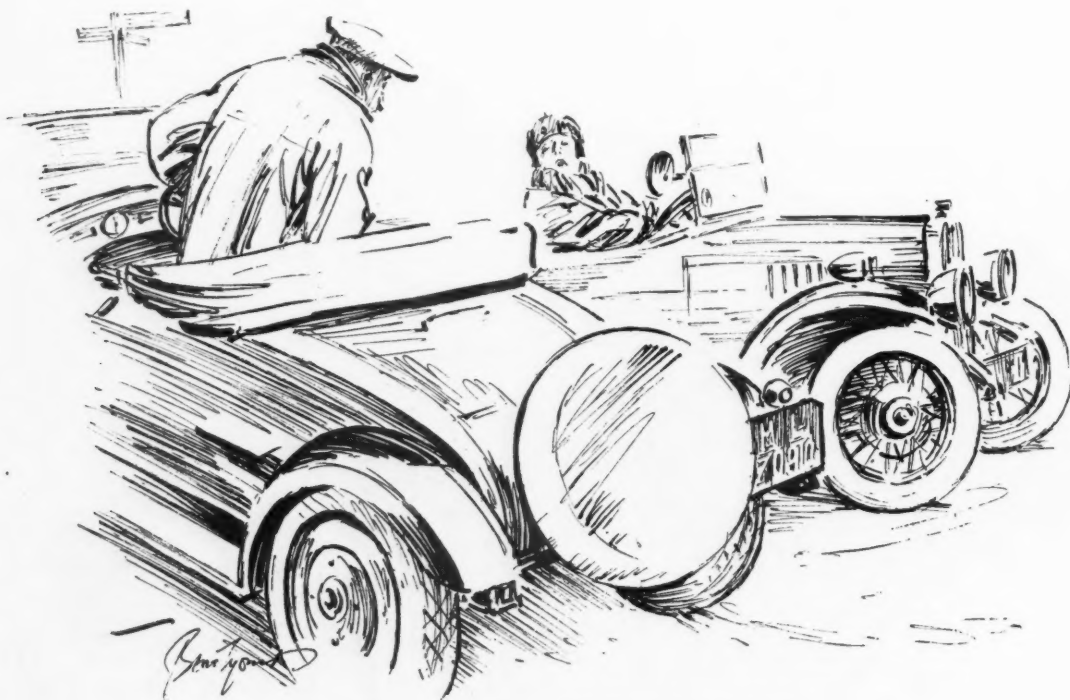
"I made \$3,000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business!" Thos. Minch, Fla.—*Advt. in American Journal*.

We recommend Mr. MINCH to try his hand at a noiseless soup.



PEACE AT THE PROW AND TREASURE AT THE HELM.

A SYMBOLIC ATTEMPT TO HARMONISE THE APPARENTLY CONFLICTING PRINCIPLES OF THE KELLOGG PACT AND THE BIG NAVY BILL. WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE AMERICAN SENATE ON PASSING BOTH OF THEM.



The Man. "BUT, MY DEAR LADY, WHY DIDN'T YOU SIGNAL?"

The Flapper. "THERE IS NO SIGNAL FOR WHAT I WANTED TO DO."

THE FLOPPER.

I FIRST made his acquaintance on a tube escalator. By this I don't mean to imply that we were in any way formally introduced. What actually happened was that I was proceeding thoughtfully up the stairs, my walking-stick tucked under my arm as I searched for my ticket, when I was momentarily halted by an obstacle—in short, two girls, who, poor things, despite their superior bearing had never learnt to read sufficiently well to comprehend the notice, "Please stand on the right that others may pass." They, however, have nothing more to do with the story; the point is that as I stopped I felt a sharp blow on the end of my stick, which projected out behind, and, turning round, saw a youngish man, shabbily dressed, holding his hand to his eye in some pain.

"My dear Sir," I cried, "a thousand apologies. . . ." No, that's what I ought to have cried, according to the short-story writers; what I actually said was, "I say, old chap, I'm frightfully sorry!"

He did not take it very graciously.

"And so you order be," he said, feeling for a handkerchief, "carrying of your

stick pointing out be'ind like that and then stopping so sudden."

I began to feel rather bad. Useless to put the blame on the girls in front. I knew their sort. They would have either withered me with a "Really-they-ought-to-put-insect-powder-down-and-keep-these-things-away" look; or else they would have complained to a policeman that I had spoken to them first. So I took refuge in further apology.

"I'm afraid it was rather careless of me. I ought to have thought. . . ."

"Yes, guv'ner, you ought." He mopped at his streaming eye.

"I never realised anyone was so close behind. I hope I haven't hurt you badly?"

At this point the escalator swept us off into a backwater at the top.

"It don't hurt so much now," he said, blinking behind his handkerchief. "Trouble is I shall lose a day's work at least over this. You see, I'm a precision-grinder."

"Quite so," I said knowingly. "You—er—grind things with precision."

"I ought to see my doctor. And my lawyer," he added sharply.

Visions of heavy damages for destroying a precision-grinder's precision flashed across my mind. I wondered whether

I. . . . Perhaps he. . . . I felt surreptitiously for a pound-note.

A man stopped by us.

"You all right, mate?" he said to the injured one, and scowled at me. "I saw just what 'appened—if you want a witness. Blinking carelessness on 'is part."

I felt for two pound-notes. I realised I had better settle this up at once if possible. Lawyers are even more expensive than precision-grinders.

Another man joined us, and I began to feel for more pound-notes. But the newcomer saved me. He addressed me jauntily—

"Don't you believe him, Mister. That stick of yours didn't go near his bleedin' eye. He hit it wiv his hand a-purpose when you wasn't looking. He's having you."

Witness for the prosecution at once vanished, and the victim, gazing round with miraculously restored sight, appeared to be about to do likewise. The new-comer's statement had every appearance of truth, except that the damaged eye, now revealed, was not bleeding. It was not even watering, the water having been skilfully materialised from the handkerchief.

It may have been the relieved amuse-

ment on my face that checked his flight. He paused and said, "Sorry, guv'ner," and grinned cheerfully.

I'm afraid I grinned too; whereat witness for the defence, seeing that the matter was being settled out of court, also went on his way. Scenting a story, I drew my precision-grinder, now as precise as ever, into a buffet.

"Tell me all," I said, calling for two glasses of milk.

He did.

He was a "flopper" by trade, I learnt. Having started life as a comic acrobat on the halls, he had soon found an ingenious way of putting his skill to better account. He and his mate, in short, made a living from faked accidents. Walking-sticks on escalators were only light relief, undertaken by way of recreation; his real business consisted in falling over cellar-flaps, pavement-lights, defective tram-lines and so on. His companion, whose part was that of scout and subsequent witness, unearthed obstacles where some defect, if brought to light by an accident, would definitely make the owner responsible; and he himself then executed a scientific tumble and presented his claim. He insisted that in his hands it was not a mere business; "an artist, that's wot I am," he reiterated. It all sounded very simple, though personally I felt there might be better ways of earning money.

However, we parted friends instead of litigants, and I rashly promised not to give him away.

I met him again quite recently. To my surprise he was hawking flowers. The barrow did not look like a collapsible one, nor did I see anything for him to fall over or into. In short, he was just selling flowers.

When he had recognised me I asked him what was the matter.

"I can't fall proper no more," he explained. "You see, I 'ad a nasty tumble the other day."

"But surely wasn't that the idea?"

"Not this tumble wasn't. You see, my mate he found a cellar-flap belonging to the 'Blue Lion,' down Elephant way, which 'ad a defective bolt to it. I mean, a lawyer 'ud only 'ave to see that bolt to get 'em on toast for damages. Well, I went and did one of me best falls all round it—the neck-and-eel, I calls it. . . ."

"Yes?" I asked.

"And blimey if it wasn't more defective than wot I knew! I fell into it reel proper—not as I meant. I was in 'ospital for a week."

"I am sorry," I said. "But even so you must have got a good sum in damages?"



Loving young Wife (to husband, defeated by leaking pipe). "NEVER MIND, DARLING: ANYHOW, WE STILL HAVE EACH OTHER."

"Damages!" He looked scornfully at me. "Damages! Wot, me claim for a fall what I didn't mean? Blimey, guv'ner, I couldn't do *that*! Why, it was me own blinking carelessness."

I let him sell me some expensive flowers. He had certainly established his claim to be a true artist. A. A.

Shakespeare's Bohemia in England.

"On Tuesday snow from four to ten feet deep was reported from Simonsbath, the famous inland beauty spot beloved by holiday-makers, on the north Devon coast."

Gloucestershire Paper.

"At the annual weekly luncheon of the Wallsend Rotary Club yesterday . . ."

Local Paper.

Smith Minor suggests that the Christmas dinner should be made a fixture of this kind.

Brighter Litigation in Canada.

"Judgment for \$63.74 was entered in favour of the — Wrecking and Coal Co., who occupied the bench in the absence of Judge —."

Canadian Paper.

In the circumstances we should have expected a considerably larger sum.

"Gentleman, with large house, would receive Gentlemen Paying-Guest, bath, electric, professional or University gentleman."

Cambridge Paper.

Mrs. 'Arris says that electric gentlemen are always the easiest to do for.

"With a two to the on-side Hammond reached his third century in this series of Tests and his sixth of the tour when he had been batting four hours and four minutes. He lustily cheered for his fine display."

Derbyshire Paper.

We easily pardon him this momentary breach of modesty.

TOPSY, M.P.

XXII.—ASKS QUESTIONS.

WELL Trix my little gilliflower it's rather a throb, you remember last November I told you about the *hat-trouble* I had in the House owing to some *babyish* rule about raising a point of order *sitting down* with a *hat* on and I hadn't a hat, well my dear now the Speaker has *scotched* the said rule so I haven't *quite* lived in vain, however I do believe I'm going to *lose* the Whip,

my dear I'm *too* unloved, because well the House is quite *gangrenously* boring at present, my dear they *droned* along with these *suety* Government Bills which *nobody* understands except the *Civil* Servants who are the absolute *kings* of the castle these days, my dear Haddock says we're not a limited *monarchy* or democracy or anything any longer but an unlimited *burecracy*, though I don't suppose *that* will keep you awake darling anyhow the *private* Members can do quite nothing except *waddle* through the Lobbies *when-* ever the bell rings like perfectly drilled ducks, except of course that we're not allowed to *quack*, and my dear it's all very well for the Gov to say they must have all the time for their *adipose* Bills, but what they don't seem to realise is that if they can't keep the *Members* interested in the mouldy Parliament how can they expect the man-in-the-Tube to be, and the *nude* truth is that *nothing* people talk about in the home is ever mentioned in the House, well my dear you remember what *mustard* I was to begin with but of course now I merely *trickle* into the place about

as brightly as a stagnant pond, and almost my *one* amusement is to *suddenly* crash into the Smoking-Room and see all the male legislators dry up with their mouths open in the middle of a *mas-* culine story, my dear *too* unwelcome.

However darling even that's rather a *palling* pleasure and I thought that somehow I must get my money's worth out of the club so I've taken to *tormenting* the man Hicks with *Parliamentary* questions, of course I know you think I'm moony about Hicks, and people keep *goadng* me to leave him alone, but my dear he's like a *baby* the moment you leave him alone he does

something *too* ghastly, my dear I hadn't uttered about him for *weeks* when suddenly he erupted with three perfectly *flatulent* speeches about Dora being *dead*, and of course the very same day I saw a man was fined because the number-plates on his car were *too large*, and also a *stainless* publican was prosecuted *merely* darling because somebody played the piano in the *bar* and the criminals present joined in the *chorus* and the man hadn't a *music-* licence and of course there were *three*

people were *enjoying themselves* and did he *still* think Dora was *dead* and he said Certainly, so I said Well *does* the Right Honourable Hicks know the song about John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave but his *soul* goes utterly *march-* ing on, because my dear *that* is the *crystal* point and of course the *whole* House broke into a *bronchial* cheer and Auntie refused to answer, though I thought the discomforture was *too* too noticeable.

Well my dear *thus* heartened I made the holiest kind of *vow* to ask him at *least* one question a day, though of course it's all so difficult, because you have to submit *every* question to the Clerk at the Table who is perfectly encrusted with the *most* kindergarten *rules*, well you mayn't ask a question which is *hypothetical* or a statement of *fact*, or contains arguments or inferences or imputations or *epithets* or controversial or *ironical* expressions, which doesn't leave *much* well *does* it darling, for instance if I put down a question like this

To ask the HOME SECRETARY if he is not a *well-meaning* but *inflated* solicitor

this *pedantic* Clerk would merely scratch out *well-meaning* and *inflated* which of course are utterly the *operative* words, my dear how can you discuss Hicks without using a *sporadic* epithet or two, my dear the man's *too* negative as it is, my dear he's one protracted NO, *too* marvellous at stamping the heavy foot, but *where* is the helping hand, well my dear what has he done except *trample* on the pathetic Bishops and tread



Old Lady (to Policeman). "I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MY NIECE TOLD ME TO CATCH A 1-7-DOUBLE-3 MATFAIR, OR IS THAT WHERE SHE LIVES, DO YOU THINK?"

detectives sniffing *busily* at the window, can you see the picture, so *English* darling, because my dear it seems if one man sings at the piano it's *too* lawful but if *three* men sing it's felonious, well darling I put down a question about this mean and *smelly* affair and Hicks as usual said it was the *law* of the land and he couldn't interfere, so my dear I started *pelting* the person with *Supplementary*, and I said Well if *that's* the law had he taken *any* steps to have it altered during the last four years, and he took six words to say No as the *verbose* custom is, so I said *Is* it not a fact that the *sole* offence in this case was that

on the Trade Unions and *prance* about on the publishers, *turn* out the Russians by the raid on Arcos and *keep* out the Americans by the raids on the West End, my dear his *one* idea is raids and regulations, my dear as Haddock says he has the *raid-mind*, he is definitely the *Raid-King*, but as for *creating* anything, well my dear you *won't* remember but in 1924 he announced with a *loud* bang that he was going to utterly *clean-up* the night-life of London because of Wembley and the *chaste* Colonials and everything, and my dear *here* he is in 1929 still *loudly* announcing that he is *definitely* going to utterly *clean-*



Shopper. "Too ADORABLE! OF COURSE I MUST HAVE THEM; BUT THEY'RE MUCH MORE THAN I CAN POSSIBLY PAY. JUST PUT THEM DOWN TO MY ACCOUNT."

up the night-life of London, and the sole fruit and blossom of four years' hysterical cleaning is that the police are in a septic mess, my dear it's rather hilarious when you come to think of it, half Scotland Yard quite swearing before the Police Commission that the police are to be impeccable and the other half nose-deep in the most insanitary police scandal, and my dear do you remember how poor TERENCE O'CONNOR was stamped upon by HICKS for merely suggesting that a Metropolitan cop was capable of bribery, however, but meanwhile as for Home Affairs, of course you might say the Virgins' Vote came out of the Home Office though that was the PRIME really, and I can't think of anything else but the Shop Hours Act which had to be rammed down their throats and anyhow was the permanent incarnation of Dora, except that you can buy chocolates at a theatre now, but my dear it took ten years' yapping in the Press to get that, my dear that Department, it's like an elephant giving birth to a mouse, too reluctant, anyhow my next question was How long has the H. S. been in charge of Home Affairs and is he satisfied with the festering condition of our diseased Betting Laws, only this bigot of

a Clerk scratched out both festering and diseased which of course was the entire gist and flavour of the Question, well I appealed to the Speaker and he rejected the whole Question because he said it was asking for an expression of opinion, my dear that's the kind of Roedean regulation a public woman has to face, however I altered it to Has Hicks done anything during the last four years and does he propose to do anything during the next four months to reform and codify the B. L.'s, well my dear he bleated in the negative as usual, so I said Doesn't he think this malignant and national mess is more important than the night-life of London, but my dear too mute, so the next day I did the same about the Divorce Laws and the Licensing Laws and I said Will the Right Hon. Sec. for Home Affairs take his mind off Soho and get down to the Home, and then the other day I asked Has he considered the question of suppressing Stag-hunting and he said as usual there was no public demand, so then my dear I rather lost the little head and I leaped up and said Will the Right Honourable Spinster say if there is any public demand for prosecuting people who play the piano in pubs, well then darling there was the

most vociferous scene and I had to withdraw Spinster, and now the Whips are at me and I'm getting the most malevolent letters, however I'm too under-terred because my dear the man's a menace, and Haddock's going to utterly stand for Twickenham as an Independent and split the Tory vote so as to save the nation from another Jixennium, too right, farewell now your rather unpopular TOPSY. A. P. H.

American Uplift.

"PRINCE GEORGE TO GET DUKE OF KENT TITLE.

Third of King's Sons to be raised to Aristocracy."

American Paper.

"THE TEST.

ENGLAND'S BACKS TO THE WALL."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

What we wanted was Whacks to the Ball.

"Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., C.B., in a recent pamphlet states '... the safe conversation of Foods in tins brings the natural produce of practically the whole earth within the economic reach of all people.'"

Grocer's Pamphlet.

We have always made it a rule not to listen to tinned-food dialogue.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

I AM surprised, and not a little grieved, that so much apathy is being shown about the Derating Scheme, after all that I have done to popularise its more difficult clauses. Mr. BALDWIN has even been obliged to urge Conservative M.P.'s to sit up and try to listen to the thing like men. But in vain.

There is one statesmanlike course, and one only, and that is to re-write the whole measure in verse and song when the Committee-stage is over, and have it passed again from beginning to end. If that does not rouse the dormant House from its lethargy, nothing will.

It is not my business to carry out the work, but I can indicate roughly the way in which it should be done.

To begin with, the title of the Bill itself should fall into some simple rhyming metre, easy to be carried in the heart and easy to be sung. For instance, after a brief overture on the pastoral flute we might begin:—

A BILL

To amend the law

Relating to poor relief,

A measure without a flaw,
Merciful, mild and brief.

A BILL that deals with the registration of deaths and births,
With towns and with roads and hedges,
The lordliest Bill on earth.

A BILL that will grant entire
Or partial relief from rates,
To the rolling land of the shire
And the yard that is used for freights.

A BILL that removes or smothers
Certain Exchequer grants
And replaces them by others,
As though they were tiny plants.

A BILL that is quite essential
For matters like these, and more,
For purposes consequential
On things that were said before.

After which I would propose a blank verse, opening in the more or less dramatic vein:—

BE it enacted, therefore, of the King's
Most Excellent Majesty, both by and with
The advice and consent of his summon'd Lords
Not only Spiritual but Temporal
And this elected band of Commoners
Assembled:

PART I.

POOR LAW.

*Transfer and
Administration of Functions.*

On the appointed day the functions
Of each Poor Law Authority shall be
(Subject to the provisions of this Act
And save as otherwise this Act provides)
Transferred and rendered, houseled and annealed,
Unto the Council of the County, or
The County Borough that incorporates
Within its cincture and environing pale
The Poor Law area, that poor, poor earth
Hacked over by a hundred bleeding wounds,
For which the said Authority now acts,

Or if the said Authority is not
Wholly comprised within one county, or
One county borough, then the functions of
The thing that we alluded to above
So far as it has reference or refers
To what we mentioned shortly afterwards
Shall yet be transferred, even as we said,
And as from that appointed day forthwith
Who ever says "Poor-Law Authorities"
Shall speak of something that has ceased to be,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Left not a rack behind.

Nay, good my lords,
Where'er two councils, ay or more than two,
Whether of counties or of county boroughs
Deem it expedient that the areas
Of the said councils should be junctioned
For any purpose under this high Act,
And therefore make an application
Unto the Minister's imperial self,
He shall give orders so to junction them,
Counting the twain one head.

There! Any good Parliamentary draughtsman can go on after that. But I suggest a rather more tripping and sprightly mode for Part III., where the vesting of all drains and sewers in the County Council is proposed, and for those portions of the Bill which deal with the diseases of cattle, unreduced rateable values, and the mathematical formulæ dealing with weighted population, calculated in accordance with the rules set out in Part III. of Schedule 4.

115 (3), the last subsection of the last clause, might well read:—

The Minister may by order
Direct that this Act should go,
Subject to adaptations,
And subject to modifications,
Beyond Great Britain's border
To the Scilly Isles also.

A quiet yet dignified close.

As for the Scottish portion of the Bill, it should be cast immediately into the homely dialect and simple measures of ROBBIE BURNS. I understand from the Scottish Office that they have a man there quite willing to do this. EVOE.

Burying the Hatchet.

"Ten Afghan princes and noblemen arrived at Rangoon to-day en route to Meiktila, in Upper Burma, where they will be interred until the Afghan trouble is over."—*Provincial Paper*.

The Brighter Side of Flu.

"One of the most marked features in foreign affairs during the past four years had been the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, and that was brought about chiefly through the influenza of Sir Austen Chamberlain."—*New Zealand Paper*.

What is Really Happening in the Tests?

Translation of title underneath a photograph in a Spanish newspaper:—

"View of the playing-field at Sydney in the second 'base-ball' match between the teams of Hammond and Hendern, representatives of England and Australia."

"Returning to London in 1914, she played in 'The Passing Show' and other revenues."—*Daily Paper*.

Notably the Entertainment Tax.

"After all, a foul is a foul whether it is a little one, like the curate's egg, or whether it is an unintentional one like that foul which Paolino got away with at Scott's expense."—*Evening Paper*.

Parts, however, of the curate's little foul were excellent.



Bridge Fanatic (who is dieting, to maid handing potatoes). "No BID."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

A NEW BLOOD-SPORT FROM RHODESIA.

THERE is a perfect plague of chameleons on the farm this year. The "boys" are terrified. They say that they bite and also they do not care for the way they have of looking with uncanny eyes at two different people at the same time. When I catch one by the tail and gentle it they stand in awestruck groups waiting to see me wilt and wither away. But they have seen me do it so many times in the last few months that the most sanguine of them are beginning to believe that I am immune. I do not suppose they think any better of me for

that, and, if they were English country-people of a few generations back, I feel sure they would cross their fingers at me to ward off the evil eye. Possibly they do something equivalent now, but if so I have not noticed it. The Mashona is very polite and does not like to embarrass one.

Living, as we do, far from a football-ground, race-course, greyhound-track and all other amenities of civilisation, we have to invent our own diversions; and the advent of the chameleon, with its taste for fly-stalking on the mosquito-nets that protect the verandah, has given us a sport that demands steadiness of hand combined

with patience and perseverance, and also brings in the animal factor that appeals so strongly to the Briton.

Each member of the household keeps at least one chameleon in training, and meetings are held every evening at sundown on the verandah. My wife's first string is Euphrosyne, a well-set-up chameleon but a little short in the reach, and he is apt to show a bit of temper when first brought on to the course. Young Martin's stand-by is Brutus, a rather leggy youngster with good action that is improving daily. Impatience is his fault, and he has lost many a good race from not being able to wait. Christopher pins his faith to

Tartan II. (Tartan I. was a great loss to the stud when his imitation of a cushion-cover was so clever that a rather stout guest failed to spot him and sat down unsuspecting upon him.) Poor Tartan has a good deal to contend with, as he is guided by a none-too-steady hand that trembles with excitement, for Christopher is only four. My favourite is Swivel-Eye, so named for his wonderfully quick independent optical feats. There is nothing that is hid from my old friend. I have had him two months now, and, having picked him in the veld as a good'un, I have a great pride in him and a very real affection. If there is one thing about him that I would have otherwise it is his persistence in the old veld habit of gently swaying like a breeze-fluttered leaf. That may be good tactics in a scurry over rough country, but it does not do on our verandah-course.

There are very few rules to be observed once we are off. The chameleon is held on the back of the hand and as the flag drops each competitor makes a swift but stealthy move for a fly on the mosquito-gauze. Experience is teaching us how to spot the somnolent ones. Then comes the real business of manœuvring for a good position within about five inches without starting the quarry. Each chameleon knows his own length of tongue to a nicety, and if he does not strike one, has to edge in a little nearer. It is then that the steady hand and the unblinking eye is necessary. Very cautiously old Swivel-Eye will bring both of his optics to bear on his prey; a slight lengthening of his neck brings him a millimetre or so nearer. As his whip-like tongue shoots out and comes back like elastic a shout from young Martin tells me that I have lost by a short head.

I must apologise to the R.S.P.C.A. for indulging in, and bringing up my children to enjoy, yet another blood-sport. But it is very good fun.

In 1929.

"Ah, what can ail thee, dame in black?
Hast lost a faithful lover?"
"No; Cook has given me the sack
And taken James the shover."

"Is vitiate 'vishyate' or 'vittiate'?
vacillate, 'vassilate' or 'vakslate'? One may
promote fierce conflicts by putting such innocent
questions to a company of learned men."

One would. *Sunday Paper.*

"The beds available in London hospitals number nearly 15,000. The patients occupying them exceed 200,000."—*Local Paper.*

Mr. Punch feels that it would be difficult for the hospitals to find a more telling slogan.

INTRODUCING THE SPONSOR.

A FRIEND has just lent me a copy of the annual magazine of the cadets of a large American institution, to which, though there is nothing quite similar in this country, an English provincial university most nearly corresponds.

This magazine costs thirty shillings, is of exactly the area and bulk of a *London Telephone Directory*, and consists of five hundred pages, attractively bound in a stiff cover. Beside it the journals of Oxford and Cambridge are colourless and tame, and I am convinced that they might well take a few ideas from this attractive rival.

Three things stand out from its many delights. First, I think, the fact that every man of the senior year has a page to himself, containing his photograph, below that his nickname (everyone on going down from this institution has secured at least one of these, and some as many as three), below that, again, a *résumé* of his college career, and lastly, at the end of the page, a portrait of his mother. Something like this:—



HERMAN DUKE CRUMP.
Business Administration.
"PINKO."

(Career, intimately told by one who seems to know.)



MRS. CRUMP.

Secondly, the English reader is struck by the fact that each class, year and club in the college has what is called its sponsor, a lady who seems to be something between a platonic ideal and

a universal aunt. Towards the end of the volume a dozen pages are devoted to the photographs of the ladies who form the sponsorial corps for the year. I gather that it is the doubtful privilege of the head man in each group or club to choose the sponsor, and it is extremely instructive to note which young men chose their mothers or sisters and which did not. It is a decision which must be a nightmare to many an ambitious young sophomore.

And, thirdly, when almost everyone in the entire college has been described with the pen and the camera, some ten pages out of the total five hundred, at the extreme end, are devoted to some pretty competent drawings, articles and verses.

These are the lines, I think, on which a Varsity paper should be run. When, years after a boy has gone down from this American institution, a large man with a beard hits him over the back and says, "Don't you remember Slimy Pete?" he has only to go home and refer to his year-book to have the satisfaction of refreshing his memory of the lurid details of Pete's early life. I wish it were possible to do something like this with some of the ghosts of my youth.

Anyhow let us learn a little from this salutary example. I suggest that the first thing that our University editors should do to stimulate the circulation of their papers is to appoint editorial sponsors forthwith and to append family groups to any personalities they may publish. What could shed a more searching light upon the character of John Alexander MacFiddle than an accurate portrait of Sir James and Lady MacFiddle, Amelia and the MacFiddle twins?

Our Humorous Advertisers.

"SALON D—, \$140.00,
The Gramophone you cannot hear."
Barbados Paper.

"One discovery I made. Humour, like tobacco, needs the eyes as well as the ears, whereas music needs only the ears."

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS in *Daily Paper*.
We should like to see Mr. DOUGLAS blowing smoke-rings from his ears.

"SOME USEFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

TEARS.—Darn small tears with the revellings and then iron on the wrong side, and the tears will not show."—*Local Paper.*

This reminds us of TENNYSON:—

"Tears, darn small tears, I know not what they mean."

"La orquesta; 'Are you listening in tonig, mot her dear?' (vals), Gene Williams."

"I fund nushine in your mile' (vals), Leslie; 'A dream nest' (fox), Nicholls."

From *Wireless Programme in Madrid Paper*.
The whole wide world seems to be knit together by these homely English songs.



THE TEETOTALER WHO DID A HOLE IN ONE AND OFFERED CUPS OF
TEA ALL ROUND.

HOW TO SEASON THE SUNDAY MURDER.

FASHIONS are always changing in the mode of dressing up anew the classic stories of crime. A long-service reader of any of the vivid Sunday papers may have had, say, the Bijou Villa Murder hashed up in many forms in his time: (1) frankly as a shocker; (2) as exemplifying the bulldog strain in the human sleuth; (3) thinly disguised as a medico-legal discussion of the evidence. Indeed, possible variations of treatment are so many that he would be a poor journalist who could not make one assassination with A1 human interest serve for a month of Sundays.

The newest mode is the psycho-analytic style. The very last thing the writer wants to do is to pander to morbid curiosity. His relation to his readers is akin to that of a lecturer to students of sociology; he is compelled to examine unpleasant details if he is to discover to his readers the psychological kink that induced the criminal to commit his murder or series of murders, and so to secure for himself an intermittent immortality on the British Sabbath.

If we should feel the urge to write up one of these cases in a manner worthy

of a Sunday paper the first thing to do would be to select our murder; and, as our point of view is professedly scientific, we want an abnormal one. Very well, then; we might do worse than choose the case of a little French girl who was by way of being a chain-murderess:—

In February of 1843 Grisette Lecocq, a pretty brunette of eighteen, was engaged as a domestic in the modest establishment of Adolfe Nadau, a Customs agent in the frontier town of Hendaye.

It will be observed that we keep the opening at an unemotional level. Its business is to be informative and it is designed to bring the reader without loss of time to the spell of our first cross-heading and of our subject's first murder:—

REMOVING A WIFE.

Grisette's mistress was a woman in whom the unequal contest between her liver and her alcoholic appetite had induced an unreasonable temper and an unlovely adiposity. Grisette, prompted alike by her sympathy for her master and by her ambition to be the second Madame Nadau, lured her

mistress to the edge of a chalk-pit and deftly pushed her over.

You may have noticed, not wholly with approval, that now the story is beginning to move we have introduced a note of playful humour. But it cannot be repeated too often that we are not raking up this crime in a ghoulish spirit. We are, as it were, engaged with the registered readers and the free residue of the net sale in holding a scientific inquiry, and a little humour proves that we regard Grisette merely as a case. In a light vein, then, we pass on to narrate how she married her victim's husband and why she thought it best to murder his two children. By this time we shall require another cross-heading:—

GROUND-GLASS-AND-MILK FOR TWO.

Grisette made such a solicitous wife that she could not bear the thought that Nadau's two children should occasionally disturb his siesta. As a means of eliminating them—to say nothing of cutting them out of Nadau's will—she flavoured their milk with just the right quantity of ground-glass.

And now, with many a sly little quip,



"THAT'S THE CHAMPION CURLER OF THESE PARTS. HE'S STAYING IN THE HOTEL."
"MIGHT BE USEFUL. D' YOU KNOW WHETHER HE WATER-WAVES?"

we work by easy stages to the point where Grisette, in order to make an opportunity for a handsomer man, decided that Nadau had survived his family quite long enough. Her fresh enterprise demands that we should take great pains with our next cross-heading:

ARSENIC FOR A CHANGE.

It should be mentioned here that, if we wish our work to be up to the highest Sunday standards, we must emphasise passages now and again by the use of leaded type:—

It may be that Nadau began to suspect his little Grisette after his two unaccountable illnesses, for from now on he practically lived in restaurants. Grisette, however, got under his guard, and the nightcap of mulled wine in which her lily-white hands had placed a spot of arsenic proved to be a most efficient extinguisher.

But, you may object, isn't all this very much like gloating? And where does the science come in? The answer is, have patience, and you will find that, after we have dealt jocularly with the tell-tale post-mortem and Grisette's trial, we suddenly shed our gay manner and proceed to dissect Grisette's character profoundly and in leaded type:—

In Grisette we have a not uncommon type of megalomaniac. Latent in most women is a lust for power, and this Grisette undoubtedly had in inverse ratio to her lack of inches. She was in fact an ego-centric, and it was for the purpose of removing obstacles to her self-expression that she utilised the chalk-pit, the ground-glass and the arsenic. Her inflammable Breton temperament...

And so on. If on revision we find that she was not a Breton, but a Basque, that need not make any difference to her inflammability.

Our duty done, we may now resume our high spirits:—

Grisette walked to the guillotine without a tremor in her little body and, icily calm, she bared her shapely neck to the blade.

It is usual for studies of this kind to be published with a portrait of the subject. This can be left to the editor, who will not fail to provide a pen-and-ink drawing of Grisette as she appeared in 1843. A capital likeness, no doubt, and before we lay down the pen we must write him an arresting caption for it:—

Grisette Lecocq, who was brought to the guillotine through not leaving off while her luck was in.

Half-Baked?

"Superior Person requires cooking."

Advt. in Suburban Paper.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Wife (in broken-down motor-boat, as husband stands up). "Ho! AND WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO NOW?"

EVERYBODY'S AUNT.

SOME aunts are kind and "pally,"
And some are good and sweet;
But none with old Aunt Sally
Can possibly compete;
For most are dull, pedantic,
Whose pi-jaw drives me frantic,
But Sally is romantic,
She's in a different street.

I own that she's no beauty—
She has a dreadful nose,
But as a slave to duty
A peerless record shows,
Day in, day out, unblinking,
Never of safety thinking,
Unarmed yet never shrinking
From her unnumbered foes.

Nieces she has in bevvies,
Yet, strangely, more enjoys
The company of "revvies,"
And chiefly brutal boys,
Who, though they do not flatter,
But always throw things at her,
Entirely fail to shatter
Her adamantine poise.

To Sally, black, uncomely,
Her kin no respite grant;
She bears her burden dumbly,
Utters no cry or chant;
Though neither hard nor spouter
Has made a song about her,
I know no braver, stouter,
No more heroic aunt.



Critical Client. "WELL, YOU AIN'T MADE THIS 'AND VERY BEAUTIFUL, MISS."
Miss. "I ONLY DO MANICURE—NOT OPERATIONS."

THE AUTHOR.

My daddy is an author—
 Stories, books and plays;
 Yes, daddy is an author,
 But not always.

Daddy writes of sunsets
 And poplars tall and slim,
 And Uncle Wordy's primrose
 Is all the world to him;
 Daddy says the Downs grew up
 Where someone sowed a song;
 But just behind the seventh green
 The grass is *far* too long.

My daddy is an author,
 Brilliant, people say;
 Yes, daddy *is* an author,
 But not to-day.

Daddy writes of Dreamland
 And castles in the air;
 He comes into the nursery
 And often takes me there;
 Daddy says that Fancy
 Is the light behind the sun;
 But to-day he backed his fancy
 And the darned thing didn't run.

My daddy is an author;
 They're going to knight him soon;
 Yes, daddy *is* an author,
 But not this afternoon.

Daddy writes of England,
 The stories of her past;
 He loves to take her dear old flag
 And nail it to the mast;
 Daddy says our monarchs
 Are the glory of the race;
 But what's the use of kings and
 queens
 If you never hold an ace.

My daddy is an author;
 Believe me, he can write;
 Yes, daddy *is* an author,
 But not to-night.

PRACTICAL HELP FOR THE MINERS.

Mr. Punch begs to call his readers' attention to the efforts being made by the National Council of Social Service in conjunction with the Ministry of Labour to provide employment for the miners who are out of work. It is not enough to distribute gifts of food and clothing; the best help is to find them work elsewhere. An appeal is therefore being made to every village in the land to consider what openings may be offered to at least one family. This consideration should not be confined to merely unskilled agricultural work. The

mines have employed carpenters, smiths and men qualified for many other trades; and it is felt that in most villages there must be some who could find work for one additional man. It should be also easy to prevent the breaking-up of the family life by providing temporary accommodation for the wives and children until a cottage, if none is vacant at present, can be secured.

Mr. Punch does not pretend to give more than the briefest hint of this sensible scheme, but he asks that all those who live in more fortunate villages and would like to do some practical and permanent service to those whose need is heart-breaking will communicate with Captain L. F. ELLIS, D.S.O., M.C., National Council of Social Service, 26, Bedford Square, W.C.1.

"CAPTAIN FRIED AGAIN."

Daily Paper.

We hope they knew the old formula—an hour for each pip.

"And what a mild breakfast he eats. A cup of good English tea, with a few biscuits, is frequently his only food at breakfast, and this he has after he has devoured all the morning newspapers at nine o'clock."—*Daily Paper.*
 It sounds rather a heavy meal.



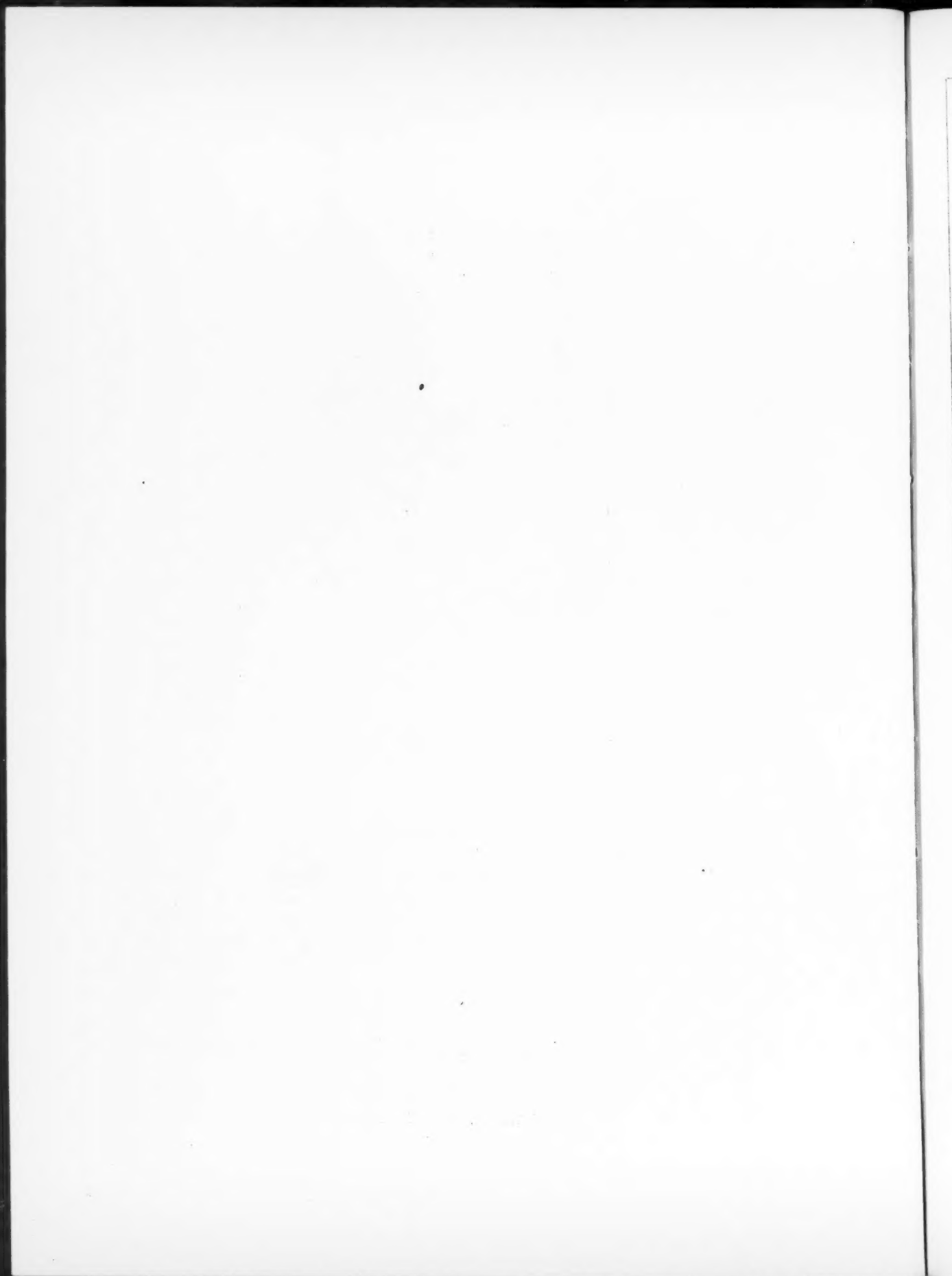
A ROUBLE ENTENTE; OR, ONE TOUCH OF COMMERCE . . .

JOHN BULL (*to himself*). "THIS IMPOSSIBLE BOLSHIE!"

SOVIET RUSSIAN (*to himself*). "THIS IMPOSSIBLE BOURGEOIS!"

BOTH (*aloud*). "WELL, MY FRIEND, WHAT ABOUT BUSINESS?"

[A recent meeting, representing various large industrial interests, expressed the unanimous opinion that the intimations from the Russian Government that they would welcome a delegation of British industry should command the attention of the leading manufacturing interests in this country.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 4th.—There is something ironical in the spectacle of cocoa as the invisible power that with pitfall and with gin besets the road the Gold Coast native wanders in. Yet so it is. Prosperity born of cocoa, Mr. AMERY explained to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, was responsible for the six-hundred-per-cent increase in the sale of spirits, mostly gin, in the colony since 1920. Happily he was able to assure the House that the "Drink less gin" movement was making notable headway among the Gold-Coasters.

The House had an example of the way in which not only science but the language of science is coming to dominate our daily lives. A reference was made to the Empire Marketing Fund's experiments with the distribution of milk to Scottish school-children. Was it not to be assumed, asked Mr. HURD, that the English child is of the same milk-consuming capacity as the Scottish child? "I should think it reacts to milk in the same way," replied Mr. AMERY cautiously.

Sir A. HOPKINSON pressed the ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL to "justify the present state of things under which all the letters we want to receive are charged 1½d., while the communications we do not wish to receive and usually do not read are charged only a halfpenny." Though the proper study of Assistant Postmasters-General is man, Lord WOLMER might have had some difficulty in answering the question had not the SPEAKER decided that it sounded suspiciously like a speech.

Somehow one does not think of the Liberal Benches as the *locus a quo* a rousing demand would be made on the Government to confound Moscow's knavish tricks. Yet it was Sir ROBERT THOMAS who drew the HOME SECRETARY'S attention to disloyal manifestations that had occurred (he said) at the first presentation of the Soviet's propaganda film, *St. Petersburg*, at the New Gallery, and demanded to know what the HOME SECRETARY proposed to do about it. The HOME SECRETARY pleaded that he had not received Sir ROBERT'S notice of the Question. Would he put it down again for Thursday? Sir ROBERT said he would put it down for the following day. The SPEAKER doubted the urgency of it and said it had better be put down on the Order Paper.

There was a distinct smack of SOLOMON in the judgment delivered by Mr. SPEAKER on the vexed question of hats. It will be recalled that one day last

a nifty toque fashioned hastily but not inartistically out of an Order Paper.

The SPEAKER (purblindly, in the opinion of some) declined to recognise this as a suitable covering and remained unmoved when Miss LAWRENCE invitingly transformed the toque into a poke-bonnet. In the end a mere man, whose headgear Miss LAWRENCE had indignantly rejected, had to put the point of order.

To-day the SPEAKER ruled that, as a woman Member can put an ordinary point of order with her hat on because Rule 142 says that "he" shall be uncovered, and makes no mention of "she," it would be absurd not to give her equal liberty to put a point of order during a division without her hat on just because Rule 136 says "the Member," and refrains from the use of discriminating pronouns.

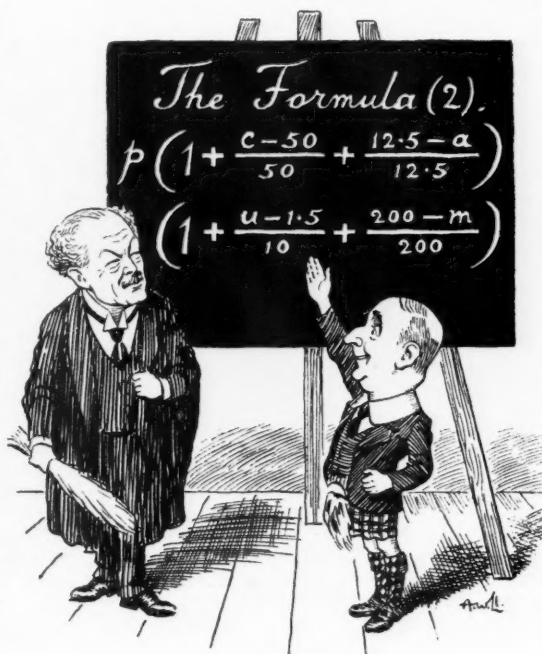
A small but earnest band of Scottish Members embarked on the Committee stage of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill, and, in spite of a deal of time being wasted in arguing with the SPEAKER as to what exactly they were or ought to be discussing, Report on Progress disclosed the creditable fact that the Committee had

worked its way well into page 3.

Tuesday, February 5th.—Mining Members are a touchy lot, and anything savouring of a suggestion that their beloved miners are willing to work but won't, as DAN LENO used to say, rouses them to something bordering on frenzy. There is no great harm in that, because it is a more or less restrained frenzy, and in any case some of them, like Mr. BATEY, sound as if they were in a frenzy even when they are not.

The trouble is that there are fellow-Members on the Labour benches whose fine frenzy, as soon as it has started rolling, rolls so rapidly that it doesn't know where to stop. Such a one is Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD. Like TENNYSON'S linnets, which "sing because they must," he gets excited because he cannot help it. There the simile ends. There is nothing of the linnet in Mr. KIRKWOOD'S technique. If an elephant were to sing because it must, it might haply reproduce some half-hearted and fragmentary echo of DAVEY'S frenetic trumpeting.

His comrades are justly proud of Mr. KIRKWOOD'S powers of explosion, and he is so obviously happy, once he has been touched off, that the House as



THE NEW DISCIPLE.

"Please, Sir, I understand it per-r-fectly!"

SIR JOHN GILMOUR AND SIR ROBERT HORNE.

week Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, desiring to put a point of order during a division (which Rule of Procedure 136 prescribes shall be done "seated and covered"), covered her honourable grey hairs with



THE SCOTTISH LION RAMPANT.

MR. KIRKWOOD.

a whole cannot find it in its heart to be deeply incensed at any coherent expressions to which he may chance to give tongue. At the same time, DAVEY on the rampage does interfere with business.

It was so this afternoon. An unfortunate Supplementary Question by Colonel HOWARD-BURY about a South Wales mine that wanted two thousand miners but could not get them (a reference to the Nine Mile Point Colliery dispute) set the miners' Members off. They said Colonel HOWARD-BURY had insulted the miners and angrily demanded a withdrawal. The anger was perhaps somewhat in the nature of an impromptu demonstration for propaganda purposes, and it seems now that they were venting on Colonel HOWARD-BURY the wrath that they really feel against Mr. SPENCER and his rival union.

In any case the matter was taken out of their hands by Mr. KIRKWOOD, who is neither a miner nor a Welshman, but a whale of a noise-maker. "Don't you lecture us!" he shouted at the SPEAKER, who had observed pacifically that he felt sure nobody meant to insult anybody. "Order!" shouted everybody else. But Mr. KIRKWOOD was off. No reporter could have taken down a tithe of his skirling and groans, but they included "Liar," "Cad" and similar endearments. His bawling mates, as MATTHEW ARNOLD would have called them, who would have preferred to roar, if not like sucking-doves, at least informatively, became a mere chorus. The SPEAKER evidently decided that the best course was to let the storm blow itself out. That it did, with a promise by Mr. CHURCHILL that a full answer to a question on the subject raised by Colonel HOWARD-BURY would be forthcoming on the following day.

This did not suit Mr. KIRKWOOD, who was thoroughly enjoying himself. "Now's the day and now's the hour," he chanted gloriously. But the chorus had retired, leaving DAVEY, with friendly hands still clutching his coat-tails, to mutter something about "slippery Chancellors" when a question about slippery roads cropped up.

After this a debate on the clause of the Local Government Bill which proposes to transfer educational affairs from the special education authorities to the newly-constituted county councils seemed a tame affair, which even a fine speech by Mr. BUCHAN failed to enliven. Neither did Sir ROBERT HORNE's profession of "belated conversion" to the Government proposals; the fact being that nothing short of a brief but convincing restatement of the Government's formula in terms of space-time will ever convince the House that

anybody but Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN and Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE really understands what the Government's proposals are.

It looks as if Mr. SAKLATVALA has



SIR SAMUEL HOARE'S FALCON (CAPTAIN F. E. GUEST) ABOUT TO ATTACK (AS SEEN BY COLONEL APPLIN).

taken to consuming the midnight Edgar Wallace. His questions, put to the FOREIGN SECRETARY, showed him to be in mental possession of as pretty a spy



THE WESTWARD PAVEMENT.

"Like many good efforts it went West."

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS ON HIS BILL TO DEAL WITH NIGHT-CLUBS.

plot as any secret thrill-drinker could desire. It involved Colonel LAWRENCE (alias Aircraftsman SHAW) as the sinister secret agent, moving secretly but effectively among the mountain fastnesses

and bazaars of Afghanistan disguised as a snake-charmer or an itinerant vendor (to the New Government) of safety-razors and suspenders.

Somebody (perhaps Mr. SAKLATVALA himself) smells a rat. Rumour flashes through the bazaars and finally reaches the Royal Palace itself that the supposed suspenders merchant (who has by this time vanished) is a secret agent in disguise. Some say he is LAWRENCE of Arabia, others think he may be Inspector WENSLEY of Scotland Yard. The rumour gets into the Press. The Indian Government takes fright, and, to allay suspicion, makes an elaborate pretence of sending Aircraftsman SHAW home by the first ship. Caution is necessary, however, and he is not permitted to mix with the other passengers. When Plymouth is reached an Admiralty launch takes him aboard. He is secretly landed and smuggled to the train. At Waterloo he flees headlong from the reporters, holding his hands before his face.

A strong piece of imaginative thinking, but unhappily, as Sir AUSTEN explained, all moonshine.

Thursday, February 7th.—When Lord BANBURY was in the Commons he made KING HEROD look like the matron of an infant welfare centre. He positively bathed in the gore of massacred legislative innocents.

When the Lords to-day massacred his Cruelty to Dogs Bill—as innocent a little enactment as ever prattled—Lord BANBURY's feelings must have approximated to those of DANTON or ROBESPIERRE as they approached the guillotine. He preserved, however, an exterior of Spartan resignation. Their Lordships, in slaying the Bill in the interests of legislative sanity, must have regretted that they could not give it a Third Reading, if only to have a kick at the Home Office which had presumed to order their Lordships to throw the Bill out. Perhaps if Lord BUCKMASTER had been there to lead the anti-bureaucratic crusade things would have gone differently.

Mr. ONIONS can now count the HOME SECRETARY among his contributors to *The Oxford English Dictionary Supplement*. He was asked what had happened to his Night-Clubs Bill. "Like many good efforts," replied Sir WILLIAM, "it went West."

Euclid Revised.

"In one corner of the room square tins of every shape were piled."

Extract from novel by Mr. E—W—.

Feline Duplicity.

"Strayed, half Persian cat (black), answers Scottie; reward."—*Scots Paper*.

Was the half which stopped at home white, answering Snowie?



Roman Tailor. "I QUITE APPRECIATE MADAM'S CRITICISM, BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT TOGAS ARE BEING WORN MUCH LONGER THIS SEASON."

LITTLE FOXES.

A PLEA FOR PITY.

I DREAMED, and lo! in this my dream the cranks had had their way,
Fox-hunting was forbid by law for ever and a day;
No more across the English grass might English sportsmen ride,
No more the scarlet coats be seen at winter covert-side.

But what of "Muster Reynolds" whom this law was passed to save
From the death that so befits him as a brigand wild and brave?

Alas! I saw quite clearly what must now become his fate
With none to stand between him and the chicken-farmer's hate.

The shot at dusk, the shot at dawn, the snatched uncertain aim,
The wounds that only slowly kill, the wounds that only maim,
The bitter gripe of poison and the burning rending pain,
The broken teeth and bleeding jaws that bite the trap in vain.

The roly cubs in summer dawns that scrapped and played amain
Are dying now by inches, for their dam comes not again;
She is lying at a dyke back with a gin upon her pad,
A broken bleeding sacrifice to sentiment run mad.

I woke, and knew it but a dream; for yet "Mus' Reynolds" ran
As he did before the wolf-pack ere ever there was man;
I woke, but breathed a little prayer for fear of what impends;
God pity little foxes and save them from their friends!

THINGS MY ILLNESS HAS TAUGHT ME.

(1) THAT my temperature is not my own. I have not even a royalty on it. It is taken by the nurses straight to the doctor, who, I understand, would be guilty of a grave professional lapse if he showed it to me without a special licence from the General Medical Council.

(2) That every invasion of the sick-room made by a wife is but hindering the recovery of the one she loves. However, nurses are not altogether inhuman, and the more enlightened of them will now permit a wife to enter the sick-room twice a day for the purpose of asking the following question: "How are you feeling this morning (or this evening)?" The question must be put exactly in this form, and no supplementaries may be asked.

(3) That it is the duty of the day-nurse to tell the doctor with how many fainting-fits, seizures or coughing-attacks my day has been enlivened. If I have had one when she was not there I must not tell her, as just a moment's reflection will convince me that I have not had it. Delusions are, of course, part of my illness.

(4) That any good night-nurse will tell you on inquiry what sort of a night you have had.

(5) That the pen is mightier than the invalid. If they would only stop writing up charts about me I might perhaps get better. It looks as though I am here until the nibs of their fountain-pens get crossed. I hope they're old ones.

(6) That nevertheless Sir WALTER SCOTT is perfectly right.

"A motoring expert yesterday expressed the view, founded on experience, that stationary pedestrians are not often injured."

Northern Daily Paper.

A good hoot, however, will usually make the beggars run and so become fair game.

AT THE PLAY.

"CRAIG'S WIFE" (FORTUNE THEATRE).

I WISH I could believe that Miss PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY's very fine performance as the formidably, indeed almost insanely, house-proud wife of poor Craig would attract play-goers to the Fortune Theatre. But I am afraid the day is past when fine performances alone will attract large audiences. The type of play-goer who is a whole-hearted player-worshipper generally wants something less severe than this gloomy domestic tragedy. If the thing rang true, if the motivation were adequate, it would be another matter. But however ready we are to believe that those poor boobs, American men of business, lords in their factories and counting-houses, are by their own firesides dragooned by their comely self-regarding wives into abject nonentities, we cannot really begin to believe in Mrs. Craig. Craig's wife, a beautiful woman, tall and physically proud as Atalanta, married the unfortunate Craig not for love—she had no heart in her lovely body—but because she wanted to be safe in the possession of her own home. Well, that is conceivable enough. But it is simply not conceivable that, besides devoting her fierce energies to the keeping of her house free from dust and litter, not allowing her husband to smoke, or lean again the piano lest the masking draperies should hang awry, she should deliberately drive away every friend of his, every friendly neighbour who calls; should even, when her husband is placed in such a position that he may be suspected of actual murder, prevent him from making the explanations that will clear him because such explanations and their attendant publicity will disturb the serenity of her isolation.

American writers and their presumed models, Americans themselves, do indeed tend to be a little prolix in exposition and explanation, and Craig's Aunt Austin delivers her indictment of Craig's wife with a detailed circumstance which leaves her no shred of common humanity and crosses all the t's twice or thrice for us. But not outside a mad-house could such a woman exist—cold enemy of her husband, harsh bully to her servants, malicious spoiler of her

niece's romance, discourteous hostess, liar and intriguer—a little-minded, managing, heartless egomaniac. So that all Miss NEILSON-TERRY's art—matured, it would seem, in her long absence—fails to stir our emotions effectively.

Craig, a charming manly young fellow, fortified by his aunt's philippic, asserts himself to the point of smashing his wife's most cherished china figurine and smoking all over her sacred parlour. He walks out of the house and leaves the wife, who even ordered her housekeeper to dust the leaves of the laurels in the garden and would not grow roses because of the litter of petals on her



TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS TWO.

Mrs. Craig (Miss PHYLIS NEILSON-TERRY). "IF YOU USE THIS TELEPHONE I'LL LEAVE THE HOUSE."

Walter Craig (Mr. BRIAN AHERNE). "IS THAT A THREAT OR A PROMISE?"

trim lawns, to maunder about the stage in blank despair—but why? she had gained her end—making a veritable paper-chase trail of rose-leaves—a magnificently false touch for the ending of an unsatisfactorily constructed play.

The first Act held our interest entirely, and I thought Mr. GEORGE KELLY had something to say that was vital, but our gradual realisation of the frank impossibility of Craig's wife shattered his chances of success.

Miss TERRY's performance was exceedingly clever—almost convincing, which is saying much. Her beauty and stately carriage give her of course immense advantages; but there was much more in it than this. She makes her points with subtlety. Mr. BRIAN

AHERNE's Craig was a most competent piece of work, the contrast between the careless frankness of the opening passages and the mournful deflation of his whole bearing when he learns the truth about his beautiful wife (he must have been a slow thinker) being artfully managed. Miss MAY AGATE's housekeeper and Miss MILBURN's maid were well-observed amusing studies.

But I am afraid *Craig's Wife* is not long for this world. T.

IF ANIMALS COULD WRITE.

EXPATRIATION.

It is only too well-known that a dog may not come from France to England without interrupting its journey at one of the seaports for a six months' visit to a quarantine establishment. This means that few dogs make the journey; for who can wait six months for a dog? Six months' waiting for the dog of your heart is too long; while what must it seem to the dog who is waiting for the man of his heart? A lifetime. Still, there are men and dogs who are prepared to go through with it; journeys end in lovers' meetings.

Were there not abandoned in Canada two or three years ago an Aberdeen and a Black Cocker Spaniel, both of mature years, who, long accustomed to the daily companionship of an indulgent master, had become serene and perhaps even a little aggressive in the confidence of unimpaired union? Their master on his departure to settle in England determined to do without them. They were old;

the time was ripe. The clean cut, don't you know?—painful but kindest in the end. Yet England for all its pleasures did not seem right to him; he was conscious of a lack; and so when letters came saying how dejected was Peter, how sullen were Nigger's moods, he cabled instructions for them to be put on the next boat, and six months and a fortnight later he brought them home. I saw them the next day; they were old, it is true, but never was an Aberdeen less dejected or a Black Cocker Spaniel less troubled by spleen. And their master was a changed man.

But this is a digression, because when I took up my pen it was to tell only of the dogs that every year, in their tens and hundreds, and per'haps even thou-

sands, make the journey to France, where Sirius really rages and rabies is not feared. Their welcome is of the warmest, but for quite a long while they can be very miserable. Why? The problem has perplexed many French dog-owners, who appear to be squandering kindnesses in vain. Why do these importations take so long to settle down? The food is good and often far too plentiful; cooks are indulgent; there are public gardens where congenial company is easily found. And yet the travellers from England are detached and wistful. Why?

A letter which has fallen into my hands may answer the question. "Dear Mother," it begins, and I take the writing to be that of a Cairn:—

DEAR MOTHER,—I am so miserable, and it is no one's intentional fault, because everybody makes a terrible lot of me—too much so, from your darling old fussy point of view—and the food is appetising. But I can't feel at home because I can't understand what they say. The old words have vanished. No one says "Good dog!" No one says "Come here." No one says "Go there," "Lie down," "Basket," "Beg," "Ask for it." All, all have gone, the old familiar phrases.

Their petting is the same as at home, only there's more of it, for these people are crazy about us; but the speech is different. Sometimes I make a guess, but only to go wrong. Please tear a leaf for me from your priceless book of wisdom.

I am, dear Mother,

Your devoted and forlorn

This was the reply:—

SANDY.

DEAR SANDY,—Forgive haste, but I have an appointment behind the stable. There is only one thing to do, and that is to take some lessons in French.

Your affectionate MOTHER.

Maternal counsel seldom fails and a few weeks later came this from Sandy:

DEAREST MOTHER (or, as they call it here, Mère),—You were, as always, right. After a little trouble I found a poodle, a very clever fellow who belonged to an Englishman living here, and he undertook to teach me his language. His fees were a bone a lesson—not too excessive, as it happens, for I get more than I can do with alone, and burying them is a bore. In about ten lessons I knew all that was necessary, such as "Venez ici" for "Come here" (how absurd!), "Allez" for "Go," "Couvrez" for "Lie down," "Donne-moi ta patte" for "Give me your paw," and so forth.



OUR ATHLETIC GIRLS.

GRANNIE DECIDES TO IMPROVE HER FIGURE.

Of course directly I was in touch with them like this everything became easy, and now I am perfectly all right and liking it.

My professor is very proud of me, and I have promised to do all I can to get him new pupils, as he is not too well fed and his capacity is great. English owners are far stricter than French.

Should any of my brothers and sisters, now or to be, be destined to come over here, you might like to keep this letter so that they may have a little preliminary instruction. I know you would like to save them the misery that I experienced, if you could, you are so sweet.

Lots of love (they call it "amour" here) from your devoted SANDY.

This correspondence seems to me to be conclusive.

E. V. L.

How to Produce a Three-Legged Race.

"IN DESPAIR.—Since doctor's treatment has done you so much good, go on with it. Walking is the best exercise for increasing the legs."

Weekly Paper.

Pleasant Pastoral in East Africa.

"The Prince went up into the Highlands, where he had a happy, unconventional time in workaday Kenya, tripping to Lake Nakaru with its flamingos and hippos."

Magazine Article.

A Cat's Meat.

"A woman caused amusement in a Harrow street by walking with a Persian cat on a lead, replete with collar and name-plate."

Evening Paper.

No wonder they require nine lives if they eat things like that.

"The Somerset skipper mowls with his brains throughout, and what a lot that means!"

Sunday Paper.

Does it?

AT THE PICTURES.

"PICCADILLY."

It is sad to have to record that there is not a word or incident remaining in *Piccadilly*, Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT's film, for which there seems to have been any reason for resorting to that eminent personage. I say "remaining," having a suspicion as to what film-producers are. As for the residue, any writer of penny novelettes could and would have produced the same results. This is a pity, considering the genius of the author of *The Old Wives' Tale* and *The Card*, and the almost unlimited and marvellous resources of animated photography.

The story tells how *Valentine Wilmot* (Mr. JAMESON THOMAS) owns a night-club, at which the dancing turn of *Victor* and *Mabel* is the talk of London, although neither Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD, as *Victor*, nor Miss GILDA GRAY, as *Mabel*, quite convinces us. They are an attractive couple, but it is doubtful if their very moderate caperings would be as successful as all that. The lenient patrons, however, pause in their eating and drinking to marvel and applaud:



Lady. "If MR. BENNETT ONLY DARE PUT ON THE SCREEN WHAT I'M SAYING ABOUT YOU!"

and *Victor* so far forgets himself as publicly to kiss his partner up and down her arm. This incident is displeasing to *Wilmot*, who likes to keep his dancing-girls to himself, and after knocking *Victor* down with an invisible blow he sacks him.

The result is that the popularity of the club wanes and is restored only by the engagement to dance of the Chinese scullery-girl whom *Wilmot* had found diverting the staff from their duties.

In order to complete the arrangement *Wilmot* has to visit *Limelhouse*, which he does almost to slow movement—the film as a whole suffers from a too deliberate tempo—and here he finds *Shosho* (Miss ANNA MAY WONG) among

her own people, who include a sinister youth, in real life Mr. KING HO-CHANG, but in the story *Jim*. We next witness the triumph of *Shosho* on the floor of the again crowded club, and the humiliation of *Mabel*, which soon turns to the



Shosho (Miss ANNA MAY WONG) to *Wilmot* (Mr. JAMESON THOMAS). "I HOPE YOU'RE NOT AS SLOW AT LOVE-MAKING AS YOU ARE AT WALKING THROUGH THIS FILM."

most venomous jealousy. Miss WONG, in her Celestial trappings, with her slender legs and sinuous arms, is certainly a vast improvement on her dancing predecessors; but, just as they did, she goes on far too long.

Wilmot, naturally delighted, transfers his affections to his new Star, and on a subsequent occasion takes her to an East End revel: a visit which leads to some perplexing thoughts. To begin with, what time was it? The iron shutters of *Valentine's* own little night-club in the West had been scrupulously closed by two commissionaires; and then Miss WONG had resumed her ordinary outdoor clothes (in which, by the way, she should, on the films, never appear, because we no longer are enchanted by her beautiful neck). It would then be, say, half-past one, at the earliest.



THINGS ONE LEARNS FROM THE FILMS.
HOW CORONERS OUGHT TO LOOK.

But the East End night-club was in full blast and drinks were being served right and left, although a constable in uniform was actually seen peering in. Does Mr. BENNETT, always up-to-date, wish the fans to think of this constable as a

Sergeant GODDARD?

A violent scene having been caused by the dancing partnership of a drunken white woman and a negro, *Wilmot*, conscious of his companion's yellow complexion, hurries her away to her sumptuously furnished new lodging and stays there. After he has left, who should force her way through the still open door but *Mabel*, with a revolver in her reticule. The actual shooting of *Shosho* we do not see, and it is something of a surprise to all who have not spent much time in the cinema and learned what certain facial expressions mean to find that the murder was actually the work of *Jim*. Me, I had guessed it.

Such is the story of *Piccadilly*, the production of Mr. E. A. DUPONT for the British International Pictures, Ltd.

The acting is on the whole sound; but almost everyone is too slow, and



ALL IS NOT GILDA THAT GLITTERS.

Shosho MISS ANNA MAY WONG.
Mabel MISS GILDA GRAY.

Miss GILDA GRAY's expressions are confused by excess of make-up. Mr. CHARLES LAUGHTON as a discontented gourmet is given a few moments to prove that the movies and he might very well agree. Miss ANNA MAY WONG could hardly have been better, although I personally prefer her as an innocent, or at any rate a dupe.

The photography is clear, but far from inspired, and too often the screen is too small, so that only halves are exposed. Had a night-club been built for the occasion the effects would have been better. I found myself wondering a good deal how an American producer, supposing him to have been sufficiently attracted by the story, would have dealt with it.

F. F.

SIDEREALITIES.

At St. Capella's, Solstice Square, shortly after local mean noon on Monday last, the wedding was celebrated between Mr. Percival Perseus, the Giggleswick geometer, and Miss Mira Ceti, formerly a filmy star from Lick. It proved to be a hyperbolic function of the first magnitude, in spite of a certain amount of relative interference and humidity.

Rubescing like a new-born binary the bride was given away with seasonable gravity by her uncle, Sir Algebra Azimuth, the Astronomer-Absolute. She wore a miasmatic creation of cirro-nimbus gathered in at the equator with galactic gussets and fleeced with the faintest flocculi; the train was of inertial azure, featuring broad medullary bands to emphasize the line of gnomonic drift. Her close companion, Miss Proxima Centauri, was chief bridesmaid, and with her other satellites wore plain cerulean ephemeris and carried cosmic little clusters of polarised parallax.

The musical accompaniment to the service comprised Avogadro's "Air and Variations," a "First Counterpoint" of Aries, the "Enigma" Emanations by Ap Helion, and the "Spectrum's Bride" from Ophiuchus.

An address of profound gravimetric density and determined longitude was delivered by the Rev. Septimus Syzygy, and shortly afterwards the radiant couple left the church beneath an archway of slide-rules (set to read reciprocals) borne by the bridegroom's fellow-computers.

The reception was held at the Empyrean Hotel, and many notable scientists were present. Among them were Sir Welkin Wring, with his inevitable prominent corona, and Mr. Calliper Calculus, Art Editor of the Nautical Almanac. Baron Riddle of Universe was unavoidably absent.

One regrettable incident somewhat marred the harmony of the proceedings. An occult stranger, obviously unable to distinguish between real and apparent motion, was observed to be suffering from obliquity of the ecliptic. Further investigation of his orbital path demonstrated beyond all doubt that he was under the influence of Algol. A polite request to withdraw was met by a rigid declination. Meanwhile inquiries had elucidated the fact that he was a sinister dark body scarcely ever visible before 10 p.m., and not even then on misty nights. Accordingly he was subjected to a centrifugal displacement with a polar co-ordinate, using as origin the top of the back steps. Rotating rapidly about the major axis and muttering magellanic maledictions he soon exceeded his



"AND WHAT ARE THESE NOO PEOPLE AT THE MANOR-HOUSE LIKE, MRS. SMITH?"
 "WELL, MR. NIBBS, THEY AIN'T REALLY ANYBODY—AN' THEN AGAIN THEY AIN'T EXACTLY NOBODY."

critical angle and retired to a solitary gravitational field to lessen his refractive index. Appreciable perturbation still continued, however, owing to the proximity of *Omicron canis minoris*.

The nebulously happy pair started soon afterwards for Omega Tor, where they intend to carry out certain lunar observations undisturbed. As they left the house they were subjected to a friendly but intense bombardment of natural logarithms, and finally departed in blissful ignorance of the fact that the

inevitable jester had secured to the back of their "Equinox Eight" a handful of wholly intractable cube roots.

Commercial Humour.

"THE — TANNERY CO.
 NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."
Advt. Outside Tannery.

"The Contrast Between the Canada of Yesterday and the Canada of To-morrow, told by an Authority who has had Personal Experience of Both."—*Heading in Weekly Paper.*
 Probably EINSTEIN.

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

[Mr. Punch, like the B.B.C., feels himself increasingly responsible for the education of the people, and has arranged for a series of instructive "Talks," which, after appearing in these columns, will be broadcast from his private station. This may cause a certain confusion and dissatisfaction in the wireless world, but he cannot help that.]

GUIDE TO MUSIC.

II.—ORATORIO.

BEFORE proceeding to the subject of this week's Talk, I have to acknowledge the receipt of a number of abusive postcards, arising out of last week's Talk on the Violoncello. Several correspondents have complained that the talk was "dull," so dull that they were forced to turn on one of the wireless talks on Bee-farming in the Congo. To these I can only answer that we are not out to amuse but to educate, and education ought to be dull. If education were not dull we should all know much more than is good for us. As it is, we all know a great deal too much, and this is the result of the universal effort to make learning attractive. There can be no credit in acquiring knowledge in this way. But anyone who sees this series of Talks to the end will have proved at least that he has grit, and is likely to get some good business appointment.

For these reasons I decline to alter the subject of this week's talk from "Cantata Singing" to "Jazz-Music," as I am urged to do. On the contrary, as a rebuke to my light-minded critics, I propose to discuss, not Cantata, as I promised, but Oratorio, which is a longer form of the Cantata, and therefore may be expected to be duller still.

One or two unbalanced correspondents, who are requested in future to write on one side of the postcard only, have complained that the composition which the school-orchestra were playing cannot have been a "sonata." They base this criticism on the somewhat pedantic ground that a sonata is not a composition for orchestra. Well, I must remind them that I was there and they were not; that I was speaking of pre-war days, the days of my youth, many years ago, and to the best of my recollection and belief it *was* a sonata. Anyhow, if it was not a sonata, it was a very near thing.

Then I have to deal, reluctantly, with those loyal supporters of the B.B.C. who write to protest against our entering the field of Education at all, this being, they say, a preserve of the B.B.C. Well, I am a good friend of the B.B.C., but I must remind these correspondents that Mr. Punch has been educating the people for over eighty years, and has not, I believe, any intention of giving it up. More important than that, he

has been educating Governments, who need it more. The B.B.C., being connected with the Government in some mysterious but questionable relation, is not in a position to discharge this duty. Anyone who cares to compare the political history of the past few years with Mr. Punch's columns of the years preceding will see many examples of effect and cause, of reforms there commended to the Government which the B.B.C. with its nervous temperament could never have so much as mentioned. I might speak of the Betting-Tax, the Totalisator and many other matters in which that venerable jester gave a long lead to the nation (including the so-called serious papers). We acknowledge, for example, the sagacity of Mr. CHURCHILL, who in his last "producers'" Budget generously, though still insufficiently, increased the Income-Tax "allowances" for children, which boon the fathers of the people are enjoying in the current year. This reform was first urged by Mr. Punch some three years ago, and by him, we believe, alone.

Now, if the B.B.C. has a weakness, it is this, that, though it can and does criticise artists, actors and musicians, it cannot criticise Governments or politicians. Politically, it is emasculate and must be the compliant slave of whatever Government be in power, whether democracy or dictator. It is therefore a possible danger, and anything which increases its scope and extends its machinery increases the possibilities of danger. It should not, for example, be allowed gradually to absorb or displace the newspapers, the schools or the universities. But anything which increases its independence is good. And it is a question whether the B.B.C. should not be divorced from the Government and placed under the exclusive control of Mr. Punch. This question perhaps falls a little outside the subject of the present Talk, but I wish at least to make it quite plain that we do not propose to abandon our educational activities.

This would seem to be the proper moment to reply to an intemperate communication we have received from the Ministry of Labour, in which it is complained that at a time of widespread unemployment we have deliberately discouraged young men from entering the 'cello-trade. A similar protest was made recently, it will be remembered, against the exercise of "what passes for humour" at the expense of the "long-suffering plumber," though, of course, for our part, we have never attacked plumbing, but only what passes for plumbing.

As for the Government, I will only reply: What have *you* done for Music? There has just been announced a grandiose and undesirable scheme for the pro-

pagation of aeroplanes and aerodromes, which scheme is to have the financial support of the Government. I have seen it proudly stated, in connection with this scheme, that in a few years' time there will not be a house in the kingdom more than fifteen miles from the nearest aerodrome. In other words, there will not be one quiet place in the British Isles. If this fantastic and ghastly assertion is correct the scheme must be stopped at once.

But my immediate point is this. The Government will give its money and its mind to the increase of mechanical noises all over the country, but any proposal to assist the creation of that branch of noise which we call Music, whether in the form of opera or otherwise, is coldly if not ludicrously received. But what is the distinction? It is surely a paradox that the Arts must be self-supporting, but not the mighty aeroplane. Why is the rapid transport of our bodies a matter of urgency to the State and the transports of the soul an unnecessary luxury?

Is music immoral? Why is this anti-Socialist Ministry supporting with money a private industry the chief work of which will be to deafen the citizens, damage their nerves and still further diminish the revenues of the railways, while it declines to assist the creation of sounds which will soothe the ear, comfort the nerves and do no injury to our basic industries?

These and other interesting questions will be considered in our next Talk, the subject of which will again be *Oratorio*.

A. P. H.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

IN ESSEX COURT.

In Essex Court, in Essex Court, oh, have you ever seen
The little tiny house there is with a doorway painted green?
And standing in the window or on the shelves behind
Are darling little powdered wigs, and each a different kind.
All the other houses are very tall and stiff;
Their looks are rather haughty; you almost hear them sniff;
There's a plane-tree in the middle, and you see them through the twigs
All staring with their windows at the little house of wigs.
There's a gentleman inside it—I saw him through the door—
And lots of little pictures, and a staircase in the floor.
I'd love to be a wig-maker, with long wigs and with short,
And sit inside the tiny house and live in Essex Court. R. F.



THE EARL OF CAVAN.

*On Eton's Playing Fields he learned
The way that Waterloos are won;
On Italy's front our thanks he earned
For indicating how it's done;*

*And now a civic sword he wields,
And doesn't mean to lay it down
Till England has her Playing Fields
For every boy in every town.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXVIII.



Liza (sentimentally, at fashionable wedding). "OH, WELL, IT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE IN A GEL'S LIFE."
Older Friend. "DON'T BE SILLY. THESE FOLKS IS DIFFERENT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HERR F. M. KIRCHEISEN's *Memoirs of Napoleon I.* (HUTCHINSON) cannot help being an attractive piece of book-making, but I feel that a truly historical conscience would have rendered it something greater. Claiming to be compiled from the EMPEROR's own writings, the volume incorporates—apparently at the caprice of the incorporator and without any precise bibliographical notes—a series of Napoleonic *dicta* which only the closest expert scrutiny could determine as genuine or otherwise. Napoleonic sources are notoriously suspect. The most copious are, I believe, the diaries of the St. Helena suite, diaries in which Lord ROSEBERY detected a modicum of gold, while he bewailed, in one case at least, "the crushing of the ore" as "a hideous task." I cannot even congratulate Herr KIRCHEISEN on a disinterested presentment of the ore when I find long diatribes against England preserved and no trace of NAPOLEON's avowal (chronicled, if I remember rightly, by the comparatively honest GOURGAUD), that had he led the English he might have lost Waterloo without alienating a vote or a soldier. Yet the book's comprehensive research and skilful arrangement undoubtedly produce a psychological panorama of value. From the headstrong child outmanœuvred by his Corsican mother to the exile concocting (only you would never know he was concocting from Herr KIRCHEISEN) an endemic complaint to discredit the climate of St. Helena,

the real NAPOLEON emerges through the subterfuges of others and his own. His portrait-painting is shrewd; his abstract judgments betray the arbitrary extravagance of the Yellow Journalist, whom on his weak side he so fatally resembled. His observation was most subtle in youth. He noticed, for instance, that the bitterest Parisian revolutionaries were "not the working-classes at all." A foot-note on its source and how much weight each one of these paragraphs might have carried!

In the pages that he is opening to the public from his diary written in the early post-War years, when Europe was staggering from Conference to Conference, Viscount D'ABERNON shows clearly that he has used a wise faculty for hearing much and speaking to the point. In the first volume of *An Ambassador of Peace* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) he takes his story only as far as Rapallo, tracing the weary succession of those earlier attempts at clearing up the Reparations problem, where much water was muddied but few floors made clean, where indeed the author, expert in finance, could not escape a depressing sense of futility, since the issues were not being fairly faced and the mark was for ever falling. One of the famous conferences he describes succinctly as "a conflict of three vanities," a phrase in keeping with a certain epigrammatic though always friendly aptitude for analysis of character that he rather delights in developing. As Ambassador at Berlin, charged with a mission of peace which he was determined to fulfil, he received

many confidences, and—the more especially since the Germans considered that to have fought against the English established a bond of comradeship and was a sure introduction to friendship—he heard much inner War history. General VON KLUCK, for instance, related how nearly he missed receiving the fateful order which compelled him to swing the German right wing east away from Paris in the critical days of the first furious onslaught; while another informant, unnamed, detailed the methods of chicanery by means of which the *Goeben* was sent from Constantinople to attack Russian Black Sea ports, so that Turkey might be jockeyed into the War. It is in this aspect of the book that its greatest interest lies, though indeed it would be well worth reading if for no more than the writer's considered judgment in regard to European peace, that to-day the prospect is far less menacing than it appeared a few years ago.

Much that will help them call to mind
Her wealth of impish fun
Those who admire WILFRED WYNN will find
In 'Ere (from SKEFFINGTON).

For in it there's a register
Of all they've heard her say
When entertaining them in her
Inimitable way.

But those, I fear, who know her not,
If any such there be,
Must read between the lines a lot
That isn't plain to see.

For what the written word keeps dark
Is all her arts and wiles
Which make a not too bright remark
A thing of wreathed smiles.

Convinced that the film exceeds in "force, beauty and universality" any other mode of human expression and that the "incessant tiresome chatter" of the legitimate drama is well away, Mr. H. G. WELLS presents his latest plea for peace in the form of a film scenario. ARISTOTLE maintained, if I remember rightly, that speech was more characteristic of man than the use of the body; and having accompanied my perusal of Mr. WELLS's "book" with a vivid image of its translation into the dialect of Hollywood I am still of the opinion that a complex argument is better stated in words than attitudes. However, Mr. WELLS has not left us entirely wordless. His use of captions strikes me indeed as lavish, and salient phrases hover like the innuendo of cartoonists over the heads of his debaters. His plot, a sound and simple one, involves three little kingdoms of the Ruritania class. One boasts unplumbed supplies of a desirable mineral; one an extremely bellicose princess; one a brand-new sovereign just due to touch-off a war. How *King Paul*, the arch-creator, puts out the spark which was to have set the world ablaze again; how he destroys—too anarchically for my tastes—his cousin the arch-destroyer; how he converts the nations to a world-control not only of "calcomite," and his princess to the Tennysonian rôle so increasingly



THE CONJURER WHO FAILED TO "PRODUCE" HIS TICKET.

popular with novelists who have helped to create her anti-type—all this is the personal and symbolic side of a "book" with vast realistic implications. These last of course give the producer his chance; and for his sake and the sake of a public which will never encounter its argument in cold print I cordially wish *The King Who Was a King* (BENN) the wider publicity of the screen.

It is not every eminent author who can be trusted to write a readable book of reminiscence. Eminent or not, they all try, some affecting the pontifical manner, some the flippant, and just a few here and there striking the golden mean. I think we may rank Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE among the happy few who contrive to steer a safe path. He does not take himself too seriously, but neither is he for ever cracking jokes or retailing ancient anecdotes. *Seen in Passing* (BENN) makes a good title for his volume. He has contrived to see a good deal, and to set it down not exactly in malice but with a spice of pleasantly sardonic humour that keeps the reader lightly chuckling to himself most of the time. He begins with his old home at Barnstaple, the freedom of which ancient town was appropriately presented to him not long ago, and there is a story or two of early caricaturing

adventures on the part of a famous fellow-Barumite, the late Sir FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD. Then we come to school and a scholarship at Exeter, and Oxford in the early 'eighties, followed by that short term of scholastic employ that so many of us put in before trying our fortune in Fleet Street. But Mr. GRIBBLE sandwiched a delightful episode between the two, for he joined that School of Journalism which Mr. HICHENS described so faithfully in *Felix*. I do not suppose it was entirely owing to the training received at that remarkable establishment, but very shortly afterwards we find our author writing busily for several of the serio-comic journals of that epoch—*Ally Sloper* and *The Hawk* among them. Then we have memories of PHIL MAY and ZANGWILL, of J. K. JEROME and *The Idler*, of T. P. O'CONNOR and *The Sun*. Last of all, there is the story of the prisoners' camp at Ruhleben, for Mr. GRIBBLE happened to be in Luxemburg at the end of July, 1914. If I were starting another School of Journalism to-day, I should select *Seen in Passing* as one of my text-books.

Belinda (CONSTABLE) is a slight and in some ways a baffling little book. Ostensibly Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has set out to parody those magnificent romances of QUEEN VICTORIA'S early days, in which the entire cast is filled by persons who, if they are not titled, are at least definitely of county rank. The gorgeousness of their speech and the grotesqueness of their deportment would have been easy game to Mr. BELLOC, but he has declined it. I suspect that the truth of GILBERT'S lines came home to him, and by the simplicity of their affections his highborn folk won their way to his heart. The result in any case is delightful. The reader may chuckle from page to page at the occasional (and of course intentional) absurdities of the language, but in the end the charm of Mr. BELLOC'S characters will lay its hold on him. There are a dozen ways in which you may take *Belinda*, but it will be remembered by me as, first and last, a charming and a fragrant tale.

I have read many sensational novels that better deserved to be called *Peril* (HEINEMANN) than the story so named by Mr. LLOYD OSBOURNE. But, if it is lacking in dangerous adventures, by its characterisation and workmanship it is undoubtedly distinguished among its fellows. No professional sleuth is to be found here, but Mr. OSBOURNE gives us a lady, aptly named *Nigma*, round whom is an air of delightful mystery. Moreover, when *Tim Reardon* disappeared from his wonderful estate on Long Island, and his step-daughter, after a short interval, also vanished, it was due to *Nigma*'s persistency that they were ultimately traced. I believe entirely in *Nigma* because, for all her success she never did anything that an ordinarily intelligent man or woman could not have done. But, apart from *Mrs. Reardon*, of whom I did not get a clear conception, all the performers of this drama are alive and easy to understand both in their actions and reactions. A sound, skilful story, and a model for those who write sensational fiction.

Miss BERTA RUCK may not be reckoned among our higher-browed novelists, but what a pleasant pen she has for a modern story of young love; how seldom she slips into vulgarity or sentimentality, though they are pitfalls which beset her chosen path; how real her young men and maidens are, and how lovable! *One of the Chorus* (HODDER AND STOUTON) is a very fair example of her skill, and *Melody Wynne*, her heroine, who goes over to Paris to dance at a music-hall in Montmartre, is a really attractive young person. Her adventures in the company dominated by *Arabesque*, the great dancer, and later with the travelling-theatre, are well told and convince me that Miss RUCK knows the French stage not only from in front. Of course I realised all the while that the curtain would fall on *Melody* in the arms of that faithful *Keith Cartwright*, whose love she was so long in returning, but that did nothing to check my enjoyment (here shamelessly avowed in the teeth of more *blasés* critics) of the freshness and charm of the story which led up to that finale.

I feel distinctly sorry for the sterling, if somewhat stuffy,



Marksman. "GARN! YOU AIN'T HIT IT ONCE. IF I'D A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY I WOULDN'T ASK YOU DOWN FOR THE SPARRER-SHOOTIN'."

Harvard Professor whose fate it is, on the last page of Miss MURIEL HINE'S new novel, *The Ladder of Folly* (LANE), to find himself about to be unequally yoked with her quite deplorable heroine. *Ann Massingby* contrives to combine in a remarkable degree the worst failings of the Victorian Miss and the Bright Young Thing of to-day; for in the intervals of "making up" excessively, imbibing cocktails, frequenting night clubs and carrying on risky flirtations with objectionable aliens, she is always

ready to become what the best-seller writers love to describe as a "little crumpled heap," lose the use of her legs and behave generally like that very aggravating heroine of song, "Sweet Alice with hair so brown." Having said this, it remains for me to add that Miss HINE'S stage is as well set as ever, her dialogue easy and vivacious and her minor characters lifelike and varied. The pity is that she has made so unfortunate a choice of a leading lady.

Lord Stretherdale, a very eccentric man, died suddenly at Nice, and when his solicitors, having been informed of this fact, sent their representative to Stretherdale Castle he found the heir lying dead with his head bashed to pieces. So Mr. J. S. FLETCHER opens *Cobweb Castle* (JENKINS), and, although I do not agree with the publisher's statement that "once you have read the opening chapter of this book only sudden death will prevent you reading right through to the end," I am prepared to admit that the story in its development is remarkably well provided with thrills and surprises. Mr. FLETCHER is a past-master in the art of writing sensational fiction. Quite deliberately he lays various false trails, but if his readers do not solve the mystery they cannot seek refuge in the excuse that they have been wantonly led astray. And I commend his sleuths for not being gifted with incredible powers of discernment.

CHARIVARIA.

It is observed that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has had his hair cut close at the back. His tardiness in adopting the shingle, however, will not have been lost upon the "flapper" voter.

From an article on House of Commons' fare we learn that Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY likes to pour treacle over his baked custard. He gives no indication of this at Question-time.

An Ealing train bound for White-chapel took a wrong turning the other day. This suburban pretence of not knowing how to get to the East End deceives nobody.

A Bill has been introduced in the House of Lords which will prevent persons marrying too young. Nothing is being done to keep them from marrying too often.

At a recent wedding a little page burst into tears. We trust he was comforted with the assurance that marriage is not inevitable.

The subject of a recent B.B.C. talk was, "Can the Lower Animals Hear?" Listeners-in resent being so described.

In a recent lecture Professor E. B. POULTON talked of ants that get inebriated. They set a deplorable example to sluggards.

According to a woman gossip-writer, Mr. NOEL COWARD reads children's books. Yet he writes quite grown-up plays.

In our opinion Colonel WILFRID ASHLEY's assertions that Liberals don't count is altogether too sweeping. There are dozens of them.

We are told of a "deputy" player in a London orchestra who got through an entire performance without blowing a single note on his French horn, for the reason that he was unable to play it. Not many would have been deterred by such a trifle.

The admission by the Louvre authorities that a picture attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI is not authentic is calculated to increase the uneasiness among art-lovers as to what they may safely admire.

The discovery of a number of coins,

including a French one, inside an ostrich at the Zoo lends colour to the belief that some visitors are under the impression that chocolates or cigarettes are to be obtained from these birds.

Mr. F. E. WEATHERLY points out that when he began it was easy to write such songs as "My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair." The altered relations between the modern mother and her shingled daughter make it difficult.

A medical writer points out that Polar explorers who lay all night in frozen clothes did not suffer from common

During the cold spell we heard of one man who stated that the lather froze on his face and that he had to use a plumber's blow-lamp to thaw it again.

Nose-veils for women appear to be the latest idea. It is thought that they may be followed by chin-mittens for men.

The Waterloo Cup was postponed owing to the Arctic conditions. An electrically-heated hare is indicated.

At Chertsey a milkman was attacked by a large badger. It is thought that yodelling in the grey dawn gets on badgers' nerves.

In the theatre which Mr. PHILIP RIDGEWAY proposes to establish, the charge for programmes is to be abolished. It is an imposition which has been tolerated far too long by the deadhead.

Surprise is expressed that a cat-burglar climbed up the front of an illuminated building in Holborn, where he might easily have been seen. Cat-burglars seem to be losing all regard for appearances.

A newspaper writer mentions a Brighton waiter who refused a tip. His colleagues incline to the theory that a piece of bone may be pressing on the brain.

A scientist suggests a kind of swing for transporting people across crowded streets. Pedestrians might get back on the swings what they lose on the roundabouts.

London to Moscow now takes only thirty-five hours by air. It takes, of course, a good deal less than that by hot air.

The craze for appropriating the mascot from motor-cars is said to be spreading. Care should be taken to shake off any two-seater that may be adhering to them.

A calendar-reformer wants to institute a new month, to be known as Sol. It is not known whether Mr. S. JOEL will appreciate the compliment.

America has forgotten more about traffic regulation, says Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, than England ever knew. Perhaps that's why they have so many accidents over there.



FEBRUARY, 1929 (OFF THE CORNISH RIVIERA).
Voice of Captain (through tube). "WHY HAVE THE
ENGINES STOPPED?"
Engineer. "BECAUSE THE BOILER FIRES HAVE FROZE"

colds. It is very difficult however to persuade people to take this simple precaution.

Mr. EDISON's announcement of his progress in finding a workable substitute for rubber encourages confidence that his discovery will have the essential properties of the American neck.

A new book on Draughts aims to let the beginner into the secrets of the game. We always think it better to let these come as a surprise to the draughts fan.

It is no excuse for a young man to say it was too cold to shave, says an employer. There may be exceptions.

THE NATIONAL EGG CAMPAIGN.

[There is a movement in favour of inscribing the produce of our poultry with a declaration of its British origin, surmounted by a Union Jack.]

A QUIET corner in my heart
I keep for those, the dumb creation,
Such as the cow, the pig, the hen,
Who are denied the rights of men,
And in the suffrage have no part
Because they lack articulation.

Good patriots—if a little dense—
They serve the State with commissariat,
Nor is their mental gloom so dark
But they could make the voter's mark
With much the same intelligence
As some among our proletariat.

I've hinted how the common weal
Owes them its milk and eggs and bacon;
And now, to make a start with hens,
Though still not ranked as citizens,
Notice of their Imperial zeal
I'm glad to think is being taken.

Yes, I, who felt the hour was ripe
To recognise our poultry's labours,
Mark with approval this campaign
To show that fowls of British strain,
Moved by a patriot urge, can wipe
The eyes of Continental neighbours.

Henceforth on every egg she lays
The bird's address will now be written;
Provided with a rubber stamp
To save her claw from writer's cramp,
Beneath a Union Jack she'll blaze
The Empire slogan: LAID IN BRITAIN. O. S.

MEET BELINDA

AND SOME OTHER DOGS AT CRUFT'S.

CRUFT'S is over for another year. All the doggy experts who rushed into print lyrical with enthusiasm for their favourite breeds have laid down their pens with a sigh of relief. This literary business is very exhausting. But nobody has written a word about the dogs at the Show as individuals.

Please let me tell you about some of them.

There was Belinda the bloodhound. I had not intended to make Belinda's acquaintance, but she planted a large paw on my arm as I went by and insisted upon being noticed. There was a yellow ticket above her head which said "Third Prize," but what she really ought to have had was a special prize for the Most Sentimental Dog in the Show. That was why I called her Belinda. There was something Victorian about her whole personality. Her very ears gave the impression of being parted in the middle and looped smoothly back like the satiny locks of a Victorian matron. And she languished—oh, how Belinda languished!

Then there was Brian the Irish wolf-hound. His mistress told me that the Judge pronounced him perfect, but a trifle undersized. He only weighed fourteen stone. When I saw him he was playing in an empty ring with two Saluki friends. One of these, a slender and frolicsome lady rather unsuitably called Juno, was treating Brian with the utmost disrespect. She made little dashes at him and bit his ears; she butted him with her head. At first Brian played up gallantly. He galumphed round the ring in an elephantine imitation of her graceful gambols. Then he found a flea. A puzzled expres-

sion crossed his face. In his carefully-tended prize-dog existence fleas were unknown. He stood on three legs and scratched majestically with the fourth. Juno's blandishments were in vain. From that moment his solitary flea engaged all Brian's attention.

Nobody took any notice of the bull-terrier next-door to the big prize-winner. There were no tickets above his head—not even a yellow one or the emerald-green which says "Reserve." His pinkish nose was sunk disconsolately between his white satin paws. I sat on the edge of the bench and tickled his ears. He looked his appreciation. *Somebody* seemed to like him better than that bumptious fellow next-door. He heaved a deep contented sigh and curled up to sleep.

Fearful of hurting his feelings I bent cautiously forward to look at the champion. He grinned cheerfully back—an unassuming fellow. With one black eye and a sort of GEORGE ROBESY eyebrow above the other, he had a permanent expression of humorous surprise. I think the adorers round his pen loved him for this just as much as for the red tickets above his head which read monotonously, "First—first—first—first."

One enormous Alsatian completely engulfed my hand in his mouth. If I had drawn back or shown any signs of nervousness he would certainly have bitten me severely. But it would have been entirely my fault. How often, I wonder, is it the human's fault when an Alsatian "savages" him, as the newspapers love to call it? There are rogues among Alsatis as among all breeds, but I am sure at least half the bad lads one hears about are misunderstood or mishandled.

Another dog, a Schnauzer, or German drover's dog, was busy engulfing, not my hand, but half his chain. I removed it from his mouth lest he should damage his teeth. His master saw me and said with a smile, "He doesn't understand it; he's never had a chain before."

To me the most pathetic of all the exhibits was a little elderly Griffon with a little elderly mistress. Next-door to them was a beribboned basket almost hidden with scarlet labels. "One of the big breeders," sighed the little woman wistfully. There was no label on her dog's basket. "He's just my pet," she said.

It was nearly closing time. I wandered slowly back to Belinda. She greeted me joyously. "Let's go home," she said. "They'll fetch you soon, Belinda," I replied, and sat down on the bench to wait with most of Belinda on my knee. Nobody came. They were putting the lights out. "Darling, you've evidently got to spend the night here. Good-bye, beautiful Belinda." I moved away. A heart-broken wail rent the air. I should be ashamed to say how many times I returned to her. I think I must be as sentimental as Belinda.

OXFORD DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

[It is rumoured that Merton proposes to distrain on some Magdalen property for a feudal due (16s. 8d.), payable to Merton whenever, as recently, Magdalen elects a new President. This claim is alleged to have been repudiated by Magdalen on the ground that such dues were abolished by the Act of 1660.]

WHEN Merton says to Magdalen, "You must pay an ancient feudal due,"

One guesses what the latter in a contumelious mood 'll do;
Its undergrads are sure to raise a pretty how-d' ye-doodle-

do,
Remarking, "If you can collect this antiquated boodle, do;
Distrust our ancient college and you'll soon see what her

brood 'll do;
You'll find the nearest weapons to our hand, however
rude, 'll do."



THE DEVOUT SCEPTIC.

MR. CHURCHILL. "I HAVE THE PROFOUNDTEST CONFIDENCE IN THE GOOD SENSE OF THIS LARGE, INSCRUTABLE AND, AS I FEAR, APATHETIC AND UNTRUSTWORTHY MONSTER."

[The above remark is based upon the impression left by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S recent speech at the Queen's Hall.]



Nurse. "MISS JOAN AND MASTER JOHN HAVE BEEN SO NAUGHTY, MADAM I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM."
Mother. "OF COURSE YOU MUST PUNISH THEM. SEND 'EM TO BED WITHOUT THEIR COCKTAILS."

CALLING ON THE GENERAL.

A NEW General was installed up at Division the other day. It was just as well, because his predecessor had been getting rather past his work as a General. I mean, he had latterly caught the habit of dropping in on units unexpectedly to see what their men and barracks looked like, instead of attending to his own job—whatever that is—up at Headquarters; and when a General starts those tricks he has (no doubt the Army Council will correct me if I'm wrong) to be put quickly and painlessly away. Officially he is classed as "Long Overdue, Presumed Lost on Leave"; but *we* know better.

Now the first thing that happens when a new General comes is that everybody within easy visiting-card range goes and calls officially on him. I have never been able to discover the idea of this, because

- (a) You don't want to see him,
- (b) He doesn't want to see you,
- (c) There is no chance of your seeing each other because he, acting on (b), puts a book on one side of his porch for you to sign your name, and on the other

a large receptacle to hold visiting-cards. This is either an inverted *tom-tom*, or *khitmagar* or even a *punga-punga*; it depends on the portion of the globe in which he has served.

This method of visiting by book undoubtedly has one great advantage. It washes out the formality—so necessary when calling on lesser members of the stratocracy such as a Colonel's wife—of waiting round the corner till you see her go out for the afternoon and then slipping across swiftly with two cards of your own and two cards for each one of those friends with whom you have previously drawn lots for the job—and lost.

You must of course take care not to do as our Lieutenant James once did. He got muddled at the last moment and left a bunch of his own cards in error, so that Mrs. Colonel, instead of remarking casually how unfortunate it was that during her brief absence of half-an-hour she had missed the fourteen polite subalterns who had called on her, was staggered to find that Lieutenant James had apparently called fourteen times. It took weeks before she got out of the habit of shooting ner-

vously round the nearest corner whenever she saw him coming, under the impression that he was either mentally unbalanced or else a brilliant young officer lately transferred from the Royal Engineers—in either case a difficult person to converse with.

The book system, on the other hand, has a corresponding disadvantage in that you cannot depute a friend to call for you, unless you can trust him to imitate your signature perfectly; and, if he can do that, well, the less you have to do with him the better. In either case of course the wastage of subalterns' money on visiting-cards is enormous. Taking it all together there's a lot to be said for both sides, and no decision can be arrived at. Or, as our Adjutant would prefer to express it, "It's a nice point."

Calling on our new General, however, was different this time. Apparently he had a small daughter aged about ten, and Swordfrog, the first of our battalion to call, was assailed by her and a small friend in the porch.

"Hullo!" said Miss General.

"Hullo," responded Swordfrog nervously, wondering whether it was insub-

ordinate not to say "Miss." Swordfrog has strong ideas about discipline, hereditary rank and the divine right of Generals.

"Got your cards?" continued Miss General.

"Er—yes."

"Hand 'em over."

Swordfrog, clay in the hands of the fair sex, did so.

Miss General scanned them, said "Rotten!" and, adding them to others she held in her hand, sat down again on the floor with her friend.

While Swordfrog was signing his name, Captain Bayonet approached. Miss General's young friend this time went through the same catechism, concluding, however, with the words, "Not so bad," which bucked Bayonet up enormously and made Swordfrog jealous.

But before either of them took their departure a R.A.S.C. Major appeared. His cards Miss General received with a shout of delight.

"I've got two court cards," she said simply and, sitting down, proceeded to play out the Major's cards from her hand, wiping up the "Captain Bayonet" with which her friend during the moves of some intricate game had just covered the despised "Swordfrog."

All three officers were a trifle staggered, till Bayonet, who was naturally somewhat annoyed at being "taken" by an R.A.S.C. Major, had a brain-wave. He found in his pockets a visiting-card of his father's, who was an Admiral of the Fleet. This he passed stealthily to Miss General's opponent, hoping to wipe out his defeat.

The resultant scrap, arising out of the question of the admissibility of the card, had eventually, in spite of Bayonet's suggestion that it should be regarded as a "joker," to be stopped by a governess.

But the whole incident has done a lot in our battalion to popularise calling on the new General. Not only do we feel our cards are not being wasted, but it gives a great opportunity for bringing happiness into two small lives.

Only yesterday, for instance, the Mess Secretary, who is fond of children, went and left a round score of cards which had been given to him in his official capacity. We don't know what the General thought of them, because they were nearly all from travellers representing breweries, but we feel they must have been Trumps in the card game.

A. A.

A. A.

"In a channEel a hundred feet long dug out of the ice in the River Vistula here, a swimming contest was held to-day in what must be record conditions. The barometer showed 51 degrees of frost Fahrenheit, or 22 below zero."

Manchester Paper.

We prefer our channEels fried.



Suburban Neighbor. "IS MR. JONES AT HOME?"

Domestic. "No, Sir; BUT I'LL TELL HIM YOU CALLED. WHAT SHALL I SAY YOU WANTED TO BURROW?"

The Week's Greatest Thought.

"Finding your way in darkness in strange surroundings never is easy."—*Evening Paper.*

Gloomy Grandeur.

"BEN NEVIS BORED."
Headline in Sunday Paper.

TOPSY, M.P.

XXIII.—LOSES THE WHIP.

WELL Trix my rustic little lamb if you *only* knew how I sometimes envy you, *ignoring* the world's news, not caring a *twopenny* hoot about the *Gold Standard* or anything, and *merely* living for the death of the next fox, my dear I *do* see how elemental and satisfying it must be, whereas *here* am I darling *hip-deep* in *acrimony* and correspondence and brain-strain, my dear I *think* I told you how I had *words* with the Whips because I *would* put *sulphuric* Questions to the man Hicks, well my dear they said I was *quite* undermining the Cabinet because the *whole* of the

Cabinet utterly agreed with me but they thought it was *too* perilous to even discuss my pet questions *however* cardinal, so they wanted them all to be left in a state of *purulent* placidity till after the Election, my dear *too* pussilanimous, and *especially* it seems because of the new virgin voters, though my dear *why* they should think that *all* the flappers are *Nonconformists* and wouldn't like to see some sanitary *Betting* Laws for instance I *merely* can't imagine, however and of course they said that anyhow it was the *done* thing to treat Hicks as a *joke* so I said that's *just* the danger because he and his herd were *serious* menaces to the *character* of the race and the *happiness* of the

people, my dear *too* eloquent, my dear I *do* think my *style* is a bit more *dynamic* and fluid than it used to be, don't you, though of course what do *you* care, well anyhow darling they said if I put down *one* more irreverent Question I should definitely *lose* the Whip, but they said if I was honeyed and obedient I might be a Parliamentary Sec. or something in the next Parliament, and I *rather* gathered I should *probably* rise to Cabinet rank in the first few *weeks*.

Well darling poor shrinking doethough I am I did *not* propose to be bribed or brow-battered because my dear they knew *too* clearly what the little platform was when I was *elected*, not to mention my Haddock, so the next day I put down the *most* mutinous questions to *half* the Cabinet, I forget what about, but *nearly* everything, and sure enough

I got the *most* pompifical letter to say that in future I should *not* receive the Party Whip, my dear *too* babyish, so I wrote back tersely who *wants* your mouldy Whip, and my dear as a *matter* of fact it is rather a *boon* to be Whipless, because normally you have to get absolute *leave* to leave the House, and if they say you *can't* go out to dinner my dear you *merely* can't, *too* galling, but *now* of course I *prance* out airily *when-ever* inclined, cocking a *phantom* snook at the Whips as I pass darling, my dear *too* satisfactory.

However my dear what I *faintly* forgot was my obese and woolly-witted *constituency*, because of course the faithful commons of Bumbleton are *always* titil-

my dear *this* is the *real* rankle, *how* much money I've spent in the blood-sucking Borough, because *between* you and I darling we haven't spent *too* much, not *having* too much, and my dear it was an absolute *plank* in the little platform at the *Bye*-Election that they were *not* to regard me as a kind of *milch*-elephant like most of the Tories, because I said if you *must* have *clubs* and *bazaars* and *new* wings to the library and everything I'm *too* throbbled about it but you'll have to pay for them *yourselves*, because I said my motto and maxim is *service* not *shekels*, so don't elect me if *what* you want is an animated *cash-box*, which of course is *exactly* what they *do* want, and *that* my dear is

going to be the *penultimate* bane of the *Conservative* Party, my dear they *expect* their Member to be a sort of *Fairy* God-mother, with birth-days *weekly*.

However to continue the sombre story I was summoned to Bumbleton to give an account of myself at a sort of *secret* Inquisition, where my dear it was hinted *too* nudely that I should have to *spend* better and behave more *ba'm-ily*, because my dear *another* complication is that now I'm in such *swampy* odour with the Whips and Government the Central Office are *threatening* delicately that *funds* perhaps will *not* be forthcoming at the *next* Election like they did at the last, my dear *too* despotical, because *that*

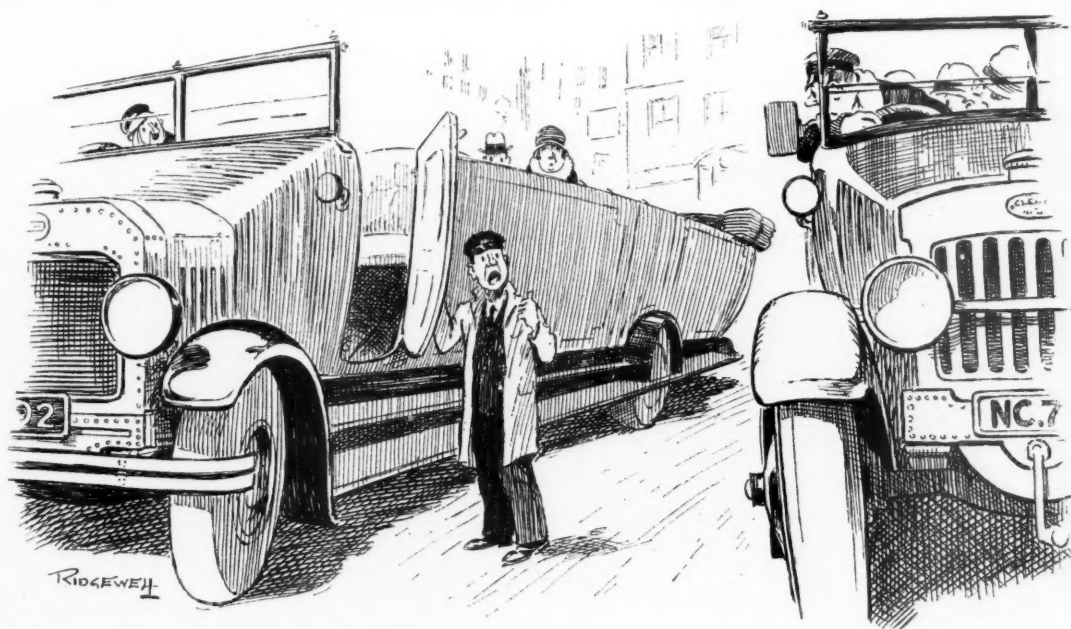


Hatter (to customer who has had his silk hat ruined by snowballs). "Yes, Sir, BREAKING WINDOWS, ET-CETERA, I DON'T HOLD WITH: BUT AS FOR KNOCKING A FEW SILK HATS ABOUT. WHY, SIR, WE MUST BE A LITTLE INDULGENT TO OUR HIGH-SPIRITED LADS."

lated to see their little Member in the papers, *whatever* she does, but my dear my *Executive* Committee, being all *quite* circular and mediæval were *too* unamused, because they said it meant they were practically *de-franchised* and anyhow it was giving Bumbleton (West) a *bad* name, my dear *too* sensitive, and anyhow it's *rather* a tender moment because everyone's busy *adopting* candidates for this *unfumigated* General Election, and my dear it seems there's a *venomous* clique on the Executive which is *beaver*ing away to have a *pursy* business man called *Poop* instead of me, my dear *too* rotund but *merely* dripping with dividends and bonds and things, so they've been quite *nosing* about in what they call my *record*, my dear totting up my *divisions* and speeches and everything, and likewise of course, and

of course has *radically* shaken some of my spherical Committee, so that what with everything unless I become both *rich* and respectable it *rather* looks as if the *next* Member will be Sir Horace Poop, who sells bowler-hats and hose darling and *already* I gather has *busily* manured the entire constituency with *life*-subscriptions and *new* wings and has *quite* sworn to build chapels and wash-houses *all* over Bumbleton, well of course it's all *too* salubrious for Bumbleton, but my dear what is the good of my poor little PRIME making those *sweet* speeches about yearning for Youth in the Party if any mature but *mindless* merchant is allowed to buy a constituency with *two* chapels and a public lavatory?

However my dear I *faced* up to them after dinner like a hen-bison at bay



Conductor (bitterly). "WHAT A LIFE! LOOKS LIKE SNOW—COME IN FOURTH IN THE 2.30—ME MATE'S GOT TOOTHACHE—AN' WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THIS LOT ALL THE WAY TO 'AMPSHIRE!"

darling, in the *arresting* black-and-gold I told you about, and Haddock says looking rather like the Queen of Sheba at the first Solomon party, anyhow whether it was the frock, my dear there's the *phantom* touch of a hoop in the skirt which gives a *dominant* effect but at the same time rather a *nun-like* note, if you know what I mean, and I carried a fan for imperious *gestures*, well I told them tersely my *compassionate* opinion about them and the Poop creature, and I said If you want a dead plumber have Horace by all means, and if you want a live Member behold your *immutable* Topsy, but *don't* expect any free sewers or public brine-baths from me, well don't you think I was *right* darling?

Anyhow my dear a little on the *cowed* side they agreed to a sort of *armistice*, and I think all would have been well, only *meanwhile* my dear I've made the *most* luminous but *alienating* speech in the House, my dear we had a debate about Afghanistan and that *fatiguing* ULLAH family, well you *wouldn't* understand darling but it was all about *black* men wearing bowler-hats and trousers, well my dear I rose up and said there ought to be an *absolute* law of the League of Nations to stamp out the trouser traffic, and I said all these *missionaries* and people ought to be *too* discouraged who go about the fair places of the earth spreading *plus* fours and *braces* and celluloid collars, because my dear it *only* means that the *blameless* black man

gets *tuberculosis* and *swelled* head, my dear if you could see some of the *nigger*-girls in Jamaica *covered* with face-powder and pink cotton tea-gowns, my dear *too* unsuitable, well I'll tell you more later, but my dear *when* I tell you that Bumbleton *mainly* exists by exporting bowler-hats and trousers and other *degrading* garments to the innocent blacks you'll understand that I've *rather* inserted the pretty little foot again, besides of course it being *too* irreverent to speak against the British trouser, anyhow my agent tells me the *whole* place is *fermenting* with fury, so my dear you'll *begin* to gather the *kind* of bunkers which beset the course of an *independent* girl *not* constructed to pattern, my dear the *only* thing these days is to be *mass-produced*, farewell now your *excommunicated* little Torsy. A. P. H.

The New Variorum Football Edition.

"Church figured at three-quarter while his captain was off. . . Cluech and Davy between them damped down the ardent fires of Young and Laird. . . Clingh, Cagney, Beamish and Payne—but why mention names when all the forwards were so great?"—*Daily Paper*.

Why indeed? And yet—what about Clinch?

"BARKING NIGHT CLUB."

Sunday Paper Poster.

It is their continuous yapping that we object to; but what can you expect when the Underground run trains labelled "Barking Non-Stop"?

SPRING PLOUGHING.

MEEK necks bowing
Against the harness
The plough team's ploughing
The furrow's farness;
Over the headland
Cold and bare
Ripples the red land
Off the share.

Shearing, spurning,
Like prow of rover,
The plough goes turning
The red earth over;
Into the starkness
Of day's dome,
Out of the darkness
Breathes the loam.

Ploughman Tom is
Grown old and older;
To all the promise
He humps a shoulder;
Stiffly sheathing
The share goes he,
Nor knows sweet-breathing
Persephone. P. R. C.

"A NEW EXPERIENCE IN MOTORING COMFORT."

You will marvel at its total absence of vibration, silence, and supreme comfort at all speeds and you will be equally thrilled with its beauty and value."—*Glasgow Paper*.

We have often remarked upon this total absence of silence and supreme comfort in some cars and are equally thrilled by this commercial candour.

PREUX CHEVALIER.

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS.

(Neither the play nor the film nor the book.)

ACT I.

A draughty hall in The Limes, Beckenham. When the curtain rises a lot of cheery young people are playing Farthing Nap. Much squabbling over the scoring until the audience is seated.

First Young Man. Well, as far as I can make out, you owe me two-and-twopence on balance, Theodora, old girl. *[They get up from the table.]*

Second Young Man. Sans Peur is the winner.

Third Young Man. Good old Sans Peur!

[He ruffles Sans Peur's hair.]

Sans Peur. Shut up, Sans Reproche. Where's Dieu et mon Droit?

Dieu et mon Droit (a lively young woman). Always in attendance. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, and God defend the right! I say, don't you remember how when we were kids the winner always had to be tarred and feathered?

Sans Reproche. Let's take out good old Sans Peur and tar and feather him.

All. Carried nem. con.

[Sans Peur is carried out nem. con. Exit all, being cheery, except Sans Reproche, who disguises himself as a dumb waiter.]

Enter Aunt Priscilla, an Indian Fakir and a Baptist Minister.

Aunt Priscilla. It's all settled, then. You will give me thirty thousand pounds for the Green Eye of the Little Yellow God.

The Fakir. The god has missed it sorely.

Aunt Priscilla (to the Baptist Minister). You do think I'm doing right, don't you?

Baptist Minister. Quite right.

[Having spoken his one line in this Act he goes off and begins to make up for his seven different parts in the next. The others go off too.]

Re-enter Sans Peur.

Sans Peur. Attaboy, Sans Reproche, old man. You look as if you'd taken a knock.

Sans Reproche. Listen, Sans Peur, old chum *(he hits him on the nose and then kisses the place to make it well)*. You've never doubted me, have you? Well, I'm making a bunk for it. The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God is missing.

Sans Peur. I say, you haven't . . . You didn't . . . You wouldn't . . . Oh, Sans Reproche!

Sans Reproche. Never mind about that. You wouldn't let a little thing like that stand in the way of your loyalty. After all, we're brothers.

Sans Peur. Of course. Yours to the death, old pal. And whatever you say goes. What do you want me to do?

Sans Reproche. I'm going to join the Chez-Soi and Colonial. The Foreign Branch. Are you on?

Sans Peur. What! The Chez-Soi and Colonial? I'm on.

Sans Reproche. Good old Sans Peur!

[He kicks him playfully in the stomach.]

Both Together (saluting). England expects that every man this day will do his duty.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

The dormitory of the Chez-Soi and Colonial Foreign Branch, Tunis. Shopwalker Lenoir is parading the shop-assistants. Sans Peur and Sans Reproche are among them.

Shopwalker Lenoir. Now, then, you sons of scum, I'm

going to show you what discipline is. Silence, sewage! I'm going to have no slacking in this branch, you dogs of a thousand foulnesses. Fifty million corporals! Seventy million sergeants! You shall learn what life in the Chez-Soi is. We're starting a branch in the Desert next week and then you'll find out what hardship means. You two English vermin shall come with me. Silence, dregs! One more word from you whining cheese-mites and I'll put you all in cold-storage for a week. Dismiss! *[Exit.]*

First Shop-Assistant. I say, let's get into pyjamas and have a pillow-fight.

All. Oh, let's. *C'est le Chez-Soi!*

[They all get into nice clean pyjamas and have a pillow-fight.]

Sans Peur. I say, Sans Reproche, old chum, this is a bit rougher than it used to be at St. Winifred's.

Sans Reproche. Never mind, old cock. Think of the girls at home. I'm sorry I've let you in for this.

[He socks him one.]

Sans Peur. That's all right, old man. Whatever you say goes. I'll try to stick it.

First Spy (whispering to Second Spy). Ze Eenglish brozzers, 'ave you 'eard zem whispair? Zey 'ave got a marble. You know, ze game Eenglish boys play. It is vair valuable. A green Viking. It counts more zan all ze ozzer marbles. Ve vill steal it—yes, no, isn't it? On vis ze fight!

[The pillow-fight continues. The First Spy attempts to steal what he imagines to be the Green Eye from Sans Reproche, who wears it in a little sachet round his neck. Actually it is only the Bible that Aunt Priscilla gave him. Sans Peur discovers the attempt and makes a scene.]

Enter Shopwalker Lenoir.

Shopwalker Lenoir. Silence, you miserable gadgets! Fifty sacred bloodhounds! So we have thieves among us. *(To Sans Peur)* Oh, it's you, is it, you mewling piece of cat's-meat? You English are at the bottom of all the trouble. Residue! You wait till we get to the Desert, then you'll see. Fifty boiling chickens! I'll show you who's master here. *[He strides out.]*

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

After many interludes, during which an army of shop-assistants grows more and more exhausted with walking round and round the stage, the curtain finally rises on the Desert Branch of the Chez-Soi and Colonial. The shop-assistants are sitting round on the counters in attitudes of extreme depression. Lenoir is leaning up against the cash-register, fuming.

Sans Peur (to Sans Reproche). I say, old chap, I can't stand this much longer. Not a customer for a whole week, and the Arab Co-operative Stores about to raid us any minute. I can't stand it. I want to go home.

Sans Reproche. Pull yourself together, old lad. Think of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. It's a long way to Tipperary, and we're not down-hearted yet.

[He gives him a brotherly black-eye.]

Lenoir. Silence, spawn! Illegitimate offspring of a blind tadpole! The Arabs are going to attack. Every man to his counter, and show the sediment what you're made of! The Chez-Soi has never given change yet!

Sans Reproche (with a gallant admiration). That man may be a swine but he's a damned fine shopwalker!

Sans Peur. I hear the Arabs do dreadful things to you. Don't they cut you up and sell you as bacon?

Sans Reproche. Try to stick it, old chum. Don't show the white feather. If anything happens to me, just tell



Friend. "SORRY TO HEAR YOUR WIFE'S GOT INFLUENZA."
Gourmet. "YES—I HOPE TO GOODNESS COOK DOESN'T GET IT."

them I died doing my duty and that my last words were, "No trouble, Madam, I assure you."

Sans Peur. Good old Sans Reproche!

Sans Reproche. Good old Sans Peur!

[They kick each other violently. Somebody begins throwing stones at the windows. In an incredibly short space of time everybody is killed except Sans Peur and Sans Reproche.]

Sans Reproche. I say, old stick-in-the-mud, I'm done for. Sorry to have dragged you into this. God knows how you'll get out.

Sans Peur. That's all right, old man. Whatever you say goes.

Sans Reproche. Good old Sans Peur! Let's just have one last scrimmage for the sake of old times. I wish I felt strong enough for leap-frog. (They have a jolly fight, in

which each breaks several limbs.) Now then, old son, just one thing more. Will you promise me something?

Sans Peur. Anything—you know I will.

Sans Reproche. Well, then, I daresay it's sentimental of me, but d'you know I'd feel much happier if I thought that after I was dead you'd—you'd—you'd tar and feather me.

[Sans Peur breaks down. Sans Reproche mournfully dislocates his jaw for him and dies. Sans Peur tars and feathers him.]

CURTAIN.

J. VAN D.

"Many reports have been made of 'watchers' who deliberately let the air out of tires or otherwise damage cars after owners had rejected their services. Such a service, if necessary, should be performed by men delegated to the duty by the police department."—American Paper.

Ay, and, if necessary, equipped with hat-pins for the purpose.

FLU-BOUND.

I HAD been fairly content in spite of my suffering until Anthony blew in.

There were trials, of course. I had not cared for the anemones, preferring daffodils as more suggestive of hope, and the business of eating hot-house grapes in a sideways and stooping position is always annoying and uncomfortable. There was a longish patch of damp also on the ceiling which for hours and hours on the first day I had been trying to turn into the semblance of a lizard without complete success.

I had had a slight difference of opinion with the doctor about my temperature. He pointed out that in the particular type of five-days' influenza by which I had been struck down it was the commonest thing in the world for the patient's temperature to go higher and lower in a series of jerks. This showed that he had fallen into the ridiculous error of imagining that other people's temperatures behave in bouts of illness exactly in the same way as mine. My temperature has its own habits, which are in no way dictated by those of the common herd, and I was describing them to him in some detail when I noticed that he was not attending properly, but taking out his radio set in order to listen in to my back.

There was, finally, the bother about *Trent's Last Case*. For some reason which I cannot explain I felt certain that to have *Trent's Last Case* read aloud to me during the later stages of my malady would have a beneficial effect. Our copy of this book appeared to have been stolen or sent to some hospital, and, though I ordered commissaries to scour the neighbouring streets and generally draw a cordon round the suburb, nobody had a copy of *Trent's Last Case*, and I was obliged to fall back on a detective novel in which the sleuth-hound, as I pointed out, uttered so many exasperating platitudes that he seemed to be sickening for Parliament or the melodramatic stage.

I did not, however, complain. Galling though it was to be out of the rough-and-tumble of strong men plying their daily task, and delightful as I should have found it to be striding briskly to business with the wind of morning playing about my brow, I endured the

cramped position and the heated atmosphere of the fever-smitten room with scarcely a murmur. I confess too that the oysters which my sister sent in on the third day were excellent.

And then Anthony blew in.

"Blew" is the right word. His very manner of opening the door was unsuitable in one about to enter the presence of an invalid. He looked round it with what I can only describe as a great red smile.

"Hullo! Pretty comfy in here," he observed. "Mind if I smoke?"

I motioned assent.

"My word!" he said, "you haven't a notion what a fearful nor'-easter there is raging outside. It cut me to the bone as I came along."

The man's selfishness sickened me.

the smoke blowing outside his sick-room window knows more of the set of the breeze than a mere idler who has been walking along the street.

He took a newspaper roughly off my bed and sat reading it for a few moments, after which he looked up and began again.

"From all I can see," he remarked, "you're pretty lucky to be where you are just now."

"Lucky?" I said.

No, I did not. That is not the way I said it at all.

"LUCKY!" I said. Like that. I should have laughed a hollow mirthless laugh if it had not been that this has to be done more or less with the back part of the throat, the membranes of which the doctor had particularly told me I was not to strain.

"Lucky indeed!" I repeated in a low and bitter way. "I wonder if you realise that my temperature, which for some days—"

"I see here," he interrupted rudely, "that there are forty-five degrees of frost at Berlin and forty-eight at Vienna, and that near Regensburg, where hundreds of people were skating on the frozen surface of the Danube, the ice suddenly broke with a roar that could be heard for miles away—"

"Sometimes there is a gentle steady movement," I said, coughing a little, "and some-



Householder (discovering plumber in front of mirror). "HERE, YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A PLUMBER."

Plumber. "No, SIR, I'VE BEEN TOLD I LOOK MORE LIKE THE LATE RUDOLPH VALENTINO."

"Not nor'-east, Anthony," I protested as gently as I could. "My paper tells me that light south-westerly breezes are prevailing throughout the greater part of England to-day."

"Sou'-westers be fried!" said Anthony rather coarsely. "Look here—does your street, between the Underground and this house, run north or south?"

"North," I said.

"Well, the wind was right in my face as I came up it and nearly froze my right ear off."

He tapped the unsightly organ as he spoke.

"Did you walk with your face in front or behind?" I inquired of him as politely as I could.

This silenced him for a moment, for he knew well that it is dangerous to argue with a patient still in the throes of fever; he doubtlessly realised too that a man who has spent many weary hours in watching the branches waving and

times a couple of short quick snaps at the back of my head, like a tramcar going over points. At other moments—"

"Many were swept half-a-mile down the stream before they could be rescued, and others escaped by jumping over from floe to floe. There is a blizzard all over Central Europe, which—"

"The pains in the lower part of the back," I murmured, "are discontinuous but disagreeable in the extreme, and they are accompanied by a general sensation of *malaise*, so that—"

"Wolves," said Anthony, "have left the mountains in vast herds and entered the town of Constantinople."

"Was anybody eaten?" I inquired.

"Dozens, I expect."

"I was only able to toy with the wing of a chicken yesterday," I said. "Very likely I shall take no lunch at all to-day."

"The Orient Simplon express," he persisted, "was snowed up for ten days till the passengers were fortunately rescued

TRIALS OF AN INTERVIEWER.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS.



"WELCOME!



I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU.



BE SEATED, I BEG.



WHAT SHALL I SAY TO YOU? SHALL I TALK
OF MY TRIUMPHS?



WOULD YOU SEE MY SERIOUS SIDE?



OR SHALL I TELL YOU OF MY LOVES?"

by sea, and the mails, which will suffer a delay of nearly a fortnight—"

"That reminds me," I broke in, "the postman knocked about five minutes ago and no one has brought my letters upstairs. It is extraordinary how all the decencies of civilisation are disregarded in a house under the ravages of the influenza scourge. Would you mind running downstairs and seeing if there is anything in the hall for me?"

"I shouldn't worry," answered Anthony. "There's probably nothing but bills."

He walked round the room once or twice, looked at my calendar, straightened his tie in front of my looking-glass and took another of my cigarettes. Then he put his overcoat and muffler on.

"Well, well," he said, "I must turn out into this rotten weather again. I'm having a very trying time myself just now, with everybody crooked up and lounging in bed."

There are points, I remembered, where even the hide of the rhinoceros may be penetrated.

"Would you care to eat a few of my grapes before you go?" I said. "They were specially sent to my sick-bed from Worthing by an aunt."

"Never touch them," replied the super-pachyderm. "But I'll tell you what I *will* have: I'll have a glass of your orange-water." Which he did. "Good preventative," he remarked as he swigged it down. "Well, I'm glad to see you're looking so much better. Good-bye!"

I smiled crookedly at him from my couch of pain. I suppose there are certain natures in which, whatever their education and training, the spirit of consideration for others will never find a home. EVOE.

"BECCLES TOWN COUNCIL. THE CHANNEL TUNNEL."

A letter was received from Sir William Bull, inviting friendly, neutral or adverse opinions concerning the scheme. It was decided that the matter be referred to the Sanitary Committee for consideration."—*Local Paper.*

The big idea, however, is international trains, not drains.

A FLANK ATTACK.

WHEN Alice tried to enter the rose-garden, she discovered that she could only do so by walking rapidly in the other direction. This *Looking-Glass* method has since been extensively adopted by our great advertising firms.

In the old days, if you had wares to offer to the world, you said so on hoardings in plain language, as:—

FILM ON TEETH?

USE ENAMOLITE.

(In Octagonal Tubes.)

Or—

NO MORE HEADACHES!

TAKE CEREBALM.

Chases Pain Away.

Or—

SIX SIRLOINS

To Every Cube Of

BULLION

The New Compressed Soup.

Or—

BLÜTHMEADS

FOR TONE AND FINISH.

The Musician's Piano.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Mother. "BABY IS NOW TWELVE MONTHS OLD, AND HE DISPLAYS NO SIGNS OF INTELLIGENCE."

Or—

FROBISHER

THE HOUSE FOR GLOVES.
(Est. 1850.)

But to-day these childish clamours for custom go unheeded. The call is now for subtlety, and the firm which sells the most goods in the year is the firm which pushes its goods from the most indirect angle. It is a positive competition as to who shall begin his advertisement in the most irrelevant manner.

We will now sell all the above-named commodities in the modern way:—

1.—IF MARY HAD NEVER MET DOUG

she might still be a Film Queen. But if her teeth were filmed she could never have become the World's Sweetheart. The secret of that dazzling smile that has made her a million friends and flooded her mail with males is very simple. *She is an Enamolite fan.* Enamolite, delightfully fragrant, penetrates all the interstices. No germ can withstand it. Food particles, which lodge and ferment in the most "ungetatable" places, are instantly dissolved, and pale spongy gums made healthy, firm and pink.

ENAMOLITE. CUPID'S ALLY.

(In dainty octagonal tubes, from which every inch of the creamy ribbon can be squeezed.)

2.—WHEN GREAT HOMER NODDED.

It was after reading the proof-pages of his immortal *Iliad*. He, in his white-walled villa, the cypresses standing sentinel about his peaceful garden, with sandalled slaves to wait upon his whims, still felt the strain of creative work. How much more so does the business man to-day, the growing schoolgirl, the overtired housewife! The tremendous tax of modern life plays havoc with the head. When those cutting pains begin, don't fly to injurious patent medicines. *Build the brain.* CEREBALM quickens and nourishes the grey matter without lowering after-effects.

3.—WE DON'T THROW CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS NOW.

No more "thumbs down" from NERO. We throw bullocks to the Christians instead, and each dainty and nourishing cube of BULLION is thumbs up!

A SMILE IN EVERY PLATE.

Tommy loves it! It's top marks for Tommy on BULLION days. Hear Baby bang his spoon when he sees it! Daddy asks for it. No more wasted washings, frying-pans to be watched, or tiring basting. Just a saucepan, a little tap-water and a BULLION cube.

THE RECIPE FOR A REVEL.



J.H. DOWD

"CAN YOU GET ME MAYFAIR 17284—IF YOU THINK THEY'LL BE AT HOME?"

4.—"Cheerio, Dolly! You look rather blue."

"So would you if you had to go to the Smiths' At Home, to listen to this awful modern music."

"Awful? Why, my dear, *they've got a Blüthmead now!* Its tone is so velvety, it has such a singing quality that even STRAVINSKY and RAVEL become a joy to listen to. And the eyes too are not forgotten, for Blüthmeads Are Beautiful, with their gleaming polish and sparkling pedals."

"So long, lucky girl. You look more cheery now!"

5.—DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

When *Peter Pan* asks you whether you believe in the Little People, do you clap your hands? Of course you do.

And do your gloves split? Naturally.

Our near-Nappa gauntlets, in seasoned demi-dogskin, are seamless and splitproof. Waterproof, cosy and elegant, they embellish the hand, whether at wheel, sports or theatre.

In all sizes and the following newest shades: Bile, Isabella, Flower-pot, Sahara, Steel, Date-brown, Python-green, Dark Hyena, Permanganate, Mulatto, Creole, Caterpillar and Lettuce.

GLOVES FOR EVERY MOOD.

FROBISHER'S. OXFORD STREET
RACHEL.

"St Hugh Bell's 85th birthday."

Provincial Paper.

While no one can be anxious to part with Sir HUGH BELL, it is pleasant to know that his future is assured.



Host. "NOW WE COME TO THE TENTH. IT'S A LONG HOLE, AND TAKES US RIGHT PAST THE CLUB-HOUSE."
Guest. "IT'S NOT GOING TO TAKE ME PAST."

THE THIRD FORM PASSES JUDGMENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You will not be surprised to hear that several of us had some rather unfortunate experiences at the beginning of the Christmas Hols, as a result of the reports from school. We think that this report business is too one-sided and that something ought to be done about it; so we have prepared a report on the Masters for the Head. We would have sent it to him, but we are not certain how he would take it. So we thought perhaps you would publish it, then he would see it. Please keep our names out.

Yours hopefully,

THE THIRD FORM,
Renaston School.

P.S.—We are not quite sure about "depreciated."

REPORT ON THE STAFF.

Mr. Nevill (Classics).

Is inclined to think that everything of importance disappeared with Rome. Is completely ignorant of the functions of a super-charger. Should try to develop an interest in these matters.

Mr. Jones (History).

Similar remarks apply here. It is time

he realised that EDWARD III. is dead and that HAMMOND and WHITE are alive. These men are *making* History.

Mr. Steward (English).

Suffers from the delusion that he is humorous. Is apparently deceived by the laughter he creates in the form-room. In any case we know all his jokes.

Mr. Ritchie (Mathematics).

Seems to possess some ability in connection with figures. It is a pity that he cannot put his knowledge to more practical use than dealing with such matters as the filling of tanks when the plugs are out or building walls at a speed which Trade Union rules do not permit.

Mr. Mercer (Chemistry and Physics).

Pleasant on the whole, but has a very inadequate knowledge of the composition of a six-valve set.

Mr. Harrison (Geography).

Does his best, but has no tact. His action in confiscating an album of stamps that was being privately examined in class indicates a lack of appreciation of such aids to geographical study.

M. Montagne (French).

Very good. The free and unrestrained atmosphere of the French periods has been much appreciated.

Herr Blosscher (German).

His early training seems to have been faulty. His speech consists largely of unseemly noises in the throat, which are strongly to be depreciated. Constant gargling should produce an improvement.

Mr. Robertson (Drawing).

Does not realise the important place of caricature in modern art.

General Remarks.

It is only fair to say that the Masters are obliged to follow the Time-Table, which, we feel, ought to have a thorough revision. We are disappointed by the wasting of time on subjects that are of little value, and would urge the inclusion of subjects of real importance, such as motor-cars, talkies, moths and television. We shall be pleased to give a complete list of these, if asked.

A Rebuke to Spinsters.

"Mrs. — inherited to a marked degree the high mental gifts of the Mac—s. She was twice married."—*Scottish Paper*.



PAX ROMANA: THE RESTORATION.

THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY, WHICH KING VICTOR EMMANUEL II. TOOK FROM POPE PIUS IX., HAS BEEN RESTORED TO POPE PIUS XI. BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 11th.—The popular conception of a Pathan is a large hairy beathen with a flint-lock and a fanatical belief in Allah, whose wife "comes out to cut up what remains" when the young British soldier is wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains.

Lord WINTERTON drew another picture to-day when he described the Bombay Pathans as a law-abiding community engaged in many occupations, one of whose many virtues is a capacity for hard work. He admitted that, like that other heathen, *Higgins*, the Pathan also

"... drives a dreary quill
To lend the poor that funny cash that makes
them poorer still,"

but could not confirm Mr. SAKLATVALA's statement that he charges four hundred per cent.

That may help to account for the Bombay Hindu mill-hands swallowing the absurd story about Pathan workmen burying kidnapped Hindu children in the cement foundations of a bridge; but the Government of India's report, which Lord WINTERTON read to the House, intimated that the Bombay riots had their origin in a Communist-led strike of millhands, followed by the replacement of strikers by Pathan workers.

In vain Mr. SAKLATVALA strove to lure the UNDER-SECRETARY to the consideration of other issues, charging him with putting the blame on the Hindus and calling for particulars of the Pathans' maleficent civic activities. Lord WINTERTON stoutly declined to put any blame on anybody except the Communist agitators. Mr. SAKLATVALA, who is the prophet neither of Allah nor of Krishna, but of LENIN, had to be content with that.

The MINISTER also made it clear that, as is customary in such cases, it was not the respectable Hindu and Moslem citizens of Bombay that were responsible for the dirty work, but the hooligans, the unpleasing multiplicity of whom is apparently one of the few points on which East and West do meet. Human nature is like that. Was it not *Higgins's* unmarried aunts who demanded to be divorced?

It will not be the fault of the British Government if the British egg fails in the honourable but difficult task of keeping its end up. Mr. GUINNESS explained to Mr. MITCHELL that the Agricultural Credits Act, which enables the farmer to borrow the funny cash that makes it a pleasure to sell wheat for less than it costs to raise, extends to poultry-farmers. All they have to do is to put all their eggs in one

basket—and leave the bank to watch the basket.



"When Worthy chaps on martial things
Have talked all day, to chase monotony,
They spread their operative wings,
That is, assuming that they've got any."
After *Private Willis* in *Iolanthe*.

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS ON THE
LIBERTY OF SOLDIERS TO PERFORM ON THE
STAGE.

A song which had some vogue in the
late Victorian days began—

"I'm a careless potato; I care not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they sowed me in furrows or dibbled me in
To me is exactly the same."

Unlike the British cluckberry the British

shall be duly stigmatised as such when exposed for sale in our midst. Or so Mr. GUINNESS explained to Mr. MITCHELL. But whether the British spud defies all comers, or has abandoned the struggle for supremacy, did not "emerge."

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD's caution does not desert him. Mr. DAY had down a question about the high quantity of water in bread. Would the MINISTER introduce legislation to compel bakers to sell bread free from adulteration?

"Does my right hon. friend regard water as an adulteration?" asked Mr. HURD. "Perhaps my hon. friend will put that down," replied the MINISTER. It all depends, no doubt, on what the water is put into.

The Socialists roared lustily when Mr. BENNETT, of South Battersea, came forward to take his seat.

Tuesday, February 12th.—A soldier's life may be "terrible 'ard," as *Alice* (who, you remember, is marrying one of the Guard) informed *Christopher Robin*, but it has its compensations. Mr. BRIANT revealed that much when he asked the MINISTER OF WAR if he was aware that Guardsmen are being employed at a London theatre, and asked for particulars about it all. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS replied that Guardsmen, like other soldiers, are entitled to fill in their own time as they please, so long as what they do does not unfit them for their military duties. That would be a matter for the commanding officer, but neither he, the Minister for War, nor the commanding officer was going to ask each private soldier how he employed his spare time.

Early in the afternoon a bronzed and sailorly figure took its accustomed seat on the Liberal benches. Skipper LLOYD GEORGE has returned to the hellum, and there's a squall brewing for any lubberly son of a sea-cook that has been steering the good ship *Manchester Producer* out of her course. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE stayed but a moment and then disappeared—possibly in search of a rope's end or the cabin-boy, or both.

Sir ROBERT THOMAS asked what percentage of London telephone girls "suffer from nervous complaints, slight or serious," and if that was the cause of some of them having "irritable dispositions." The MINISTER said he was sorry Sir ROBERT had been troubled.

Sir WILLIAM DAVISON learned from Mr. AMERY that a settlement had been reached with the Irish Free State Government in the matter of the pensions of retired Irish civil servants. Though Mr. AMERY could not give the details it appears that, in return for the Free State's acceptance



THE RETURN TO HOME WATERS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, FRESH FROM MEDITERRANEAN
STORMS AND PREPARED FOR THE WORST.

potato is as careless as ever; it seems. It asks neither to wear a map of England on its jacket or that the alien potato

of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council's ruling, the British Treasury has agreed to take back all the silver coins in the Free State's hands (about a million pounds' worth) at face value. As the poet says, "If blood money be the price of sovereignty, good Lord, we ha' paid in full."

Mrs. HUGH DALTON, Bishop Auckland's new Member, following closely in the wake of Mr. Bennett, took her seat amid encouraging shouts of "Twickenham next!" and after the cackle had subsided Mr. AMMON presented a Bill to amend the law relating to the exportation of horses.

The House on the Report stage added some minor Amendments to the Local Government Bill and then proceeded to throw out the Corporation of London (Bridge) Bill, being unconvinced by Mr. GRENFELL and Sir V. BOWATER that the sole object of the Bill was to permit the Corporation not to build the St. Paul's Bridge (which they have not yet obtained authority to construct) for another two years. The chief opponent of the Bill was Sir MARTIN CONWAY, who reminded the House that the corner of Newgate Street and Cheapside was once called "The Shambles," and declared that it would be so known again if the concentrated traffic to and from the proposed St. Paul's Bridge were poured into it.

Sir W. DAVISON besought the House to have no more to do with a measure that kept the Dean of ST. PAUL'S in a perpetual state of terror—a revelation that throws an interesting light on the pessimistic trend of modern journalism.

Wednesday, February 13th.—Dinner has charms to soothe the talkative breast—at any rate in the House of Lords. It was Earl BEAUCHAMP who suggested that their Lordships' deliberations on the Local Government Bill would be shortened if they resumed the old custom of sitting after dinner. Lord SALISBURY intimated that such drastic measures would probably not be necessary.

As is well known, a Scot reveres a herring almost as deeply as a saxe-pence. No wonder the Duke of MONTROSE represented the Clyde fishermen as aghast at the Scottish Fishery Board's proposal to throw open the Firth of Clyde to British trawlers, which, the noble Duke said, would sweep the river clean in a few weeks.

Lord AIRLIE spoke soothingly. The Order could not come into force unless

the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND'S permission was given, and in the meanwhile every objection would receive sympathetic consideration. The object, he explained, was to let the trawlers pursue the large shoals of migratory hake that the Clyde fishermen did not catch. Caller hake are apparently no part of the North Briton's brain-lood.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, answering Mr. DAY, said that no request had been received either from the Soviet Government or the gentleman himself that M. TROTSKY should be allowed to visit Great Britain. Can Mr. COCHRAN have

known that the alternative form would have run something like this:—

I, AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, etc., etc., etc., without in any way insisting on it, request in the name of His Majesty's Government, all those whom it may not concern to allow the bearer of this passport (always supposing that he has not stolen it) to reach his destination (provided he does not stop to make political speeches on the way), with his luggage (which, however, should be well searched and any seditious documents removed), and to afford those with whom he comes into contact the assistance and protection of which they are pretty certain to stand in need."

Needless to say the answer did not satisfy Mr. MAXTON, who intervened to ask the MINISTER if he approved of a colleague being treated on the Continent as if he were an international crook or dope smuggler; but the SPEAKER diplomatically pointed out that that did not arise out of the Question.

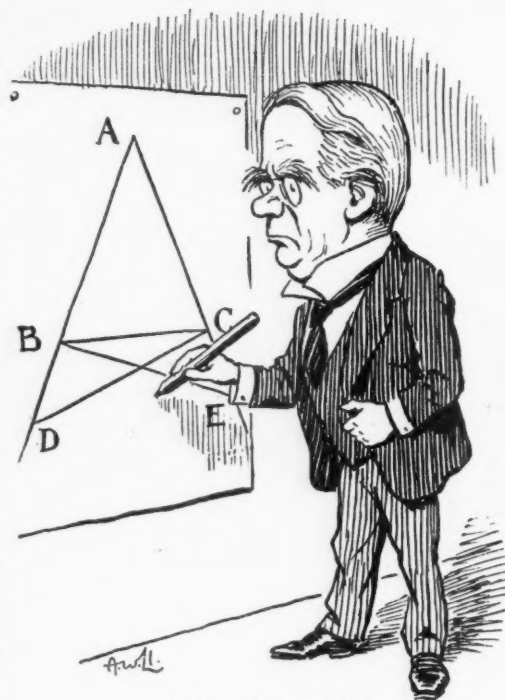
Sir ROBERT THOMAS will be known as the Liberal Party's Big Day if the multitude and range of his Questions increases any more. To-day he asked the MINISTER OF HEALTH if he was aware that there was a "movement" afoot to sell aspirin in automatic machines. Sir W. SUGDEN reinforced this revelation with the news that it is being sold "up and down the country in small pennyworths." Somehow the taste of the stuff does not induce a picture of our little ones crowding up to the counter for "a penn'orth of aspirin cut wiv an 'ammy knife."

Such rapid progress was made with the Report stage of the Local Government Bill that the

House was up and away at a quarter-to-eight.

Thursday, February 14th.—News of the big Labour majority at Wansbeck reached the Commons shortly after Question-time had begun, with such results as might be expected. "May I ask you, Mr. SPEAKER," inquired Mr. SHINWELL, "what is the cause of the excitement in the House?" "It has nothing to do with me," replied the SPEAKER austerely.

A few minutes later the House witnessed the unusual spectacle of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER without his usual ready answer. He had explained to Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE that he could not reveal the PRIME MINISTER's reply to the Iron and Steel

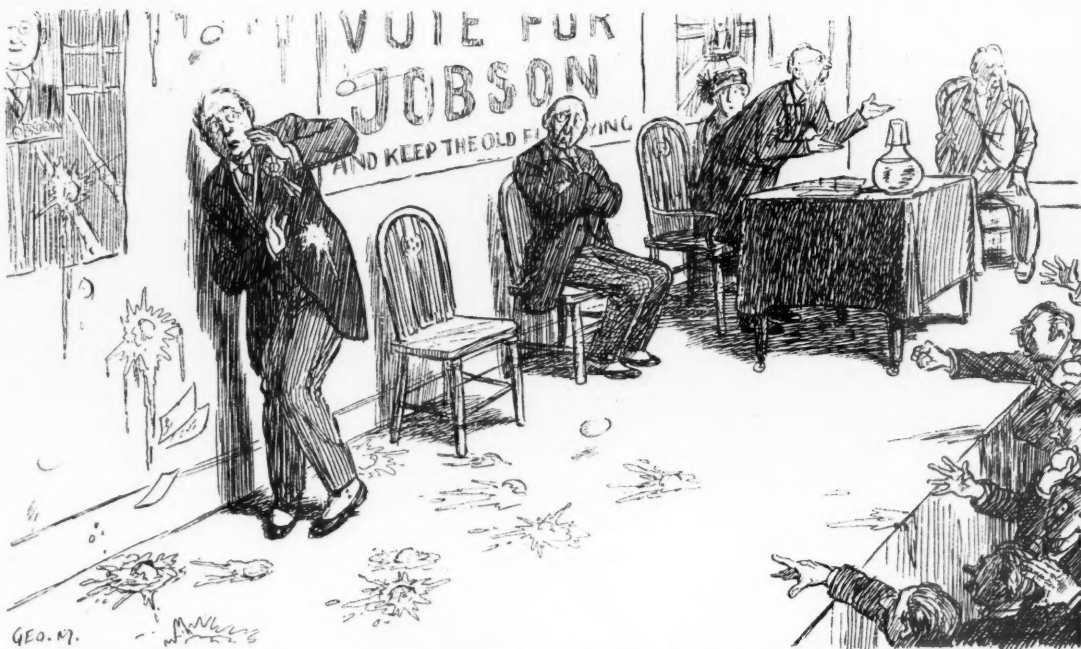


"PONS ASINORUM."
THE PROPOSED ST. PAUL'S BRIDGE, AS SEEN BY
SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

something up his sleeve in this connection?

The difficulties encountered by Mr. MAXTON and other M.P.'s in their recent effort to visit the Continent also came up for consideration. The HOME SECRETARY, so far from being indignant that these gentlemen had not been allowed to "pass freely without let or hindrance," as requested by one AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Knight of the Garter, etc., etc., said that he had actually considered introducing a modified form of passport for use in certain cases, but decided that it was not worth the expense.

He declined to give further particulars, and his reticence, though tantalizing, was justifiable; but it is generally



Geo. W.

Patriotic Candidate. "I SHOULD FEEL LESS HUMILIATED IF I WAS SURE THAT ALL THESE EGGS BORE THE NATIONAL MARK"

Trades' Confederation's request for an inquiry into the condition of the industry until it had been placed before the Federation's council. "May we assume," asked Mr. ALEXANDER, "that the Government's failure to go forward with the safeguarding of iron and steel is mainly due to the beneficent influence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?" "That has nothing to do either with the question or my answer," replied Mr. CHURCHILL, a thought tartly.

Further consideration of the Local Government Bill saw a renewal of the massed attack of the "watchdogs of the Constitution" on Clause 120, which gives the Minister of Health power by Departmental Order to do anything he likes about the Bill, add to it, detract from it, enforce it or not enforce it, and do any other old thing that he may deem necessary or expedient.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in accordance with his promise previously given, offered an Amendment providing a less sweeping form of words, but could not persuade the anti-bureaucrats on either side of the House that it helped matters. "*Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose*" they chorus indignantly, but on this occasion ineffectively, for the House accepted the Amendment, leaving Sir J. MARRIOTT and his stalwarts to wonder by what drastic methods the pernicious doctrine of the divine right of Departments will ultimately be repudiated by an outraged citizenry.

WITCHES AND WHATNOT.

THERE is a recent tendency in English literature which I find a little peculiar. It is not so much a frank tolerance, even a cordial sympathy, towards witchcraft, voodooism, magical rites, incantations and heathen sacrifice such as might be expected from persons of intellect and culture. It is more than that. It is a desire to plunge into these things and wallow in their midst; to take part in the rites of oboi and gaga, to collect herbs under the moonlight and make soup with them, to practise in very truth the mysteries of the old Incas of Peru and the old Iguanas of Honduras; to make one's way into the most difficult jungles of Central Africa or Central America, tattoo oneself all over, put a ring through one's nose and, if possible, lap blood.

There is a distinct change here between our present attitude and that of Victorian literature. Victorian literature, on the whole, was inclined to censure the heathen in his blindness for bowing down to wood and stone. Or, if not, it took the even colder attitude of censuring people for bowing down to any kind of deity whatever. An earnest advocacy of demoniac dances, a bigoted belief in witch-doctors breathes through the pages of none of the great poets or novelists of those bygone days. But now it is quite otherwise.

At any moment, I gather, a young

girl may start up and say to her mother, "I am tired of this feverish and outworn civilisation. I am going out and away to the far places of Mexico to find a strong, vivid, brown-limbed people who practise the old faith of the Mayas. I mean to wander amongst them until they take me away into the mountain fastnesses and drug me with strange herbs, and then at last lead me to the sacrificial chamber. And there, at the moment when the shaft of the sun strikes the altar, they will lay me on the cold stone and sacrifice me, and I shall know a completeness and a contentedness beyond imagination and beyond dream."

"Yes, dear," says her mother; "when do you want to start?"

"This very afternoon."

"I wish you could put it off till tomorrow, dear, because the Smiths are coming to-night and I hoped you would arrange the flowers for dinner."

But the young girl is obdurate and goes to look up the rail and steamer services to Popocatepetl at once.

Just as she starts her mother, moist-eyed, presses into her hands a hot-water bottle with a knitted cover, for she cannot help feeling how cold it will be out there on the sacrificial stone amongst the Maya priests and priestesses.

"Of course I know the child must arrange her own life," she murmurs to herself as the taxicab departs for Waterloo.

Or another young girl will say quite suddenly at breakfast—

"By the way, Dad, I have decided to become a witch."

"Oh, yes," says her father, frowning a little over the top of *The Times*. "When do you want to begin?"

"Almost at once. I thought of getting a few toads together to-day and buying some simples and a one-eyed cat. I've seen a heavenly little cottage down in Hertfordshire that would be just the thing, and I want you to buy it for me, please."

"You won't make much of a living out of it, will you?" he grumbles as he adjusts his spectacles and writes out the cheque.

"Oh, but of course I shall, Dad. I shall make little wax images to stick through with pins for people who want to put evil spells on their neighbours, and I shall brew hell-broths and love-phil-tres, and cure people's rheumatism by making ointment from mouse-fat for them. I can have no end of a good time."

And off she goes too. And now, last of all, I find the book of a man who has penetrated to the very centre of Haiti, and shared with really simple faith and enthusiasm in the fine old secret orgies of Voodoo, which those of our ancestors who knew anything about them always thought were things to be discouraged as compared with muscular Christianity and cold morning baths.

The author is a Mr. W. B. SEABROOK, who, it appears, has done very good work previously in Arabia amongst the Bedouins and Druses and whirling dervishes and devil-worshippers. But he has done better, I should say, in Haiti. He saw some really jolly religious ceremonies out there.

"In the actual slaying of the sacrificial beasts which now began, accompanied by deep chanting, there was no savagery, no needless cruelty, no lust of killing. It was a solemn ritual business, though, when once it began, it moved swiftly. A goat was held by the horns, the sharp-edged *machete* drawn across the throat by a *papeloi*, and the blood gushed into a wooden bowl. . . . And the bull, before whom, deified, the blood of these other beasts had been poured out as an offering, must also die. . . . The blood did not gush fountain-like, as it had from the cut throats of the goats;

it spurted in a hard small stream from the bull's pierced side. . . . The *papeloi* and *mameloi* now both drank ceremonially of the holy blood, and then, amid the crescendo excitement and surging forward of the worshippers, the twenty women robed in white danced in a group, leaping and whirling like frenzied *mænads*. . . . It was savage and abandoned, but it seemed to me magnificent and not devoid of a certain beauty. Something inside myself awoke and responded to it."

It would. That is always the way it happens in these modern books. Something very deep and innate and primitive and holy stirs in the heart of the watcher as soon as the knife-slashing and yelling and eyeball-rolling begin, and they feel that all is right in the best of possible worlds.

After that, Mr. SEABROOK saw another

I state almost without hesitation that I do not see eye to eye with Mr. SEABROOK over his favourite tippie. With regard to human sacrifices I am a frank reactionary, standing nearer, I should imagine, to the position of the late Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD than to that of Mr. W. B. SEABROOK. Nor do I want any of my female relations to go and live in lonely cottages and distil venom or eat beetles and mice. Any girl who insists on going into the heart of Central America and being immolated by a noble bronze-limbed Indian on a sacrificial stone appears to me to be lacking in refinement and gentility. She may think it gives her harmony and poise, and feel at the moment when the gleaming knife falls a tranquil sweetness and oneness with the whole of universal nature from the beginning of time until now. But I think she is a silly egg.



THE CURSE OF OBSCURITY.

First Tramp. "BLIMEY, GUS, ME EARS AIN'T ARF COLD!"
Second Tramp. "SAME 'ERE. I WISH SOMEONE WOULD START TALKIN' ABAHT ME."

ceremony, where the spirit of a girl passed magically into "a sturdy brown young goat with big blue, terrified, almost human eyes," and then the goat was killed and its blood passed round.

"So the bowl itself was held to my lips, and three times I drank. The blood had a clean, warm, salty taste."

That causes me no particular surprise. Anyone who has had a tooth knocked out will have discovered this without having gone to Haiti. But the point is that Mr. SEABROOK liked it. He says so.

He does more. He writes in another place: "That human sacrifice occurs in Voodoo to-day may seem strange, and to many persons horrible. But only, I think, because they consider it in terms of 'time.' With the time-element removed and considered in terms of space, religious human sacrifice becomes, in a technical sense, both normal and moral."

I daresay, in fact I know, I am absurdly old-fashioned in my ideas; but

I simply fail to see why our public-school masters or mistresses should be expected to find openings for their young charges as were-wolves or vampire-bats.

One may say that all this is a kind of return to Nature, comparable to the feeling which inspired the poets of the Lake School. But there seems to me to be a limit. WORDSWORTH never lapped blood. I think the circle is too complete.

And, if MACAULAY's cultured New Zealander ever comes to look at what was London from

Westminster or Charing Cross or St. Paul's Bridge, I think it would be a pity if he found a lot of English aborigines dancing witch-dances and practising mumbo-jumbo amongst the stones.

EVOR.

Vox Inferna.

From the notice-board of a North-Country church:—

"Evening Subject: 'What is Hell like?'
Come and hear our new organ."

"The Board of Education should have power to prevent teachers' engagements being terminated by marriage."—*Educational Supplement*.
For our part we always hope that our betrothals will end this way.

"Vicar seeks Curacy-in-charge, or good Curacy, sea coast or town. Views Liberal; board-minded."—*Clerical Paper*.

Nothing is said about the material of which the reverend gentleman's body is composed. Let us hope it is a case of *mens dura in corpore duro*.



Tailor (making unsuccessful application for the settling of his bill). "AND WHEN, SIR, MAY I CALL AGAIN?"
 The Perfect Gentleman. "WELL, MR. TWEED, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU REALLY CAN CALL AGAIN UNTIL I HAVE RETURNED YOUR PRESENT CALL."

THE SELF-PROTECTIVE LOVER.

[According to *The Daily Mail* an "aural expert," as the result of exhaustive tests with a noise-machine on his patients, has found that the impact of high shrill notes makes us think of tragedy and disaster, while low dirge-like notes conjure up morbid thoughts of funerals, etc. He would therefore prohibit all interrupted noises—which are the most disquieting—of a pitch above the middle C on the piano.]

SING to me, dearest, songs of long-ago,
 Provided that the key is not too low;
 For low-pitched notes excite the morbid flow
 Of idle and unnecessary tears,
 Visions of death, imaginary fears—

As I have cause to know
 From practical experience, having been
 Tried by my aural expert's noise-machine.

Sing to me, dearest, songs of Araby,
 But do not sing, I pray, too loud or high;
 Don't emulate the lark's ecstatic trill
 Or the road-breaker's devastating drill,

Which makes me fit to cry
 And knocks sane people off their perch or poise,
 As proved by the new specialists in noise.

And yet I would not have thee, dearest, dumb.
 There is no danger in a gentle hum,
 Or even in tones both resonant and rich,
 If uttered at a reasonable pitch.

Sing, therefore, play or strum;
 But, if you love me, let it always be
 In the near neighbourhood of the middle C.

The Hansard of the Heavens.

"Every motion we observe in the heavens—the twisting of our earth on its axis, the circumlocation of our companion the moon, and the moons that dance attendance on the other planets—is faithfully recorded . . ."—*Evening Paper*.

THE ENDURANCE TEST.

We were sitting in the Club.

"Have you," I said, "read about the Test Match?"

"No," replied Fenwick, "not yet."

"CHAPMAN and TATE brought off marvellous catches."

"Yes."

"And HOBBS showed that he's still a great cover by running BRADMAN out."

"Yes."

"And LARWOOD's catching of BLACKIE finished the Australians off."

"I know," he said.

"What do you mean?" I queried. "I thought you said you hadn't read about it?"

"Oh, yes," he retorted, "I've read the short summary on the front page of my *Evening Banner*, but I haven't read the long summary on page 4, nor REUTER's full description on page 6, nor the *Banner's Own* Correspondent's criticism on page 8, nor the Home Expert's comments on page 10, nor "Points from the Play" on page 12, nor the leading article. I thought you meant had I read about it."

Adding Insult to Injury.

"Mrs. —, of —, bruises one left leg, left side of forehead and severe shock."—*Birmingham Paper*.

The Super-Optimist.

"Goose, strayed Christmas Eve, last seen New Street. Return."
Advt. in Australian Paper.

A Liberal Slogan.

Suggested in response to the offer, made by the Liberal Party, of an attractive fee for an Election slogan (with acknowledgments to a well-known "Library"): "WE WANT THE BEST SEATS. YOU HAVE THEM."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SACRED FLAME" (PLAYHOUSE).

"All thoughts, all passions, a'l delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame."

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play is a commentary on this text from COLERIDGE, and you may be sure that nobody will have cause to accuse him of sentimentality in the treatment. From *Liza of Lambeth* and *Human Bondage* to *The Circle* there has always been the salt (some, no doubt, would say the poison) of bitterness in his work and the harsh seasoning of a profound disbelief in simple human goodness, sometimes deftly concealed, sometimes deliberately underlined. This may not exactly produce the glow of comfortable emotion in the well-fed beholder, but it does emphatically make for interest.

The Sacred Flame is first of all an exceedingly "well-made" play in no derogatory sense. Every crisis, every salient action of his characters is artfully prepared with a thoroughness that is perhaps not so obvious in actual life. The story, interesting in itself, is admirably told, the suspense sustained with great adroitness yet without any tiresome mystifications. The characterisation, if perhaps a little manipulated in the interests of the story, is yet made plausible; and one character, *Nurse Wayland*, is finely conceived and boldly worked out; and brilliantly played by Miss CLARE EAMES. As a piece of theatrical craftsmanship it seems to me the best thing Mr. MAUGHAM has done. He indeed almost persuades us that an elderly woman infected with the modern spirit (and looking like charming Miss MARY JERROLD), gentle and understanding and sceptical, can summon the strength of will to poison her best-beloved first-born invalid son in order that his wife may marry his brother—a new tradition in mothers-in-law. The situation is not of course as crude as that inevitably sounds.

Maurice Tabret, flying gallantly and safely through the War, crashes hopelessly trying a new machine after a year of the happiest physical union with his beautiful wife, *Stella*. For six years *Stella*, a healthy young animal (among other things), gives him her pity and

her patience. But when *Colin Tabret* comes back on long furlough from his coffee-planting the two fall in love—a love, we are given to understand, that burns with a deeper, more sacred flame

steels herself quietly to her task. She has promised him that, if ever life becomes intolerable for him, she will put at his disposal the means to end it. She thinks it better to end it before it

becomes intolerable, and without waiting for his request. She gives him an overdose of chloral. This is detected by the very efficient *Nurse Wayland*, who, herself being passionately and secretly in love with *Maurice* and bitterly jealous of *Stella*, and discovering that *Stella* is pregnant, assumes that the beautiful young wife has committed murder as well as adultery.

Sound theme for an Adelphi drama? The author's craft transfigures it easily into an absorbing tragedy, plausible for the sophisticated. And after all, as Dr. MAUGHAM characteristically tells us, no doubt thereby endearing himself to his professional brethren, all sorts of inconvenient invalids are given overdrafts of lethal drugs by over-burdened relatives; and doctors, hating nothing so much as being mixed up with these

things (so bad for the practice!), discourage their own shrewd suspicions and blandly endorse "heart failure" on the death-certificate.

I have referred to the remarkably fine tense controlled performance of Miss CLARE EAMES. Mr. RICHARD BIRD'S portrait of the broken invalid, with his natural and his forced gaieties under the heavy burden of his pain and his frustrated love, is also finely done. Miss GLADYS COOPER did contrive to indicate the misery and perplexity of *Stella*'s situation, driven by pity, passion and remorse, though the part perhaps takes her beyond her depth. Miss MARY JERROLD always has surprises in the way of reserves of power for her perceptive admirers when she is freed from pretty pussy parts, and here she brought up those reserves with excellent effect.

Mr. C. V. FRANCE was perfectly cast for the old kindly *Major*, a once would-be lover, now tried friend of *Mrs. Tabret*; and I liked Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE'S sound, breezy, not too intelligent doctor. Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW, in the difficult part of *Colin*, did not betray his author.

A problem play with a problem really worth solving.

T.



A MIXED BENCH.

Stella MISS GLADYS COOPER.
Nurse Wayland MISS CLARE EAMES.
Major Laconda MR. C. V. FRANCE.

than that which harsh circumstance has blown out. The mother, seeing this and fearing that her beloved *Maurice* will discover it and lose the only hold he has on life and happiness—the illusion of his wife's continued love—



THE GENTLE MURDERESS.

Mrs. Tabret. MISS MARY JERROLD.



Fair Intellectual. "OF COURSE ONE DOES NOT WRITE FOR THE PUBLIC. ONE CONSIDERS THE FIVE HUNDRED—OR SHOULD ONE SAY THE FIVE—OR IS IT AS MANY AS THAT?"

THE OLD ROADS.

There were lead-bars lifting, there were
pole-chains clinking,
There were lanthorns flashing, there
were inn-lights winking
To a clattering of buckets and a tired
team drinking
With their lean heads down, all four.

There were apple-cheeked women at the
toll-bars spinning;
There were dust-clouds thickening and
dust-clouds thinning,
And trim-set tandems with their tigers
grinning
In the glory of the buttons that they
bore.

There were old stone-breakers with their
slow-swung sledges,
There were tilt-cart tops showing white
above the hedges,
There were stout cobs trotting on the
wide grass edges
That the brave old highways wore.

There were big-boned horses in the beer-
piled waggons,
There were broad-beamed teamsters
tipping up their flagons

At the old "Red Lions" and the old
"Green Dragons,"
With a jest for the damsel at the door.

Ah! the old, old roads—they are dead
now than Adam,
And we fling the years behind us on a
shining tar-macadam,
But the old, old roads, let 's be glad that
once we had 'em,
For we'll never see their equal any
more. W. H. O.

Love in a Mist.

"ALAS, CUPID!

FEWER MARRIAGES IN EDINBURGH THIS YEAR.

Anyone out for a walk to-day, who should
happen to turn a strange corner and should
come upon a little shivering figure, sobbing
his heart out, must not be surprised.
For Cupid is said *ETAOIN*... his
chubbiness and his cheerfulness."

Edinburgh Paper.

Not so easily said, either.

"BROWNING ON BRIDGE.

A POINT OF VIEW ON THE BIDDING."

Weekly Paper.

"The hand's mine now, and here you
follow suit."

"*Bishop Blougram's Apology*" (BROWNING).

"JEW-BOYS," "SAILOR-BOYS,"
"SCOTCHMEN," "LAWYERS,"
"JOURNALISTS" AND "WAGS."

Answer to Correspondents.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your
letter, angry though it be, in which
you reproach me for the use of the
word "Jew-boy" in one of the letters
of the woman Topsy concerning the
strenuous and sometimes difficult lot of
a sixpenny dancing-partner at a Palais
de Danse.

I have received two or three similar
letters, and you all take yourselves and
the expression complained of so seri-
ously that I must, I suppose, give you a
serious reply.

You accuse me, in not noticeably tem-
perate terms, of being mean, bitter and
"anti-Semite." When you hear somebody
repeat a funny story about a Scotchman
or a Manchester man, do you upbraid
him, I wonder, as an anti-Scot or an
anti-Mancunian? It is no concern of
yours, but I have never been an "anti-
Semite." In fact I have a number of
friends of your honourable race; and I
should be as sorry as I should be sur-
prised to learn that our friendship had
been troubled by Topsy's use of the

expression "Jew-boy." On account of the shape of my nose I have sometimes been taken for a Jew myself, so I do not lightly fling the word about; and I avoid speaking it in company for fear of treading on a sensitive toe. Indeed the only thing I have against the Jews is this excessive shrinking of some of them from the sound of their own name.

But you do not seem to understand that the opinions or expressions of a "character" are not necessarily those of the character's author. Topsy must speak as she would speak, so long as she does not go beyond the facts and the ordinary decencies. I never say Jew-boy; she, rash woman, undoubtedly would. I will, if you wish, advise her not to do it again. But then, my friend, what is there so offensive in the expression "Jew-boy"? It meant in the context no more than it says—that is, a young male Jew. It is the expression commonly used by the girls employed at the Palais de Danse to describe the young Jews who hire them. I have heard it used as an affectionate diminutive, like other phrases of the same kind. What about "sailor-boy" and "soldier-boy," my friend? You would not deny, I imagine, that the Jews are in certain respects distinguished from non-Jews, as sailor-boys are distinguished from drummer-boys. Indeed, you would hate it if I suggested that you were precisely the same as a Christian, a Buddhist or a Mohammedan. You are, or ought to be, proud of being a Jew. But unless you mean that Jews must never be described as Jews I do not know what you mean.

Then, as to the facts. And here, I fear, I am on even firmer ground. Evidently you know nothing about a Palais de Danse—no reason why you should—but I do know a little. Indeed I have carefully studied the colossal theme. I talked to a dozen young women, at least in four or five different towns, before I ventured to write about their strange and difficult employment. You write hotly, "What about the Protestant dancers?" and accuse me of going about seeking maliciously an opportunity to insult the Jews. My dear fellow, I have not so much interest in the Jews or so much idle animosity in my mind. I was interested in the lot of these young ladies, who seemed to me to be poorly paid and paid on a bad system. (I have received no protest, by the way, from their employers.) And the facts are as stated. If you ever go to a Palais de Danse you will see among the dancers a greater proportion of young men of your race or creed than is commonly seen elsewhere (especially in certain towns which I will not name). No discredit in this. They dance with

enjoyment, they dance often (they dance on hot summer afternoons) and they dance with skill (as I do not); but the girls, without any provocation from me, have almost always added that they dance, as a class, in a bad or tiresome "style." So do others, and those others were mentioned; but the words, "mainly Jew-boys," are in accordance with the evidence.

But I am not out to reform the fox-trot of the Jews, the Welshmen or any other section of the population. The "Jew-boy" was mentioned casually as one of the special incidents, and sometimes one of the trials, in the daily life of a dancing-partner. Christians were also "pilloried"—for example the "antique monsters"—but I have had no letters from them. If all the young ladies had said, "This place is overrun with sailor-boys, and they tread on your toes or dance in a style which gets on your nerves," that too would have been impartially recorded. The humourist, however feeble, is a kind of unconscious critic, and if some stray word of his can indicate a needed correction, in however small a department of life, is he not doing a public service? If the Jew-boys concerned are intelligent enough to read *Punch* they are intelligent enough to take a hint. Hence, more smiles from the dancing-partners, more joy to the Jew-boys, and, if we all had our rights, a vote of thanks to me! Sir, your indignant chivalry would surely be better employed on the young women's side; but you do not seem to give them a thought. My dear fellow, how silly you are!

But you are not alone. I would not have spent so many laborious words on your rather trivial complaint except that it seems to be one more case of a rapidly-spreading disease. It would be rash to suggest that there is any decline in the celebrated British sense of humour. But there is a plague of touchiness; and the lot of the humorous writer is an increasingly hard one. If we are merely mild and agreeable the critics cry at us, "Have you nothing to say? Have you no fierceness, no anger, no satire?" They little know. Whenever we do "say" anything it is "propaganda" or a breach of taste. Some years ago a solemn Departmental Committee deprecated jokes about domestic servants. Then a Police Commissioner in an official report said that jokes about policemen were discouraging recruiting for the Force. Civil Servants must be left alone, for they cannot reply; America is dangerous; the Dominions are sensitive; a joke about MUSSOLINI moves the Fascist to fury; any reference to a clergyman is always in bad taste, and lately we have had a touching appeal for

a new Benefit of Plumbers. If this goes on we shall have the burglars up in arms.

And now you. If we do no more than describe a young Jew as a Jew-boy you dash off a "nasty" letter. My dear but foolish fellow, take a lesson from the lawyers. They have been laughed at—by you as much as any—since the first lawyer pocketed his fee; but do they ever turn a hair? If laughs can kill it is a wonder there are so many poets about; and I have not noticed that the levity of the ages has much diminished the number of lovers. Think, Sir, think with what contempt you speak of politicians, and how you yell at a stage-joke about an undertaker, a lodger or a mother-in-law. And what of my own ill-treated calling? Do you ever realise what "sneers" and "jibes" we cheerfully put up with? Have you never heard or read with satisfaction a "sneer" against a "journalist," a "scribbler," a "newspaper-man"? Think, Sir, how lightly you condemn among your friends a book, a play, a paper which does not please you, dismissing with one word the labour of years. If we fail to be funny we are "facetious" or "dull," and if we succeed we are "buffoons" or "wags." Wags! But we bear up. Sir, if I were either, I would rather be described as a Jew-boy than a wag; and I hope we part friends.

Yours faithfully, A. P. H.

RIGHTED.

SOME forty years ago his views
Gave steady-going Christians shocks;
he
Spread a swift flutter in the pews;
There was a taint of heterodoxy.
He sought preferment, but he found,
Though on all sides such thoughts
were spreading,
They were esteemed too dangerous
ground
For common people to be treading.
He failed; but others by his side,
Learned and lay, now took their
station;
He saw Time's whirligig provide
At the long last his compensation.
What Bishops even and Deans declare
No Vicar now need say by proxy;
With pardonably triumphant air
He revels in his orthodoxy.

The Mango Trick Surpassed.

"HELPFUL HINTS:

How To Make Potted Meat:

Rose-trees should be carefully sprayed each morning with in-ecticide. Remove all dead roots from last winter's cabbages and renew sub-soil. Plant autumn radishes. Put into small glass jars and spread lightly on bread-and-butter."—*South Indian Paper*.



THE TRIAL BY WEIGHT.



A REJECTED CANDIDATE.



UNDER-STAGE PRECAUTIONS.



BACK TO THE BUXOM 'EIGHTIES.

["Revue figures are to be rounder."—Daily Press.]



"HAVE YOU ANY DEPENDENTS?"
 "YUS, LIUY. BUT THEY DON'T DO NOTHIN' FOR ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

OF BACON's "three knowledges"—"Divine Philosophy, Natural Philosophy and Human Philosophy or Humanity"—I like the Dean of St. PAUL's best on the last. He is a humanist born, and as Cardinal-Protector of the professional classes strikes me as doing admirable work. As a theologian he seems to have got hold of the wrong end of the stick, his theology consisting not so much of divine revelation imposed on Dean INGE as of Dean INGE imposed on divine revelation. When religion and humanism appear to clash he is apt to sacrifice the former to the latter. Deploring secularism, for instance, as the enemy of enemies, he would hand over women to the mercies of a secular education if he could thereby counteract their bent towards "a Latin form of Christianity." Perhaps such inconsistencies are inevitable in a book composed, as *Assessments and Anticipations* (CASSELL) is composed, mainly of articles reprinted from the popular Press. Not the least of its author's grounds for quarrelling with a "tax-eating" proletariat must be his unspoken conviction that he, like every fine artist, is prevented by the never-ending extortions of the "won't-works" from producing his best. Yet no one can pack more first-rate thought into a second-rate vehicle than he does. How generously too his discernment can outstrip his sympathies! In a volume full of eloquent pleas for the right sort of education, the right sort of work, the right sort of tenure of our English heritage of natural beauty, perhaps the prettiest article is a threnody on Gladstonian Liberalism. The earlier of two spans of "Re-

collections" shows the tranquil austerity of the world in which the writer's standards were formed. Glancing from those days to these, you cannot wonder that his present attitude is not congratulatory.

When Lord PAUNCEFOTE died in 1902, the flag on the White House at Washington was flown at half-mast, this unprecedented recognition being accorded, as President ROOSEVELT was careful to explain, not because PAUNCEFOTE was British Ambassador, but as a personal tribute. Mr. R. B. MOWAT, in his biography, *The Life of Lord Pauncefote* (CONSTABLE), advancing his narrative largely by means of a series of skilful quick-impression studies of the notable men among whom his hero moved, shows him as always quiet, dignified and completely effective, whether planning to suppress piracy near Hong Kong, or overtaking massed arrears of work in Whitehall; whether codifying legal procedure in the Leeward Islands or drafting a constitution at The Hague for the first International Court of Arbitration. At the Foreign Office, Lord PAUNCEFOTE had to deal with unlimited vexed questions, arising out of action by the Vali of SMYRNA, for instance, or the King of HAWAII, or again by the Bishop of SIERRA LEONE, and repeatedly, through a sequence of chances, it was given him to settle awkward problems connected with international water-ways—the Danube, the Congo, the Suez and Panama Canals; but it is with his work in the United States that his name will always be associated. When he went to Washington there remained too much of that curious one-sided hostility towards this country which statesmen here have made it definitely their mission, even at some apparent sacrifice, to allay. How far

the present cordiality, a thing of second nature to-day, is the inevitable outcome of faith in common ideals, how far it is due to the respective attitudes of this country and of others towards America during the war with Spain, are questions which the writer raises without completely answering; but he establishes beyond argument that very much indeed was due to the influence, during anxious days, of a representative whose coolness no crisis could disturb and whose loyal friendliness to his hosts no difference of opinion could affect.

For those who'd go a-racing
From CONSTABLE has come
This tale of steeple-chasing
That's called *Luck's Pendulum*;
Mike Squire—his fate's been chary—
Must win a treble bet
Or fail to wed *Miss Carey*,
A match on which he's set.

Ted Austin, bookie-owner,
Who lays the odds to *Mike*
(To sin there's no one proner—
Ted's crooked as you like),
With fouls and other fancies
Tries hard our hopes to dash,
Tries hard to spoil *Mike's* chances
Of collaring the cash.

Yet, after spills and certain
Excursions and alarms,
Mike wins and, with the curtain,
His true love's in his arms;
And here, while *con amore*
Ring out the wedding bells,
We end the cheerful story
That COLIN DAVY tells.

A very short acquaintance with the French provinces suffices to show the least observant of us that Paris is much less France than London is England. Most English villages are spooned by Fleet Street and the B.B.C., but there are no Parisian newspapers in most French villages and, unless the schoolmaster imports it to annoy the *curé*, no "radio." What there is is an extraordinarily animated and absorbing local life, the life which Count KEYSERLING alluded to when he said of France that a land with such authentic roots would never die. Writing from a cunningly-hybridised provincial town—capital of a département, forty thousand inhabitants, an hour from Paris by a slow train—MR. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER distils from "Vielleville" and a remoter country village, "Disdon-le-Potier," the essential character of this life with what there is of post-War colouring thrown in. Apart from a little pleasant and almost inevitable padding, I cannot imagine a more telling presentment. It is sensitively discerning, genuinely synthetic and extremely fair. The native attitude towards the foreigner, whether in the matter of War-debts or the fleecing of a tourist, is related to the abiding verities of French life—the land, the family—and to French history. Religio-educational difficulties are given their due background, rather political than metaphysical. There is a wholly just and refreshing account of French art, its depend-



Butler (courtly but democratic). "COOK DESIRES TO KNOW, M' LADY, WHETHER YOU HAVE ANY FAVOURS YOU WOULD LIKE TO ASK OF HER TO-DAY."

ence not on *panache* but on commonsense, its affinity (acknowledged so fruitfully on both sides) to the humbler arts of domestic life, gardening, baking, sewing and cabinet-making. The book abounds with vivid thumbnail sketches of business-men, functionaries, workmen, peasants, devout age, *sportif* youth and animals. It is indeed the mirror, and the very adequate mirror, of French France (BENN).

Those who read the stories of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, which is (or should be) to say all who care for a good story well told, will be familiar with that curiously incongruous couple, Mr. Julius Ricardo, amateur of sensations and of the wines of Bordeaux, and Monsieur Hanaud of the Sûreté Générale, with his acumen, his vanity and his passion for English idioms. But even the most expert connoisseurs of crime and its detection will hardly be able to foretell, until they have got very nearly to the end of it, the *dénouement* of a tale which begins quietly enough in a London drawing-room, where Joyce Whipple, a charming young American,

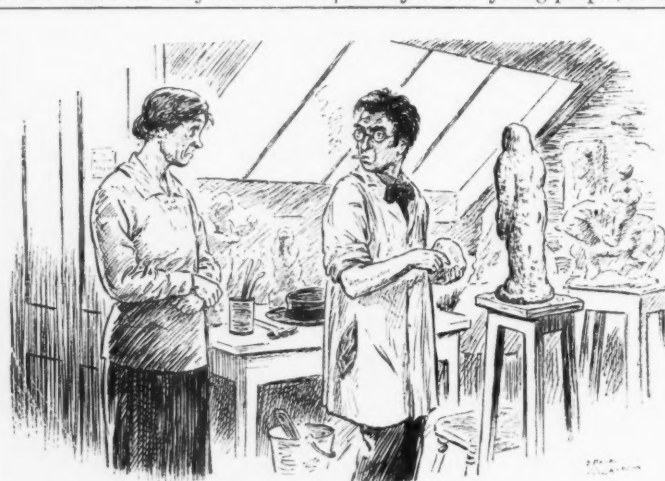
confides to Mr. Ricardo the queer and sinister sensations which she has experienced when reading the letters of her friend, *Diana Tastorough*. For *The Prisoner in the Opal* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a thriller with a difference. The mystery which pervades the two neighbouring châteaux in the Medoc, where its principal scenes are enacted, is of a special kind, and the murder of *Evelyn Devenish* is no ordinary murder. Just wherein the difference lies it would be fair neither to Mr. MASON nor to his readers to divulge, though those possessed of a certain sort of lore may perhaps get an inkling quite early in the story from an ambiguous remark of *Joyce Whipple's* and the discomfort it caused to some of her hearers. Suffice it to say that Mr. MASON keeps us intrigued and agog to the last, makes our flesh very sensibly to creep, and gives us for our lighter entertainment a generous measure of the exquisitely invented malapropisms of the superb *Hanaud*.

Many people who detest Mr. BERNARD SHAW's special brand of political opinion as much as they admire the brilliance of his literary fireworks will probably make the mistake of regarding his recent excursion into the realm of direct propaganda as a typical Shavian peg for paradox, not to be considered seriously as a contribution to the discussion of social and economic problems. But it should not be forgotten that there are probably a good many other people who are prepared to swallow anything Mr. SHAW writes without question, however wrong-headed and illogical it may be; and to them I warmly recommend a little book by Mrs. LE MESURIER, entitled *The Socialist Woman's Guide to Intelligence* (BENN), in which she has very capably summarised and countered her opponent's principal arguments. Mrs. LE MESURIER, who avows herself a warm admirer of G.B.S. as a man of letters, has effectively bombarded his position at several points, notably that highly indefensible one (by no means, be it said, peculiar to Mr. SHAW) where the theoretical confisfactionist sees no reason for the practical application of his principles to his particular profession or form of property. Now that the electoral waters are beginning to be troubled, the book should attract many readers, whether as a counterblast to Mr. SHAW or as an exposition of the root inconsistencies of the Socialist position in general.

Dragon-Flies (ELKIN MATHEWS and MARROT) opens with a pleasing encounter in the old bookshop of Smithbury. There *Janet Meredith*, the introspective girl to whom Mr. ANDREW G. C. GIBSON devotes so much attention, meets the Headmaster of Smithbury school and begins to fall in love with him. Presently they become engaged to be married, but the engagement is broken off because *Janet* finds herself preferring a younger master, less stabilized in character than the middle-aged Head. The latter takes his rejection extraordinarily well, and personally I think that he was a

very lucky man, for *Janet* seemed to me a self-conscious and provoking hussy. We are, however, given one delightful study, that of the aunt with whom *Janet* lives. If Mr. GIBSON can suppress his tendency to use his characters as vehicles for his own ideas and will refrain from bespattering his pages with "of courses," he will write fiction that is both clever and attractive.

The title of Miss ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK's new novel, *The Judas Tree* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is the least satisfactory thing about it; for, though young *Roger Token* and his wife, *Livvy*, had one of them in the garden of a house where they spent a few months of their early married life, it has no significance in their story. As usual, she takes her characters from among Buckinghamshire country folk of the working class; *Roger* tramps about selling garments of "The Economical Clothing Company," and *Livvy's* shiftless father loafs while her mother occasionally "obliges," and her sister *Jess* works in the paper-mills. The tale tells the history of two young people, of a man who loved pission-



Sculptor's Landlady. "SEEING AS YOU OWES ME SIX WEEKS' RENT, MR. CALLIPER, I LON'T KNOW 'OW YOU 'VE GOT THE 'EART TO GO ON WITH YOUR MUDELARKIN'."

ately even to the length of killing his rival, and a girl who loved someone else, and how they came together through the man's crime, parted through it, and finally came together again with the situation reversed, the woman in love and the man indifferent. If it were not that the thoughts of Miss ST. JOHN ADCOCK's simple folk are too often represented as passing through their minds in the idiom of the intellectual classes and that there is a certain flimsiness of texture in some of her scenes, something which suggests the interested and intelligent

onlooker at country life rather than the plain people who live it, I should have nothing but praise for *The Judas Tree*.

I have always found Mr. C. E. LAWRENCE's mental attitude extraordinarily sympathetic. In *Underneath* (MURRAY) we are given the story of a rich young man who was disgusted with the follies of a frivolous world and set forth, without a penny in his pocket, to discover what life was like under conditions of real hardship. He had pledged himself to a year's trial, and he kept his pledge; but the reflection that he could have broken it at any moment and returned to a life of luxury made me incapable of complete belief in him. Compared with a man who is utterly down and out, who wants work and cannot get it, *Gerald Morreys* seemed to me rather an amateur in the world of poverty. Still I suggest that those who like a sincere story admirably written should follow him on his quest.

"Then the veil was worn raised, but the costume was retained. Within the last two years the whole of the costume has disappeared. All that remains is a modification of the headdress, a scarf of some becoming shade drawn tight across the forehead and tied behind."

Daily Paper.

We would not appear prudish, but is this quite enough?

CHARIVARIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the support given by bookmakers to Socialist Candidates, in the hope of getting the betting-tax repealed, it is remarked that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN has not yet made a gesture of sympathy by adopting a check suit and a big cigar. * *

Should a bath-pipe burst through the frost, send for the plumber, says an evening-paper writer. What a contrast to the old days, when in such an emergency people used to send for the greengrocer! * *

Velvet evening-bags, according to a fashion note, have a single button. But will they keep up? * *

Hats that allow the eyebrows to be seen are again coming into fashion. Prominent among those who have never wavered in fidelity to this style is Mr. GEORGE ROBEY. * *

A woman-speaker the other night told an audience that one of her servants regularly played billiards. Our own tweeny's highest break so far is seven cups, three dishes and one jug. * *

We are authorised to correct the rumour that the recent fire at the Cavalry Club originated in an incautious remark about the superiority of tanks. * *

During the severe frost an express train from Scotland arrived at King's Cross an hour late with the pipes frozen. So there was no music. * *

With reference to the announcement that the oldest Tube escalator in London is to be replaced by a faster one, we can only express regret that sentiment is being sacrificed to the lust for speed. * *

A Londoner who has often been mistaken for Mr. EDGAR WALLACE has decided to grow a beard, we read. The question of copyright therefore no longer arises. * *

The postponement of the Waterloo Cup till March is reported to have made local hares prematurely mad. * *

In an article advocating the observation of the traits of little children as a guide for the future, reference is made to the child who is always grumbling. An agricultural career is clearly indicated. * *

Bright Young People at a recent party were dressed as children and exhibited photographs of themselves as babies. We should be more interested to know what they will be like when they are grown up. * *

Dents in furniture may sometimes be removed with brown paper and a hot iron, says a household hint. In view of the approaching General Election a note should be made of this remedy for thumped tubs. * *

Writing on the physical effects of emotions, a psychologist points out that

A gossip-writer mentions a West-End barber who is now the proprietor of a large laundry. He should be just the man to show the collar-stoppers how to put a nice edge on them. * *

It is said that Manchester is to figure largely in a new film called *Water*. It was inevitable that someone would eventually exploit the tremendous film possibilities of such a strong combination as the Ship Canal, the river Irwell and the local rainfall. * *

We are asked to deny that there was any sinister meaning in the remark of a stammering Conservative speaker who described the Liberals as So-Socialists. * *

A modern young woman complains that it is never possible to tell whether a man is really in love with her. Still, if he is seen kissing her passport photograph, the evidence is fairly conclusive. * *

What is wrong with the readers of our Popular Press? Not one of them seems to have gathered a handful of ripe strawberries during the recent cold spell! * *

A correspondent in a contemporary says that the Inland Revenue Department sent him a Final Demand Note in a registered envelope. By a piece of bad luck the mail-bag containing the communication was not stolen. * *

At Cannes Mr. GENE TUNNEY is alleged to have knocked down a Press photographer who tried to snap him on the Croisette. This makes us very doubtful whether Mr. TUNNEY will ever be a success in the theatrical profession. * *

According to an official report a motor-car travels two-and-a-half million miles for one accident. It seems hardly worth while. * *

A gossip-writer suggests that it is undignified for people of title to work for the films. Does he fear that they will be reduced to a sub-title? * *

"The church, as is probably well known, was built in the late '60's by Butterfield. . . . Built for a small congregation in the Gothic style . . ."—*Local Paper*.

We are afraid that congregations in the neo-Georgian style require still less accommodation.



THE PUN-PURVEYOR.
WHAT OUR NEWS VENDORS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

hungry people become angry quickly and that fear will cause a waiter to drop his tray. Some painful scenes in restaurants are thus explained. * *

The menu for lunch on Tuesdays for Mr. COCHRAN's chorus ladies who are now dieting is alleged to be an orange, two potatoes, bread, butter and cheese. And if they want to do a little reading they are allowed to peruse a postage-stamp. * *

A Middlesex football team has been suspended because it was reported that some of the players threatened the life of the referee. Footballers should not encroach on the privileges of the spectators. * *

LABOUR'S NEW ALLIES.

[It is, of course, the legal bookmaker (taxed) who is supporting the Labour Party at the polls; and the lawless bookmaker (untaxed) who grows fat on the wages (or dole) of the working-classes. But it is not for the writer of these lines to make invidious distinctions between members of the same fraternity.]

In Labour's litany you will find

A prayer that Heaven, of its grace,
Will put a curse on those who grind
The honest worker's open face;
Who from the poor man's pocket haul
An increment they haven't earned at all.

But of this gentry there is one

For whom they nurse no righteous
rage;
Immune he takes his wicked fun
By battenning on their weekly wage;
It is the bookie; he—no other—
Wins their embraces as a man and
brother.

And he reciprocates their love;

To aid their cause forsakes his pitch;
Even supports their scheme to shove
A surtax on the bloated rich,
So he may down the rogues that rob
The takings of his own laborious job.

Holy Alliance! Hear them howl

Their gospel from a common tub,
The Turi and Labour, cheek by jowl,
While RAMSAY M. ("ay, there's the
rub!"),

His whitening locks in secret rends,
Praying to be delivered from his friends.

A canny Scot, he's wise to fear

The votes of womenfolk who grouch
When Saturday's earnings disappear
Into the bookies' bulging pouch—
Lest, when the wives' own book is made,
Against his chances longish odds be laid.

O. S.

ALADDIN'S LAMP.

Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew lived at 59A, Endymion Road, which is on the 420C bus route, and not very far from the gas-works. Their house was made of blue-grey brick, with yellow ornamental facings—why, nobody knows—but they only had the top part of the house, sharing the front-door steps, the passage-hall, and the lower part of the stairs with 59B, who were thus distinctly worse off. The superiority of 59A was however lessened by the fact that the top-deck of the 420B bus overlooked their windows when it wanted to, which was not often, for it had its own cares.

Mr. Pettigrew worked in the City, and his wife worked at home. She had rheumatism and two bronze horses bequeathed by an aunt. Mr. Pettigrew was fairly nippy at dominoes, but his overcoat was slightly the worse for wear. Their water-pipes were frozen fast.

On Saturday afternoon the Pettigrews boarded No. 420C bus and proceeded by a series of rapid rushes and violent jerks into the middle of the Town. They stopped at the corner of a street where a beefeater was standing in the portico of a passable replica of the Taj Mahal. Walking over a mosaic pavement, they talked earnestly for a moment to a peri sitting inside a rosewood rabbit-hutch. Enormous swing-doors were opened for them by a retired lifeguardsmen, who entrusted them to a female midshipman of the Nelsonic era, except that her uniform was made not of broadcloth but of satin. Under her guidance they proceeded down a broad corridor, carpeted with an inflated carpet giving the sensation of moss, between an avenue of palms. On the right wall as they entered was a large coloured photograph representing a bronzed and athletic young man, apparently of Mexican blood, imprinting a fierce and seemingly endless kiss on the mouth of a pure young American girl. Underneath this photograph was written "FLAMES OF LOVE." On the left hand was the photograph of a white-skinned but equally athletic young man imprinting an almost identical kiss on the lips of a lady from Samoa. Underneath this was written "FIRES OF HATE."

At the end of the corridor, where a fountain was playing amid illuminated crystal blocks in a basin of gilt, the midshipman handed them over to a gentleman in evening-dress, who escorted them for seven yards until they reached a WATTEAU shepherdess. This lady actually went so far as to open the doors of the auditorium and put them in charge of another shepherdess, who led them with a torch to their place in a line of plush upholstered arm-chairs.

The sound of an immense organ filled the building, and beneath them, for they were very high up, there played a densely populated orchestra festooned with tropical plants. In the dim light the interior decorations of the vast building were difficult to perceive, but no doubt they were Byzantine in the extreme.

In front of the Pettigrews, on a vast illuminated canvas, there surged a vivid presentation of the life of that gay city, Vienna, in the period just preceding the Great War. Amongst other trifles, the pageant included the ceremonies proper to Corpus Christi Day in the church of St. Stephen, and a long street procession in colour, of which the central figure was the EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF himself. There is a peculiar poignancy about seeing the last of the Habsburgs taking part in a procession when the last of the Habsburgs has been for some time dead.

Aristocratic life in pre-War Vienna was pictured with a vividness amount-

ing to impropriety, and Mrs. Pettigrew was surprised to see that young Austrian noblemen could not pass their housemaids without kissing them, and that Austrian princesses not only smoked cigars but discussed a *mariage de convenance* for their sons whilst kneeling at Mass.

The Danube rolled in front of the Pettigrews and an immense statue in armour came down off his pedestal and stamped riotously across the screen, carrying a ghostlike maiden in his arms. Apple-blossom fell profusely in an orchard—thousands and thousands of waxen petals made specially at Holly-wood for the Pettigrews' sake. Indeed the whole church of St. Stephen's, Vienna, had been re-erected at Holly-wood entirely to amuse the Pettigrews.

After that they saw Signor Mussolini conveying the temporal sovereignty of the POPE to Cardinal GASPARRI, and the POPE himself appearing on the balcony to bless an enormous multitude of citizens entirely concealed under umbrellas. During this ceremony the vast organ, with a nice sense of spiritual values, played "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" to the Pettigrews.

Many other things they saw, including a young man who gave a monologue in the American tongue and also sang songs accompanied by the sound of his own voice on a synchronised talking-machine—a strange experience, because the young man gave the effect not so much of having no roof to his mouth as of having lifted the roof of his mouth to the top of the auditorium. Ice-floes and football-matches and mannequins passed in front of the Pettigrews' eyes, and comic men who threw more food about in five minutes than would have supported the Pettigrews for a week. After which one of the WATTEAU shepherdesses gave them pink-and-green sugar-cakes and cups of tea in a panelled withdrawing-room, and they went, unescorted this time, down the long corridor and took the 420C bus for 59A Endymion Road.

All this luxury came to them as easily, or very nearly as easily, as if they had rubbed a lamp and made a djinn do it for them. But what the effect was on the psychology of the Pettigrews, or will be on the psychology of the little Pettigrews if there are any, only a keen student of sociology can say. For, unlike the Pettigrews, *Aladdin*, after his wonderful good fortune, did not have to return to Endymion Road.

EVOE.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

"Describing himself as a disgraceful scoundrel, Mr. —, the — Police-court magistrate, sentenced — to six months' imprisonment."
Provincial Paper.



STRANGE TUB-FELLOWS.

MR. MACDONALD. "DOWN WITH THIS GOVERNMENT THAT MAKES MONEY OUT OF BETTING!"

CHAIRMAN (*deeply moved*). "'EAR, 'EAR!"



"I SAY, THEY'RE AN EXPENSIVE-LOOKING PAIR. I WONDER WHO THEY ARE."
 "ALMOST CERTAINLY A PLUMBER AND HIS MATE, MY DEAR."

TO AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

THERE is a pianist who makes no claim
 To emulate the sounding virtuoso;
 Her countenance we know not, or her name,
 Or if her years are many, few, or so-so.

She does not cram the Albert Hall or Queen's
 With paying audiences or even paper;
 She does not rouse enthusiastic scenes
 From high-strung devotees who scream and caper.

For her performance she does not unfold
 The "well-made programme" ranged from soup to
 savoury;
 Indeed, the heavier dishes leave her cold;
 Those she provides are crisp and neat and flavoury.

Nor do they come in sequence, head to tail,
 But just as wanted, casual though tireless,
 Short swallow flights she wafts upon the gale
 To all that have a licence for the wireless.

O unknown lady of the B.B.C.
 Who fills in with a rightness so unerring
 Those empty breaks—five minutes, four, or three—
 Uncatered for but constantly occurring.

For you publicity's resourceful tricks
 Are not employed on sandwich, puff or poster:
 Your records are not sold at eight-and-six,
 A price I always hold to be a roaster.

There may be stars of more effulgent ray
 In music's vault, but don't let that depress you;
 And, as a fact, it's not for me to say;
 I am no pianist myself, lor bless you!

But for a memory that knows no lapse,
 A repertory that responds instanter
 At any moment for those awkward gaps,
 You have the greatest beaten in a canter.

Therefore play on. And in your playing know
 That your unfailing efforts, daily, nightly,
 Are of much interest from 2LO,
 Whose listeners thank you, and are yours politely.
 DUM-DUM.

Shakespeare Revised by the Plumber.

"There is a frost in the affairs of men
 Which, taken at the thaw, leads on to fortune."

The New Derby Hat.

"Among those present were Lord Derby, with Sir John and Lady Lavery, wearing grey with a headdress in crystal bugles rarely seen nowadays with evening dress."—*Anglo-French Paper*.

Things which might have been Expressed more Tactfully.

"OBITUARY.
 It is the melancholy duty of the Committee to have to record the deaths of the following members during the year. . . . The Committee would take this opportunity of impressing upon members the necessity of notifying any change of address."—*Argentine Paper*.

THE EDITAUTHOR.

IN these days of strenuous competition your budding author cannot afford to miss a chance. Because he is still budding he is probably still modest and no doubt was moved to blushes by his publishers' remarks on the cover of his first book. None the less it is up to him to lend a hand, and I am here philanthropically suggesting the extension of a device which has already been tried with success on a small scale. The idea is to pretend that you didn't really write the book yourself, but only *edited* it. That at once gives you a free hand. You would not like—nor would it help—to say in your preface, "I have written a book with an unprecedented plot and showing an incredible wealth of imagination." But the thing may be easily and effectually done in some such way as this:—

"*Note by the Editor.*—One day last autumn I received from Dr. W. G. P. Humbert (himself an author of repute, *vide The Lighter Side of Institutional Life, An Alienist's Scrapbook*, etc., etc.) a bulky package of MS., together with an intimation of the death of my old friend, Gilbert Alfred Evanson-Selby. A covering note informed me that Dr. Humbert, who attended my poor friend throughout the prolonged period of his distressing and ultimately fatal malady, had discovered the package among the deceased's papers, with a note appointing me his literary executor. On perusing the MS., which with a few trifling omissions and alterations is reproduced in the following pages, I was astonished to find that Selby, by profession a Civil Servant (he was a high official of the Inland Revenue, Income-Tax Dept.), had been the possessor of a truly marvellous fund of imagination and humour. As to the book's literary merits, apart from these qualities, I was soon convinced that they were more than sufficient to justify the publication of a work so curious, possibly even unique, in its conception."

For a more than usually thumping lie, involving, say, an excursion into the future or the fourth dimension or to another planet, the following variation is recommended:—

"In the early spring of 192— I was the victim of an attack of acute insomnia, induced by a long spell of overwork. One night, despairing of sleep, I had wandered down to my study and was vainly attempting to distract my over-wrought mind by the perusal of an inexpensive thriller, when I was suddenly seized by a quite uncontrollable impulse to write. I took the fountain-



COLD-WEATHER SHOPPING.

Small Storekeeper. "HERE COMES ANOTHER DRATTED CUSTOMER, LETTIN' A FLAGUY BLAST O' ICY AIR INTO THE SHOP."

pen (fortunately just filled) and the pad which lay to my hand and . . .

"I came to myself to find daylight flooding the room and a sensation of intense cold in my legs. Before me on the desk lay a large pile of MS., not one word of which could I recognise as the child of my conscious brain. It was written, moreover, in a hand *entirely dissimilar from my own*. (N.B.—This item may be omitted if considered to be more than the reader can be reasonably expected to swallow.)

"I will not dwell on my amazement, my questionings, my futile speculations; suffice it to say that the whole process

was repeated on the next and subsequent nights, and thus was the marvellous story of *Chartless Seas* born into this little world that we take so easily for the centre and heart of the boundless and unknowable universe. It is for the reader to decide, etc., etc., but I myself have no doubt, etc., etc."

That's the way to put it across.

Bey Rum.

"Even a hard-drinking Britisher of that period was considerably astonished when the Bey, beginning with bottled porter, proceeded to consume a whole bottle of rum, and finished off with copious libations of lavender water."

Newcastle Paper.

TOPSY, M.P.

XXIV.—GETS INTO TROUBLE.

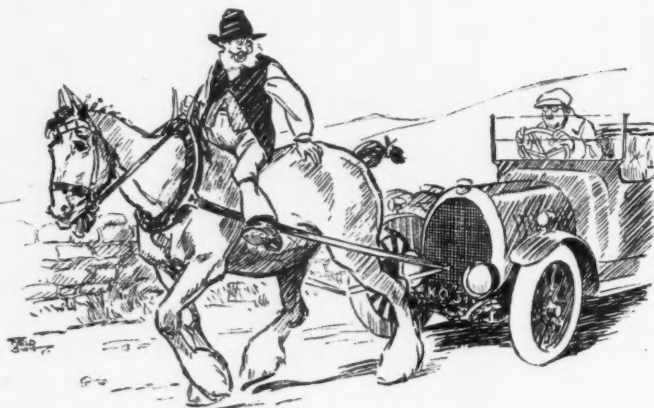
Trix my sweet bosom this is going to be rather a *difficult* letter, yes I *know* it's a long while since the last one anyhow, but *don't* be carboic with me, because my dear the *fact* is, O gosh I can't tell you even *now*, well as a *matter* of fact I've been *deceiving* you for some time, because my dear I don't know why but I *merely* couldn't tell you, and even now the very *ink* is blushing, well darling the *truth* is I am going to have *twins*, well when I say twins the doctor doesn't *know* for certain, but I've told him it is twins *definitely* because I've always said it would be didn't I darling, anyhow don't be alarmed because it isn't for *years* yet, but my dear it is rather radiant and embarrassing *isn't* it, of course I know it's happened to *herds* of other people but somehow it didn't seem quite like *me*, and my dear the whole thing seems to me rather old-world and *gauche*, don't you think, because what is the good of all this *science* and stuff, my dear have you read about EPSTEIN's new theory, well of course *nobody* understands it, but it seems he's reducing the *whole* of Nature to about *one* formula my dear *x* equals *y* or something because he's proved that *nearly* everything is *quite* the same, well my dear *electricity*'s the same as *gravity* and Space is *merely* another name for *Time*, though my dear we did not need a German to tell us that because haven't we *always* talked about *knocking* a man into the middle of next *week* and everything, and of course you *know* darling *don't* you that you're nothing but a *bundle* of atoms like a table or an ash-tray, so I *suppose* an ash-tray is a bundle of *nerves* like us, however my dear *what* I was going to say was that in spite of all this brainery and simplification of the Universe and everything it seems *just* as complex to become a mother as *ever* it was, my dear it's *just* like these *motors* well they can invent a car which does *250* in the heart of the *Sahara* but has to be *towed* on a Christian road, but my dear as for anything *useful* like a *self-starter* which will *start* itself or a wind-screen wiper which will *wipe* the wind-screen for more than a minute, my dear not a *hope*.

However my dear one day I suppose

we shall be able to step *lightly* into the *fourth* dimension and have babies by algebra with *no* trouble to anyone, but meanwhile darling I've *quite* vowed that I'm not going to *crumple* up and disappear *months* too early like the best-bred mothers, because my dear these *poor* proletarians have to continue functioning till the last moment *don't* they, so why not *me*, so my dear I was determined to *cling* to the House as long as feasible, however what's *rather* confused things is that meanwhile darling as perhaps you've seen I've been *confined* in the Clock Tower, *no* darling *no* don't leap to conclusions, I mean *shut* up, *incarcerated*, it's a parliamentary expression, yes I know it all sounds a muddle but that's *just* what it is, but my dear *forbear* a brief space and all shall be plain, where was I, well my

middle of the debate I *pranced* across the floor and made the *most* spontaneous and lyrical speech from the *Labour* benches, well my dear on *that* subject we *quite* harmonise so *why* not say so, anyhow sensation darling and an *absolute* ovation from the Opposition, well after that I *again* took my wistful Bill to the Clerk and he *again* spurned it, my dear *too* polite of course but I'm *sorry* to say that what with my speech and the twins and everything I *suddenly* saw scarlet and *smote* the man in the face with the said Bill *ferociously*, my dear *too* unrestrained, and it wasn't even *typed* which perhaps made it worse.

Well darling the SPEAKER saw the barbarous act, so of course I was *named* and *suspended* and *expelled* and everything, and what was *rather* poignant my *pet* WINSTON had to move the motion



Giles (to towed motorist). "OLD TOIGHT, ZUR; OI DEW BELIEVE AS 'OW THE OLD MARE BE JUST A-GOIN' TEW TROT."

dear I suppose this twin-business may have made me the least bit *hysterical* and balloon-witted lately, anyhow I told you about my trouble with the Whips and the Party popes at Bumbleton, and of course seeing the *legions* of the male massing *more* and *more* against me did not tend to placify the combative little soul, well my dear one day there was a debate about Unemployment and my dear just before I'd shown my *attractive* little Bill to the Clerk at the Table about making the L.C.C. have a boat-service on the Thames, which of course is one of Haddock's pet notions and would make *quantities* of work in a small way, anyhow *that* darling is the kind of thing that *somebody* ought to do only of course all these *distended* old men have such *rows* of good reasons for *not* doing anything, well the Clerk said my Bill was *frivolously* expressed and out of order, so my dear I was so saturated with the Government and the mediæval male generally that in the

which he *quite* detested, however *there* I was my dear the *first* girl Member to be suspended, which you *might* say would be about enough for one woman, only of course you *don't* understand the effect of *twins* darling, and besides it's *too* clear that the *one* way to get things done is to *give* trouble, because my dear the *next* day everyone was saying that I was *too* right about the Thames Boats and the Unemployment Loan and things and I now hear the L.C.C. are at last *stirring* in their sleep, anyhow *that* afternoon I don't *quite* know

why darling but I proceeded *casually* to the House after Questions, *tripped* past the policemen and *took* my seat, my dear *too* insubordinate, because *that* of course was absolute *contempt* and flouting of the *august* authority and everything, so my dear *quite* rightly I was *committed* for contempt, *arrested* by the Serjeant-at-Arms and *deposited* in the Clock Tower, my dear up 496 stairs *right* under Big Ben in the *most* Arctic and carpetless little room where it seems *nobody*'s been put since a man called LABBY, but only for the afternoon my dear to break the little spirit I gather, because of course in these days they'd get *no* servant to carry the meals up 496 stairs, and my dear *one* night of those *revolting* bells just above the bed would send *anyone* moony, so in the evening I was *confined* in a *civilised* room at the bottom of the Tower till I *purged* my contempt with apologies at the Bar and so forth.

Well darling by this time I was begin-



Sculptor. "ANY CRITICISM OF MY LION FROM A BIG-GAME HUNTER LIKE YOURSELF, SIR HECTOR, WOULD BE VERY VALUABLE TO ME."

Sir Hector. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I SHOT A LION WITH A FACE LIKE THAT, I'D GIVE MYSELF UP FOR MANSLAUGHTER."

ning to somewhat regret the girlish impetuosity, and I wasn't quite sure that it was all *too* good for the twins, which by the way my dear *nobody* knew about, because so far as usual I've managed to be *too* unusual, so I confess I had a *slight* sob when Haddock came to see me, however, my dear, torments and scorpions could not induce me to *humbly* apologise before 700 male legislators, so on the second day I sent a *polite* note to the Speaker to say I should *never* grovel and I was *too* sorry but if I wasn't released *forthwith* I should linger there tenaciously and have *twins* in the Clock Tower, which would make the Mother of Parliaments look ridiculous for *quite* ever.

Well my dear the result was *utter* panic in the high places, I believe they had a *special* Cabinet Meeting, my doctor was sent for, and my dear I was released *forthwith* with *no* purgings or apologies or anything, though of course I'm still *totally* suspended, *rather* a triumph for the lone female don't you think darling, because it *does* show that we have still an argument or two with which to pulverise the brutal male, though on the other hand the *twins*

perhaps show up rather a *weakness* in the female *politically* because now I suppose I shall have to abandon the seat whether they want me or not, and *dedicate* the promising life to motherhood, no more now darling your little blossom's *rather* faded and HADDOCK's going to read to me something suitable out of KEATS, Haddock, by the way, darling is *quite* too apprehensive about becoming a father but is bearing up bravely, farewell fond one your at last *interesting* Torsy.

A. P. H.

An Inevitable Apology.

"Mr. G. W. Shie'd retained the Wansbeck seat for the Socialist with a majority of £10,786."—*Aberdeen Paper*.

"Black Sattreen Shoes, \$1.95 yard."

Advt. in Peking Paper.

We have always wondered that this method of buying footwear has not been adopted by our police stalwarts.

"Intending Passengers for the Norway Party, on July 20, are requested to send their deposits at once, as the ship is filling rapidly."

Nonconformist Paper.

This seems a Heaven-sent chance of getting rid of our used razor-blades.

SHAKESPEARE FOR BEGINNERS.

THERE was a lugubrious Dane
Whose uncle's misdeeds gave him pain,
So he dressed like a rook,
And hobnobbed with a spook,
And drove his *fiancée* insane.

Young Romeo thought that his bride
Had poisoned her little inside,
So he killed himself dead;
"What a nuisance," she said,
"Now I've got to die too!"—and she died.

Said a merchant of Venice whose navy
Had gone to the locker of Davy,
"Though our contract entitles
The Jew to my vitals,
It's meat that I'm owing, not gravy."

A statesman of Rome, though no beauty,
Was really quite keen on his duty,
So he killed his best friend,
Who let fall, at his end,
The annoying remark, "*Et tu, BRUTE!*"

"It's scandalous," *Frospiero* sighed,
"That my daughter is not yet a bride!
Lest the moment should slip,
I'll wreck *Ferdinand's* ship;
We must get her off somehow," he cried.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XV.—OUR DOG-SHOW.

As I have frequently remarked elsewhere, we in our Barracks down here at Havvershot are always up to date. Everything that people do in the big outer world, the world into which we enter solely for the purposes of leave, has its counterpart here in our microcosm.

It was only the other day that, yielding to the intense interest aroused by our barrack-pack's Dog-Race, we decided to form a Kennel Club and to hold a Dog-Show on a free Saturday afternoon. Though we admitted, of course, that it would not be on such a high plane as the Kennel Club's show or CRUFT'S, yet we hoped that it might win to itself from these more serious meetings the same sort of interest as has been filched from Straight Drama by the Variety stage, for it is certainly in variety that our barrack-pack excels. We also anticipated a possible financial profit for the Garrison Amusements Committee, who it was mutually agreed should receive the balance after prizes had been distributed.

So we formed a committee of management, and about the first thing we discovered was that most of our barrack-pack either had no owner at all or else (such had been the enthusiasm aroused by our Dog-Race) were claimed by three persons, and followed a fourth.

This difficulty, however, the Adjutant got over fairly easily. Taking example from a well-known decision, he issued a regimental order that each dog in barracks was to be provided with a collar bearing its owner's name and address, and that any dog found not wearing such a collar after three days would be destroyed. This order caused an era of intensely pugnacious, recriminatory or purely financial activity, after which every dog had a collar and one owner.

We then set about organisation. Our Lieutenant Holster, who thinks he knows all about dog-shows, started by producing a book about dogs, which began:—"The dog is a digitigrade fissiped, with slender legs, the fore-feet having five toes, the hind-feet four, with non-retractile claws." I don't know how it went on; we didn't get much further than that. We none of us knew what *fissiped* meant, though most of our barrack-pack

looked to us as if they had been pretty badly fissiped at one time or another.

The next book Holster brought forth was better. It dealt more with dog-shows than with dogs and told us how to assign marks. It also told us that the Kennel Club had registered sixty-two different varieties of dog for classification and show purposes. Of course in this we are a little ahead of the Kennel Club. Like other established institutions it is apt to be conservative. We don't tie ourselves down to arbitrary distinctions of recognised breed; we believe in diversity. However, the book showed us that some sort of classifications would be very necessary for our Dog-Show. In this connection the ques-

D. Dogs, long, extra.

E. Dogs, small, short, lap or pet.

F. Dogs.

G. Dogs, ostensible.

Each dog then bore a number within its class, beginning with the most typical of that class. Dog "A 1," for instance, was the one universally known as "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," in whose ancestry we suspected either a chinchilla or a hearthrug; while "D 1" (the only one in his category) was Corporal Foresight's yard of Dachsealyham. "F" Class of course contained the St. Pomard and the Airedoodle, while Class "G" was reputed to possess the power of running up trees.

Over the question of names, however, Captain Ledger was not so brilliant. His imagination has rather run on fixed lines ever since he left the ranks, and what with that and many years in the Quartermaster's office he simply appended to the dogs the names of ordinary barrack-stores, such as "Table, officers'," "Table, soldiers'," "Form, barrack-room," and so on. The result was bizarre, but gave the affair a thoroughly military and well-organised flavour. Indeed it is a question whether it was not too military for convenience, since, on one occasion at least before the Show, Captain Ledger's voluminous lists got mixed up with official correspondence and sent to a puzzled and subsequently indignant Barrack Officer.

The great day soon came and the Show began quite successfully, the gate being rushed at about thirty-five bob past opening-time. There was a ring for the bigger animals, which Lieutenant Holster and the Adjutant were to judge, and boxes full of straw for the smaller ones, to be marked by James and Bayonet. Lieutenant Swordfrog, who is young and unreliable, was turned on to the very small ones, where we thought a mistake wouldn't matter so much.

Our scale of marking was as under:

Front End	25.
Back End	25.
Middle	25.
General Symmetry or Variety	25.

The judge's decision as to which was front end and which was back end in "Class A—Dogs, Hairy" was to be final. In addition to a small prize for



"WHEN EVENTUALLY THE WINNER WAS AROUSED . . ."

tion of nomenclature was also worrying us, there being seven "Jocks," five "Bills" and at least three without any name but "Cumereyoubrute"; so we appointed Captain and Quartermaster Ledger to name, number and classify the barrack-pack.

Nearly a quarter of a century in the Army, "incloodin' boy-service, me lad," has made Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, as you all know by now, a conscientious worker. He named and numbered that pack in a fashion which should be a model to all racehorse-owners. Since they did not appear to him, after study, to fall under any recognisable divisions of breed whatever he classified them simply as:—

A. Dogs, hairy.

B. Dogs, tall.

C. Dogs, long.



Female (with withering emphasis). "GARN! YOU'RE ONLY FIT TO BE A LOUNGE LIZARD."

each class there was to be a Grand First Prize for the dog with highest marks of any.

The judging was carried out without incident, except when James sprang several feet into the air while judging a fierce-looking Pariadale, because the animal sneezed unexpectedly. At the conclusion, and after the class-prizes had been awarded, it was discovered that no dog had got more than fifty-five marks, except one small one, "G7. Tunic, service dress," belonging to Private Trigger and judged by Swordfrog to have obtained seventy-two.

With the view of formally allotting it Grand First Prize we inspected this all together. It was very small and furry and was fast asleep in a box almost completely concealed by straw. Attempts to wake it had proved fruitless, and Private Trigger was reported to have warned Swordfrog that its bite was poisonous to man. So Swordfrog, in a rush of independence, had given it marks to the amount of seventy-two, upholding his action by the statement that what he could see of it looked worth seventy-

two. Since it transpired that he had definitely announced this fact we could not undo it, and so G7 had to be declared the winner.

We had felt all along that Swordfrog would let us down somehow. And he had. When eventually the winner was aroused to receive its rosette, it was discovered to be a *Persian cat*. Private Trigger swore that that fellow O'Jector had decoyed away his "nice little dawg," confessedly of similar appearance, and had substituted the feline. He nevertheless claimed the prize, as fairly awarded.

After consultation the judges had to allow his claim, for, though the Show had been called a Dog-Show, it was felt that, if they insisted on reading the word "Dog" in the letter rather than in the spirit, about sixty per cent of the competitors would be ruled out. So Private Trigger got Grand First Prize, and Private Sling, the runner-up, with a real dog, had to have a Grand First Prize too. This upset our financial estimates considerably. But, as we had agreed with the Garrison Amusement Com-

mittee that they should have the balance, without definitely specifying whether it was to be credit or debit, we hope to solve the difficulty by asking them to hand us over five shillings.

Unfortunately we are still asking.

A. A.

No More Pedestrians.

"We must have a practical method, a practical policy, which will encourage breeding from our above-par people rather than from our below-car people."

Report of Debate, in Oxford Paper.

Patriotism.

Not seldom have we trod at Duty's call
The path that leads us to the Albert
Hall;

Not once or twice in our rough island
story
Has CLARA BUTT sung "Land of Hope
and Glory."

"An anonymous letter to the Commissioner of Police alleged that — was 'openly and fragrantly' accepting bribes."—*Evening Paper*. Master Dogberry would doubtless have agreed that bribes are as odorous as comparisons.

INVOCATION

TO THE SPIRIT OF FINANCIAL PROSPERITY,
INVITING THAT COY NYMPH WITHOUT
DELAY TO LEAVE HER BOWER.

BUSINESS! Attractive thing
For whom, I understand,
Not many Bards have swept the tune-
ful string,

But I
Jolly well mean to try
My inexperienced hand:
Business of England, blossom and shine,
In Nineteen-hundred-and-twenty-nine,
Spreading from shore to shore!
Textiles, arise and sing!
Come with the roses about your feet,
Rubber and Oil and Frozen Meat!
Let dull Depression face her final term,
Produce, be firm!
Home Railways, steam away like any-
thing!
Industrials, soar!

See how the world awakes from winter
snows
And Zephyr holds an option on the air;
Now, before buds uncloze,
Backed by a strong Committee,
Including Pep and Push and Salesman-
ship,
Through the wide Empire trip:
Commerce, pull up thy hose!
To sleep were pity,
And most of all be there
About the precincts of the British In-
dustries Fair
Now on at the White City.
Ye Leathern Goods, leap up, and Hard-
ware, jump
To the long amorous tramp
Of Springtide blown!
Now, whil'e the starry aconites are
sown

On the enfranchised ground,
Preferred and Ordinary dittos bound
As to the tabor's sound,
Let cry a Harder Tone
In markets which have previously
shown
A tendency to slump.

Fountain art thou and base of all,
Mother of Labour and of Capital,
O Trade!
Laughter and glad surprise
Well from thy lovely eyes,
Futures ascend and fall:
Producer and Consumer hand-in-hand,
A jocund band,
Revel about thee in the glade
With Metal and with Mineral.
Pig-iron and Hematite
For thee alone look bright;
Fat Hogs can be made fatter still
And Orders entertained at will
And Cargoes F.O.B.
Quoted alone by thee—
Therefore, O Trade, expand!

Soon shall the crocus and the daffodil
Their wealth upon the wilds and pastures
spill;

Soon shall the song of bird
In every bush be heard.
Arise and greet
The morning and the morning star
With unexceptionable Balance-sheet
And Stocks at par,
Bearish American advices
(Whatever in the world those are)
Affecting not thy Prices,
Nor rough winds from afar
Troubling the Maize and Wheat.

Well might I go on, having started this,
For ever; and no doubt thy Minister,
O Trade—

Who absolutely has not paid
A cent to the expenses of this song—
Would deem it not amiss
If I still louder swept the chords along;
Nor would the Aggregation
Of British Industries
Call it too strong.
Yet must I now approach my perora-
tion,
Which briefly is,
That I am glad, ay, glad,
To give thee, Trade, this ad.,
In hopes that some faint echo of thy
booming,
Some tiny petal fallen from thy bloom-
ing,
Some oversplash,
Either in Hogs, Lard, Oil, Silk, Gramo-
phones or Lead,
May tumble on my head:
Not much %, lest I be deemed pre-
sunning—
Nor do I mind Spot Cash. EvOE.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

MUCH interest is always aroused by
the Cup-ties in connection with a chal-
lenge trophy presented by Doctor for
competition in the district in which he
practises. Owing to the robust nature
of the methods favoured by competitors,
Doctor's investment, as a rule, yields
him quite a good return.

This season for the first time we
reached the third (semi-final) round of
the ties, thanks in some measure to our
having drawn a bye in the first round
and to a misunderstanding regarding
the date fixed for the second, as a con-
sequence of which our opponents, Cob-
berley-on-the-Water, failed to turn up,
and were ordered to scratch.

We met Compton-in-the-Hollow
(away) in the semi-final on Saturday
last, and, as Parson (our President), who
generally plays left half, was laid up with
influenza, we were able to strengthen
the back division.

Consequently at half-time we were
somewhat surprised by the extent of

the score (13) which had been registered
against us in reply to our penalty goal,
but we were encouraged by the fact that
shortly before the interval two of our
opponents had been carried off the field,
while we had only lost James, the under-
footman at the Hall, our outside right,
who had withdrawn at the insistent
request of the referee.

During the interval, while William,
the blacksmith, our goal-keeper, was
expressing the opinion that a serious mis-
count had been made in our opponents'
score, Schoolmaster, our secretary (who
on account of an extensive knowledge
of arithmetic, also acts as treasurer)
questioned the official figures in con-
nection with the gate-money. Later in
the afternoon, however, this matter was
adjusted to Schoolmaster's satisfaction
and he gave a receipt for our share
of the proceeds, which amounted to
thirteen-and-ninapence.

Soon after the resumption of play the
pace began to tell on our men, despite
their careful training, which had been
supervised each evening by our captain,
the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," and
our chances of appearing in the final
were not fancied by local football fans.

William, our goal-keeper, in view of
his experience in the first half of the
game, had decided to keep a careful
record of our opponents' score, and after
each of their successful efforts he cut
a notch in one of the goal-posts with a
formidable pocket-knife. William had
scarcely completed an extra deep incision
to mark the tenth goal of the second
period when he was suddenly called
upon to deal with a very difficult shot,
and in the act of punching out unfortun-
ately failed to realise that he held the
open knife in his hand.

A replay (which will take place on
our ground) has been ordered, greatly to
the surprise and indignation of Compton-in-the-Hollow, although they were
entirely responsible for the fact that a
spare ball was not available.

"O Dulness, portion of the truly blest."

"Applications are invited from dully-quali-
fied candidates for the post of Second Health
Visitor for the City of Peterborough."

Nursing Paper.

India's Quick-Change Seasons.

"The cold and sultry weather experienced
this afternoon was not suitable for athletics."

Indian Paper.

But it's more endurable than the muggy
refrigeration with which we have had to
put up lately.

"DRESSES 150,000,000 YARDS LONGER."

Headline in Daily Paper.

This ought to satisfy all but the most
squeamish.



Small Girl. "PLEASE, AUNTIE, MAY I HAVE A LARGER HELPING THAN THIS?"

Aunt. "I SHOULD EAT THAT FIRST, DEAR, AND THEN YOU CAN HAVE SOME MORE AFTERWARDS."

Small Girl. "OH, BUT, YOU SEE, I'VE GIVEN UP SECOND HELPINGS IN LENT."

THE STATELY HOTELS OF ENGLAND; OR, WHY FRENCHMEN STAY AT HOME.

BEING a Londoner I have never stayed in London before—that is in a (or an) hotel. This week I have been driven out by spring-cleaning, curiously associated with winter's playful attentions to the water-supply, and I have been making a study of hotel-life in London.

My conclusion is that the stranger arriving in London must keep a stiff upper lip.

I tried first a vast and famous hotel,

very central but by repute inexpensive. I paid off my taxi and followed my baggage into the marble hall. I approached timidly the counter labelled RECEPTION. Over that word should be written the one word, WINTRY. A glacial young woman in black informed me that the hotel was full. Every one of the million bedrooms was occupied. The information did not surprise or depress me. What did shock me was the tone of the voice, the stab of the eyes. If I had been a burglar attempting to force an entrance through the bathroom

window she could scarcely have made me feel more unwelcome. A snake meeting those eyes as it crossed the hall would have turned and left the country.

I imagined myself a young man from Manchester or Michigan on his first visit to London, bewildered and alone. I said to her politely, as a visitor ignorant of the town, "Could you recommend me another hotel not too expensive?"

She said, "The nearest hotel is the —," naming one of the most expensive hotels in the world. She then

added, "You will find that London is very full at the present time;" and her tone said plainly, "There is more room in Manchester."

After that she turned away and I passed out of her life.

There was now planted in my breast (or rather the breast of my imaginary stranger) a faint dislike for London and a strong feeling that nobody loved me.

However I collected my luggage, tipped two porters and took another taxi to the — Hotel.

This is a well-known railway-hotel, suitable, I had heard, to moderate incomes. Another fury in black scowled at me from under the grim word RECEPTION and allotted me a room in the Bachelors' Wing. Her manner, her sharp questions, said that I had insulted the management by coming to stay in the hotel. She bade me write down on a form my name, nationality, permanent address, last address, the place from which I had just come and the place to which I intended to go, and other particulars which seemed to me to be no business of hers. I was then directed to the Bachelors' Wing. It was a long walk and the route was complicated. Nobody came with me. There was no lift. The Bachelors' Wing

was being repainted and smelt of the stuff called size. There were no carpets in the corridors; one had to walk under ladders and step over paint-pots. In the farthest and highest corner of the Bachelors' Wing I found at last a tiny room, ice-cold. In the fireplace was a fan of dirty white paper but no coal. The bed was in one corner and the telephone (the prehistoric pattern attached to the wall) was in another. I thought of dear old Michigan and sighed deeply.

I went back to the gorgon and asked if I might have a better room in the married quarters. She said that a single man could not have a double room. I said I was sorry, but I had changed my plans and was going back to the country that day (forgetting that I had just given her a London address). She took this well, to give the gorgon her due. Too well. It was evidently all one to her if I slept at the — Hotel that night or emigrated to Australia at once. I sent for my luggage, tipped three porters and again drove out into the forbidding city.

I now nursed in my lonely bosom a strong resentment against London, and even a hatred of the whole English race.

But, before the united hotel-proprie-

tors of England begin their strongly-worded protest, let me hastily add that the worst of my adventures were now over. I have enjoyed the hospitality of two more hotels. At both of them the reception clerks seemed definitely willing, though not exactly eager, to take my money and give me a night's lodging. It is never fair to judge the female sex by the behaviour of one or two women, but I must remark that the reception clerks in both these cases were men. I do not know why these elegant women in black frocks and glass cases should take such a dislike to me, nor do I know why people whose principal duty is to welcome the stranger and receive the guest should be specially selected for their powers of repulsion and vinegary demeanour; but there, no doubt they have their troubles too, so no more upon the painful subject.

These two hotels, though more hospitable, are also more expensive, ornate, modern and grand, but not in the grandest class. The pillared halls are populated with porters and small boys in uniform. Everything is very modern and scientific and thought-out. The telephone is beside the bed; you have but to lift the receiver and say "Chambermaid, Waiter, Valet, Chiropodist"; the



THE ENTHUSIASTS.

DURING THE RECENT FROST (THANKS, POSSIBLY, TO THE POPULARITY, AMONG POOR DANCERS, OF THOSE RESTAURANTS WHERE THE FLOOR-SPACE IS STRICTLY CONFINED) EVEN THE SMALLEST PIECES OF ICE HAVE BEEN FREELY UTILISED.

small boys wait like greyhounds in the hall. One would think that one's lightest wish would be fulfilled immediately. That indeed, one gathers, is the benign intention. And yet—

Well, for one thing the telephone beside the bed has a ridiculously short piece of flex or wire; and this piece of flex is hopelessly entangled with the flex of the reading-lamp; and when one picks up the telephone to say "Valet" or "Chiropodist, please" (not that I say such things), the reading-lamp falls over and carries away with it the glass of water: and even if that does not happen one has to hang half out of bed and telephone, as it were, in mid-air, brandishing the darned thing. A small matter, but there it is. Now, if I ran a hotel . . .

Then there is that beautiful bathroom with the long and beautiful porcelain bath. Screwed to the side of this beautiful bath is an ornamental rack (made apparently of gold) to hold the sponges and the soap. But this ornamental rack is at the *wrong end*—the feet end. That is to say, when one wishes for sponge or soap one must sit up, do a long stretch and expose the body to the horrid air. A small matter, but in this weather . . . Now, if I ran a hotel . . .

And then I find that things do not happen so swiftly as one expects. I loathe breakfast in bed, but in this sort of hotel I feel it is a sort of duty to have breakfast in bed. I hang out of bed and order breakfast and *The Times* in a lordly manner. I order fried fillet of plaice and tea. Since breakfast will soon be here I postpone the bath. A long time passes. (I find that it takes thirty-five minutes for the average breakfast to reach the bed.) I telephone tersely and am reminded politely that the fried fish has to be fried. Now wide-awake, I decide to fill in the time with a bath. This means more telephoning; and, by the way, that state of life is not ideal in which one has to telephone every time one wants a bath. However, I take the bath. When I return, the breakfast is on the bed, coffee and bacon and eggs. There is no *Times*. My spirit slightly broken, I forbear to telephone about the tea and fried fish, but hope that the other man detests fried fish. I telephone about *The Times*. I am put on to the Hairdresser's; I am put on to the Reception Bureau. Presently I am put on to the Newspaper Office. The system of the place is marvellous. *The Times* arrives, but the eggs are cold.

But there, enough of carping. I am not here to obstruct the Come-to-Britain-Movement, but to urge it on. Here I sit at last in a cosy little room on



"RATHER SMALL FOR A RUBENS, ISN'T IT?"
"IT'S ONE OF HIS VERY EARLY ONES, SIR."

the seventh floor, looking straight at Big Ben. I lie in bed and read the time upon that celebrated face, and for some reason it thrills me. It does not thrill the chambermaid, for when I mentioned the fine view she said, "View? Only a lot of roofs." Then I mentioned that Big Ben was visible, and she looked out and said, "Lor! so it is. Been here twenty years and never looked out of the window before." Nor, seemingly, does it thrill the management, for they do not advertise it, as I should. But then, if you and I ran this hotel, what a place it would be! And oh, how different would be the ladies in black in the Reception Bureau! Even the French would flock to our city.

A. P. H.

A Blinding Glimpse of the Obvious.

"FIRST HOLDS UP THE THAW."
West-Country Paper.

A Worst-Seller.

"Lady leaving town shortly has furniture to sell privately; no buyers."—*Provincial Paper.*

"We are a luncheon club, a dinner club, a supper club, or a dance club, but we never have been a night club."—*Daily Paper.*
That distinction, we believe, is exclusively reserved for the Cue Clugs Clan.

"I no longer know the meaning of indigestion," writes Mr. J. ELLIS BARKER, Health Expert. "Nowadays I can eat a heavy meal while walking at top speed up a steep hill."
Weekly Paper.

Possibly; but wouldn't indigestion be better fun?

A new hire-purchase scheme reads as follows:—

"The balance of £3,500 to be paid in instalments of 10s. 6d. per month."—*Trade Journal.*

Which just proves that hire-purchase credits do increase turn-over.



ATHLETE STRUGGLING WITH A PYTHON, FEBRUARY, 1929

(After Lord LEIGHTON.)

PEARL-CASTING.

"HERE, at least," said Hubert from the depths of a chair in the Hôtel de Douai, "we shall have to speak French."

"Even to each other?" I asked anxiously.

"Of course not," he replied; "but none of the rest here speaks English. It will be really good practice. I'm going to be thoroughly Continental; no stand-offish English business. I shall get into conversation with perfect strangers in order to learn the argot. At the end of a week Frenchmen will say, 'You are English? Name of a pipe! but you have no accent, by example.' All true Frenchmen like a good conversationalist."

As he spoke a large well-fed man

entered the room and let himself carefully down into a chair.

"Go to it," I said; "here is Perfect Stranger number one."

Hubert squared his shoulders. The Perfect Stranger held a newspaper in front of his face.

"Il fait beau temps, Monsieur," said Hubert, and the other grunted.

Hubert produced his cigarette-case. "Aimez-vous les cigarettes Anglaises?" he inquired.

The newspaper descended. "Merci, du tout, du tout, du tout," replied the Stranger rapidly and replaced the newspaper.

"Oh, bad luck!" said Hubert, and, turning away in a dispirited manner, wandered out of the room.

I followed him. "Cheer up," I said. "Evidently your friend is no true Frenchman. As a matter of fact he looks to me as though he comes from Cochin China."

Ah, that would explain it," he replied. "I say, do you mind if I don't come shopping with you this afternoon as we arranged? I would rather stay here and improve my French by talking to these people in the hotel."

An hour later, my shopping finished, I returned to the hotel, to find Hubert packing our bags.

"Hello, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Trouble," he replied, "and your fault. Why did you tell me that fellow came from Cochin China?"

"I only said that to cheer you up," I replied.

"Well, it didn't cheer him up when I mentioned it to him," said Hubert. "He started a row and complained to the manager; then he was insulting, so I said we should leave the hotel. All Frenchmen are hopelessly mad."

"What had you said to your man?" I asked.

"Nothing out of the way," answered Hubert. "I went up to him and just said politely, '*Est-ce que vous êtes un cochon chinois?*'"

I helped him to pack.

THE MASQUERADE.

WHAT shall we parade as, Madam?

You as EVE and I as ADAM?

What about it? Shall we go as

RUTH and her attendant BOAZ?

Or shall we attempt to pass

As MELISANDE and SILLY ASS?

DRAKE, perhaps, with GLORIANA?

CORPUS SANUM with MENS SANA?

You as HELEN, I as PARIS?

Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris?

Or shall we dress ethereally

As 2LO and 5GB?

Thus we argued and aspired,

Till at length we went attired

(Hastily and still disputing)

In our usual frock and suiting.

Woon.

Gymnastics in the Garden Suburb.

"A houseowner in Golders Green was forced to leave his house through dangerous cracks in the walls."—*Evening Paper.*

"My young niece, on eating a boiled egg to-day, came across a gramophone needle in the yolk. Is this a record?"

Letter in Daily Paper.

No. Just a needle.

"He passed his final examination for the English Bar a few months ago, obtaining a first-class pass with a certificate of honour."

Irish Paper.

The finals for the American Bar are of course a lot stiffer.



THE MUSSOLINI MUZZLE.

THE DICTATOR OF SPAIN. "I WONDER IF THAT ITALIAN 'SILENCER' I'VE FIXED ON HIM IS GOING TO HAVE MUCH EFFECT ON HIS HIND LEGS."

[The sensitiveness of the Dictatorship in Spain to popular criticism is shown in the new decree that any ordinary citizen who criticizes the authorities or "foretells misfortunes to the country" shall be liable to imprisonment.]

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 18th.—Was Mr. ORMSBY-GORE certain, asked Colonel WEDGWOOD, that the Palestine Government has not raised the postal rate from seven to thirteen mils per twenty grammes just in order to differentiate Palestine from the rest of the Empire? Mr. ORMSBY-GORE was quite sure. The real problem, of course, is going to be to differentiate the rest of the Empire from Palestine.

The proverbial classification of tortoises as insects for railway purposes was recalled to-day when Mr. GUINNESS informed Commander WILLIAMS that the insect that is causing bracken disease in Scotland is probably a fungus. The inoculation of surplus British bracken with the disease commended itself to Brigadier-General BROWN; but the cautious MINISTER reminded him that the virus, once brought South, might follow the usual Scottish practice of absorbing everything in sight.

Along with the MINISTER'S caution goes a certain simple-mindedness. How otherwise would he have assured Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that the recently-formed herring-fishery trade association is chiefly concerned with increasing the supply of fish.

"I cannot be held responsible for what a journal may say," replied Colonel ASHLEY rather testily, on Sir G. DALRYMPLE-WHITE calling his attention to a statement in *The Motor* that motor-vehicle owners had paid eight million pounds more in taxes than they had received in benefits. The MINISTER would be well advised to take motor journals seriously. They influence far more votes than, for example, the bookmakers.

It was not unnatural that a certain note of self-satisfaction, if not actual exultation, should creep into the speech with which Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN moved the Third Reading of the Local Government Bill. And no doubt Mr. GREENWOOD, for the Opposition, would have paid a handsome tribute to the magnitude of the task successfully completed by the MINISTER OF HEALTH and his able colleague, even if he could not agree with him as to the blessings likely to flow from it.

But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN nipped any such compliments in the bud—if indeed any had begun to bud—by twitting the Opposition Leaders with running away from the fight and leaving the brunt of the battle to the "battalion commanders." This was not so complimentary to Mr. GREENWOOD, who has largely led the Labour attack, and to Mr. ERNEST BROWN, who has acted as the chief Liberal spokesman, as the

MINISTER perhaps intended it to be. He might at least have described them as subordinate staff officers. Moreover Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was guilty of ungallant conduct in omitting to throw a compliment to his feminine but most formidable critic, Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE, whose lance penetrated the Ministerial armour to some purpose on more than one occasion.

It is natural, however, that the champions of the Bill should regard the completion of their notable task as identical with its success in practice—which has still to be demonstrated. It



Mr. N. CHAMBERLAIN (to Sir KINGSLEY Wood). "THEY MAY CALL US DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA, BUT WINDBAGS AND NOT WINDMILLS HAVE BEEN OUR OBJECTIVE."

was equally natural that the battalion commander, Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, in moving the rejection of the Bill "with more than usual heartiness," as he put it, should insist that the value of the measure must be judged, not by the bouquets that the MINISTER had thrown at himself but by the brickbats that had reached their billet from Bishop Auckland, from North Midlothian, from South Battersea and Wansbeck.

Less subject to challenge was Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN'S unstinted praise of the able co-operation of his colleague, Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, with its veiled promise of Cabinet rank to come. Certainly no Bill in the House was ever

backed by better team-work. Whether they have been engaged all these strenuous weeks in tilting at windmills or windbags remains to be seen, but Don Neville Quixote has as good reason as had the Flower of Spanish Chivalry to value the courage and imperturbable good sense of his squire.

Tuesday, 19th February.—With the KELLOGG Pact and the League of Nations so much in the air it was with something akin to horror that the House learned from Sir VIVIAN HENDERSON that the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has been conducting a survey of places suitable as shelters from aerial gas-attacks. From the survey to compulsory anti-air-attack drill is but a short and logical step. Or is it from a different and more imminent sort of gas-attack that the FIRST COMMISSIONER is quietly preparing to rescue us?

Justly proud of being able to pronounce *Llanfairpwllgwyngillgogerch-wyrndrobullllandysiliogogoch* (though unable to spell it correctly) Sir ROBERT THOMAS asked the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to see that the town's new sub-postmaster could speak Welsh. Sir WILLIAM MITCHELL-THOMSON, excusing himself from mentioning the place by name "with all this influenza about," promised to bear the suggestion in mind.

As Sir ROBERT THOMAS and other Welsh Members seem to take a pardonable pride in having a place like that on their map it is only fair to point out to them that, while the first and last half-dozen syllables are really Welsh and mean "the town by the white pool, where St. TYSILIO of the red whiskers lived in a cave," the middle part of it was in fact added by an early-Victorian guide-book writer with a sense of humour and means "the denizens of which live on toasted cheese and are tailless at birth."

Mr. AMERY must have found the task of explaining why and to what extent the Government proposed to bebelatedly economical at the expense of the Irish Loyalists singularly uncongenial. But it was Cabinet policy, and what the Cabinet decides collectively Ministers must be prepared to advocate single-handed.

It was not until after Mr. AMERY had finished explaining, amid expostulatory noises from the benches behind him, that the WOOD-REXTON Commission's awards were not really awards but merely recommendations, and Colonel GRETON had opened the attack in deceptively mild phrases, that word began to run through the Galleries that something was going to happen.

Instead of the formal expostulations from its back-benchers which the Government is quite accustomed to and

never takes any notice of, it had become evident that a real Spanish artillery revolt was brewing. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was brought to the scene and was observed to be dodging in and out of the House presumably to ascertain what forces the Government could muster to squash the rebels.

Meanwhile Mr. J. H. THOMAS had made it clear that, while his party had little sympathy with Irish loyalists, they would view a Government defeat at the hands of the "Die-hards" with no little equanimity. Colonel GRETTON had been followed in a crescendo of indignation by Major ROSS (in a maiden speech), Mr. MORRIS, Colonel HOWARD-BURY, Sir H. FOSTER and Sir W. DAVISON.

By this time Mr. CHURCHILL had evidently satisfied himself somewhat hastily that the rebel Junta's bark was worse than its potential bite, and in a speech devoted chiefly to the question of economy he opposed a resolute "No" to the demand that these awards to Irish Loyalists, being a debt of honour, should be honoured in full.

Possibly the CHANCELLOR would have carried the day if at this point Lord HUGH CECIL had not thought fit to intervene with one of those rare but devastating speeches that prove him (when he chooses to make them) to be one of the greatest Parliamentary debaters of the day. He began by congratulating the CHANCELLOR on his declared passion for economy. Who would have guessed it after contemplating the general course of his administration? But economy meant saving money in respect of administration, not refusing to pay a debt of honour. How impossible the situation was! If the obligation was an obligation of honour, let the Government pay it in full, not talk of percentages. If it was not an obligation of honour, let the Government say so; but the Government could not say so because it had already said the contrary.

The Government ought not to remember economy just for once when it was rather dishonourable to do so. They could save ten times the amount involved without injury to the public services. He (Lord HUGH CECIL) hoped the Conservatives would divide against the Government and defeat it, for this was the last disgraceful item in an in-

heritance of shame that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had been largely instrumental in bringing on the country.

Other honourable men, Sir ALFRED HOPKINSON ("It is not a question of the nicely-calculated less or more"), Sir BASIL PETO and lastly Mr. O'NEILL,

the matter. Mr. CHURCHILL, usually so cherubic, was obviously furious at being butchered to make a Conservative getaway. Mr. J. H. THOMAS leaped to the attractive task of kicking the Government when it was down; but it was a hobnailed effort, and Mr. THOMAS

suddenly found himself dragged away from the prostrate form by the harsh hand of Mr. MACQUISTEN. "Don't you talk about lack of backbone," roared the indignant Scot. "What about you and the General Strike, you spineless bunch of jellyfishes!" That settled the hobnailed fraternity, but it did not prevent the gentle-voiced Mr. MAXTON from purring congratulations to the Tory backbenchers on having, if only once in four-and-a-half years, and that on behalf of their social friends in Ireland, demonstrated that the House still had power to control the Government.

The Co-ordination of Traffic (London) Bill produced a less hectic atmosphere, though strenuously opposed by Opposition speakers, who declared that

it represented not so much a sincere effort to deal with London traffic problems as a death-bed effort by the Government to bequeath the tramways to Lord ASHFIELD's traffic combine. The one bright spot in the debate was Mr. SCURR's eloquence on the theme "*Civis Londiniensis sum*." The hon. Member for Stepney paid a moving tribute to his foster-mother city and her "keenly-witted people who take life so philosophically."

Thursday, February 21st.—A second day of Scottish Local Government finally dulled the excitement honed to a keen edge by the stirring events of Tuesday. The even tenour of the day's business was only broken by Mr. LANSBURY, who, stung by some *sotto-voce* remark of the Chief Conservative Whip, but still more by way of showing that there can be plenty of pulsating and obstreperous life in a young dog of seventy, had a brief bright brush with the Voice of Authority, before which he finally retreated, but not until he had hurled at his Conservative tormentors the valedictory shout of "You may be able to shut up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but you can't shut me up!"

"In the absence of the Bishop, the Archdeacon was made Charman."—*Church Paper*. Now we know the origin of the apron.



IRISH STEW.

LORD HUGH CECIL EXECUTES A CANNIBAL DANCE OVER MESSRS. AMERY AND CHURCHILL.

proceeded ostentatiously to strop their daggers, and Cæsar sat indignant, waiting for Messrs. the Assassins to commence. And then came the most unkindest cut of all. Mr. BALDWIN hurried in and announced in effect that he surrendered unconditionally. They would report progress and reconsider



"O LONDON TOWN'S A FINE TOWN!"
MR. SCURR.



THE FIRST HOUSE.

Indignant Cave-dweller. "SEE WHAT THAT NEIGHBOUR OF OURS HAS DONE? SPOILT A FAMOUS BEAUTY-SPOT."

THE CROWN OF CAMBODIA.

THE King of old Cambodia (that gave the world gamboge)
Is a lord of yellow races who have no demand for rouge;
He has gold and jade and rubies, he has diamonds and pearls,

And a dainty twenty dozen of delightful dancing-girls.
There's a crown of gold and jewels for the good KING
MONIVONG,

But its weight is so tremendous that he cannot wear it
long,

So he coolly compromises with a coronation hat
(As a correspondent tells us), and do you know what is that?

*A bald black bowler, a blatant British bowler,
With one enormous diamond, is crown enough for him;
So Cambodia's controller wears a ceremonial bowler,
Just a bold black bowler with a brilliant on the brim!*

The King of far Cambodia has boundless wealth in store,
And he worships in a temple with a massive silver floor;
There are sapphires on the scabbard of his sacred royal
blade,

There's a Buddha who is golden and a Buddha all of jade.
But the King has no detectives to defend his diadem,
Not a criminal Cambodian would touch the smallest gem;
So he leaves his crown unguarded on the shelf or on the
mat,

And observes his beauty chorus from beneath his bowler
hat—

*A bald black bowler, a billycocky bowler—
Yet none will carp or cavil at the mighty monarch's
whim;
Like a Hampstead Heathen stroller he can beam beneath a
bowler,
Just a bold black bowler with a brilliant on the brim!*

"ENGLAND EXPECTS..."

In the semi-Arctic conditions which we have been experiencing there are, I think, opportunities for displays of that simple if not actually quiet heroism which is so salient a characteristic of our English nation.

The majority of householders who in these hard times are daily called upon to undergo privations and sacrifices will, unless my judgment of my fellow-countrymen is sadly at fault, courageously accept and make them.

All honour to the good man struggling so persistently against adversity; all honour to him whose day, even if rounded by the poetic consolation that "plumber is icumen in," has nevertheless been a period of anxiety calmly faced.

But he is no proper man who at the first manifestation of pipe or boiler trouble runs clamorous into the street, spreading alarm and consternation among his neighbours.

This spirit of *saure qui peut* ill consorts with the tradition of bull-dog tenacity so magnificently enshrined in the glowing pages of our national history.

Let us, my friends, keep cool—it should not be difficult—and remain at our posts while life is yet in us.

Let there be no suspicion of desertion.

From the conduct of the captain of the stricken vessel who goes gallantly "down with the ship" let ours differ only in this, that, should circumstances so incline, we go gloriously up with the boiler.

"THE ROLLING STOCK AT TSINAN."

They wound 47 engines, 73 passenger cars, and 458 freight cars in the workshop of the railway.—*Peking Paper.*

Overheard in Tsinan (on almost any morning):—

Enraged Passenger. "9.15's disgracefully late this morning, Stationmaster."

Stationmaster. "Yes, Sir. Bert's lost the key of the engine again."

AT THE PLAY.

"FAME" (ST. JAMES'S).

Fame—Sir GERALD DU MAURIER's new production, following close on the delightfully absurd *Fashion* at the Kingsway, could not but inspire the reflection that seventy years on or so enlightened Londoners will, if some PETER GODFREY of that day is perceptive enough to give them the opportunity, split their sides with laughter over the queer people of the Georgian period. What will they make of those blustering, pink-coated, quarter-witted gentlemen of the shires—Sir Thomas Hanson, heavy father, even according to Victorian standards, and gross snob by any standard, cad in grain, having learnt nothing of grace or sensitiveness or dignity from the noble animals he professes to cherish and understand (I am not suggesting that this is a fair picture of the men of Leicestershire, but merely giving the impressions of the authors, AUDRY and WAVENEY CARTEN); of Major Bagshott, who will as soon sell a bad horse to a woman-friend as make love to her; of Lord Edward Hulton, who has about as much chance of getting into a post-War regiment as of being Lord Chief Justice?

No matter; let us enjoy this robustious-romantic upper-class melodrama as the good fun it undoubtedly is.

We are, then (Act I.), privileged to see the interior of Sir Thomas's roomy country seat. Seated or for physical reasons stiffly leaning against the ornaments are Sir Thomas, Major Bagshott, Lord Edward Hulton, Lady Myrtle Frampton, Delilah and representative female of the species cad (sub-species: smart); Mrs. Keene, middle-aged and harsh-voiced, coarse-mouthed, likeable (and plausibly drawn) Diana. To them enter Sonia, Sir Thomas's cherished and only child, who has every virtue but an ability to put up with huntin' and infra-simian huntin' people; and Paolo Gheradi, no longer young and at present only *chef-d'orchestre* in a Shepherd's Bush orchestra, but rated by the greatest musical authority of the day as a man with a genius before which the fires of JOACHIM and KREISLER pale ineffectually. Unlikely story this, but Sir Thomas hadn't the wit to see it. What he could see was that he wasn't going to have any damned foreign fiddler blood mixed with his own bright blue.

Where was Gheradi at school? He wasn't. Well, there you are! And Sonia, after feebly pleading and being cut off without a shilling, left her pedigree sire cursing into the chimney and went off

first by turning the projected musical evening into a dance, in which Gheradi is merely to be a boring incident, and secondly by inviting her Leicestershire friends to be present—all except Sir Thomas, who may be presumed dead of an apoplexy. Paolo, famous and rich, and Sonia, sharing his wealth and honours, are now tolerated. But the great man is evidently under some serious strain—practising eighteen hours a day and things like that—and breaks down in the middle of his show, paralysed in both arms. So Leicestershire was right after all.

Act III. A sombre, green-plushed, palm-laden hotel of the cheaper sort in Seafeld-by-Eastbourne. The driving rain beats upon the window, the gale whistles through the rattling windows. The landlady is a cheat. Funds are giving out. The local doctor, Paolo's most ardent admirer, is leaving for East Africa. No, not to get away from the boredom of Seafeld, but because he loves Sonia, and

she, a little worn-out by the ill-temper and despair of the violinist, divorced from his real loves, fiddle and fame, returns his love. Exasperated by her Paolo's comments on this wayward conduct she smacks his face good and hard and several times—the old Leicestershire blood will tell—and Gheradi, who is only a neurasthenic, not a true paralytic, finds again the use of his hands. And with that his love and his good-temper. But too late. Sonia goes off to her doctor, and there is only left up-stage a violinist telephoning a telegram to his old accompanist, Serge (*tout court*), a telegram in which work—work—work is indicated as the only anodyne for broken hearts.

I am sorry not to take this diverting affair more seriously—but there it is. Men of the Quorn, the Cottesmore and the Belvoir don't attend first nights—at the St. James's. But perhaps they will muster later in their scores to see how they have impressed two clever young ladies. Loud hunting-cries will no doubt resound through the sacred edifice.

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, hampered perhaps by producer's nervousness and the intolerable suit of clothes he had to wear in Act I., didn't settle down till the succeeding Act, when he was at his best. Miss NAOMI JACOB's Mrs. Keene was a notable piece of work. Miss NORA SWINBURNE told her love in a very bright hard voice, no doubt be-



THE SUITOR WHO DIDN'T HUNT.

Sonia MISS NORA SWINBURNE.
Paolo Gheradi SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
Sir Thomas Hanson MR. A. SCOTT-GATTY.

into the night and poverty with her Paolo.

A gay and expensively jolly scene, only marred by the queer folds of breeches which could never have known the shears of Savile Row.



A PARALYSING FLIRT.

Lady Myrtle Frampton
MISS CATHEEN NESBITT.

Act II. Two years later. Lord Stanton, who prefers music to the chase, has prevailed upon the now famous Gheradi to play for his guests. The great man is expected. Lady Myrtle, Lord Stanton's daughter, has rather queered the pitch,

cause, if you use any real tenderness, the gallery and pit is tempted to snigger—a queer form of nervousness incident to worthy Englishmen and women who don't ride to hounds.

This play is undoubtedly a great lark. T.

"FASHION" (KINGSWAY).

It is a little difficult to think that anybody ever took a single line of Mrs. MOWATT's satirical comedy, *Fashion, or Life in New York*, at all seriously. Yet that no doubt is what superior people of 2003 will feel about—shall we say?—*Fame*. Mrs. MOWATT wished to protest against the orientation of New York towards the gay and sinful Paris, and against the decay of honest primitive American manners. In 1845 New York, and in 1850 London, no doubt with a difference, was entertained by this naïve affair.

The characters in this stupendous morality play are *Mrs. Tiffany*, the would-be leader of fashion, ashamed of the business upon which her extravagance draws so freely; her husband, seriously embarrassed in his affairs and in some way in the power of his odiously self-satisfied clerk, *Snobson*, who has extorted from him the promise of his daughter's hand; honest old *Adam Trueman*, pattern of patriarchal American virtue; *Seraphina Tiffany*, "a belle"; *Gertrude*, a governess, as beautiful as she is chaste and in the end as rich as in the beginning, true to type, she appears poor; *Count Jolimaitre*, "a fashionable European importation," a careless impostor who is only too well acquainted with *Millinette*, *Mrs. Tiffany's* French maid, and who is bent on marrying *Seraphina* and seducing *Gertrude*, or, alternatively, seducing *Seraphina* and marrying *Gertrude*, if that seems the more profitable course.

Mr. PETER GODFREY, the enterprising producer of the Gate Theatre, who has rediscovered this gem, has chosen to underline the joke perhaps a little too heavily. It would, I think, have been even more amusing if played with entire seriousness so that its rich unconscious humour might have at once fuller and subtler effect.

However, it's ungracious to complain. Played frankly as a burlesque it is vastly entertaining. Various sodden sentimental songs of a rather later period, but of an appropriate tinge of sublime fatuity, have been embedded

in it by the producer—"Beautiful Bird of Spring has Come," "Sweet Chiming Bells," "Call me Pet Names, Dearest; Call me a Bird," "Why did They Dig Ma's Grave so Deep?"—and very waggishly were they sung or belloyed by his company with exquisitely droll



"WHY DID THEY DIG MA'S GRAVE SO DEEP?"
(Period song.)

Mr. Tiffany . . . MR. HAROLD YOUNG.

effect. What lugubrious tosh the Victorian English-speaking musicians did produce! Heaven grant their fine Pompous Period be not judged by it on Judgment Day!

I liked well Mr. HAROLD YOUNG's gloriously doleful *Mr. Tiffany* and Mr. W. E. C. JENKINS' smug bewhiskered *Snobson*,



VIRTUE CHAMPIONED.

Gertrude . . . MISS VIOLA LYEL.
Adam Trueman . . . MR. NORMAN SHELLEY.
Colonel Howard . . . MR. ESMOND KNIGHT.

with his dark hints about what was then so oddly known as "the concern." I cannot help thinking that Miss MARIE DAINTON would have been more effective on a less exaggerated note; but no doubt she worked to instructions and she is too clever an artist to fail to be entertaining. Miss VIOLA LYEL's *Governess*, played with a knowing roguishness, and the *Seraphina* of Miss HELENA PICKARD, who most effectively maintained an air of taking it all with complete seriousness, were both in their different keys extremely amusing.

Mr. PETER GODFREY seemed to be just a little too casual as *Count Jolimaitre*. *Colonel Howard's* love-lorn imbecility and vacuous air was nobly suggested by Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT; and Miss MARIAN LAING's decorations in *The Young Visitors'* manner added to the gaiety of the affair, which is to be heartily commended to all and sundry.

In one point at least we Georgian males may humbly lament our sad decadence. The young dogs, and the old dogs too, of this earlier and in the main mournful day could still sport, as nature obviously intended them to sport, a gay plumage. If only HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, with his customary courage, would restore the flowing cravat, the protruding ruff, of the roaring 'forties! T.

DAME MADGE KENDAL will give away the prizes at the Bridge Party to be held at CLARIDGE'S on March 6th in aid of Mr. Punch's old friend the Surgical Supply Depot. Tickets (10/6 each) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries of the Depot, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8.

A Baa-carolle.

"A capital song album now on the market comprises . . . 'A Love Song of Sheep.'"—*Local Paper*.

Was the Cohort Mechanised?

"For having driven a motor wagon fitted with solid tyres at more than 10 miles an hour, Julius Caesar was fined £4."

Australian Paper.

"What are the women about with all their varieties of cropped locks?"

"What becomes of all the gold That used to hang and brush their bosoms?"

What would the poets have thought of it—the poets who wrote such lovely things about the long hair of women?"

Sunday Paper.

A possibility is that they would have thought less sadly of shingling than of misquotation.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE RESCUE" AND "TOMMY ATKINS."

WHATEVER may be said for the films as devices of beguilement, there is no doubt that they have mastered the art of eliminating character and idiosyncrasy from any author of sensitive genius. In other words, let no admirers of JOSEPH CONRAD's *Rescue* go to the Allied Artists' Corporation's picture based upon that book hoping to find its peculiar fascination extended or emphasised, for they will be disappointed; all they will find is the bare bones of the story, devoid of that strange quality which is known as the CONRAD atmosphere.

But they will not necessarily come



Tom Lingard (Mr. RONALD COLMAN). "THIS MAY MAKE A GOOD COMPOSITION, BUT IT'S NOT VERY GOOD FOR STEERING."

away disappointed, for they will see the gallant RONALD COLMAN, who is of the school of DOUG, being intrepid and chivalrous, although, for such a character, with such a record, perhaps a shade too ready to fall for Miss LILY DAMITA's very patent wiles. And they will catch a lovely glimpse through a rocky opening of a schooner in full sail—a radiant magic thing. Now and then, however, if they are devout Conradians, they will get a shock; the strange eccentricities of cinema-producers will see to that. Mrs. Travers (LILY DAMITA), for instance, having marked Captain Tom (RONALD COLMAN) down for her own, insists on accompanying him from his ship in an open boat on an all-night voyage to the shore, and then to the *Rajah's* stockade, inland, where her husband is imprisoned. That is all right; but what is all wrong is that, although she takes with her no other clothes than the scanty evening

frock she is wearing, she manages mysteriously to acquire other choice and seductive European *négligés*, and is so determined in her vampings that Captain Tom, the sole navigator, never



ON THE HULK.



IN THE STOCKADE.

IN A BOAT.

TORN BETWEEN HONOUR AND PASSION; OR, FACES THAT YOU GET TO KNOW.

attends either to rudder or sail. Good filming possibly, but very bad CONRAD.

Again, what is the point of allowing the peevish Mr. Travers to walk all the way from the powder hulk to the *Rajah's* presence with his braces unbuttoned? Was it a concession to the demand for humour at any price? If so, it was a mistake, for, instead of laughing, the spectator is made uncomfortable.

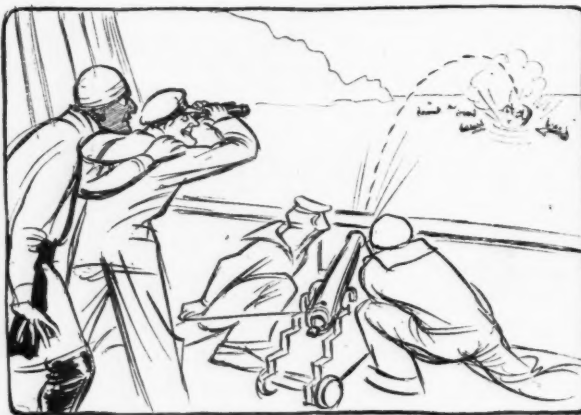
The Rescue is a new American film. The latest home-film that I have seen, made partly at Elstree and partly, I pre-

sume, in the Egyptian desert, by the British International Company, assisted by detachments from the Somerset Light Infantry, the Suffolks, the 17th and 9th Hussars and the Argyll and Sutherland's, is *Tommy Atkins*, a very thin penny-novelette story with some spirited accessories that ought to appeal to everyone who never saw a tattoo, but will be tame to those who have seen one. The story bears upon *Harold*, the rightful heir to an earldom, and *Victor*, the son of the wrongful holder of the title. The rightful heir begins as a child



Officer of Relieving Force (to last defender alive in fort). "WHO'S IN COMMAND HERE?" Defender. "TOMMY ATKINS, SIR." Officer. "AH, TAKES ME BACK TO MY BOYHOOD'S BOOKS."

playing with his toys in his father's camp in the Soudan. Then comes a massacre of the English force, from which he is saved by an oddly-dressed batman and friend named *Mason*, who later, to our immense surprise (for he appeared to have all the simple integrity of a Newfoundland dog), uses the boy as an instrument for blackmailing the titled usurper. He is to receive a thousand pounds a year for holding his tongue about *Harold*. No sooner has the bargain been struck than we advance fifteen years, to a point when *Victor*, now a young officer, and *Harold*, now a curate in a very high dog-collar, are in love with the same girl, and the blackmailer, having heard that his victim is not long for this life, is very prudently insisting on a lump sum of ten thousand down. Before he



HOT STUFF IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

Hassim. "THOSE ARE FISHING-BOATS."

Carter. "WELL, I'M TAKING NO CHANCES."



Mother. "PEGGY, DARLING, YOU REALLY MUST GO TO BED. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO SIT UP SO LATE."
 Peggy. "WELL, THAT'S YOUR FAULT. YOU SHOULD HAVE HAD ME BORN SOONER."

can get it the usurper fulfils our fondest expectations by dying of the heart disease which we have both heard about and seen at work, but not before Victor has been told of the deception.

"I did it for you, my boy."

War is then declared; Victor is recalled to duty, and Harold, flinging away his dog-collar (which was far too high), enlists as *Tommy Atkins*, behaves heroically and, after victory is assured, largely by bagpipes, supports the dying Victor long enough to learn that he (*Harold*) is the true earl. The last scene shows us *Harold*, again in his dog-collar, which is still too high, comforting Victor's widow.

Some of the skirmishing is admirably done, and there is one strip of camels in full swing against the sky that could not be more Eastern or exciting; but the constant firing, in which the audience are spared not a single report, is very tiring. Alas for "The Silent Drama," with the "Talkies" threatening it on the one side and rifles and bombs on the other! How soothing it used to be, and how unnecessary is this nerve-shattering accompaniment! Since we can see the smoke as the rifles are being discharged, and most of us have enough perception to realise that where there is smoke there is fire or firing, why assail the

ears with an imitation of it? In the movie motor-car chases we are spared the noise of the machinery and horns,



MODES FOR CURATES.
 MR. WALTER BUTLER.

yet lose nothing thereby in excitement. Why must every shot in the cinema have its corresponding reverberation? If it is to please me the expense can be saved forthwith.

F. F.

The Pugilistic Slump.

"FOR SALE.—Bruisers, small, 50/-, 60/-."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

Please Keep off the Whiting.

"The new caterer provided whiting served nicely with the rails round."
—Scots Paper.

Dangerous Levity.

"TIME OFF" FOR MOTHER.

CHILDREN CAN AMUSE THEMSELVES.

"... They never tire of putting spoons inside each other."
—Provincial Paper.

"ST. PAUL'S BRIDGE STOPPED."

Headline in Manchester Paper.

During Lent, we presume.

"To Let, Small Unfurnished Flat for lady; one sitting-room, 1 bed-room, combined bath-kitchen."
—Advt. in Edinburgh Paper.

A favourite dish should be *bonne femme bouillie au naturel*.

"To be let—Middle Colaba, a fully furnished Ground Floor of a Bungalow with a nice garden and latest sanitary arrangements including Piano."
—Indian Paper.

Che va piano, va sano.

"London was visited by a blizzard early this morning. Day had scarcely dawned when the sky grew black."
—East African Paper.

We can hardly blame Day for his strong language.

THE AMAZING ARNOLD.

ARNOLD BENNETT, who, with *Bludyer's* bludgeon,

Used to play the critical curmudgeon,
Launching vitriolic fulminations
At the best-established reputations,
Now, though not devoid of acrid sanity,
Weekly deviates into urbanity
Towards the older mid-Victorian
masters,

While with praise he far less freely
plasters

Any of our young post-bellum lions,
ROUSSEAU's decadent suburban scions.

Only recently he caused a flutter
In scholastic dove-cotes by the butter
Ladled on the Classics for divinely
Saying things that still re-echo finely
And eclipse all modern imitations
(Even though he reads 'em in translations).

Still more notably has ARNOLD pandered,
In the columns of *The Evening Standard*,
To the cult of professorial learning
By his praises, generous and discerning.
Of three men whom rebels hate and
harry—

HADOW, "W. P." and HUBERT PARRY.

As these lucid intervals grow longer
And his *flair* for genius waxes stronger,
Watching all these phases and disguises
I become a prey to strange surmises.
Is he, once so cynical and cocksy,
Gravitating into orthodoxy—

Giving up, although the change may
bore us,

Monkey-tricks to join the angelic
chorus?

Can it be he harbours the ambition
For an academic recognition,
And would rather shine at the Encænïa
Than be sold and read all over Kenya?
Anyhow, I feel that nothing serious,
Nothing damaging or deleterious,
Can befall the State or undermine us
If he reads more HOMER and LONGINUS.

THE LINER'S LEXICON.

BY A DIFFIDENT TRAVELLER.

Aft.—Anything that isn't forrard.
Passengers new to the sea call it "back"
or "behind."

Band.—As on shore, a large part of
the duty of the band is to distract at-
tention from the food and thus prevent
criticism. At other times it assists the
dancers, but the tunes are the same.

Barber.—A glib fellow who, in the
intervals of selling knick-knacks and
dressing the hair of women, now and
then finds a hurried moment for shaving.

Baths.—Always few and mostly en-
gaged.

Belaying-pin.—Since this article is of
invaluable use during a mutiny, passen-
gers should, immediately on coming
aboard, find out where it is kept.

Belle.—There is one on every ship,
but the other men are there first.

Below.—See *Downstairs*.

Billiard-Room.—You will ask in vain
for this, even on the Pink Star Line.

Boat-Drill.—A ceremony which, being
devised for the safety of the passengers,
is avoided by most of them. See *Life-*
belt.

Boots.—You will know at the end of
the voyage who has been cleaning these.

Bridge.—The most popular antidote
to the monotony of the ocean. But for
this game the sea would be full of
suicides.

Bugle.—The call to food (See *Food*).
None the less, if music means the food
we need, play on.

Cabin.—A minute apartment, incon-
veniently arranged, which, even when
you have it to yourself, is a prison-cell
without the ordinary prison-cell's sta-
bility.

Cabin Companions.—Persons of im-
pregnable selfishness, disagreeable habits
and no consideration for others.

Captain.—An elusive and saturnine
figure who at meal-times is chatty with
peers.

Chief Engineer.—A reserved Scots-
man who is incapable of extracting from
the propeller as many revolutions as, if
the Captain were Chief Engineer, the
Captain could.

Chief Officer.—The man who runs the
ship.

Chief Steward.—The controller of the
dining-saloon, and, as such, a man to
have on your side.

Concert.—One at least of these enter-
tainments is given on each trip, when
the most unlikely people sing the most
likely songs. If no one else gets any
benefit out of them, the admirable Sea-
men's Charities do.

Crew.—A well-disciplined body of
otherwise useful and capable men who
are bound together in the delusion that
perfectly clean decks are dirty and in
the decision that no passenger shall
sleep after six A.M.

Divine Service.—Should there be no
clergyman on board, this ceremony
affords an opportunity of hearing the
Captain's voice and at last definitely
making sure that he is neither the
Purser nor the Chief Officer.

Doctor.—A confirmed bridge-player
whose potential patients on shore pre-
ferred to eat the diurnal apple.

Deck Chairs.—Reclining seats, more
or less comfortable, which could be set
up in favoured spots were it not that
other people had pre-empted them.

Deck Quoits.—A game which takes up
more room than those who don't play
it can spare.

Deck Steward.—The man who mis-
takes exposure for shelter.

Downstairs.—A word which is defi-
nitely shelved for "Below" only on the
last day of the voyage.

Field-Glasses.—Optical instruments
which enable their user to confute the
statement that that boat over there is
one of the Purple Funnel Line. Also
useful for the purpose of repudiation
when alleged whales are sighted.

Food.—This is notoriously better on
other lines.

Gentle Motion.—The Chief Officer's
term with which to describe a venom-
ous disturbance of the surface of the sea.

Gramophones.—These are carried and
played by the people in the next cabins.

Horizon.—The line in the far distance
which, as you sit in a deck-chair on a
rough day, goes up and down until you
can't endure it another second. It is
also of service as marking every after-
noon the final disappearance of the sun
and ushering in the watcher's reward.

Island.—Most voyagers have thought
wistfully of MARK TWAIN's heart-felt
wish, expressed to his millionaire host
on a yachting trip, who, as the humour-
ist was groaning in his cabin, asked him
if there was anything he could do for
him. "Yes," was the reply, "get me
a small island."

E. V. L.

(To be continued.)

POLLY.

(For the Very Young.)

Polly was a little girl,

Subject of GOOD QUEEN VICTORIA;
Polly wore her hair a-curl;

Would you like to hear a story, "a
Pretty tale," a thing that suits
Polly like Balmoral boots?

Polly wore a pork-pie hat;

Her papa was County Family;
Polly would in spite of that

Eat her tea at times too jamily.
"Little misses don't," said Nurse,
"Eat like little pigs and worse."

But the story? Wait a bit;

Here we go then very pleasingly;

Once upon a time when it
("It" 's the weather) fell most freez-
ingly

Polly whimpered down her nose
Just because her hip-bath froze.

But Mama said, "Dearest mine"

(Turning from her toilet-glass to Polly),

"Soldiers' nieces should not whine;
Think of Uncle at Sevastopol."

Polly thought of Uncle Joe

Growing whiskers in the snow,

Broke the ice and took her tub.

If the Captain came home scathless, I
("See the conquering"—rub-a-dub!)

Do not know; I hope so. Nathless I
Know that you will like this piece

All about a Guardsman's niece. P. R. C.



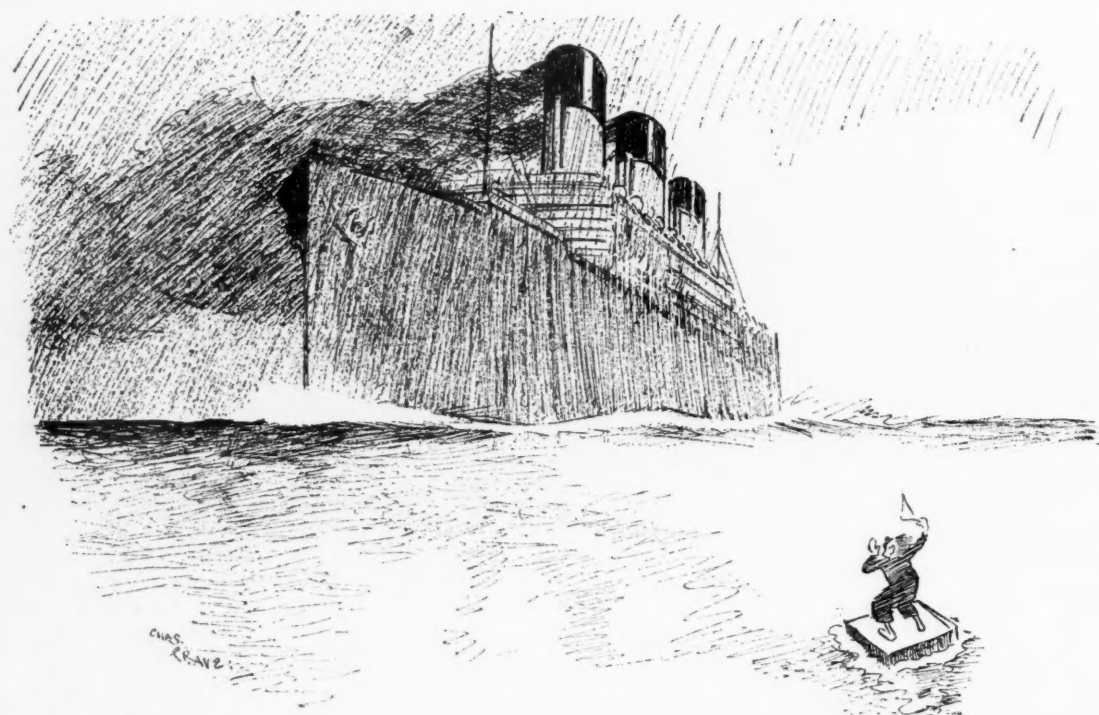
MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A.

"AUGUSTUS CÆSAR," so the poet said,*
 "Shall be regarded as a present god
 By Britain, made to kiss the Roman's rod."

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR long ago is dead,
 But still the good work 's being carried on:
 We lick the brushes of AUGUSTUS JOHN.

* Horace, *Odes*, III., 5.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—LXXXIX.



The Man on the Raft. "HO! ANY ROOM?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A FIGURE essentially aristocratic and aloof, gradually sucked halfway down the democratic maelstrom where it revolves like the unabsorbed and unabsorbable hero of EDGAR ALLAN POE's graphic legend—that is the impression left on my mind by the late Lord HALDANE's autobiography. Had its writer lived longer the book would have received revision and additions; but it does portray the life of thought, and of work based on thought, which *Richard Burdon Haldane* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) lived himself and which he believed a modern democracy might also be induced to live. It is natural for a statesman who has received two thousand six hundred abusive letters in a day, as the result of a popular Press campaign, to realise that his fellow-countrymen need either less education or more. And it was of a piece with Lord HALDANE's generosity to devote the close of his life to the latter ideal and to the Labour Party as standing for it. To my mind, however, the most harmonious period of his career was its professional stage. The youthful search for first principles, so Scotch in its inception, so Teutonic in its fulfilment, created a type of lawyer admirably fitted for the higher tribunals of justice; and the whole story of the progress to the Woolsack is as instructive as it is inspiring. Less inspiring but equally instructive is the political chronicle which so obviously preludes "the fading away of the Liberal Party," begun (and continued) at the top. The activities of "the greatest Secretary of State for War England has ever had"—the words are Lord HAIG's—have been more fully described elsewhere; but this modest account of the writer's private life goes far to complete our appreciation of his simplicity and greatness.

When the venerable Archbishop TEMPLE stumbled in making obeisance at the coronation of KING EDWARD, it was THOMAS RANDALL DAVIDSON, then Bishop of Winchester, who was at hand to help, the incident being typical of a career which Mr. SIDNEY DARK, in a brilliant piece of analysis, *Archbishop Davidson and the English Church* (ALLAN), presents as one of remarkable consistency throughout. Dear to QUEEN VICTORIA and serviceable to his three predecessors at Canterbury, he passed easily up the ladder of ecclesiastical preferment—Roffen, Winton, Cantuar—his action being dominated at each successive stage by the overwhelming necessity of holding together a national Church threatened by elements of disruption, and his policy to that end being based on the belief that religious conviction must develop diversities of type, and that a Church professedly national has, and should have, room for all. At times, as for instance when he speaks of a band of people standing in the rain outside the House of Commons, after the rejection of the Prayer Book revision measure, singing the doxology "out of tune," the writer indulges a kind of underlying resentment which is not altogether lacking in his attitude towards the subject of his memoir, eulogistic though his book is as a whole. One might not deny that "the great spiritual adventurers have generally ignored the facts," and to one of the author's temperament a persistent desire to find that middle way which facts dictated, to choose negotiation rather than battle, comprehension rather than sectarianism, is admittedly liable to be a source of annoyance; but none the less one might well endorse what appears to be his considered judgment, that in counsels of moderation the former Primate, despite apparent catastrophic failure at the close of his active career, has well served those causes to which his loyalty has been given.

Although in *He Who Fights* we find
Such enemies of the tranquil mind
As arson, murder, fraud and theft,
Lord GORELL's treatment is so deft,
So soothing, one might say, so rare,
That nobody need turn a hair.

So placidly these things intrude
On scenes of such beatitude,
One's almost tempted to resent
The arrival of the sleuth-hound gent,
A Frenchman, who turns up to solve
The knot round which the crimes revolve.

But all is well, for here again
The reader undergoes no strain;
The calm that ushers in the tale
(Which comes from MURRAY) does not
fail,
But carries blandly to the end
The gentlest thriller ever penned.

I take it as really kindly in Miss MARY PROCTOR to try to revive our interest in the moon, for, engrossed as most of us are in electrically-lighted urbanity, we are apt to pay very little attention to the once popular regent of the sky. Even her nautical devotees, I am told, are throwing her over for wireless. So if I find *Romance of the Moon* (HARPER) a trifle on the romantic side—that is to say, rather inclined to be picturesque in its choice and presentment of scientific facts—I remind myself that most of us are supposed to digest our science better so, and I bow to democratic requirements. One small personal disappointment I should like to express. I am sorry that Miss PROCTOR, who exhibits such an admirable talent for making hard things easy, has not given us a suitably peptonised account of the ultimate origin of tides. She certainly refers us to an authoritative book on the subject; and her own disquisitions on tidal activities, and such impressive tidal phenomena as "bores," leave nothing to be desired. She makes no bones whatever about the origin of the moon itself and its status a hundred-and-fifty million years hence, if we live (so to speak) to see it. Her lunar geography—checked by Sir WALTER GOOD-ACRE—gives a fascinating account of the "scarred corpse's" craters and cañons; and she goes into interesting side-issues, such as lunar weather forecasts, which, unlike the skipper of the schooner *Hesperus*, she treats in a spirit of reverence. Methods of communication with the moon are ardently canvassed; and not less ardent and quite as entertaining as the accounts of these experiments are the pronouncements of such authorities as Professor BICKERTON and the Abbé MOREUX as to their utter impracticability.

When asked to give a definition of History, VOLTAIRE replied with more than his customary cynicism: "History is a pack of lies which we tell about the dead." Since VOLTAIRE died, CLIO has stretched forth her hand to grasp the living as well as the dead. I tremble to think what the



Player (to Referee). "I'M NOT CRITICISIN' YER DECISION FOR A MOMENT; IN FACT I THINK YER OUGHT TO HAVE A LARGE JUICY CARROT FOR IT."

Sage, if he were alive to-day, would say on being presented with a "history" entitled, 1918-1928: *A Short History of the World* (GOLLANCZ). But I am confident that, if he could read Mr. C. DELISLE BURNS's able, well-written and amazingly lucid survey of all that has happened in the world since the War, VOLTAIRE would be the first to declare that his famous definition was not in the least true of Mr. DELISLE BURNS's history. As in many a neatly-turned phrase Mr. DELISLE BURNS reveals himself to be possessed of a quiet but none the less penetrating sense of humour, I could wish that he had not been quite so careful as he has been to refrain from any portrayal of the many personalities that have played, and

in some cases are still playing, a leading rôle upon the stage of world politics. What, for example, could be more revelatory and at the same time more destructive of illusions than his remark that LUDENDORFF, "since his comic connection with the Kapp rebellion in Berlin, had lived in Munich devising warlike plans with a complete political innocence"?

Profound as has been my distrust of professors of the dismal science and all their works, I should not have dared to assume, were it not for certain quotations in Mr. NORMAN ANGELL's *The Money Game* (DENT), that they would prove themselves so thoroughly to deserve it, especially that misguided man who evolved a formula for the explication of the Quantity Theory in an elementary text-book: $MV \propto pq$ ($Q \propto p_0 q_0$) P.T. (You do not, I take it, wish to know what these letters stand for? I thought not. Let us then pass on.) The author of *The Great Illusion* thinks it important that men and women, investors and voters and prattlers in clubs, should know something of money in action, and has invented an ingenious game to enable us and our juniors to acquire this knowledge in a less lugubrious manner than through text-books of the $MV \propto QPTpq$ type. The passionate resentment in the English breast against any game capable of conveying real instruction is no doubt the inventor's worst enemy. But I can testify to the intrinsic interest and relative intelligibility of the explanations given not only of the game but of the ideas, principles and operations on which it is based. And this testimony is valuable as coming from the complete idiot in these matters. It was indeed for such as me (and conceivably you, dear reader) that this wit-sharpening recreation was invented. I should add that the book contains the necessary cards and miniature bank-notes for play. Possibly a new era in education has dawned and the furniture of the school of the future is to be no more than a collection of packs of cards and card-tables.

A publican friend of mine of malapropian tendencies recently congratulated me on acquiring an orchard and wished me "a real bumptious crop." Using the same language, I may fairly describe *A Man of the Midlands* (CASSELL) as a "real bumptious" book. It is tremendously long and as satisfying in quality as it is in length. Mr. BRUCE BEDDOW has laid the scene of his story in a mining town in Good Victoria's golden days, when employers paid no compensation for injuries but gave of their generosity a free coffin if the accident should prove fatal. *George Rudd*, whose father was killed in a mine, is dedicated by his mother to the cause of the oppressed and unorganised miners, but, though his

devotion to the work is sincere, it is overborne by his love for a socially ambitious and worldly-minded girl. As *George* has a conscience the struggle is a terrible one, and finally, as a fitting end to a grim story, his love and his life-work are wrecked together. Mr. BEDDOW's style is equal to his theme, and would in fact be irreproachable if he did not allow himself to be obsessed by phrases—and by one in particular. In a realistic novel it was no doubt necessary to mention the hero's capacity for filling any seat he might happen to sit upon, but surely mention should have been enough. At the twentieth repetition it becomes tedious and absurd.

The day when the detective in sensational fiction could not make a mistake if he tried has long since passed. Year by year he has become more human, more prone to error. But as far as my experience goes it has remained for Mr. MICHAEL LEWIS to put his stories into the mouth of a detective and to allow him to relate his complete failure in the solution of mysterious crime. This *Detective-Inspector Field* has done in *The Three Amateurs* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and the confession of his failure to unravel the problem on which he was engaged is delightfully frank. Then, when he had almost made up his mind that the problem was insoluble, three amateurs (and one of them a dog) took the matter in hand and tracked down "one of the most consummate malefactors in the whole history of crime." This consummate person appears with distressing frequency in lurid fiction, but Mr. LEWIS's villain certainly works hard and ingeniously to deserve the epithet.

Half Devil, Half Tiger (MURRAY) would belie its name if it were lacking in ferocity, but Messrs. R. J. FLETCHER and ALEX McLACHLAN have told their story with humour and restraint until they come to their last big scene. In this

I am at loggerheads with them; it seems to me almost unbearably harrowing and horrible. Little Purghslame, as English a village as is imaginable, was invaded by some mysterious visitors from South America, who were accompanied by a bevy of Japanese. In pursuit of them followed the brother of one of this village's most exclusive inhabitants, and after his arrival Little Purghslame was completely aroused from its habitual slumber. For these queer people who had settled there were engaged in drug-smuggling, and as soon as they were conscious of being watched and suspected they counter-attacked with violence. Apart from the one scene I enjoyed this exceptionally well-written tale.

"BUILDING HELD UP BY THE WEATHER."

Headline in *Daily Paper*.

Probably frozen so stiff that it couldn't fall down.



IN LONDON NOW.

Policeman (to girl who has asked the way). "FOLLOW THE GAS EXPLOSION UNTIL YOU COME TO A BUILDING THAT'S JUST FALLEN DOWN, MISS. THEN IT'S THE SECOND WATER-MAIN BURST ON THE LEFT."

CHARIVARIA.

THE remains, now deposited in the British Museum, of a horse with claws, constitute a relic of the days when race-horses did their own scratching.

Although attempts to revive at Oxford the practice of Black Magic are reported, it is not anticipated that she will become the home of lost curses.

Severe weather has interfered with training for some sporting events, but it is anticipated that charwomen will be found well forward in condition when the time for spring-cleaning comes.

A North London woman is alleged to have chased her husband all over the house with a golf-club. It is not stated how many she went round in.

A Manchester engineer who sixteen years ago left for America has just written his first letter home to his sister. It is thought that he was curious to know if it was still raining there.

A gossip-writer says he cannot understand why snow falls on our south-west coast. But how else could it reach the ground?

Confidence is felt that discussions between the National Poultry Council and the Masters of Foxhounds Association as to the scale of compensation will result in an agreement which will enable foxes to carry out their depredations with easier consciences.

An interesting rumour current in Fleet Street is that a London evening paper is about to make a feature of a whole page for grown-up readers.

The suggestion is made that, if you cannot afford gifts, you should lend your sick friend something he has admired, so that he can look at it till he gets better. Your plus-fours, for instance.

In granting an hour's extension of licence for the Bedford undertakers' annual dinner, as stated in a news item, local magistrates would seem to have

recognised the occasion as specially one for the exclusion of the kill-joy spirit.

When DEMPSEY was shot at recently he side-stepped and the bullet missed him. His admirers maintain that it would take a very swift bullet to land on the ex-champion.

LORD CASTLEROSSE considers women inferior to men both in brains and

Still, the Celts are not to blame for the electric hare.

A Dublin man was arrested the other day for jumping through the plate-glass window of a shop. He probably thought it was a good idea at the time.

According to a daily paper the guillotine, although first set up in Scotland, was an Eastern invention. Scotland however still claims that the haggis was her own idea.

America has decided to deport alien bootleggers. Naturally they prefer to support home industries.

The Natural History Museum in Kensington has a number of whales for disposal. It is rumoured that some of his admirers intend to present one to Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS as the perfect Jonah.

It is stated that butter is used in place of money in parts of Central Europe. No doubt a good many counterfeiters have been caught uttering margarine.

A Trade Journal says the majority of motorists are superstitious. Quite a lot of them are said to refer to their thirteenth pedestrian as 12A.

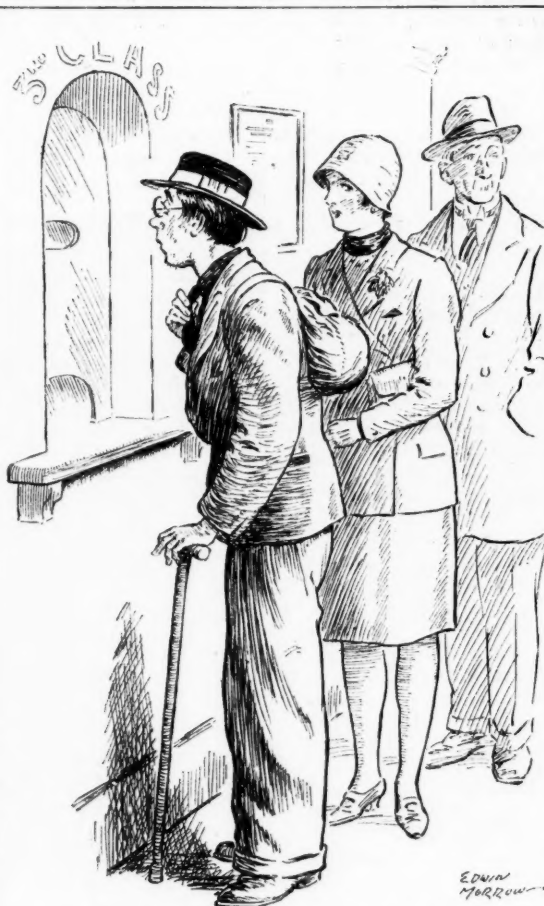
"Do plumbers ever hurry?" asks a Daily Paper. Yes, we saw one hustling last week when he was called from a job because the pipes in his own house had burst.

An Austrian chemist has succeeded in producing unbreakable glass. So one of the disabilities of those who live in conservatories will now be removed.

"The instalment system is universal," says a writer. Anyhow it's the only polite way to eat a banana.

Guests who feel that they ought to make themselves useful in houses where they are staying are advised to suggest taking the dog for a walk. In many houses dogs are kept specially for this purpose.

A Spanish woman has had five children at a birth. We understand that Dr. MARIE STOPES is going on as well as can be expected.



Lesser Poet (opening Spring offensive). "CAN YOU TELL ME THE NEAREST STATION ON YOUR LINE TO THE RATHE PRIMROSE?"

character. Yet there are women gossip-writers.

Sound-proof rooms are a feature of the newest type of flat. A long-felt want has been the song-proof bathroom.

It is claimed that a complete stranger cannot possibly get lost in the new Charing Cross Underground station. This is the sort of rash claim that puts complete strangers on their mettle.

Greyhounds, we are reminded, were brought to this country by the Celts.

AT A CHARITY DINNER.

SHOWING WHY I DONATED AS LITTLE AS I DID.

THE Chairman, in a terse and lucid speech which made no pretence of discharging what is vulgarly known as "hot air," had set forth the achievements of the Institution for which he was appealing and its claims upon our generosity. At the close of his remarks I said to myself, "This is a great Cause and merits my humble support. I shall do what I can for it—and rather more. There is no virtue in giving unless you give beyond your means."

In front of every guest lay a blank cheque, together with a letter addressed to the Chairman saying that he (the guest) was contributing the sum of — guineas (mere pounds, it appeared, would not be tolerated). Mentally I filled in my cheque, instructing my bankers to increase my overdraft to the extent of 20 guineas in favour of the Charity. I did not actually fill it in, because I thought it possible that, in the course of some subsequent speech, so poignant an appeal might be made to my emotions that I should be compelled to enlarge this amount.

Then followed an oration—its reader was obviously a plutocrat—which hinted that an extra cipher or two on his cheque ought not to cause anybody present any sensible inconvenience. This put me off. I said to myself, "If there is to be a competition between millionaires, my paltry gift will be but a drop in their ocean. A reduction of that drop by 10 guineas will make no appreciable difference." And (mental y again) I changed my figure from 20 to 10.

Meanwhile the speaker was becoming prolix, and my heart grew colder and colder. For every minute that he persisted I determined to reduce my donation by half-a-guinea. This arrangement brought it down to 5 guineas, though I raised it to 6 out of sheer gratitude for my relief when he resumed his seat.

The next speaker spoke without a typescript, and this pleased me so much that in a spasm of appreciation I credited the Charity with an additional guinea, adding yet another when he made a joke. But he too became prolix, and as the evening wore on he produced interminable statistics showing that there was nothing of its kind in the world that could begin to compare with the Institution in whose honour we had been eating and drinking. I said to myself: "If its claims need to be rubbed in like this it cannot be so worthy of my support as I imagined. On the other hand, if its records are as overwhelming as the speaker makes out, then at least one hundred thousand of the public, on reading his speech in the morning papers, will send donations averaging 2 guineas a head."

Greatly impressed by these two conflicting arguments, I reduced my own contribution to that figure.

And there it might have remained but for certain further influences, one favourable to the Cause, and two hostile. An impromptu speech, very brief and gay, put me in a good humour, and I said to myself, "This speech comes too late, and is anyhow too excellent, to be reported. I have therefore enjoyed an advantage over to-morrow's public who are going to subscribe an average of 2 guineas. I shall give 3."

Then came a tedious Vote of Thanks, stuffed with clichés, that reduced my heart to a state of petrification and my cheque back again to 2 guineas.

Finally, the Toast-master got on my nerves. I had come to loathe his unctuous announcements, "praying silence for Knights of the Most Distinguished Order of the British Empire" (Heavens!) And by the end the cumulative effect of his utterances was nearly fatal, as far as I was concerned, to the Charity which he was supposed to be serving by his ministrations.

You may say that his performance had nothing to do with

the merits of the Cause. I reply by asking what a Charity wants with a dinner at all unless its design is to appeal to the heart through the physical senses. And I say that the Toast-master helped to undo for me the good work of the turtle-soup and the champagne. I decided to give only £1.

But a reference to the printed form reminded me that the unit was a guinea, and that the plural was obligatory. So I was about to fill in my cheque for the minimum sum admissible—1½ guineas—when a friend at my side, who was too deaf to have heard the speakers, or even the Toast-master, consulted me. "What," he asked, speaking, as deaf people will, much louder than he knew—"what ought one to give? 20 guineas?"

If I was to make him hear, my reply, like his question, would have to be audible up to a range of ten yards. In the circumstances I had no alternative but to shout, "That's what I had thought of giving."

This was strictly true.

I then wrote out my cheque for 1½ guineas.

O. S.

THE SECRETARIAT CAT; OR, NATURE DISREGARDED.

THERE was a slinking ginger-coloured thing
I met with sometimes in the pristine cool
Of office mornings at eleven A.M.;
It seemed to be a cat, and, like a fool,
I wrote a note to Office asking them
Why we kept cats; and Office, answering,

Submitted pat (or, if it was not pat,
At least within a month or two) a file
Eight inches thick where Revenue and Law,
Finance and Works had spread themselves in style,
Down the long years contesting tooth and claw
The point "to keep or not to keep a cat."

Submitted too therewith a ten-page note
Digging and disinterring from this tome
Its salient features. . . . Till the daylight died
I fought that file while happier men went home
And awestruck clerks beheld me open-eyed;
But still I made no sense of what they wrote.

I called a peon and said, "Mohammed Ghouse,
Tell me as man to man, why *do* we keep
These felines in the Secretariat?"
And he replied, as deep that calls to deep,
"It is to combat the destructive rat
(That ate the records) and the elusive mouse."

"Then, Ghouse," I said, "my poor misguided Moor,
This fearful file with all its hoary kin,
But for our maniac efforts to extend
Their lifetimes, might in some dark record-bin
Have passed away, nay, made a useful end,
Nourishing rodents?" He replied, "Huzur!"

"O man!" I cried, "O futile, frantic man!
Will you not learn to let the Cosmos be
Nor trammel Nature with your clumsy chains?
For all your ills she hath a remedy,
Did you not go and put yourself to pains
To thwart her purpose and pervert her plan,

"As here, where Nature's wisdom was content
(As folly might have been) to let her rats
Practise their teeth on this recorded rot,
And *you* provide these file-preserving cats,
Lest some old proser should be well forgot,
Or office lack some perished precedent!"

H. B.



THE LAST BUS HOME.

AFGHANISTAN REALISES THAT THERE MAY BE SOMETHING AFTER ALL IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION—(See Cartoon of January 23).

[With Mr. Punch's sincere compliments to the R.A.F. on the completion of their brilliant work between Kabul and Peshawar.]



Burglar. "SORRY, GUV'NOR, I SHALL BE WANTIN' THAT PILLOW-SLIP FOR THIS STUFF."

DIET IN 1929.

It seems to be the invariable practice of those who are recovering from the fell scourge of influenza or desire to ward off its attacks to eat grit. The substance takes various forms, but nearly every family consumes with one or other of its daily meals a spade-(or shovel)-ful of marl, concrete, sawdust, fine gravel or sand.

The discovery of this new diet basis was providential in the extreme. An eminent doctor was watching an ostrich at the Zoo, and noticed the bird devouring several pieces of paving-stone and a couple of bricks. Interested, he returned the following day and found the ostrich looking, if anything, fitter than before. Immediately the idea struck him—

"What if vitamins lurk in the gritty part of farinaceous substances, banished by modern mechanical methods of food preparation from our daily fare?"

Analysing a gritty substance he found a vitamin lurking there, and his theory was confirmed.

Grit became instantly one of the most fashionable ingredients of the British breakfast menu. My friends the Wil-

kinsons emerge refreshed from the following imbroglio each morning:—

- Oranges.
- Rubble.
- Sour Milk.
- Wholemeal Bread.
- Koffum.

A word as to one or two of the other salient features of this *petit déjeuner*.

Sour milk was introduced many years ago from Bulgaria. An eminent traveller noticed that Bulgarians never died, and thought that there must be some reason for this, as visitors to Bulgaria were not nearly so fortunate. Analysing a Bulgarian, he found that he was entirely full of sour milk. This led him to suppose that the germ of sour milk is equivalent to the germ of perpetual life; and in many cases the hypothesis has been abundantly proved. More than one septuagenarian *viveur* has confessed that but for sour milk he would be no more than sixty or sixty-five years old to-day.

Koffum is a beverage practically equivalent in nourishing properties to coffee, except that, instead of containing the harmful ingredient of caffeine, present

in coffee, it contains nothing but the nutritious element of caffum, found only in koffum. The rubble mentioned in the second place on the menu may either be pressed gently into the oranges through a hole in the skin, sprinkled over the sour milk, dropped into the koffum, or eaten simply with a small trowel at the beginning or the end of the meal.

Now as to lunch. Something a little more substantial will be found necessary by the convalescent or would-be valetudinarian for the second banquet of the day, and he will be well advised to fall back on the strong combination of proteins and food-values favoured by my friends the Carruthers, viz.:—

- Bran.
- Liver.
- Rice Pudding.
- Orangeade.

Liver was not always esteemed by our ancestors as a food basis, but within the last year or two it appears that a well-known biologist noticed that the lion or panther, when enjoying antelope and gazelle, invariably ate the liver first. There must, he thought, be some

reason in Nature for this partiality. Analysing a liver, he found it to be full of ultra-violet rays and hypophosphates, which the lion or panther was obviously determined to secure at once and before he could be interrupted in his repast.

In ordering rice-pudding the reveller should see to it that the grain has not been polished or had the husk removed, being thereby robbed of its nutritive powers. A very simple experiment will prove the importance of this precautionary measure.

Take any Polynesian native and feed him for three weeks on polished rice. At the expiration of that period he will be extinct. Now take another Polynesian native and feed him for the same length of time on rice with the husk in it, and he will instantly survive. This may prove a little awkward to the experimenter, who will not know what to do with him, but he can always be got rid of if his diet is changed and he is fed on the polished grain.

At restaurants, if any suspicion is entertained that the rice has been de-husked before cooking, the chef and the head-waiter, and, where possible, a Polynesian native should be summoned in order that a protest may be made at once.

The dinner menu should not vary greatly from the mid-day meal, except that it may be a little more extended. A characteristic banquet served recently at a gathering of health-fiends, to which I was invited, comprised the following courses:—

Garlic.

Yeast.

Sand.

Tripe.

College Pudding.

Koffum.

Sparkling Lemonade.

On fast-days during Lent a lobster mousse would have been substituted for the fourth item on the list.

Garlic, well understood by our ancestors to be a sovereign remedy against were-wolves and vampires, has only recently come back into its own. Almost any kind of sand will do, or, failing sand, the fine red gravel used in the manufacture of hard tennis-courts. My friends used ordinary builders' sand. It was found a perfect preliminary to the succeeding strata of the meal. The virtues of tripe have long been a household word in Harley Street, and a well-known sexagenarian sex-novelist stated only the other day, "I owe my existence entirely to dressed tripe."



Diminutive Playgoer. "WOULD YOU MIND REMOVING YOUR EAR-RINGS, MADAM? THEY OBSTRUCT MY VIEW OF THE STAGE."

Yeast contains not only infra-red rays, but carbo-hydrates of potassium, and college-pudding is rich in many of the constituent amygdaloids found only in raisin-seeds and twigs.

No one need fear the advent of March winds who makes a practice of limiting his diet during this month to the simple tariff I have prescribed above. But the grit is most important of all. In nearly every case where a hale and rubicund man or woman is encountered in the

street they will be found upon analysis to contain chaff, wood fibre, wheat husks, seed-pods and marl. **EVOE.**

Where the Boy is Father to the Boy.

"Boy Wanted as Companion to own son age 7."—*Daily Paper.*

A Lingering Death.

"The painters of the original pictures were two artists named Vinck and Hendrix, both pupils of Leyz, and they were executed from 1865—67."—*Parish Magazine.*

TOPSY, M.P.

XXV.—DOES NEEDLEWORK.

WELL, Trix my distant delight I'm rather afraid that this will be about the last letter you'll have for a long time, not that you'll care, my dear from some of the *obstruse* things you say I believe you skip my profoundest passages, anyhow darling the twins are *definitely* in the offing though rather reluctant, my dear it's *too* protracted and wearing, because there's been some *gauche* miscalculation about the date and we've had a nurse in the house for a whole fortnight, my dear the expense not to mention the conversation, my dear the torture, because of course she's a pearl of a person, quite placid and fussless, and I know will be a complete angel once one's in bed, only my dear you know what they are in the small-talk department and the dear thing bubbles on about nothing but births and deaths and major operations, with all the details and complications, my dear *too* technical, and of course she has the most Belgravian connection, my dear she's ushered half the peerage onto the planet, so that what I don't know about the insides of the aristocracy and their habits in the home, my dear the first week we went through the whole list daily, till I felt too intimate with people I've never set eyes on, my dear I could tell you things about the Black Duchess's internal arrangements which she doesn't know herself, rather macabre darling well don't you agree?

Well that was the first week, and then my dear we began on hospital shop, my dear I know the names and hobbies of all the doctors and half the nurses, likewise my dear the frailest phantom of a scandal or two, and of course I've quite fallen for a magnetic doctor called Bobble or something who's Nurse's Apollo, does radiobiology and sounds irresistible, and meanwhile my dear I've learned masses of Latin and all these gruesome initials they have in hospitals, my dear B.I.D. is a Brought In Dead, and B.B.A. means Born Before Arrival, yes it sounds difficult my dear but it merely means that some careless infant arrives before the nurse does, though that as Haddock said might be better than a case of Born weeks after arrival, so my dear what with all this and period-

ical panics about the twins you'll understand that the *taut* little nerves are faintly on the frayed side, and of course we've quite got operations and things on the brain, my dear the other day Haddock was dreamily carving a chicken when suddenly he said, Will you have the femur darling or a bit off the tibia major, my dear too alarming.

Well my dear try to imagine the jading nature of everything, however we smile darkly through our tears darling, only I can't believe that this sort of thing is much of an encourage-

ous cases, however, the idea of the tragical other one with quite nothing to wear was too much for this tender heart, so here I sit needle-working, my dear the most laughable little socks and things about the size of egg-cosies, at least Nurse and Mum do most of it because knittery was never my strongest suit and I drop so many stitches and things that my pathetic garments look more like nets, of course one thing we've got against the twins is that they've rather brought Mum back into our lives, my dear you know I'm too filial, but of course she and poor Haddock are like the grater and the cheese, and my dear having just been made Vice-President of a Maternity Centre she thinks she's practically a doctor and is quite burgeoning with advice and theories, and my dear everything she says reminds Nurse of some grisly anecdote about a local anæsthetic or the Black Duchess's liver or something, and of course they both rather resent each other so they have the most protracted obstetrical battles over my suffering little body, my dear I could yell sometimes and the sole silence I have is to make Haddock read to me out of KEATS and DICKENS and WINSTON and people and sometimes one of those ecstatic little short leaders in *The Times*, because my dear I want the twins to be too literary, and of course whenever there's anything about the Tribe of Hicks I have it read over and over again because they must be born rebels in that department, only Mum is rather a Hicksophil because of the POPE, so she will interrupt with one of her clinical remarks and then Haddock looks beetles at her, and my dear the atmosphere



"I SAY, THIS PARROT YOU SOLD ME WON'T SAY A WORD UNTIL I'VE FED HIM WITH NUTS."
"O' COURSE. THAT'S THE POINT. 'E'S AN AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER."

ment to the twins, oh of course and that's another worry, my dear nobody but me believes that it is twins, not even the doctor, well he's too nebulous and my dear most people seem to think I'm being amusing about it, my dear too likely, and anyhow I never can understand why twins should be funny, my dear I think it's the most economical and disarming arrangement, however knowing I'm right I've been perfectly firm and we're madly organising two of everything, because that is the practical point after all, but my dear they actually wanted to wait and see, because it seems that's the done thing in dubi-

is too unsuitable.

Well darling I don't know if all this gives you any kind of a picture of your little blossom's tribulations, but if so have a quiet little cry for me, won't you, of course as I've told Haddock if the twins survive this they'll be quite supermen, well there's no more news I think, I see the House is still feebly functioning without me, my dear the bizarre thing is that I find myself rather itching to be back in it, my dear it's like a drug, however of course I'm still totally suspended, though I expect after the twins I shall be re-admitted and everything, because that's just the kind of



Husband (to wife, who has just entered in the latest hat). "GOOD HEAVENS, DARLING! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? A MOTOR ACCIDENT?"

sweet but rather sloppy thing they do do, however meanwhile I get one of my bosoms there to put down my daily Question to the man Hicks, my dear I've just done a dazzling one about gas-ovens, my dear it's to ask him whether his attention has been called to the number of people who commit suicide by putting their heads in gas-ovens, whether it is not the case that more people perish from gas-ovens than from alcohol, and if he will take steps for the prohibition of gas-ovens or anyhow have licences for them and rows of astringent regulations, Oh and of course I've forgotten to tell you about my divine Society, my dear I did tell you once that there are 261 Societies all beavering away for Prohibition and suchlike rancid atrocities, and somebody's sent me a sort of catalogue of them which has marked fun-value, my dear they have the most mawkish and protracted names, my dear there's the United Kingdom Alliance for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic by the Will of the People, well there's a sweet little nickname for you, then there's the United Order of the Total Abstemious Sons of the Phoenix, and the Wigan Parent Total Abstinence Society, and the World Prohibition Federation, oh and herds

more only I'm too tired now darling, well of course in this world anybody may be right, but my dear the question does arise, can anybody who can solemnly give themselves names like that be right about anything, and of course it's too easy to laugh but with all you flappers getting the vote quite anything may happen, anyhow the point is that I'm founding the most magical Society called Topsy's Own, only of course it has a superb long name as well, since that's the done thing, my dear it's Topsy's Own Society for the Propagation of the Sense of Humour and Proportion and for the Increase of Innocent Pleasure and Joy among the People, and my dear you shall be a Vice-President, O dear I'm shattered and weary and I suppose you think I'm a wee bit hysterical, well maybe I am, but if you'd heard what Nurse has just told Mum about what happened to Connie Fitlow so would you be darling, no more now, pray for me, your rather terrified little Topsy.

A. P. H.

Post-mortem Insurance.

"Absolute security in the event of any kind of fatal accident."

Insurance Advertisement in Daily Paper.

Just fill up the form on page 12 and state ultimate destination.

Rural Amenities.

"Lady (25-35) required to assist with house-keeping; country, near bath."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Cures which do not Convince.

"Two tablespoonfuls of paraffin oil added to the footpath will relieve and refresh aching feet."—Local Paper.

"ALEXANDRIA'S WATER."

MEASURES TO MINIMISE POPULATION."

Headlines in Egyptian Paper.

There's nothing like popollution for doing this.

"A special parade of 'Court Fashions' will be held at the Savoy Hotel early in April for the benefit of English and 5000 tons of tin per annum in the American Society Girls who are to be debutantes this summer."

Local Paper.

We understand that, by permission of Mr. Ford, many American parents are christening their girls "Lizzie."

The Woolworth Way.

The towers of Ilium were accounted high,
But WOOLWORTH taught the world to scrape the sky;
And, though New York has reared yet taller tops,
His was the face that launched a thousand shops.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty."

SHAKESPEARE.

"WHITHER Northward, lonely one,
Ere thy fellows flying,
Leaving warmth and Southern sun,
Winds that may a swallow daunt,
Winds of March defying?

Here are sunny skies to haunt,
Sunny temple ledges;
Over there in England, now,
Bare the furrow, bare the bough,
Leafless yet the hedges;
There, till April wake the Spring,
What shall be thy welcoming?"

"Though the rest behind me stay—
Timorous hearts!—I care not;
Though the March wind daunts and
chills,

Me a bolder purpose fills;
I to England wing my way,
Early as the daffodils,
When with winds of March they
play—

Who has said I dare not?"

BELLOCKING.

(I thank thee, *WELLS*, for teaching me
that word.)

My eyes, which were bent on the ground as I laboured up the long slope, observed that here the grass was bespeckled with all manner of flowers, of several colours, red and blue and white. For I am a man of observation, which is indeed my trade. Further, even the littlest of things in a man's own country are known and loved of him. In this place I saw the bird's-foot trefoil, but of the provenance of that name I know nothing. But my forbears knew. I saw also the white clover, which is loved of sheep, albeit it is small and of no presence. For this reason is this flower esteemed by the Men of the Downs. Now these men are good men.

Of the other flowers which I saw in this place I indeed saw many. But to tell you their names, or of their order or genera, whether umbels or hymenopterous, I will say no word. For this is the jargon of Scientists, and it is barbarous. Also I do not know.

But as I went forward I took pleasure in that which I saw. And the savour of the day and the strong peace of England, for this was Sussex, entered into my mind and warmed my heart.

There stood under the crown of the hill an ancient and deserted pinfold. The gates were long since vanished, and the fold was filled with rank wild parsley which grew to a height of some three feet. Or perchance it may have been 3-86911435 feet, more or less. A curse upon the exact sciences! And

this trick I took from one RABELAIS, a strong priest whom you have not read. And a Blessing upon you!

Though ruined, I say, and deserted indeed, the walls of this pinfold were strong and enduring, for they were built in the crafty manner of the country, one stone being set upon the other. This is the true method of building, which also our ancestors knew. But the townsmen and the moneylenders and those who have been educated at colleges know nothing of all this. But I know, for indeed I know much. And two men also know, who live in Paphlagonia (where you have never been), a little upon the right as you go in. Or perhaps towards the middle somewhat. And this is the end of this digression.

Immediately I had passed this ruin my soul was filled with an intolerable melancholy, as is my custom. And I saw here a type of the feebleness of Man. I thought also of that Roman who said, "*Jam seges est ubi Troia fuit*," for Latin is also to me a tongue.

But of my melancholy and of my weariness and of my desire for beer (for all things are triune) I said no word to my companion. For indeed he was intent on other matters, and I could see him mighty busy upon the slopes below me. But the rabbits vanished before him even as did the Silver Stag from before Sir Martinbras in the *Harra-gramitica*, which you have not read. And indeed it is in vile and choppy Dog-Latin, and moreover of inordinate length.

When I saw this, that my companion's hunting was vain, I smote upon the ground with my staff and cried, "*La vie est vaine*." This is French, a subtle tongue.

And when I had made an end of all this and called my dog to me, and this time he came, for he was tired, I thought me of a certain tag which I had by me. Now this tag I stole from a certain Lapp in Abyssinia and had carried about with me for many years. And this is the manner of poets, for I am a poet, that they steal all kinds of fusty tags and phrases, yea, and ideas, from their fellows. And these they sow, as it were, in the dark soil of pocket-books or on the backs of bills, whereof they have great store. And presently the tag begins to put forth and to swell and to bud and to fructify, and lo! the poet is inspired with a deathless sonnet or a jolly little lyric or a dainty whatnot. And men praise the poem and women admire the poet; but it is only a little tag after all. Now the poet knows this, and his publisher, but they say nothing. And now indeed have I told you, and much good may it do you. And this digression is also at an end.

I thought, I say, as I went over the hill, that the life of Man is like that of a dog. For Man is ever hunting with eager mouth after some vain shadow or another, and neither can he learn to achieve his quarry nor yet to refrain from the pursuit. And I thought of all that other men have said, of VOLTAIRE and the *Dies Ira* and DAVID and of EZRA POUND, for I am well-read.

I thought also of my own Works, how that they too will come to an end and be forgotten and be as nothing. Though this is hard to believe.

And with all this my melancholy began mightily to increase, so that I started to compose a poem. And as I walked I fashioned with the aid of my tag the last verse of a Ballade. For it is the custom and rule of all poets, of whom I am one, to write the last verse first. For in this way it is easier.

But while I cast about for the other verses I heard a clock strike six, and perceived it to be near the hour for the Opening of Inns. Hastily noting, therefore, the lines I had already composed, and having by these means effected a sort of *catharsis* (for Greek also is within my province) of my mood, I looked kindly down at the little town which now lay below me. Being at length fully satisfied with myself, I proceeded down the hill towards the tram-terminus and the busy haunts of men.

God bless you all! I have done.

DAN'S EPITAPH.

Dan, he's dead, as I used to know
In the ol' *Thermopylae* years ago;
Nobody 'll trouble to fix no stones
Nor plant no plants over ol' Dan's bones,
Nor print no cards with a black edge
round,

Nor shove wax flowers atop of 'is mound;
But I reckon there's chaps both near
an' far,

In Charley Brown's or the Paragon Bar,
From London River to Hobson's Bay,
As 'll set their drinks down a minute
an' say:—

"Wot, ol' Dan dead as I used to know
In the *Thermopylae* long ago
(Or the *Star o' Greece*, or the *Heir o' Linne*,

Or some other o' them as Dan was in)?"
'E was a decent shipmate too,
Darned good shipmate 's ever I knew;
'E earned 'is whack an' 'e earned it
straight,

'E stood 'is trick an' 'e pulled 'is weight;
An' I don't think ever I seen the man
Could make long splices the like o' Dan."

Well, I 'ope they 'll say when I come
to die

As much for me as for Dan, say I!

C. F. S.



Lady (unaccustomed to the telephone, ringing up about grocer's bill). "ESTABLISHED ONE-EIGHT-EIGHT-FOUR, PLEASE."

CLOSING HOURS: A FABLE.

ONCE there was a Particularly Upright Politician who diligently enforced Wise Regulations that kept the Liberties of the People within Decent Bounds, but he received very few Bouquets for this, although his Efforts were simply and solely for the People's own Good.

One day, when he was walking on a Mountain in Switzerland, he became embedded up to the neck in a very cold Snow-Drift and, as the Night came on, every Part of him became Numbed except his Unconquerable Soul.

Just as the Clock of a far-off Monastery

was striking Eleven a St. Bernard Dog came to him and said, "Courage, Politician! Round my Neck is slung a little Keg of Cognac, and, if you will but help yourself to a Double, your Plight will appear less Desperate."

To which the Politician replied, "Is it not a Fact that the Virtuous Man will never fall below the Standard of Righteousness he demands of his Fellow Men?"

"Yes," agreed the St. Bernard Dog, though more properly he should have said, "The Answer is in the Affirmative."

"Very well, then," continued the Politician; "the Clock having struck

Eleven it would be manifestly unbecoming for Me of all Persons to be supplied with Alcohol on a Public Mountain: and therefore, Dog, unless (a) you hold an Extension of Hours, or (b) you can give me a Sandwich to which the Supply of Intoxicating Liquor might be considered as Ancillary, I must be true to my Principles and Perish."

MORAL: If we are sustained by Right Ideas neither Dora nor Death has any Sting.

Homicide While You Wait.

"Elderly Person would do for invalid wife, in working man's home; small wage, abstainer."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XVI.—MUZZLE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

I REGRET to say that we definitely suspect our Private Muzzle of doing these things on purpose, just in order to get his name in the papers. There was first the parrot, and then the mongoose, and finally there was this lamb.

The only paper Muzzle will get his name into if he isn't very careful is the "Roll of Men Confined to Barracks."

The evidence of Private Muzzle himself, in an attempt to disclaim responsibility, was that the lamb must have followed him home because he had a nice kind face; but we have heard that one before, and not even Lieutenant James, who is both soft-hearted and short-sighted, believes it any longer. The evidence of Private Muzzle's friends stated that he bought it the previous Thursday from a local farmer and, stranger still, paid for it; but all this is very doubtful on two counts, because who would buy a lamb when he reflects that in time it will grow up into a sheep? and what soldier would be in a position to pay for anything on a Thursday, the day before pay-parade? The evidence of Private Muzzle's enemies, on the other hand, is highly conflicting, and is only consistent in an obvious desire to get Muzzle into trouble for either sheep-stealing, lamb-abduction, insubordination, obscene language, or anything that offers. Finally, there is no shred of evidence whatever to prove that Muzzle stole it; so, knowing our man, we are inclined to believe that that is the correct solution.

The lamb only paid us a brief visit; and it would have been even briefer if we could have discovered to whom it really belonged, either in or outside the barracks. But no one in the battalion would confess even to knowing what the animal was, while outside three farmers all claimed it blasphemously and simultaneously, which prevented the Adjutant from issuing an order to the R.S.M. to have the animal quietly deleted from the nominal roll. For to damage the property of even one farmer residing in the neighbourhood of a barracks is an expensive game; to do it to three at once would be prohibitive of all future financial stability.

Besides, the troops all loved the lamb very much. Not, thank Heaven, because our lads are the kind of soldiers who love lambs very much, but because the creature had, immediately after its first appearance and no doubt by way of stabilising its position, taken a major part in an important football-match. This of course does not usually endear lambs to soldiery. Instead of stabilising their position it generally results in their moving faster than ever before. But in this case the animal had materialised with a playful rush behind our oppon-

refused beer that night from Muzzle's own glass. This fact by the way led to a wordy argument between Muzzle and Pullthrough, the latter being subsequently at great pains to point out that what he had meant was that Muzzle might catch foot-and-mouth disease from the lamb, and not the other way round.

The attitude of the officers, however, towards the unauthorised lamb underwent a sharp change the following day, when he repeated his playful surprise attack, but this time upon Sergeant-Major Magazine just before a solemn parade.

Now there are many things you can do to a hostile goal-keeper and get away with it which you cannot possibly do to a sergeant-major. Chief of these is butting him when he is looking the other way, however tempting—and, in a sergeant-major's case, however easy—the target may be. After a spirited chase by all round and round the barrack square, during which Sergeant-Major Magazine took particular trouble always to face the lamb wherever it was, the creature was caught and impounded in the guard-room.

An impromptu Board then sat upon it—figuratively, of course, for the well-nourished Major Saddleflap was President—to consider its fate. The Board at length decided that, if the Adjutant had not discovered within four days which of the three claimant farmers was the real owner, the lamb would have to be suppressed by armed force. Of the Adjutant's part in the affair, therefore, I must tell you next



"THE RESULT HAD BEEN THE WINNING GOAL."

ents' goal-keeper and butted him in his reserve company when he was all lined up to expect a totally different attack from his front. The result had been the winning goal; and the lamb was at once made an honorary football-fan for our battalion. Incidentally there was nearly a free fight in the garrison that night because our late opponents went about in pubs and places where they grouse calling us, with much nasty insinuation, the First Loyal Animal Trainers.

Among the officers the incident was treated as amusing but unusual; among the men the lamb was looked upon almost as an emissary of Providence. He was deemed to be the most perfect lamb that ever existed, except that he

week. It made him very unpopular for some while; in contradistinction to Major Saddleflap, who was loudly cheered by the troops that night for his decision to give the lamb four days' grace. The innocent Swordfrog said it was really rather wonderful how all soldiers loved all animals; but reference to a sports calendar tells us that there is another important football-match in two days' time. Indeed, glancing surreptitiously into the guard-room compound next morning, we saw the Sergeant-of-the-guard trying hard to teach the lamb some trick or other—apparently to do with two goal-posts and a dummy wearing the football colours of our new opponents.

A. A.

"BLOWING FROM THE URALS."

Blowing from the Urals, so they say,
The vile East wind comes up this way,
The air is bitter, the earth is grey,
Dark-blue the nose;
And banks are broken, and safes are
robbed,
And beautiful girls with light hair
(bobbed)
Are missing, and referees are mobbed
When an East wind blows.

Bitter and strange the garden trees;
Solicitors ask for extra fees,
And the milk of kindness turns to
cheese
With an Easterly wind:
And it was on a day like this
That our first father, then in bliss,
Failing to give the fruit a miss,
Partook and sinned.

Spirits of darkness walk about
And persons hitherto devout
Experience religious doubt;
Rubber goes down,
And cats wail on the garden wall,

And income-tax collectors call
And leave their messages in the hall,
Stamped with the crown.

There is no joy nor any mirth,
But only sorrow over the earth;
Dresses by PAQUIN and by WORTH
Lose their appeal:
On days like these, across the foam
The wild stark Norsemen used to roam:
They must have had poor fun at home
Is how I feel.

For, crouching over the wood-log fire,
Robbed of all joy and all desire,
Still the vexed Saxon feels with ire
The window-draught;
Anon he walks into the street
Yellow and writhed, and vultures fleet
Pounce on his liver—that's their meat—
Both fore and aft.

Blowing from the Urals, so they say,
The vile East wind comes up this way;
Anyone else may have the day
When this occurs.
Not all the wool of Persian lambs
Taken from their confounded dams
Can save my soul, nor all the drams,
Nor all the furs.

Long marriages end in divorce
When East winds blow, and every
horse

Lets down the punter on the course,
And stockings tear.
Blowing from the Urals, so they say,
The vile East wind comes up this way,
And the world will end upon a day
Bitter as this and dark and grey—
But who will care? Evoe.

Commercial Cynicism.

"COSY EASY CHAIRS.
Actual value, 5/6. Sale Price, 24/11.
Thousands of similar bargains."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Good Farm Mare, 10 years, quiet in all
gears."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand that the Clydesdale
coupé will be very popular in agri-
cultural circles this spring.

"It was offic ally announced shortly before
one o'clock to-day that the draw for the Water-
loo Cup and banquet have been basket of
flowers, and dancing was kept February, owing
to the continuance of frost."—*Local Paper.*
Dog-roses, no doubt.

**REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.**

Wife. "DO LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE, DARLING. IT'S SO DULL FOR YOU, AND I'VE REALLY GOT PLENTY OF HATS AT HOME."

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

To visit a new country for the first time is great fun; but it is even greater fun to introduce somebody else to a country that you know. To play the courier, to be the runner of personally-conducted tours, satisfies some deep-seated craving in the human soul. It makes you feel proud and powerful and protective—a superior being who has Been There Before.

It was this instinct, no doubt, which made us decide that it was time to take Timothy to his first theatre. Or no, let us do ourselves justice. It is the fashion nowadays for young parents to run themselves down, to attribute the basest and most selfish of motives to all their own actions towards their children. Our parents used to say to us, "We are strict with you, my dear, because we love you so much. It is all for your own good and happiness"; whereas we say to our children, audibly or otherwise, "We gave birth to you solely out of self-interest, that we might have a fuller experience of life. We give you toys to play with simply because it amuses us to watch you." Probably the truth about parents lies midway between these two fashionable hypocrisies. Probably a genuine desire to give Timothy pleasure was the main motive for our theatre expedition. But there is no doubt that the courier complex played its part.

Anyway, we went. Not to *Peter Pan*, because to start off with the best is to court disappointment for ever after; not, in fact, to any play, because Timothy is only four-and-a-half, and we did not think he could concentrate for long enough; not to a pantomime either, because I myself have such bitter memories of topical grown-up jokes which I didn't understand and of interminable grown-up love-scenes. Variety, that was the thing. We decided at last on the Panaceum.

"There's going to be a real live clown," we assured Timothy as the taxi drove up to the brilliant lights of the doorway. His eyes grew round with anticipation. He clutched Audrey's sleeve while I was taking the tickets and pointed to one of the ravishingly blonde young page-girls in fantastic uniforms for which the Panaceum is renowned.

"Look! There's the clown, Mummy..."

"No, no," said Audrey hastily, and hurried him past the haughty blonde. "The clown'll be inside, on the stage."

We were in our seats a good ten minutes too early, thanks to Audrey's mania for punctuality. But Timothy was quite happy staring at all the different features of the theatre, from orchestra to programme-sellers. Also he discovered that his seat tipped up with a strong spring.

"It's more tippy-uppier than a taxi-

a feminine trick-cyclist, who rode round and round the stage on a turquoise-blue bicycle. At first she was fully dressed in a fur coat, a lace frock, shoes, stockings, hat and gloves; but as she rode (and all the time the bicycle was swaying, bucking, waltzing and cutting the most surprising capers) she took off her clothes one by one and flung them into the wings with superb nonchalance, until there she was in her pink tights, sailing round with one foot on the saddle and one on the handle-bars.

Timothy was entranced. He clapped furiously and shouted "Good! Good!" as though he had a lifetime of trick-cyclists behind him with which to compare her.

The next turn was a soprano in a white-and-silver evening dress. She sang a drawing-room ballad, of which not a single word was distinguishable. Timothy, with a child's merciless sense of humour, laughed uproariously when she took her last piercing top note.

"Darling, hush," said Audrey. "This lady isn't meant to be funny."

"But, Mummy, she squeaked."

She sang another song and yet another.

"But, Daddy, when is she going to begin?"

"Begin what?"

"Taking all her clothes off, like the other lady."

We did our best to drown him with desperate but insincere applause.

Next came a ventriloquist, dressed in schoolmaster's cap and gown, with his doll "Tommy" in knickerbockers and a red jersey.

After about five minutes I noticed that Timothy was looking rather puzzled.

"It's all right," I whispered. "He isn't real, you know—only made of wood."

Timothy's brow cleared, and after that he laughed and clapped wholeheartedly. Intelligent of him, I thought proudly, to understand so quickly. But when the curtain fell he turned to me again.

"And was the little boy made of wood, too, Daddy?"

At last "No. 4" flashed into sight on the indicator.

"Now you'll see the clown," said Audrey, and we leant back in our seats to enjoy him—Garibaldi, the world-famous Italian clown, with his bald



Enormously Rich Person (reading newspaper). "HERE'S A SOLICITOR DECAMPED WITH SEVENTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

His Wife (bored). "I'M NOT INTERESTED IN SMALL CHANGE. ISN'T THERE ANY NEWS?"

seat," he said joyfully, and proceeded to make twenty or thirty rapid demonstrations of its extreme tippy-uppiness.

At last the lights went down and the curtain went up. The orchestra played an overture while some coloured advertisements of next week's attractions were thrown on to a screen. Then the curtain went down and the lights went up.

"But it's all finished," wailed Timothy in dismay, "and I never saw any clowns!"

"It hasn't begun yet," I assured him in my best courier's manner. And the next minute the curtain was really up and the first turn was in full swing—



"Husband" (playing "shopping"). "I'M TIRED OF THIS GAME. LET'S CHANGE IT, AND I'LL BE DADDY COMING HOME FROM THE CLUB."

head, his sallow face, his ill-fitting black suit and his miniature piano. Audrey and I are Garibaldi fans. We have seen him fourteen times. We have even called our dog after him, the highest compliment we could think of. So we straight-way forgot everything except our own enjoyment of him. A turn of the finger, what a wealth of subtlety it contained! A flick of the eyebrow, what volumes it spoke! He scarcely moved at all, and never swiftly, yet with what exquisite impudence he made us believe in his agility!

We clapped till our hands ached.

"But, Mummy," said Timothy patiently, "when's the clown coming?"

It was then—for the first time, I think—that I realised what it means to be grown up. When you have deserted the obvious for the subtle; when you cease to laugh at exaggeration and begin to see the humour of understatement; when you wash the paint and the flour off your clown's face and dress him in shabby black—then you are a grown-up at last.

I was too much of a coward to explain. I denied my hero and told a lie. I said that the clown must have fallen ill, and

that the silly man in black had been put on to fill his place.

"And what did you like best?" Audrey asked him when we went in to say good-night to him in bed.

"The tippy-uppy seats," he murmured sleepily.

DETECTION MADE EASY.

["One of the characteristics of the police," we read, "is a something which can only be described as charm."]

My Robert, no matter what others may say,

I am not a critic who passes
Censorious comment concerning the way
You cope with the criminal classes,
But I venture to think you could lessen
the harm

That is wrought by the evil trans-
gressor

If only you'd cultivate further the charm
Of which you're the lucky possessor.

Although you can fascinate people like
me,

At present you don't cast a spell on
(To any especially striking degree)
Your natural foe-man, the felon;

For your famous allure he refuses to fall
And, bent on nefarious dealings,
Continues, supposing he feels it at all,
Successfully hiding his feelings.

But, my friend, this reproach you could
speedily lift

If you made it your daily endeavour
To foster the force of your natural gift
And grow more magnetic than ever;
You won't have to search after foot-
print and clue

Wherewith to convict the offender
When, just for the joy of communing
with you,
He'll simply come up and surrender.

Shadows of the Election.

"But a vote given to the Liberals was a vote
wasted, because in no sense could I dmrvhm-
rwlm womrdm womrdw mbo there be a
Liberal Government. (Hear, hear.)"

Report of speech in West-Country Paper.
This seems to be pretty convincing.

The Martyrdom of Fashion.

"The skirts to be worn by day are short.
Some are kilted broadly and stitched to the
knees."—Daily Paper.

But there are still a good many people
who would prefer them bolted to the
ankles.



Peter (paying early-morning visit to long-suffering guest). "UNCLE JOHN, WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE MORNING WHEN YOU FEEL TOO WELL?"

A FURORE OF FACTS:

THE ladies had left the dinner-table, and under the influence of a second glass of my host's excellent port the troubles of the day and the birds I had missed were rapidly becoming nothing but a mellow memory.

I found myself sitting between Willoughby, the Member for Pudlow, and the Bishop of Dillborough.

Willoughby opened fire at once in a manner usually reserved for his most truculent hecklers.

"The abuse of the English language," he said, "is even more marked among the so-called educated classes than among the lower orders. Only this afternoon, on my way back from the last drive, I heard Robinson talking to one of the keepers about a covey of pheasants."

"A covey of pheasants!" I said. "How appalling! He should of course have said a—"

"Exactly," said Willoughby. "He should have referred to a *nye* of pheasants. A *covey* of partridges or grouse would have been correct. Just as one speaks of a *fall* of woodcock, a *spring* of

teal, a *gaggle* of geese, a *wisp* of snipe or a *badling* of ducks."

"Precisely," I said. "Or a *worseling* of ducklings."

"And so of animals domestic or wild," continued Willoughby. "A *pride* of lions, a *skulk* of foxes or a *sounder* of swine."

"What," interposed the Bishop, "do you think of our chances in the General Election? Personally I am inclined to the—ah—opinion that considerably more hinges on land policy than we realise at present."

"I quite agree," I replied. "I speak as a farmer. I own a *sounder* of swine, at least one of my pigs is *holocaust* than the other. I also have a *holocaust* of hens, and my wife half a *pandemonium* of parrots. The other half lost its life after an encounter with the cat, which had just had a *concatenation* of kittens."

The Bishop, who was very deaf, did not reply. I therefore addressed him on a louder note.

"I agree with you, Sir," I said, "that much interest may be expected to attach to the Land Question at the General Election."

"There is indeed much to be said both for and against vivisection," he replied.

"Not vivisection," I howled; "the GENERAL ELECTION! Do you think that the new Prayer Book will be made an election issue?"

As I spoke I could hear Willoughby muttering, "A *sord* or *sute* of mallard, a *singular* of boars, a *bevy* of quail and a *congregation* of plovers."

"I sincerely hope not," replied the Bishop. "The opinions of most of our devout congregations are strongly against such a course."

"The voice of the plover is heard in the land," I murmured devoutly.

"Very true," said the Bishop. "The whole question will no doubt be referred to the next Lambeth Conference. A most wonderful—ah—gathering."

"It might almost," I said, "be described as a *psalter* of Bishops."

As we left to join the ladies Willoughby was still muttering, "A *mur-muration* of starlings, a *sege* of herons and a *building* of rooks."

As we drove home my wife asked me what I thought of the party.

"A geyser of bores," I replied.



AT THE IDEAL HOME OFFICE.

JOHN BULL. "I SEE YOU'VE STILL GOT THE SAME OLD DORA."

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS. "OH, NO! POOR DORA'S DEAD. THIS IS HER LITTLE SISTER."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, I COULD HAVE SWORN— HOWEVER, I MUST TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 25th.—Lord WINTERTON found himself quite unable to inform Mr. JOHNSTON if "such a man as Mr. JOSHI" would be eligible for the Commission which, under the Chairmanship of Mr. J. H. WHITLEY, is to inquire into certain aspects of Indian labour. The House, which had never heard of Mr. JOSHI, threw expectant glances towards the Hon. Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, but Colonel JOSHI WEDGWOOD was not, it appeared, the gentleman referred to.

The House concluded the Committee stage of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill, the burden and heat of defence being sustained by the LORD ADVOCATE and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR SCOTLAND, the honours of attack being pretty widely distributed. When the House adjourned it was still "comin' through the rye," or, to be more exact, Mr. RYE was still coming through with his attack on the Derby Corporation Bill.

Tuesday, February 26th.—Lord HAILSHAM's speech, moving the second reading of the Local Government Bill, gave something more than a summary of the measure. It was a masterly exposition of the Bill, and dealt with all its substantial aspects, but was not overloaded with a confusing elaboration of detail. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN was an interested listener in the Commons' Gallery.

Lord PARMOOR opposed, but not very effectively. Lord PARMOOR has only one speech, which he has delivered at greater length and more often than any living (or dead) politician. Replete with presuppositions and insinuations which almost invariably turn out to be mares'-nests and embodying a minimum of hard facts, it is an admirable speech in which to suggest that there is dirty work at the international cross-roads, but it will not arouse any enthusiasm against the Local Government Bill. That task must be shouldered by some other noble lord, presumably by Lord RUSSELL, who as a London County Councillor of old standing should know the local government game backwards. He, however, probably finds in the Bill more to praise than to blame.

No second voice was raised in opposition on this occasion, but Lord DYNE-

VOR and Lord JOICEY both made it clear that there is to be some cogent criticism from the Conservative and Liberal benches.

"In lone Glenartney's thicket lies couched the lordly stag," but it will not lie there much longer if Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR has his way. He has fell designs both on the thicket and the stag, but the answers he got from the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND did not suggest that he can rely on much assistance, either in artificially spreading bracken disease or in decimating (for the benefit of the afflicted agriculturist) the antlered herd.

I was sorry that Mr. WILL THORNE was not in his place to-day to ask the question standing in his name about the unclean state of the Palace of Westminster's windows and who, if anybody,

Unionists are a pretty sealy lot whose loyalty has to be bought by money contributed by the British taxpayer. They are, at any rate, quite able to hold their own in controversy, and I doubt if Mr. D. D. REID would have taken up the cudgels (or whatever it is they take up in County Down—cobble stones, if I remember rightly) so dispassionately if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had not already dealt with Mr. SNOWDEN so shrewdly.

Mr. CHURCHILL twitted Mr. SNOWDEN with giving the House little but "venom served up cold," and admitted that the Measure to which the Resolution belonged was brought in now in order that the Right Hon. Member for Colne Valley should not be able, if he came back to power in May, to give Ulster the swift and malicious kick he longed to administer and would administer without any consideration for the working-class population of that area.

But a still unkindlier cut awaited Mr. SNOWDEN. The Clydesiders, with Mr. WHEATLEY as their spokesman-in-chief, told Mr. SNOWDEN that they had no use for his Amendment. They were concerned with the welfare of the working-classes wherever they might be and not with Mr. SNOWDEN's private feuds, and they wanted to see the Ulster working-man get all the unemployment benefit that he could.

Needless to say, practical as well as high-minded considerations lie behind the Clydeside attitude, since lower unemployment benefits in Ulster would mean an influx of unwanted Irish shipyard workers to the Clyde.

After a resumed debate, in which retorts courteous and other, and charges of self-interest, mostly other, were freely bandied, the L.C.C. Traffic Bill received its Second Reading.

Wednesday, February 27th.—The Lords gave the Local Government Bill a second reading. Lord BEAUCHAMP led the criticism, but admitted that "it would be idle for the most determined opponent of the Government to declare that there was not a considerable amount of good in the Bill." His chief objection was that the Bill merely transferred the Poor Law from one set of bodies to another, instead of breaking it up altogether; and he thought the Bill penalised the small shopkeeper and needlessly benefited landowners.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN FINDS HIS OFFENSIVE CHECKED BY MR. CHURCHILL IN FRONT AND BY MR. WHEATLEY FROM BEHIND.

has the job of cleaning them. There are those who suggest that "More Light!" would be a good motto for those who frequent the Palace, forgetting that the House of Commons has already chosen "*Electricitas illuminatio mea*." As for the windows, they are probably uncleanable by ordinary methods.

The Money Resolution for the appropriation with which the Treasury makes it possible for Northern Ireland to give unemployment insurance benefits equal to those obtaining in this country was introduced by Mr. SAMUEL. Mr. SNOWDEN moved that words be added to the effect that the money should be repaid.

There is no real social warmth in Mr. SNOWDEN's chilly bosom. He is a Liberal still, and, like most Liberals, he is convinced that the only good Ulsterman is a dead Ulsterman. He did not exactly say that, but he managed to make it clear that in his view the Irish

The speech of the afternoon came from Lord DAWSON OF PENN, whose theme was the parts of the Bill which empower certain local authorities to establish general hospitals. What did local authorities know about general hospitals? he asked, and urged that the great voluntary hospitals should be made the nucleus of a nation-wide scheme for the provision of hospitals for all classes.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON managed in the Commons to assure Colonel WEDGWOOD that the Dutch newspaper "revelations" of a new secret military treaty between France and Belgium, with Britain as a benevolent "listener-in," were complete moonshine. He was less lucid in explaining why the German airship, *Graf Zeppelin*, had been refused permission to visit Egypt. Presumably it is feared that it might be Wafded out of its proper course.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN was overwhelmed with regret that Sussex by the sea has no protected harbour to which the new cruiser, H.M.S. *Sussex*, might repair to be given the "once over" by the patriotic denizens of those bleat-resounding highlands. However, if there were any little gifts of flowers or mess plate knocking about it *might* be possible for the vessel to lie in open anchorage, provided a fine day could be selected long enough for the presentation to take place.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER explained the arrangement he had come to with the Finance Minister of the Irish Free State with regard to the redemption of the British silver coins that have been replaced by a commemorative series issued by the Free State Treasury, on which every native Irish animal except Mr. DE VALERA is artistically represented.

At the close of Question-time Mr. THURLE rose amid cheers of mingled encouragement and derision to ask leave to introduce his "Clean Politics Bill." The object, he tactfully explained, was to compel the Conservative and Liberal Parties, the *fontes et origines* of whose Party funds are enveloped in devious mystery and whose methods of distributing rewards to the faithful are still the subject of deep proletarian suspicion, to assume the same methods of transparent publicity as are adopted by his own high-minded Party.

The black sheep below the Gangway and across the floor "baa'd" contemptuously, and Mr. THURLE's colleagues made fleecy noises of lamb-like innocence and tried to look as if they had never heard how trade unions collect their political levies. Graciously the House gave Mr. THURLE leave to introduce his Bill in the sure and certain

knowledge that no more will ever be heard of it—not even in Shoreditch.

Thursday, February 28th.—The Conservatism of the CECILS is known to



THE COMPLACENT HOUSE-CLEANER.
MR. THURLE.

express itself at times in terms of revolt, but Lord SALISBURY has always been considered the one member of the brilliant trio of noble brothers who could be relied upon to move in sedate and ordered ways. It was with some-



"THIS WAS THE MOST UNKINDEST
CUT OF ALL."

(The Army Estimates have been reduced by about half-a-million.)

SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

thing akin to horror that his fellow peers watched him metaphorically running out into the street in his potticoat and screaming.

The occasion was Lord ELIBANK'S Life Peers Bill, a distinctly belated attempt to sprinkle the Upper Chamber with a few life peers. Various peers objected that this was merely scratching the surface of Lords' Reform. Lord SALISBURY said the Government had no interest one way or the other. Speaking personally—well, speaking personally, Lord SALISBURY found that people had precious little respect for the House of Lords nowadays, still less for the House of Commons, and none at all for representative government. The House of Commons was to blame. They had a chance to set up a strong Second Chamber in 1927 and would not take it. To-day the noble lord conveyed the impression that in his view almost anything might happen.

Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS always commands the respectful attention of the House and repays it with lucidity and as much brevity as the important subject, the Army Estimates, permits. It is indeed a matter of such general agreement that the little British army cannot under existing conditions grow any littler that no fault can be found, even on the ground of expense, with the efforts it is making to enable itself to go, if called upon, a d—d long way at a much higher rate of speed than heretofore. The mechanization of the military machine proved the Minister's main theme, but he also found time to explain—anticipating the Labour Amendment—that, while since 1925 our effective military expenditure has decreased by more than ten per cent, the much larger comparable expenditures of the United States, France and Russia, all show a heavy increase, as also do the expenditures of Italy, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Japan.

The Labour Amendment amounted in effect to a declaration that the Government had not been sufficiently zealous in pursuit of international disarmament. It wrung from the Financial Secretary to the War Office the declaration—not altogether flattering to our thin red line of six-wheeled lorries—that, if the British army were cut down by half to-morrow, nobody would take any notice.

Candidates who are Irresistible.

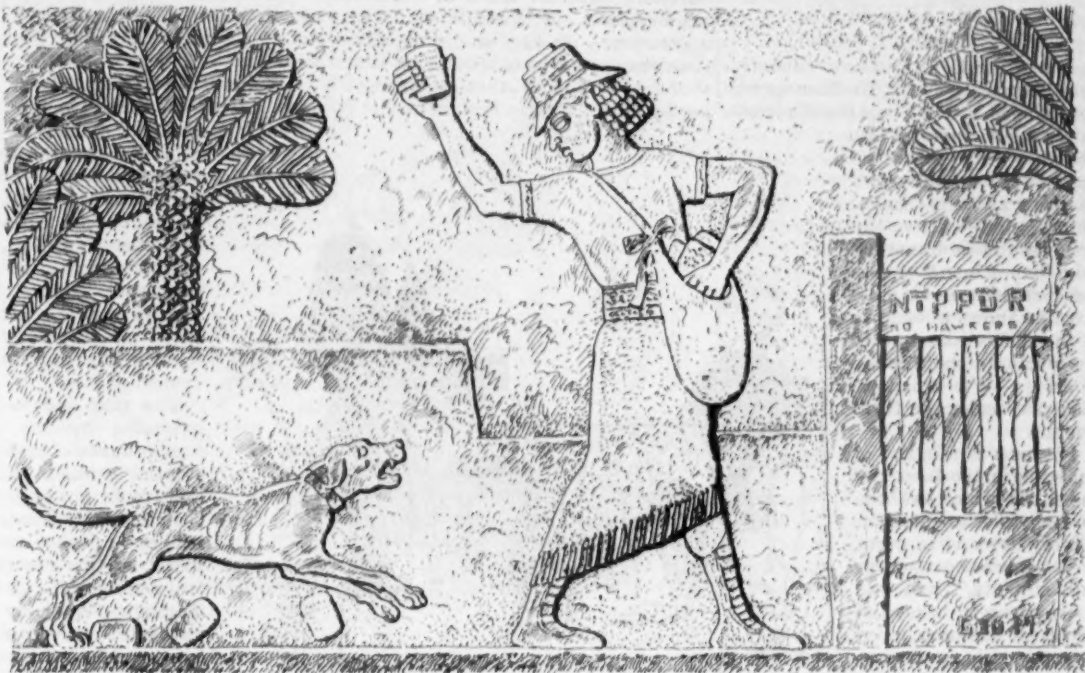
"Q. Previous appointment, if any, whether in Government or private service."

"A. Having much taste in military line, I recently joined Army and Navy Stores."—Answer by candidate for appointment in police force in India.

"That's why I called him my 'very parfait gentle knight'—fm Spenser," she added, "because we wr both so fond o Spenser."

Daily Paper.

Evidently neither o them cared much f CHAUCER.



OWING TO THE CUSTOM OF WRITING ON BRICKS, THE ASSYRIAN LETTER-CARRIER HAD AN ADVANTAGE NOT ENJOYED BY THE MODERN POSTMAN.

THE LINER'S LEXICON.

By A DIFFIDENT TRAVELLER.
(Concluded.)

Library.—A series of bookcases containing all the novels you have read—except one which is never returned.

Life Jackets.—An unsightly article of emergency clothing which, should you be projected into the sea, will keep you afloat long enough to ensure your death from a chill. In every cabin is a picture of the way to put these jackets on. The gentleman who poses for these photographs is, owing to the highly specialised character of the industry, one of the most liberally paid of all public officials.

Marline-spike.—See *Belaying-pin*.

Mile.—A distance measured on the decks for the benefit of passengers who must, by Jove! keep fit. On land, should they be dominated by the same passion, they gratify it in silence; but at sea they walk only at the top of their voices.

Mill-pond.—A small sheet of water on the outskirts of low-lying English villages with which the ocean on a calm day is invariably compared.

Partner.—The so-called ally who at all ship's games prevents you from winning.

Passengers.—Fellow-voyagers who say, "Good-morning." "It's not so rough to-day," "Isn't that a whale?"

"The Pink Star is a much more comfortable line than this," and "Are you going across?"

Porpoises.—Large and frolicsome fish whose gambols are always completed a few seconds before you can reach the side.

Purser.—An official who, like the Chief Steward, it is well to have on your side. Everything that is not done by the Chief Officer and the Chief Steward is done by him. No one else can break the Company's rule against cashing cheques.

Sea.—The untrustworthy element which buoys ships up, and which between embarkation and disembarkation there is no real need even to glance at.

Sea-Sickness.—A degrading malady from which many very common people are exempt.

Second Class.—A part of the ship reserved for inferior creatures who, when seen beyond their barrier, are often found to be behaving uncomfortably like ourselves.

Steamer Acquaintances.—Passengers who have been admitted to a certain degree of intimacy, but whom there is no reason to continue to know, or more than barely acknowledge, on dry land.

Steward.—No sooner does the ship leave port than your steward becomes your father and mother. See to it that you are not an orphan.

Stewardess.—Ditto.

Sweep.—The smoking-room lottery on the day's run. An estimate of the probable number of knots is furnished by the Captain, whose chosen figure is made the centre of ten, or possibly twenty, surrounding numbers. Above the top of this group all numbers are bunched together as "High-field." Below the bottom of the group all numbers are bunched together as "Low-field." Should there be an accident or a fog, Low-field wins. There is no smoking-room on any liner in which there is not a man who once, out of mere caprice, bought the Low-field and won it owing to the fact that one of the crew—either a stoker maddened by heat or some poor devil of a Lascar, don't you know—went overboard, and the ship was delayed in the process of saving his life. "We saved him, thank Heaven, but it took three-quarters of an hour, and just put me right. I forget exactly what it came to, but something round about two-hundred-and-fifty pounds."

Tobacco.—A pungent aromatic leaf which, smoked in the presence of those who are sea-sick, makes them more than ever wish they had never been born.

Upstairs.—A word that is definitely relinquished in favour of "on deck" only on the last day of the voyage.

Wireless News.—A printed or typed sheet which tells more about Chicago gunmen than Parliament. E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RUMOUR" (COURT).

WHEN Mr. C. K. MUNRO's brilliantly-mottled satiric comedy, *The Rumour*, was first played by the Stage Society it was fairly easily crammed into the time which passes between dusk and midnight. Now, by an heroic feat of compression—a distasteful business to this dramatist, who (happy man!) always has more ideas in his mind than he knows what to do with and has little sense of the function of the "frame" in design—it is remade to play just under the three hours.

It runs a certain risk of suffering in the favour of the public (which has been so long told to murmur, "Every day and in every way we become stupider and stupider," and has really begun to believe it) because it has been hailed by enthusiasts as effective anti-war propaganda. Well, it is that, no doubt, and that's no bad thing in the circumstances. But it is also admirable entertainment. Mr. MUNRO has

a mischievous and sardonic sense of humour and a selectively sensitised film of a brain that records and reproduces the absurdities, pomposities, easy sentimentalities, bluffs and humbug of his fellows in high place or low, especially of the kind of fellows whose ideas he most dislikes. This tends to diminish the force of his otherwise sound argument by giving an exaggerated impression of bias; but it certainly frees him from the dullness which the seriousness of his convictions might otherwise induce. He does not like Generals, Cabinet Ministers, Old Etonians, demagogues, clergymen and hard-faced men of business; you perceive that readily enough from his text.

The rumour was casually started in the flat of one of those vulgar acquisitive men talking with two others of the breed—their two deplorable wives lending bored attention to matters too deep or dull for them—and it was to the effect that Loria, badly beaten by Przimian a generation ago, was now meditating *revanche*. There are pickings to be made from the fall and rise of shares, from munition contracts and, if ever such a deplorable disaster as war *should* occur, from many other kinds of profitable contracts, wanglements and entanglements. And the rumour grows. Suspicions are

shrewdly sown in Loria of Przimian machinations, in Przimian of Lorian aggression. An English girl no better than she should be is killed by a stray shot fired at random into a Lorian meeting by ultra-patriotic Przimians. It is

quaintance with the facts! England and France must in honour interfere, and on the side of Przimian, where the money is.

A Volunteer Regiment, "Lena Jackson's Own," is raised in the City.

Przimian, which in spite of British generalship and owing to Loria's lack of munitions is victorious, is intent on bleeding her enemy white. The plenipotentiaries of England and France half-heartedly mitigate the severity of the terms and re-draw the map with a cynical pen.

The play ends with a balancing by the three business men of their substantial gains in control and future power against their temporary losses; the reading in the evening paper, by that one of the two commercial travellers (throughout the play they have acted as a chorus) who lent his son to the war he was always babbling about but didn't begin to understand, that he had not lent but "given" him; and, at the last, with vapid chatter by a parson, who

has come to watch the disembarkation of the returning troops, about our gallant boys and the prospect of getting a not too fly-blown bun to his tea in Dockland.

The perceptive reader may glean from this bald summary that here is a bitter wholesome tonic for slackened minds, and that he is not likely to be bored.

The Rumour is, of course, a play in which the players individually are swamped by their theme and the swift hurrying action of the piece.

Mr. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE alone has a "fat" part as the excitable intriguing *La Rubia*, the Przimian Prime Minister; but that does not mean to say that the acting was not on the whole sound enough.

As for the stage management, which is an important factor in the success of a piece of so many scenes, it was beyond praise; indeed only a man of the theatre can appreciate how good it was; and the scenes, attractively simple and significant in themselves, were most cleverly designed to make the swift changes possible.

Everybody really should see this play, especially those who can laugh at grim jokes and don't mind being flicked on the raw for their soul's good. T.



THE P.M. AND THE TALKIES.
(DEPUTATION OF BUSINESS MEN.)

Prime Minister MR. RUPERT HARVEY (sub).
Sir Robert Mortimer MR. STANLEY LATHBURY.

represented in England that the noble girl had been brutally murdered by the Lorians, and the Prime Minister cannot afford to believe the evidence of an eye-witness to the contrary. The man must be over-wrought by too near ac-



A TRUCULENT PACIFIST.

La Rubia . . . MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE.

"MAFRO, DARLING!" (QUEEN'S).

Mafo, was a dancer; *Mafo* was a card; *Mafo*, breaking with his mistress and dancing-partner, who wanted her name in letters the same size as his upon the bills, or some such iniquity, came to *Lady Susan's* house—and what a jolly house it was, invented by Mr. JAMES WHALE, whose work improves with every production entrusted to him; and what a lovely middle-distance and skyline he has contrived!

To *Lady Susan*, who I should imagine does not go very deep in her knowledge of Art nor in her perception of the ways of artists, he is "*Mafo, darling*," much to the scandal of that plain, blunt, tongue-tied man, *General Todhunter*, and of *Lady Susan's* sister, *Lady Barbara*, though why *Lady Barbara* should have been scandalised I don't know. If in this year of grace an *artiste*, who happens also to be a great artist, cannot go to a lady's bedroom to read poems or what-not without being compelled to marry her, then I have misread my age. Surely it is quite crashingly Victorian in the worst sense to think that a bedroom is never entered by my gallant sex without passionate intent. Even His Majesty's Judges of the Admiralty and Probate have got beyond that, and they don't exactly *sprint* after modernity.

Mafo had many endearing qualities, but was pre-eminently the Ultimate Egotist—of an egotism so frank and shameless as to amount to genius. He would come into your bedroom, if you happened to be a lady, to show you his going-away hat and cloak with the cardinal-red lining, and when seriously annoyed he would break anything about him that was breakable. He had indeed recently broken nearly all the furniture and all the ornaments in his suite at the Savoy in the course of a difference of opinion with his *chère amie*, and here in *Lady Susan's* house he promptly knocks off the head of a priceless little china figurine which the not too affluent *Todhunter* has just diffidently bought for *Lady Susan*—*Todhunter*, who, however gallant in war, was a terribly dumb laggard in love.

Mafo, darling then was very happy in this beautiful Surrey retreat, talking about himself and (occasionally forgetting himself) about his art; and talking well—but, unfortunately, Mr. MILTON, just a little inaudibly. And the last thing *Mafo, darling* wanted was to marry *Lady Susan* or anybody else. An artist should marry Art, which can be neglected now and then without penalty and which, anyway, is well able to take care of itself.

Naturally *Todhunter* and Co. decided

that he was just a foreign adventurer "after" *Lady Susan's* money, though it was in every paper's gossip column and everybody's mouth that he received



Mafo (Mr. ERNEST MILTON) to *Beppo* (Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS). "LET'S GO, BEPPO: THERE'S MORE HAPPENING 'OFF.'"

four hundred pounds a night for his performances. But *Mafo* was also a romantic, and when *Lady Susan's* solicitor, after just two too many glasses of her port, blurted out that she



A STOLID PROPOSER AND A SLOW SECONDER.

Lady Susan . . . MISS DOROTHY DIX.
Geoffrey Todhunter . MR. ROBERT HORTON.

had lost most of her fortune, the bottom having recently dropped out of Moravian oils, he got into what he imagined was the conventional British suiting for weddings, and bounded into

Lady Susan's bedroom before breakfast to propose immediate marriage. *Lady Susan* must have had misgivings even before she saw *Mafo, darling* in his wedding garments; now, when the full splendour of him dawned upon her, she could only gently refuse his magnanimous offer.

Meanwhile by happy coincidence words of reconciliation had been telephoned from *Mafo, darling's* other darling from the wrecked Savoy; and there was yet another telephone message indicating that the bottom had been pushed back into Moravians, so that *Lady Susan* was no longer a pauper, and the dancer was able to take with relief the way of escape.

There is excellent material for comedy here, and, if enjoyment of the part written by Mrs. ERNEST MILTON for her husband a little blinded her to the requirements of balance, that perhaps is a venial fault in the circumstances.

There were happy flashes of delicately-feminine wit and characteristically-amusing touches, such as the standing order given by *Mafo* to the animal shop to deliver one Siamese cat every morning to his dancing-partner instead of the more commonplace daily flowers, fruit and chocolates.

Mr. MILTON visibly enjoyed and lavishly and intelligently decorated his part. Miss DOROTHY DIX and Miss DOROTHY GREEN, as the charming sisters, *Lady Susan* and *Lady Barbara*, had little to do, but did it excellently. So did Miss GILLIAN LIND as a lovelorn secretary with an affected disinclination for baby-snatching. Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS as *Beppo, Mafo's* passionately voluble secretary, had a jolly little part and played it extremely well. T.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE TWO ERICHS.

WHATEVER their nationality, all films have a bond of likeness: the story is the same. Whether the actors are English or American, French or Italian, German or Spanish, Hungarian or Austrian, there must be a handsome man as hero, a beautiful girl whom he loves, and the course of true love must be chequered until the last reel, and then be smoothed out so that the end is a clinging embrace and the audience leave in ecstasy. In *The Wedding March*, where the hero and his beloved are Austrian, there is a departure from this rule in that the final curtains unite on a badly-assorted couple leaving the church that has sealed their doom; which is against true movie routine; but there is, I understand, a very good reason for this break with tradition, and that is that *The Wedding March*

is only Part I. of the complete romance, and Part II., to be called *The Honeymoon*, will carry it on and see Cupid justified. This should be good news to my fellow film-fans, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, who, you will remember, as recorded by my colleague, "EVOE," in last week's *Punch*, escaped from their frozen flat to be warmed by Part I.

Although *The Wedding March* is a story of Vienna just before the War, with the actual appearance in it of the venerable HAPSBURG who was known to all caption-writers on the Press as "Aged Emperor," it was all made in California; and this gives it a separate interest, for you would swear you were in the Austrian capital. But no, that is not the true St. Stephen's, but a



HIS £500,000 FILM.

Nicki (Mr. ERICH VON STROHEIM, producer and leading actor), to his Mother (Miss MAUDE GEORGE). "I WISH I'D PAID ANOTHER TEN CENTS FOR THAT CIGAR."

Hollywood structure of lath and plaster; these are not Viennese who throng the streets for the Corpus Christi procession, but Hollywood supers; while the apple-blossoms which play so prominent a part in poor pretty Mitzi's life did not really burst forth in that profusion in an orchard on the bank of the Danube, but were manufactured in their thousands out of waxed paper and fixed to equally artificial boughs. I must confess to having entertained a little suspicion of these, but I accepted St. Stephen's and its magnificent ceremonial like the gullible cinema simpleton that I rejoice to be.

My only other doubt was whether Mitzi, considering the recklessly brutal character of her butcher lover, would have been quite so frank, in all that publicity, in her admiration of the hero on his horse. But some unlikely things have to be!

The story, as I have said, is the

usual story, for there is but one; but at present we are only at the beginning of it. Thus far Nicki, the hero—or



SUPPRESSED JEALOUSY.

Schani (Mr. MATHEW BETZ). "I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO SEE THIS OBVIOUS FLIRTATION, SO I THINK I'LL EAT A SAUSAGE."

Mitzi . . . MISS FAY WRAY.

Nicki . . . MR. ERICH VON STROHEIM.

rather central figure, for he is what is called a naughty boy—although the lover of Mitzi under the apple-blossoms,



A SMART REGIMENT.
RISING BY NUMBERS.

has surrendered to the *mariage de convenance* arranged for him by his mischievous and cigar-puffing mamma. It

will, I imagine, be the business of *The Honeymoon* to get convention back.

Never have I seen better photography or a finer sense of the salient moments. Although made in America, *The Wedding March* is Austrian in essence, for its inventor and producer and the impersonator of Nicki, who is a *beau laid*, at once charming and repellent, is ERICH VON STROHEIM, while certain of his leading associates are compatriots.

From Austrian to sister territory. Having seen ERICH VON STROHEIM's *Wedding March* we pass to ERICH POMMER's *Hungarian Rhapsody*, made for the Ufa Company on the spot: an enchanting film, also at the Marble Arch Pavilion.



Hungarian Wench (in harvest dance). "WE ARE OUT OF STEP."

Hungarian Swain. "IT'S THESE CINEMA ORCHESTRAS; THEY DON'T SYNCHRONISE."

Here again is the same story, except that the fascinating Lieutenant (who, like Nicki, is an impoverished nobleman and is played very ingratiatingly by WILLY FRITSCH), after some deplorable defection from duty to Marika (DITA PARLO), his true love (I suppose this is to be the new fashion in heroes), finds that her heart is big enough to forgive him, and they end in a state of agricultural double blessedness, he (having for ever flung away his uniform) reaping the punctual rye, which had been on hand all through the film, and she binding it into sheaves.

If I seem to be making fun of the background of husbandry I must set myself right, for nothing could be more attractive, and this return at the end to the harvest-fields in which the romance begins, with its haunting folksong of the soil as a *leit motif*, is a skilful touch. Apart from the strain



Nurse. "WHY DO YOU WANT TO GO TO THE STABLE?"

Small Boy. "'CAUSE DAD SAID THE HORSES WERE EATING THEIR HEADS OFF, AND I WANT TO SEE HOW THEY DO IT."

which the hero by his lapses puts upon our sympathy (but LIL DAGOVER as the vamp is so lovely that we are forced into a rather awkward position) the film is without a stain on its character; while the constant accompaniment of some of the most melodious Hungarian airs gives it a second claim to patronage; and I shall certainly go again. The steps of the dancers and the musical accompaniment are not always on the best of terms; but I, for one, can overlook that. F. F.

Railway Humour.

"Ordinary freight rates will be charged, fitted with automatic vacuum brakes worked from the engine."—*Daily Paper.*

Sad Plight of Croatian Society.

"More Parties Suppressed in Croatia."
Newspaper Placard.

Obviously no place for either bottles or pyjamas.

"BRISTOL'S LITTLE THEATRE."

Thursday Next: 'GHOSTS,'
By Henrik Gibson."

Bristol Paper.

It seems to be time that Bristol's little theatre grew up.

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS.

[Our Talks on Music have had to be interrupted owing to the indisposition of our Musical Talker to talk. This week's Talk will therefore deal with certain aspects of Poetry.]

POETRY AND PARLIAMENT.

"Picture to yourselves," said the PRIME MINISTER in a charming speech at the annual dinner of the Worcestershire Association—"picture to yourselves the House of Commons on one of those rare occasions when tempers are rising and when observations which had better not be reported are flashing across from one side of the House to another. . . . In those moments it is that the lines of the poet, which I have quoted so often before in connection with our county, come back to our mind:—

'In valleys of spring, of rivers
By Oney and Teme and Clun,
The country of quiet livers,
The quietest under the sun.'

"The contemplation of that takes one far away from the turmoil in which one is, and enables one to pass through the fire unscathed."

Well, no man of goodwill, I am sure, will begrudge Mr. BALDWIN whatever

relief he can find from the distasteful tumult of political life. There are those who would say that, at a moment when feeling is running high in the Imperial Legislature, the PRIME MINISTER ought not to sit upon the Treasury Bench muttering to himself bucolic snatches of verse. But for myself I like the picture. I like to think of some passionate Clydesider shouting "Liar!" across the floor while the PREMIER whispers to his secret heart:—

"The country of quiet livers,
The quietest under the sun."

Not for the first time Mr. BALDWIN has stood up for literature and shown that there is a practical side to poetry. On behalf of the bucolic bards I thank him. But the question arises—ought he to keep this comfort to himself? If secret recitation can take all sting for him out of a Parliamentary "scene," might not a little public reading from the Treasury Bench placate the whole House? I look forward to seeing passages in *Hansard* like the following:—

Mr. Marton. Is the Right Honourable Gentleman aware that my constituents are starving?

Mr. Kirkwood. Murderer!

The Prime Minister—

"Surely in toil or fray,
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
Of no mean city am I!"

[Ministerial cheers.]

Mr. Kirkwood. Capitalist scum!

An Hon. Member. Resign!

The Prime Minister. I think that Honourable Members will take a different view of the situation if they repeat after me the beautiful poem which begins:—

"I will arise and go now and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there of clay and
wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for
the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade."

An Hon. Member. Bunk!

Mr. Maxton. Mr. SPEAKER, is it in order for the PRIME MINISTER to insult the workers by flinging emigration in their faces?

The Speaker—

"Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed—
Go, bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need."

An Hon. Member. Hear, hear!

Mr. Maxton. Thank you, Sir. But may I ask the PRIME MINISTER whether the Government intend to ratify the Draft Report of the International Commission on the Remuneration of Fishermen or not?

*[Opposition cheers.]**The Prime Minister—*

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I
steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Un verse, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot
all conceal."

[Ministerialist cheers.]

Mr. Maxton (deeply moved). I am perfectly satisfied with that answer.

An Hon. Member. What about Dora?

The Home Secretary—

"So, while their bodies moulder here,
Their souls with God Himself shall
dwell,
But always recollect, my dear,
That wicked people go to Hell."

Mr. Kirkwood. Arising out of that reply, does the Right Honourable Gentleman suggest—

Hon. Members. Order, order!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—

"Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never
known,
The weariness, the fever and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other
groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey
hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,
and dies;

Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous
eyes
Or new Love pine at her beyond to-mor-
row."

[Opposition cheers.]

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. In response to the Right Honourable Gentleman's moving remarks, may I say at once that my heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains my sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk. My friends behind me wish to withdraw any hasty observations they may have made, and we are so much impressed by the aptness and deep feeling of the quotations which have fallen from the Treasury Bench that I give notice on Tuesday next to move a Vote of Confidence in His Majesty's Government. *[Cheers.]*

Meanwhile I hear that Mr. BALDWIN is not the only man who at anxious times finds refuge in poetry. Mr. PHIL SCOTT, the pugilist, in those dark days before his come-back, was able in this way to pass through a tiresome series of knock-outs unscathed in spirit. "As I lay there taking the count," he told me, "I used to say to myself those comforting lines:—

"O for a draught of vintage that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt
mirth!"

That I might drink and leave the world
unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest
dim."

"These words," said the boxer, "seemed to put the whole affair in its proper proportion to life, so that I approached my next knock-out almost with satisfaction."

By a curious chance, Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and other theatrical personages who have had trouble with the gallery on first-nights find comfort in a passage from the same poem:—

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal
Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."

"I say these lines to myself," a well-known dramatist told me, "and the loudest boo becomes a benediction."

Let us all cultivate this soothing practice and poetry will begin to pay.

A. P. H.

How to Maintain One's Balance.

"In the absence of Mr. — (Treasurer), Mr. — presented the balance sheet. The total income from all sources was £31 6s. 3d. The total expenditure was £261 12s. 2d., leaving a balance in hand of £4 14s. 1d."

Local Paper.

It seems unbelievable that Mr. CHURCHILL cannot do something like this.

PRUNE-AND-APPLE.

("His [Lord BARNBY's] meals were simple, and at each his diet was the same—cold stewed apples and cold stewed prunes."—*Daily Telegraph*, February 18th.)

A YORKSHIRE peer has passed away

Who reached a ripe old age

And exercised a potent sway

On the industrial stage.

He did not feed on sumptuous fare

With golden forks and spoons,

His daily meals were lean and spare—

Stewed apples and stewed prunes.

He rode both hard and straight to
hounds

Till he was past four-score;

He practised Swedish jerks and bounds

Upon his bedroom floor;

But, whether to his office glued

Or in the Camerons,

He only ate cold apples stewed,

Along with cold stewed prunes.

He rose each morning with the lark—

At any rate at six,

And strenuously toiled till dark;

He had no parlour tricks;

He did not haunt, but bade avaunt,

The company of buffoons,

And lived on cold stewed apples

And also cold stewed prunes.

This frugal life I much admire,

But candidly declare

I never felt the least desire

For this fruitarian fare,

Preferring, if the truth be told,

Mutton and macaroons

To everlasting stewed and cold

Apples and endless prunes.

The apple has a heart of gold,

And luscious is the plum,

But when they're dried and canned and
cold

How dull they can become!

For length of days man often prays,

But few have fortitude

To pay the price of endless meals

Of prune and apple stewed.

Let mining magnates and their wives

Subsist on uncooked roots;

Let millionaires prolong their lives

With desiccated fruits;

Let rubber-lords in food from tins

Find gustatory glee—

Fresh strawberries and nectarines

Are good enough for me.

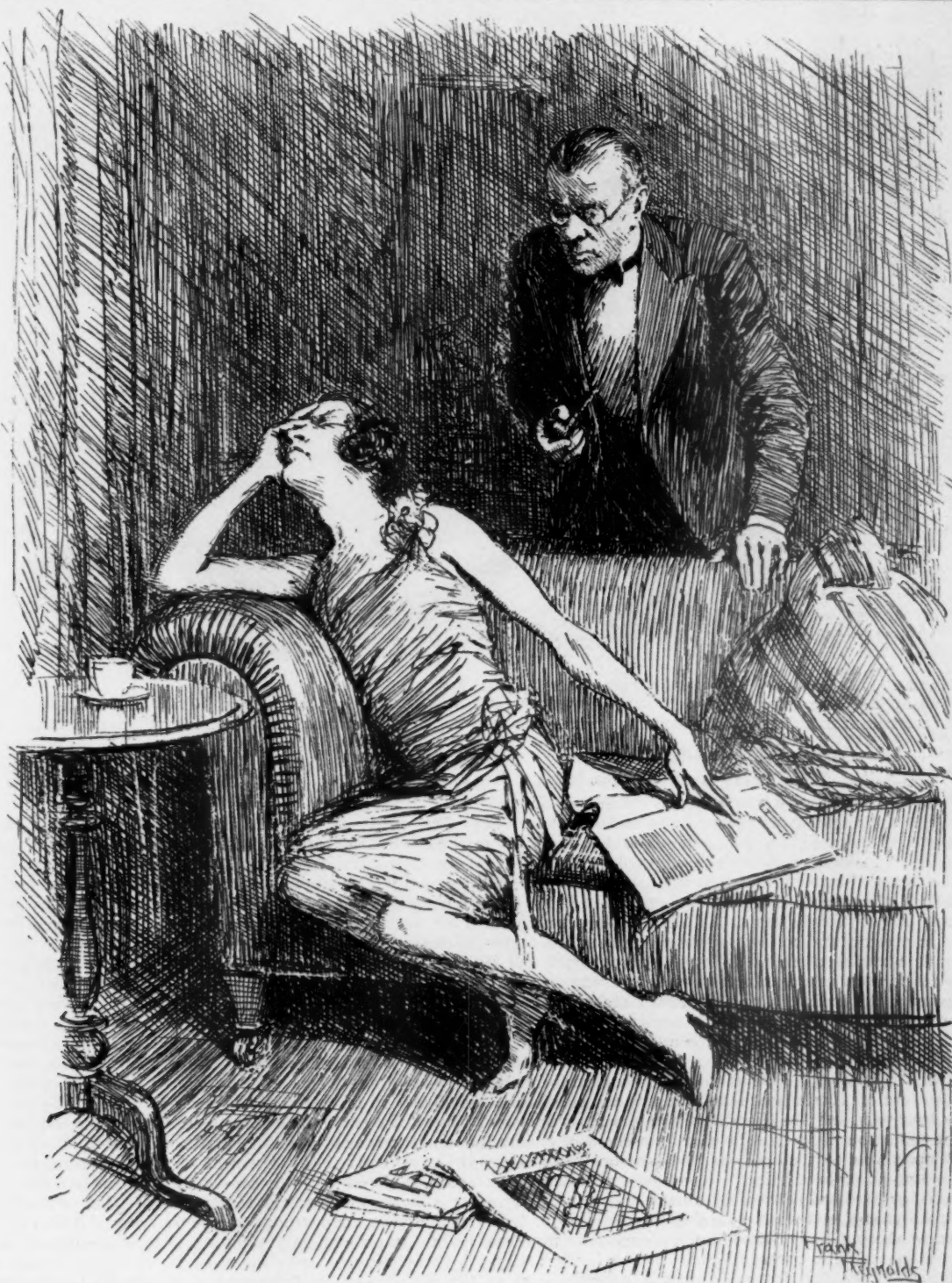
Another Way of Defeating the Weather.

"Lord and Lady — are staying at the Grand Pump Room Hot, Bath."—*Local Paper.*

Transport to the Beyond.

"6.30 p.m.—Sermon, 'The Way to Heaven—
(1) Setting out on the way.' Cars 7, 8, 25,
and 46."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Where Lancashire goes to-day England,
we hope, will go to-morrow.



Husband. "WHAT EVER IS THE MATTER, DEAR?"

Wife. "I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT THEY SAY WOMEN ARE REALLY GOING TO BE FATTER, AND I'VE JUST BEEN PERMANENTLY THINNED."



Constable. "IF YOU STAY HERE MUCH LONGER, MISS, I SHALL HAVE TO RUN YOU IN."

Motorist (whose car refuses to budge). "HOW TOO SWEET OF YOU! COME ON AND TAKE THE WHEEL. I DON'T LIVE FAR AWAY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF any man or woman was to be allowed Father *Aeneas*'s privilege of furbishing up old miseries and the chance of making a handsome story out of the domestic drearinesses of the War, I should certainly have selected Mrs. C. S. PEEL as the woman for the task. A sympathetic, balanced and well-illustrated chronicle of *How We Lived Then, 1914-1918* (LANE) has a twofold value. It fills up the gaps which, alike in civilian and military memories, render the nightmare as a whole extremely difficult to reconstruct, and it provides for posterity an eloquent record of what actually happens to the social life of a modern state brought into comparatively mild relations with modern warfare. Mrs. PEEL moreover has heightened the interest of her account by relating the War years to their (she says) inadequately appreciated past and their (I think) inadequately apprehended future. Her outlook is refreshingly and enthusiastically bourgeois, and the War-transition she most deplors is the reduction of the middle-class household of children and dependants to the childless "bed-and-breakfast house and motor-car style of living." The upheaval which either initiated or hastened these and similar changes is of course her main theme, and what we did not know about it then we know about it now. Recruiting is touched on from the picturesque stage to the comb-out. Woman's work is described from the first fears of domestic unemployment to the heyday of Waacs and Wrens. We re-encounter the food question from its hoarding and profiteering days to the regimen of queues and meat-cards; and invasions, real or imaginary, Belgians, Russians, air-raids and bombard-

ments. Fluctuations of public temper are sensitively recorded, and the whole story is illustrated not only by photographs but by extracts from letters and diaries.

Prosperity often spoils a man, and there seems to be no reason why the saying should not also hold good of a family. Certainly, in reading Count CORTI's lively narrative of *The Reign of the House of Rothschild*, which Mr. GOLLANCZ has published with an admirable index, I did not find any of the later ROTHSCHILDS nearly so interesting or attractive in character as was the founder of the family fortune. "I like him," wrote BISMARCK of the aged AMSCHEL MEYER ROTHSCHILD in Frankfurt, "because he's a real old Jew pedlar and does not pretend to be anything else." Fashions indeed were changing in the first half of the nineteenth century. The austerity of life and wholehearted devotion to business of AMSCHEL MEYER and NATHAN ROTHSCHILD, who was the founder of the English house, almost of necessity had to give way to an ostentatious and not infrequently vulgar display of wealth which nevertheless served to advertise the financial power of the ROTHSCHILDS to the world at large. Other methods of advertisement employed by the firm were even less dignified. One consisted in a handkerchief bearing a portrait of NATHAN, together with a list of the loans made by the ROTHSCHILDS to various States. A firm of the ROTHSCHILDS' standing might surely have considered itself to be far removed from the necessity of bringing itself before the very noses of the public! But, while Count CORTI has many interesting and amusing anecdotes to relate of them in their relations with great statesmen and monarchs, I cannot find that they ever revealed themselves as formulators of a policy. If DISRAELI said that "there could not

be enough ROTHSCHILDS," it was because the ROTHSCHILD wealth enabled him to carry out his Suez Canal policy, and not because the ROTHSCHILDS laid down that policy.

Behold, another hunting book—
More Shires and Provinces;
 At fifteen packs we're asked to look
 By "SABRETACHE" and his
 Partner who paints 'em—who's so good
 As EDWARDS (LIONEL)?
 And Messrs. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE
 This sumptuous volume sell.

To all four Yorkshire hunts one harks,
 A Heythrop fox we hail,
 We meet the Meynell, the Old Berks,
 We visit Blackmore Vale;
 The histories so of all fifteen
 Establishments we can
 Peruse, and roll the tambourine
 Of Master, Hound and Man.

I don't belittle "SABRETACHE"
 One tittle if I tell
 That here the man for my poor cash
 Is EDWARDS (LIONEL);
 Such skies, such movement, hard enough
 To name his best, but say,
 Just isn't "Sheepthorns" gallant stuff,
 The Fernie hounds away?

There is, I feel, a certain lack of proportion about the attitude of the extremely able men responsible for the English edition of *The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917* (LANE). Dr. HAGBERG WRIGHT, who prefaces the collection—an English rendering of the official Russian translation of the inaccessible English originals—maintains that it is the most valuable set of documents bearing on the last years of Imperial Russia. Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY, who supplies the book's admirably detailed but by no means impartial notes, continually stresses the letters' total inadequacy to the cataclysmic circumstances in which they were written.

Actually, when the Tsar took over the supreme command of the Army and the TSARITSA was left more or less in charge at home, the couple could still meet frequently for the discussion of national affairs. The Tsar's letters therefore very largely resolve themselves into the Imperial equivalent of "yours in the pink" and accounts of his (and sometimes the TSAREVITCH's) pleasanter doings at Stavka (G.H.Q.). Underneath the reassuring note, however, the tragedy is evident. Again and again the Tsar's tools break in his hand. Every new instrument he picks up provokes a tempest; "but what can one do if there are so few good men?" Simple, pious, devoted to duty, he obviously intended to be a father to his people. And between him and them came all the riffraff of the old world and the new—functionaries, financiers, faith-healers and intellectuals. The sight of Cossack orchards and wealthy peasant families filled him with "peace and confidence for what lies in store for Russia." Petrograd and Moscow were "two minute points on the map of the fatherland." Mistaken estimates undoubtedly, but how much



Topmost Sailor. "'URRY UP, 'ARRY, OR THE PAINT-POT 'LL GET US!"

happier for Russia as well as for NICHOLAS II. if they had not been so sadly mistaken.

Like the fabulous Irish student who emptied three pound-pots of strawberry-jam at one sitting, Sir ANDREW MACPHAIL, in *Three Persons* (MURRAY), has dealt with a bulk of good material so considerable that his second and third instalments seem just a little lacking in sharpness of flavour when compared with the first. In examining the diaries and published writings of three of the outstanding personalities of the War, he finds that Colonel HOUSE was a simple good-hearted soul who, thinking that the feuds of Texas were a sufficient model for the rancours of the Old World, floundered rather pitifully out of his depth among the European chancelleries; and he concludes that LAWRENCE of Arabia played the part of an artist seeking fine-edged sensation rather than that of a patriot shouldering unheard-of responsibilities; but he directs his first and heaviest attack against the late Sir HENRY WILSON. It is certain that LAWRENCE and his work need fear no challenge, and indeed

the author's grievance here seems to be founded on little more than the irritating muddle associated with the publication of LAWRENCE'S writings; neither can I find that his estimate of Colonel HOUSE has shaken my own regard for that wise and kindly mediator; but his onslaught against Sir HENRY WILSON leaves the North Ireland hero neither statesmanship nor strategy, neither loyalty nor logic, neither the gift of prophecy nor the grace of modesty, sparing him a modicum of decent feeling only by a kind of indulgence and a little genuine humour by inference from Sir ANDREW'S own lack of it. No man, it may be, is a hero to his diary, and friends of Sir HENRY may well hold that the last word has still to be said, yet, after reading Sir ANDREW'S consuming analysis of these daily records, I can think of several persons who would probably be acting with discretion in destroying theirs.

Penelope's Man (NASH AND GRAYSON) is the fourth book of the series which Mr. JOHN ERSKINE began with *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. It would be so easy to suggest that the trick has by this time become a little stale; so easy and so utterly untrue. The trick is as fresh

as ever. Mr. ERSKINE may have failed a little in some of his intermediate books, but only because he had not the characters that suited him. Here he is back again among his Greeks, and challenges *Helen of Troy* herself. *Penelope's Man* is an account of the return of *Odysseus* after the Fall of Troy. As presented, he is an enormous humbug and a bit of a rake. It was not merely *Circe* and *Calypso*. The islands upon which he shipwrecked himself were many, and each one seemed to have its enchantress waiting for him. All of them unfortunately had a nasty habit of cross-examination, and *Odysseus*, who was rather sensitive about the fact that he had lost all his men, was never quite able to remember the perfectly good explanation he thought of a few days before. In the end he reached Ithaca and had a terrible evening with *Penelope*, who made his other cross-examiners look like children. Throughout all these adventures *Odysseus* was no vulgar buffoon, but a man of dignity and loveliness. That, I think, even more than its humour is the chief triumph of the book. The phrase "aside from" occurs twice in these pages; good American, of course, but I wish Mr. ERSKINE would not do it. I hate to be reminded that we did not grow him ourselves.

The Foolish Virgin (MURRAY), who is the heroine of Miss KATHLEEN NORRIS'S new novel, is a very attractive young person, so convincingly pretty that she made me echo the new admirer who asked why "the movies" had not got her. As she was "raised" on the Pacific coast of California the question seemed quite apposite. Her name is *Pam Raleigh*, and she is a daughter of the best and most impoverished family of the place. Still, she goes dancing and picnicking with all the smartest young people and has several protesting beaux and at least one silent one. The silent one I, of course, discerned as the real hero

from the beginning—and correctly. A foolish night-ride in a young man's car and a shortage of "gas" lead to an uncomfortable though perfectly harmless night out, and give some not too kindly elder people a chance to put her in her place as poor, proud and not quite "nice." The young man of the car withdraws his allegiance, debts and difficulties surround her, and our pretty *Pam* goes through a very bad time. The story ends happily by a turn of the plot that is hardly on a level in ingenuity of contrivance with the rest of the book, which the affairs of interesting characters and descriptions of lovely scenery combine to make most enjoyable reading.

So keen a follower am I of Mr. J. S. FLETCHER when he devotes himself to themes of crime and mystery that I rather grudge the time he gives to stories of Yorkshire rural life. But I admit that in *Grand Relations* (JARROLD'S) some of the situations—notably where the taciturn Mr. Gosling tries to make a proposal of marriage—are admirably humorous. The trouble with Mr. Gosling, an excellent farmer, however clumsy in his wooing, was that the *Jex*

family, owing to the influence of an almost incredibly snobbish aunt, were inclined to think him too boorish when considered as a prospective son-in-law. But a young man of enterprise and resource took the matter in hand, and with wonderful ingenuity provided the bewildered Gosling with a relation even more important than any the *Jexes* could produce. The yarn is amusing enough, and those who can read what Mr. FLETCHER has to say about Yorkshire farmhouse hospitality without wishing to partake



SMALLHOLDER (LATE WINDOW-DRESSER TO MESSRS. REMNANT AND BASEMENT) ARRANGES THE SCARECROW.

of it must have serious digestive troubles.

The Seven Dials Mystery (COLLINS) provided me with many excitements and one grievance. The latter is due to the fact that I do not think a fair chance to guess the problem is given. In *The Mystery of the Blue Train* Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE gave a real clue; she dropped it by the wayside, so to speak, but it was there to be picked up by anyone with keen eyes. Here, it is true, a clue exists, but before it arrives I feel that its hunters have been too vigorously put off the scent. Anyhow, the *dénouement* took me completely by surprise, and, solemnly sitting as both judge and jury, I acquit myself of excessive stupidity. Nevertheless this is an enticing story, to which I was firmly glued until its mysteries were revealed. Sensational novelists cannot desire a greater acknowledgment of their skill.

Deus ex Culiné.

"Country Town.—Parlour and bedroom, comfortable; good cooking; board or otherwise."—*Scots Paper*.

"For Sale, a beautiful light chestnut-coloured cold. Owner has had it for about two years. Very high-spirited and needs careful handling."—*Advt. in Local Paper*.

We are too much attached to the piebald cough we have had since Christmas to wish to make any change.

CHARIVARIA.

A DEMONSTRATION has been given in New York of a machine which will register the exact intensity of a chorus-girl's blush. Considerable development will be necessary before it can register the blush of a revue-producer.

For every fourteen passengers carried by London's buses, says Lord ASHFIELD, one is required to meet the taxation. We see no reason why the other thirteen should not pay their share.

Now that the weather is milder many of our friends who have a cold bath all the year round have started again.

A gossip-writer informs us that during a four-hour chess-match in London one of the players spoke once. He asked for matches. Garrulous players like that are not encouraged in the best chess circles.

During a debate in the House of Commons the other night one of the Members told another to talk sense. The novelty of the suggestion must have stunned some of the older politicians.

A literary critic says that people who write books that are seized must face the music. Oh, listen to the banned!

An L.C.C. inquiry has revealed the fact that to many Islington children a live cow is an object of curiosity and wonder. It is believed that further inquiries would reveal a similar state of mind in many dairymen.

A Skegness cat has been killed and eaten by hungry seagulls. Skegness is so bracing.

After the winter we have recently experienced, Sir DOUGLAS MAWSON'S opinion that family life is possible in Antarctic regions will be disputed by none but those who regard family life as impossible in any circumstances.

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the sensational rumour that some of the Bright Young People are planning a party at which every-

body will be expected to behave normally and to wear ordinary clothes.

We understand that "Lord Rothermere's Warning" may be sung in public without fee or licence.

In view of the doubt as to whether Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS will shortly receive a peerage, we hesitate to suggest the title of Baron Jix of Runnymede.

An acrobat has walked across Paris

ments to make for bringing out their débutante daughters. It is regrettable that Mr. BALDWIN does not consult the convenience of these ladies.

At a New York concert the conductor stopped his orchestra to complain about noise. Yet orchestras never desist out of consideration for the audience.

According to a correspondent in *The Daily News*, aspidistras will flourish under the worst conditions. That of course is the trouble.

From reports of the latest Mexican revolution it would seem to have been marred by manifestations of ill-feeling.

A movement to abolish duelling is spreading in Hungary, and it is felt that a kill-joy spirit is abroad in the land.

There is now available for fire-brigades a device which throws fifteen hundred gallons of water a minute with a force enough to crumble stone. An ideal method of washing London statues!

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL was present at secret tests of television, but the system is not yet sufficiently developed to be used as a means of evading deputations in person.

A man at the Enfield Police Court thanked the police for the civility and attention he had received while under arrest. It must be a real pleasure to arrest a man like that.

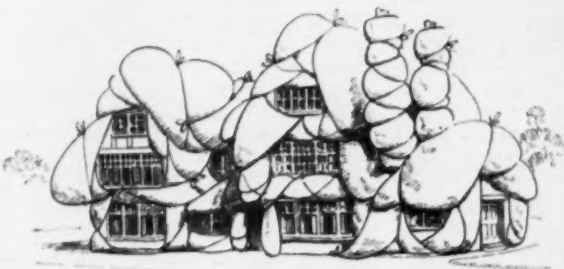
In the view of a political writer, when Scotland gets her own Parliament it will be similar in every detail to the English House of Commons. If that is so, all we can say is that Scotland will have brought it upon herself.

According to a news item "the Woking police are endeavouring to interrogate a man with one eye." We ourselves prefer the ordinary method of interrogation—with one mouth.

A Willesden woman told the magistrate that her husband was continually throwing plates at her, but she did not know why. Perhaps it was because he kept on missing her.



"THE GABLES" THIS WINTER.



"THE GABLES" NEXT WINTER.

on his hands, but it is understood that persons adopting this mode of progression are amenable to the same strict regulations as pedestrians.

Wireless has added scores of new words to the language, says a contemporary. So far that matter has golf.

A Hampshire clergyman complains that his parish magazine has a poor sale. Has he seriously considered the inclusion of a Comic Strip?

Uncertainty as to the date of the General Election is said to be embarrassing to hostesses who have arrange-

WANTED, A BURGLAR.

I WANT to get into touch with a burglar. Do not misunderstand me; it isn't that I want to employ the fellow, or even to make a psychological study of him for an article or a novel. I fear it may sound rather commonplace, but the truth is that it's a particular burglar I want to get into touch with, one who called at my house the other Tuesday evening and found us all out.

It isn't however that I am vindictive or anything like that. It's true that the frosted glass in the hall windows—one of which my visitor was unfortunately obliged to break, no doubt because he had forgotten his tools and was consequently unable to force the door—has proved very difficult to match and my glazier has been put to some considerable trouble. Also it was thoughtless of the fellow to go away leaving the front-door ajar, because of course anyone might have walked in. (As a matter of fact someone *did* walk in very shortly afterwards, but it was, as it happened, a police officer.) And then it was a little inconsiderate not to replace the lid of the biscuit-box after use, because we weren't back for another day or two and we found the biscuits quite soft. But one realises of course that a burglar is often rather pressed for time, and it isn't to raise small points of order like these that I am anxious to meet my unexpected visitor of last Tuesday.

My real reason for wanting to get into touch with him is this: Some time ago, through the munificence of my Aunt Eleanor, I became the owner of a very valuable but entirely impossible scarf-pin. Happily I do not see my Aunt Eleanor very often, and it has only been necessary for me to wear this pin when it has proved impossible to prevent Aunt Eleanor from visiting us. On these occasions there was always great difficulty in locating the thing, and eventually my wife kindly volunteered to take it and put it in a safe place. The result of this, as you will understand, was that on the occasion of Aunt Eleanor's last visit the pin could not be found at all. And that was the existing state of affairs last Tuesday when the burglar called.

It will now, I think, be clear why I want to get into touch with the man. Was he or was he not more successful than ourselves in the hunt for Aunt Eleanor's pin? And if he found it did he or did he not permit an appreciation of its intrinsic worth to outweigh any æsthetic prejudice, and take the thing away? Two points of the first importance are involved: (a) Can I conscientiously tell Aunt Eleanor that the scarf-pin has been stolen? (b) Can I

conscientiously include the pin in my claim on the insurance company?

My burglar will, I am sure, readily appreciate the awkward position in which I have been placed by my wife's rather stupid forgetfulness (for which I apologise), and if this article meets his eye I shall be obliged if he will communicate with me, care of the Editor, at his earliest convenience. Further, I shall be greatly indebted to any readers of *Punch* who to this end will have the goodness to put a copy of this appeal in a prominent place among their valuables. Thanks very much.

RUNNING THE IDEAL HOME.

[Special interest attaches to this article, owing to the fact that *Punch* has secured at enormous expense the exclusive rights of publishing the views of Lady Bon-Ton on this fascinating subject.]

I HAVE been asked to write a helpful article on the subject of running a home. This is a matter of the utmost importance to every woman, for therein lies the secret of a successful marriage. I ought to know because my marriage, like everything I undertake, has been an immense success.

When I was still quite a child I had a passion for arranging my doll's-house to my own individual taste. My grandfather, the late Lord Blewit of Blewit, one of the most famous raconteurs of his day, an all-round sportsman and a most popular figure on the Turf, often said of me, "That child has originality."

At the age of eighteen I was a fearless rider to hounds and because of my daring exploits became known as "Fearless Flo." (See my *Memoirs*, vol. viii.)

To return (but only for a moment) to the subject of my article. Be careful to choose furniture suitable to the apartment for which it is intended. A bedroom suite, for example, is out of place in a dining-room. In a library, where some people occasionally read or even write, chairs are almost a necessity.

Talking of writing, my best time for literary work is between the hours of two and four A.M., when the rest of the world (excluding night-clubs) is wrapped in slumber. Then my brain is clearest. (See *All About Myself*, vol. x.)

Acutely observant, I have noted a few points which I consider essential to the ideal home, and for the first time I give this information, exclusively for the readers of *Punch*:—

All doors should be so hung that they will both open and shut.

Whenever possible, bells should be made to ring.

Chairs in which one writes should be hard.

Chairs in which one reads should be soft.

And, talking of chairs, here is an excellent hint for the busy person who does not wish to be bothered with callers. Never have more than one chair (which, of course, you occupy yourself) in your own apartment. This offers a splendid discouragement to visitors and ensures their speedy departure. Indeed I remember once, when I was only fifteen, the famous Lord Bluffington remarked in my presence. . . .

[We cannot afford special rates for any more of this.—En.]

CLEANING IT UP.

An Exhortation to Certain Publishers of Certain Kinds of Books.

BE not afraid of the evil weather;

Have no fear if there now sets in
A stormy time for the grey goose feather,
Dabbled in dirt and dyed with sin.

Bow your heads to the passing fashion;
Trim your sails to the turning breeze;
Drive there is that knows not passion,
Tripe as safe and as sure to please.

Oh! but it hurt when you saw the vapour
Rising above the dung-heap charred—
So many tons of leprous paper
Burnt by order of Scotland Yard.

Was it for this that words improper,
Poisonous thoughts, and dreams ye
wove,
Merely to see some moon-faced copper
Buzz the whole hally lot in a stove?

Hot as the kiss on the mouth of a hater,
Wild as the thrill of a vampire's lust,
Was the breath that day of the incinerator,
And all the profit reduced to dust!

Never you mind; the dawn's to follow;
Cash may be made undipped in vice;
Fields there are where a mind may
wallow,
Mushy as ever and far more nice.

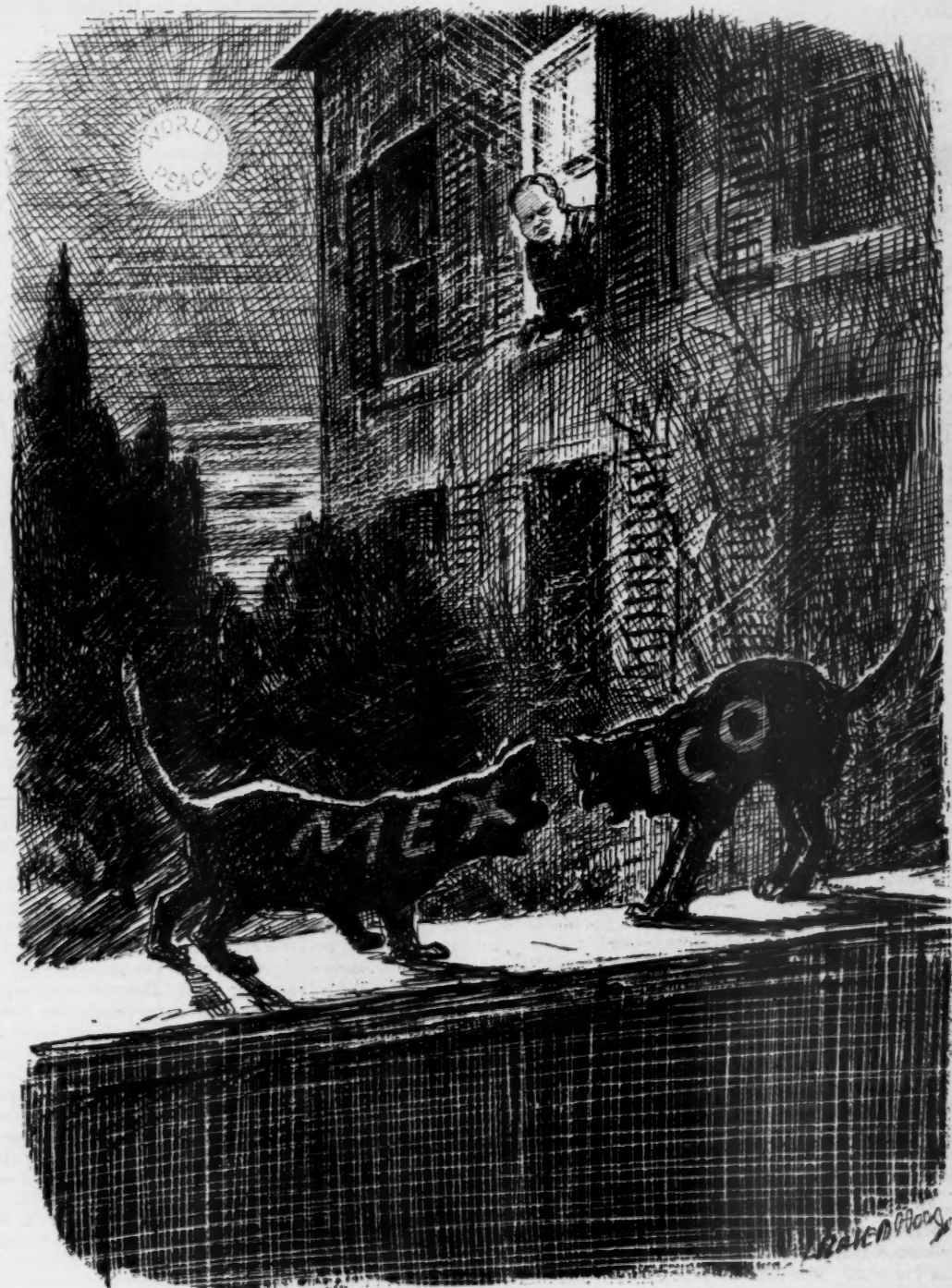
Far, oh, far from the banned embraces
Snobbery lingers evergreen,
Murder stays in the old oasis,
Groves are a-dribble with saccharine.

Sweet are the dreams of futile people
Severed by most absurd mistakes,
Joined at the last underneath the steeple,
Showers of blossom and wedding-cakes.

And, wherever they place the edge, some
rover
Still may stagger with pen in hand
Up to the brink and just peep over
Into the dark forbidden land;

And there may be books where a high
endeavour
And the moral views of a former day,
Whether art or no (for I am not clever),
Can somehow or other be got to pay.

EVOE.



HIS FIRST NIGHT IN OFFICE.

PRESIDENT HOOVER. "SUCH A LOVELY MOON, AND I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE SO PEACEFUL. CURSE THOSE CATS!"

[Contemplates throwing boot at ICO.]

"Over a hundred - and - fifty kilometres?"

"How else can he get her there?"

"He won't catch her, anyhow. Look, she's tasted freedom," and he pointed to where "Mis," clearing a cactus-hedge like a racehorse (save that a racehorse would be clumsy beside her ethereal lightness), was describing eye-bewildering zig-zags on the surface of the plains.

Sadly we started off. For many kilometres "Mis" went with us, sometimes racing level with the car, sometimes actually having the impudence—at fifty miles an hour—to describe circles round it! But catch her we could not, and, drunk with liberty, she finally disappeared in the direction of the mountains. Our new home did not seem home at first without the patter of tiny inquisitive hooves exploring every corner.

Having been acquainted with the fact that my new gardener had just become the father of a son, I hastened out to felicitate him. Ali received my congratulations with an expression of quiet triumph.

"Five girls have I had and no son," he declared; "but this time I knew that Allah had hearkened unto me, for had I not encountered *el rhazella e' djnouna*?"

El rhazella e' djnouna means the gazelle who is a *djnoun*, or, as we should say, the fairy gazelle. I asked him what he meant.

"A week ago," Ali told me, "I visited my brother, El Getouf the Bedouin, in the mountains. And in the dawn there came to our tent-door a little gazelle, more lovely than any mortal beast, and having no fear of us, but taking sugar from our hands and drinking the mint-tea we offered her in a platter. And El Getouf told me that she visits the tents of the nomads, playing with the children and fearing not the Kabyle dogs, but no man can lay his hand on her, for she runs as swiftly as the wind. And wherever she has been blessing comes upon the owner of the tent and those that dwell within it."

And so "Mis" has become a legend, or else she has really turned into a fairy.

But what cuts me to the heart is to think of the dark crime that will be committed one day in the rocky heights of the Djebel Tebaga. Some brutal man with a gun—for to set out to kill anything as exquisite as a gazelle a man must be brutal indeed—will sight *el rhazella e' djnouna* standing delicately silhouetted on some peak. And "Mis," with her wistful little muzzle lifted to sniff the kind familiar odour of a cup of tea in some nomad tent, will catch



Old Lady (to belated chimney-sweep). "AND WHO ARE YOU, MY GOOD MAN?"

sight of him and bound friendly towards him—only to receive a bullet in her heart.

Nature Notes Which Sound Flat.

"A whole village occupies some of the space in the exhibition—even to the hens and ducks idly swimming on a gentle stream."

Evening Paper.

Most hens in this situation are kept very busy.

"Sir Alfred Butt . . . is now on his way to America. His opposition to broadcasting in respect of his theatres is maintained."

Evening Paper.

We are afraid he cannot have read about what happens to those who cast their bread on the waters.

Woman's Enfranchisement.

A daily paper, discussing the Oxford boat, speaks of "Mrs. Barr, the spare man." We were afraid it might come to this.

An Impending Apology.

"Present World Trials and Problems."—Miss Christabel Pankhurst, LL.B., speaks to-day and every Wednesday afternoon, at 3." Daily Paper.

"The Sèvres Vase for the best pigeon won by Mr. W. — with an English owl." Daily Paper.

No ostriches appear to have been entered.

TOPSY, M.P.

XXVI.—BECOMES A MOTHER.

WELL Trix my poor spinster here I am a British matron at last, thanks be, looking pale and ethereal on the snowy pillow, and here they are my dear two revolting little bundles of thick white flannel, two, darling, yes because of course I was right, my dear if only the world would take me seriously instead of treating me as an irrelevant bubble, however it's boy and girl, as like as two electrons, and the whole tribe thriving and buoyant, even my poor Haddock who my dear is much more dilapidated than any of the party, though of course he merely fled out into a taxi during the actual proceedings, told the man to drive round and round London, and my dear what with the protracted fussery and vacillation of it all he fell fast asleep in the cab and woke up, like BYRON or somebody, to find himself a father and five pounds seventeen and eightpence on the ticker!

Well my dear whatever I say, and of course you know I can't blow froth about these embarrassing events, but as a matter of fact I suppose it is rather a throb and land-mark in the little life, but my dear don't think that I'm going to be one of those wallowing mothers who make one blush right down the back to hear them speak of their young, because quite definitely the twins are perfectly revolting, my dear the most amorphous and unfinished little objects, my dear mere studies as the artists say, and my dear Haddock stands over them and sort of mutters dumbly, my dear too mystified, as if he was thinking O gosh did I do that, which I expect he is, though of course he tells me daily that they're quite exquisite and then flies out of the room, well my dear when you come down for the christening if I once tell you they're exquisite or anything in their present condition you shall have three new frocks, my dear they're grotesque, however I must say they have rather heart-rending little toy hands, my dear too pathetic, like a fairy frog's, and of course delicious little tufts of hair, coal-black darling which was rather a shock to your tawny little friend, however Nurse tells me it will all be changed, but my dear it's too extraordinary to see how the

character comes out already, because my dear the boy is an absolute replica of Haddock, of course the eyes are mine but you can see the germs of the Haddock nose too manifest though I rather hope that it won't spread to the girl, and my dear I know you'll think I've gone soupy suddenly, but honestly the first words the boy said, well not words precisely, but the nurse took it away from me and my dear it clenched the little frog-fists, frowned ferociously and

eyes open and she's taking the whole thing in, and my dear her pet record seems to be a *Symphony* or something by a Belgian or somebody, which Haddock says is a little significant, so my plans are rather to finish her off with two years' concentrated music in Paris, though of course Haddock wants her to go to Oxford and take Law, my dear too masculine.

However we needn't decide that yet, and now darling about the names, about which we've had some rather astringent arguments, however I've told Haddock that as you were to be the principal godmother you ought to have a sort of casting vote, assuming of course darling that you cast on my side, well Haddock began with the most unParliamentary suggestions, my dear he wanted to call them *TRIX* and *JIX*, to sort of allegorise my public career, but rather hard on the boy I thought, so I suggested Sherry and Soda, to symbolise his, rather sweet don't you think, and he retorted with Sausage and Mash, and Sankey and Moody, and Derry and Tom and Adam and Eve, my dear the naming of twins would be an inspired paper-game for one of those facetious house-parties, however Haddock suddenly went all fastidious and now he'll have nothing but hot-house names, like *Tristram* and *Iseult* and *Geraint* and *Enid* and *Coral* and *Amber* and *June* and *January*, my dear too aspic and fragile for me, because what I want is something quite normal and un-Cadogan, well William and Mary or George and Joan, however I'm rather wedded to JACK and JILL, because I think Sir John Haddock sounds too tenacious and reliable don't you, well my dear if you agree you might send

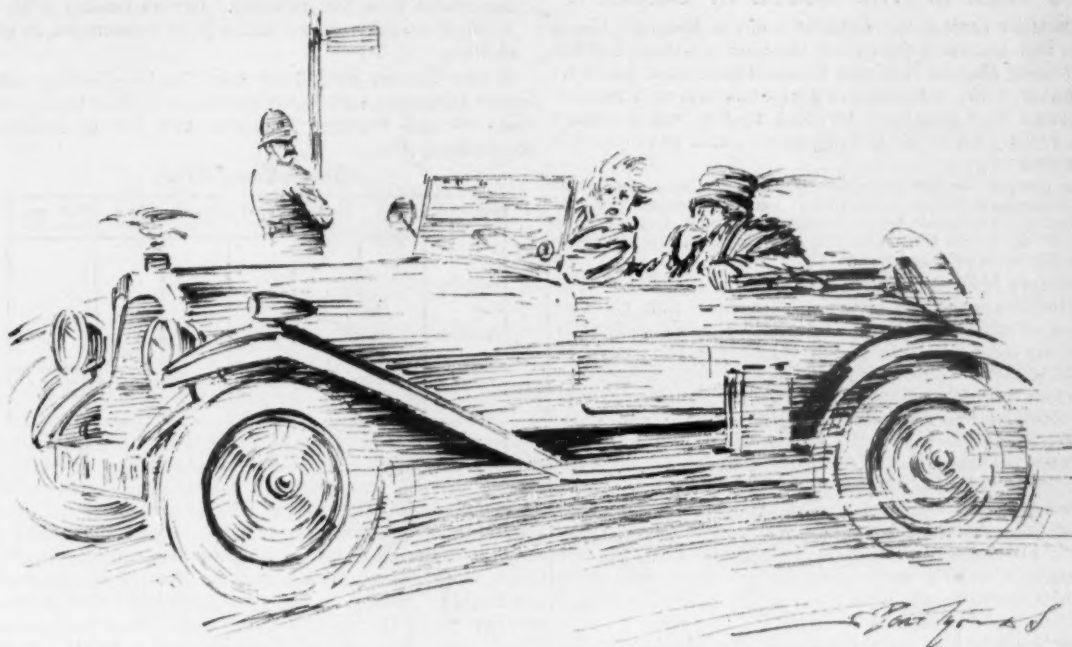
Haddock the most emphatic telegram, but if you don't don't bother, do you see darling?

Well my dear the Nurse is massing against me again, and your little song-bird is feeling rather droopy, besides I expect you've had quite enough of my young, so no more now, by the way I've quite decided that Jack will go to Winchester, a scholarship of course, and then I think Oxford, a little trip round the world and the Bar for fun, though of course it's too obvious that he's going to write, my dear if you could see the



Gentleman with the clubs (about to try conclusions with burglar).
"WHICH EXERCISE DO YOU THINK WILL BE THE BEST TO TACKLE HIM WITH, DEAR?"

made the most mutinous noise, my dear I swear it said *JIX*, too uncanny but rather encouraging because there's no doubt that it's going to be the absolute hope and HAMFEN of the twentieth century, well the girl on the other hand is I quite think going to be musical, my dear she's too intelligent and has those long tapering piano-fingers, well of course not now exactly but you can see them coming, and my dear she's too sensitive to sound and rhythm and everything because the moment Haddock puts on the gramophone the sagacious little



Niece. "No, I NEVER WORRY ABOUT THE SPEEDOMETER. I JUST GO BY THE COPPER'S' FACES."

imagination in that *bulbous* little head, though my dear *how* we're going to afford another writer in the home, however you'll see at the christening, my dear if you *miss* it I merely *root* you out of my life, it's *too* moving to think you're going to linger in London a bit, because I shan't have to think every minute *Have* I written to that voracious hen, by the way you might bring any old letters of mine with you because Haddock says they ought to be used as a *scourge* and pamphlet at this *putrid* Election and given to *quite* every elector, so that all these *covering* candidates will have to at *last* face up to the Topsy Policy and *swear* to pass my flawless little Bills, my dear *did* I tell you that since the twins I've had the *sweetest* telegrams from the PRIME and the SPEAKER and absolute *entreaties* from Burbleton to stand again because the great heart of the people is *too* kindled and it seems that merely becoming a mother has put me right with the yams and loafahs, and besides they say the only Member who's just had twins is *certain* to hold the seat, however I don't think I shall because it's *too* discouraging, my dear what can one do, one's like a flea on an elephant, my dear Parliament's a *pachyderm* and always will be as long as *everyone* in it is *over* forty when the *soul* fossilizes and you begin being *careful* about the body, and everything else,

my dear this democracy would be *too* satisfactory if the *young* did the governing and the *old* did the work, instead of vice versa, however at least I've left my mark upon Burbleton, because I hear my dear Councillor Mule has been doing *quite* marvels, my dear they have *music* in the Parks and *Sunday* Concerts and the pictures open and they're making a *mixed* Swimming Bath and *improving* the pubs and *cleaning* up the Licensing Justices and everything, so I mean to be buried in *Brighter* Burbleton, my dear the *whole* town my *smiling* monument, and meanwhile I shall cherish and cultivate my *exquisite* babes, O gosh darling I owe you *three* frocks, farewell now your *misunderstood* little matron Topsy.

A. P. H.

(THE END.)

RUNNING WATER.

WATER brown, water bright—
Pearls and swirls that sever;
Running water's my delight
Always and for ever.

Where the first daffies are bobbing and blowing

Under tall rookery trees,
I can see water go flowing, go flowing

Greyly to grey Northern seas.

Listen, men name us

Its "casts"—the so famous—
Carlogie, Ballogie, Aboyne;

See, through its *brimming*
Flood salmon go swimming,
Each a mailed knight (with a crest for your trimming),
Each one as clean as a coin.

I can dream meads where the Lady June lazes

Under her canopy blue;

I can see elms in an ocean of daisies,
Daisies and buttercups too;

I can see Hampshire
(Delectably damp shire),

Itchen and Test, and us out
Kneeling, attending

Our business, and ending,

Each on his legs and a lissom wand bending—

Each of us into Sir Trout!

Water brown, water bright—
Swirls and pearls that sever;
Running water's our delight
Always and for ever.

Let it from the chalk go peep,
Let it from the limestone leap,
Let it off a granite steep

Pour, or from the mill be;
Sunshine's daughter

Running water

Was and ever will be. P. R. C.

"Horse Roller wanted for playing field about 54 inches wide."—*Kent Paper*.

We knew about the shortage of playing fields, but it appears that their narrowness is equally serious.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF SACKBUT.

FOREMOST among the opponents of the Peerage (Abatement) Bill, known to the wits of the nineteen-thirties as the Backsliding Barons' Bill, was Viscount Sackbut of Saltery.* The name of the measure's originator is less well remembered, and it is necessary to recall that it was a certain Dean INGE who, in an evening paper, first advanced the suggestion:—

"Let peerages lose one grade in each generation, unless the inheritors do something to earn another rise. Let the eldest son of an earl who does not distinguish himself remain a viscount, and his son a baron; in the fourth generation the undistinguished family would relapse into being mere commoners."

The story of Lord Sackbut's gallant fight as leader of "the Old Hereditaries," and of his vain sacrifice that the viscounty of which he was the first holder might endure, is one of the most romantic and melancholy in the annals of our old, and now temporary, nobility.

To found a titled family had been an ambition which John Sackbut had achieved by public-spirited and well-advertised expenditure of the wealth which had flowed to him from the breakfast-tables of the people; for porridge was the bed-rock of his fortune. When at last he donned the coronet he acknowledged the cereal which had reinforced his patriotic activities by taking for arms: Azure, three plates each charged with an ear of oats, proper. To this the heralds added the motto, *Plenitatem Porridge*, which his Lordship, fondly imagining it to mean "Plenty of Porridge," printed on every packet.

Lord Sackbut was anxiously aware that the heir to the "porridge peerage" (as the Press called it, more in affection than derision) was deficient in those qualities which would be required of one who, under Dean INGE's scheme, must regain by merit a lost step in the noble hierarchy, and it was this knowledge of his own son's inferiority that made him so forceful a champion of the old hereditary principle. To this day the peroration of his last speech in the Lords lingers on the air of Parliament like the echo of an ancient challenge.

"FROM BOLINGBROKE TO BIRKENHEAD," he declared, "from RICHMOND to ROTHERMERE, the greatness of your Lordships' House has been built upon the orderly succession of the son to the full dignity and degree of the father. Shall we replace the inspiration of inherited distinction by the desperation of unmerited extinction? No! Rather than place our coronets in pawn for our heirs to redeem, let us resolve to die on the back bench."

The last sentence was almost prophetic. No sooner was it clear that the Bill must become a blot on the Statute Book than Lord Sackbut took to his bed. Knowing that, should he survive the passing of the measure, his son would inherit a mere barony, his Lordship devoted himself to the business of demise, and so remarkable was his self-determination that he died in time for his son to take his seat as a viscount on the day before the Bill received the Royal Assent.

So for the next thirty years the viscounty of Sackbut of Saltery stood secure amid the crash of collapsing peerages. Within two decades the number of dukes was reduced by half, and all that saved the lower degrees from dwindling at the same rate was that each was recruited from the ranks of the one above it. West End jewellers became accustomed to removing half the strawberry-leaves of a ducal coronet to suit a marquis in the first degeneration. Newly-created barons could buy for a song the insignia of their order from commoners whose nobility had lapsed. Others took advantage of such offers as this:—

"ALL-RANK" CORONETS.—Standard silver-gilt rim, with complete set of leaves, points and balls, fitting into sockets.

* No allusion is here made to any actual or potential peerage.

The appropriate coronet for any degree of nobility can be assembled in a few minutes. Orders treated with the strictest confidence, and delivery by messengers in plain clothes."

A new feature of *Debrett* was the lengthening list of lapsed baronies; and *Burke* published a chart under every coat-of-arms showing the rise and fall of successive generations, thus:—

Baron Exe of Wye.

Degree in Peerage.	First Peer.	Second Peer.	Third Peer.	Fourth Peer.	Fifth Peer.	Sixth and Present Peer.
Duke						
Marquis						
Earl						
Viscount						
Baron						
Commoner						

Meanwhile the hopes of the House of Sackbut were centred in the second Viscount's eldest son, Roger, who showed all his grandfather's aptitude for public affairs. The second son, Humphrey, was immersed in the family porridge interests. It seemed certain that Roger would not only maintain his ancestral honours, but even advance them to the state of an earldom; and the country was regarding the Sackbut peerage as the one stable pillar of a tottering nobility when the path of glory reached its conventional destination. The second Viscount had a sudden stroke. The heir, speeding to his bedside, was involved in an accident, and accompanied his father to the place where degrees of nobility are (we trust) permanent.

Humphrey claimed the barony into which the viscounty had automatically shrunk. A scrupulous examination of times revealed that Roger had survived his father by seven minutes. He therefore had succeeded to the barony, but, alas! had not had time to claim by merit the vice-comital rank which would doubtless have been his for the asking. Humphrey was therefore faced with the necessity of entering the public arena if he were to win the right to wear the baronial coronet of his late brother. Well knowing that such an achievement was beyond his powers, he left the country for one where every man is his neighbour's peer. In the United States his devotion to the dissemination of wholesome cereals received its reward, and the history of this noble family came to an end when the grandson of John Sackbut, first Viscount Sackbut of Saltery in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, was proclaimed in the American Press by the name and title of "Humphrey B. Sackbut, the Porridge King."

Brighter Prospects for Excavators.

"As the draining of LAKE NEMI progresses miscellaneous objects are coming to light. . . the remains of a small port can now be recognised."—*Daily Paper*.

Evidently a relic of earlier draining operations.

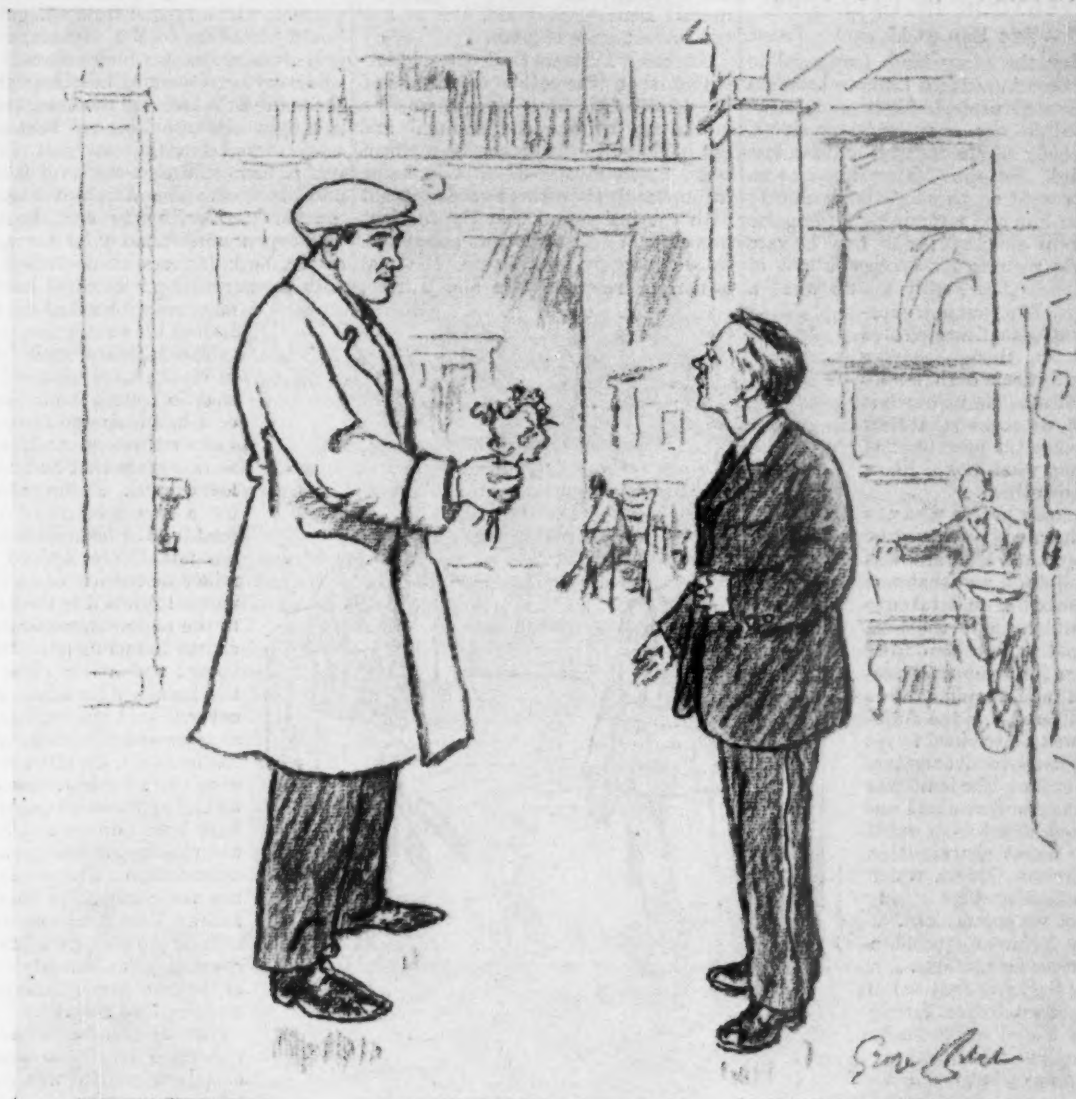
What some Birds are Worth in the Bush.

"The English nightingales taken from London to New Zealand fifteen months ago have been heard singing in the Bush in the vicinity of Auckland. There was considerable official opposition to their landing in New Zealand as it was feared that they might destroy sheep."—*Sunday Paper*.

You should see our pet bullfinch baiting bulls!

Mr. C. —, Torquay Meteorologist, reports as follows: Ultra Violet Rays in the atmosphere yesterday, $\frac{1}{2}$ whisleraf dowarof mohraf dawodarof 44."—*Torquay Paper*.

It is a relief to find that even meteorologists feel like that about the weather.



Attendant (to pugilist who is leaving flowers for Mr. Bloggins). "THERE ISN'T A MR. BLOGGINS IN THE HOSPITAL."
Pugilist. "THERE WILL BE TO-MORROW. I'M FIGHTING HIM TO-NIGHT."

A Trafalgar Ship for Boys.

THOSE of Mr. Punch's readers who have generously contributed to the restoration of the old two-decker *Implacable* (formerly the French *Duguay-Trouin*), and her equipment as a holiday training-ship for boys, will be interested to learn that the Harbour Board of Southampton have very kindly offered berths for her and for the frigate *Foudroyant* close together off Netley. The conditions at Falmouth, where the *Implacable* is moored at a considerable distance from the *Foudroyant*, upon whose crew, privately maintained, she relies largely for the work being done on board her, are unsatisfactory, and the cost of the journey from London and the Midlands was likely to put too heavy a tax upon the funds of the organisations sending boys for holiday training. In her new position, easily accessible, the *Im-*

placable will lie beside the fairway where the great ocean liners pass, and should attract a wider public interest. If all goes well, it is hoped to move her from Falmouth in the early summer in good time for her second holiday-training season.

Meanwhile the resources of the *Implacable* Fund show signs of impending exhaustion, and the need of a permanent endowment grows daily more urgent. Mr. Punch, who does not need to remind his readers how much he is concerned for the success of this good cause, begs for further help. Cheques, made payable to "The *Implacable* Fund" and crossed "Midland Bank, Westminster Branch," should be addressed to the Secretary of the *Implacable* Fund, Punch Office, 80, Fleet Street, E.C. 4.

LIVESTOCK IN. BARRACKS.

XVII.—THE END OF MUZZLE'S LAMB.

ONCE the stray lamb (supposed to have been introduced into our barracks by Private Muzzle) had been safely incarcerated in the guard-room precincts, everybody began to look a little less worried. Sergeant-Major Magazine no longer went on parade looking quickly behind him and restraining an impulse to jump sideways; nor was Private Muzzle wearing his apologetic look of innocence that hardly knows what a lamb is. Even our new opponents at football were pleased about it, though, having evidently heard of the lamb's part in winning us our last match, we noticed that they had taken the precaution of bringing what looked like a wolf with them.

The only person who was not thoroughly relieved at the new turn of affairs was the Adjutant, and that was because he had undertaken to find out to which of the three claimant and clamorous farmers the lamb really belonged, and should at once be delivered, for the Adjutant was determined to get rid of this subversive creature at all costs. The lamb was both insubordinate and unexpected, apart from existing in direct contradiction to Garrison Orders, which said officially that spring had not yet commenced.

The Adjutant's problem was indeed no light one. For during the investigations in the regimental office, Farmer Turnip stated emphatically that he had missed a lamb for two days, but could not swear to the exact lamb; Farmer Beetroot practically identified the lamb as his by some obscure agricultural method of his own, but could not swear as yet that one of his own was missing; while Farmer Swede could neither say he had a missing lamb nor identify the prisoner, but was able to prove that Muzzle had been lurking suspiciously near his sheepfold on the previous day. Which last of course weighed very heavily with all of us.

Now the Adjutant rather fancies himself at getting to the bottom of things, particularly in a sleuthy manner. Personally we think he has recently and heavily over-Wallaced. With true guile therefore he suggested that the lamb should be as it were ransomed back by

the owner to the benefit of the Regimental Benevolent Fund, and at half the current price of lamb.

At once Farmer Beetroot, slower-witted than the other two, agreed heartily to this idea, said it was "a mortal fair manner o' speaking," and put his hand to his pocket. A moment later, much mystified, he was being triumphantly shown out by the Adjutant with the intimation that the incident was closed as far as he was concerned, since obviously he was not the real owner. Farmers Swede and Turnip,

him. After a long and unintended argument, which ranged from slaughter-house procedure to the advantages of cold-storage, and in which naturally he was everywhere worsted, he relinquished the point as a fact and re-submitted it as a hypothesis, pointing out that half a lamb was better than no meat. The two farmers said that was so if it was put like that. The Adjutant pressed the idea further, eyeing each keenly, whereupon, unfortunately for his manoeuvre, both farmers suddenly fell in with the suggestion with equal heartiness and even asked for the loan of his sword.

The Adjutant sank back in his chair, realising at last that SOLOMON'S famous success had been due more to luck than wisdom, and it was at this stage that he rather lost control. Feeling about for a new method of unmasking the false claimant, he tentatively opened a minor discussion as to the possibility of selling the lamb to the regiment, without of course intending any such thing; and at the close of this branch of the debate discovered that the regiment, as represented in his person, had bought it. Unfortunately once more for his schemes, he had apparently bought it from both farmers and had to divide the purchase-money between them. Farmers Turnip and Swede, dull honest fellows, then went out, and outside the door were heard grumbling in a far more way at the poor prices lamb was fetching that year.

After half-an-hour's solitary pondering devoted to seeing exactly where he was and wishing the Headquarters Office could run to a double brandy, the Adjutant rang

his bell and said to the R.S.M.: "Oh—er—that lamb."

"Yessir."

"It's ours now; so abolish it, will you?"

"Beg pardon, Sir; Sar'n't-o'-the-Guard has just reported to me that it's escaped from close arrest."

"Escaped?"

"Yessir. He says he couldn't help it. It seemed mournful-like, so he let it out in the yard of the cells for its lawful half-hour's exercise, and it ran up the wall suddin and got away."

Had this happened an hour before the Adjutant would have rejoiced. As it was, the lamb being now on the



"ONE OF THE SENTRY'S CHALLENGED IT AS IT PASSED, BUT IT DIDN'T HALT."

who had read their Bibles to better purpose, were left looking at one another apparently with veiled suspicion and stating loudly that they would pay no money for their own lawful lamb.

The Adjutant was now, as he himself saw, in a strong position. He had but to suggest, still following the Bible precedent, that the lamb should be divided and half given to each, and he would have solved the mystery. He suggested it. The two farmers scratched their heads and both replied to the effect that it wasn't rightly the season for killing young lambs.

This momentarily baffled the Adjutant. Such a reply had not occurred to

regimental strength, he was highly annoyed.

"Why didn't the fool catch it?"

"He did give a sort of chase, Sir, but couldn't leave the guard-room precincts. And one of the sentries challenged it as it passed, but it didn't halt. And the other, Sir, was"—the R.S.M.'s moustache quivered—"well, facing in the wrong direction, and when he'd got up it had gone. So, knowing you was anxious to get rid of it, I didn't worry."

"Where's it gone?" asked the Adjutant, still viewing the lamb, now an integral part of his accounts, in a yearning manner.

"Well, Sir, I'm afraid it's gone right out of barracks. It attached itself to some men and followed them out. Farmers they looked like."

A gleam lit up the Adjutant's face. His old problem returned to his mind. Was Swede or Turnip the owner?

"Quick," he shouted, "tell me. Which of the two was it following?"

"Of the two, Sir? There were three at first, and then one separated off in the direction of Beetroot's Farm, and it was him the lamb followed." A. A.

THE HAPPY GEORGIANS.

In the days that were truly Victorian,
Demure and decorous and drab,
Supplying the Georgian historian
With endless material to crab—
When an incident crude or uncomely
Obtruded itself on our eyes,
We noticed it silently, glumly,
With anguished surprise.

But if, in some elegant mansion,
A maiden, subservient to whim,
In a moment of peevish expansion
Let loose the unmannerly "Dim!"
Her elders, who brought up their
chicks on

The purest of English and drinks,
Came down like a cartload of bricks on
The mutinous minx.

Beneath the detested paternal
Regime of the family pew,
The life of the young was infernal
And only the rebels won through;
While many fine spirits were broken
And few found a place in the sun,
For the best things could never be
spoken,
Or else "were not done."

But now that we're freed from the shackles

That formerly hampered our talk
Each infant instinctively cackles
Profanity ere it can walk;
And it simplifies matters extremely
For those who are crashingly crude
That nothing's considered unseemly,
No theme is tabooed.

Cheap Additions to the Map.

"NEW LAID ISLAND—2/- A DOZEN."
Notice outside Grocer's Shop in Isle of Wight.

"Frankfurter Hof, Kaiserplatz. Central location. First class. 251 rooms. 120 baths. Running ice water in many rooms."

Monthly Paper.

The latter has been considered a doubtful advantage in many English homes just lately.

"In connection with the great Lady Godiver procession, to be held in Coventry this summer, the committee have already received scores of applications from girls anxious to play the leading part."—Local Paper.

A chance for our bathing belles to keep in the public eye. But only Cockneys should apply.



Film Star. "IF I HAD MY TIME OVER AGAIN I'D MARRY THE SAME MEN, BUT IN A DIFFERENT ORDER."



Indignant Householder. "YOU'VE PAPERED THE STUDY WITH THE BATHROOM PAPER AND THE BATHROOM WITH THE STUDY PAPER. WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?"

Paperhanger. "DUNNO, SIR. I'D WILLINGLY SHIFT THE BATH FOR YOU, BUT THAT'S A PLUMBER'S JOB."

SHOPS.

WHAT is a shop, anyway, and what is all this nonsense about closing them? And why is there no philosophy in the world?

I suppose I keep a shop. I sell articles here. If REZA KHAN or KEMAL PASHA should care to get a trunk-call through at 3 A.M. (English time) and commission an article on *The Decline of the Fez* or *The Future of Astrakhan*, and name a large enough fee, I should do business on the spot, and be hanged to the Early Closing Hours. I don't display articles in the windows of my home. But then a number of shops in Bond Street and elsewhere don't seem to display anything in their windows; whereas the Marriotts' Siamese cat, which they sold because of its want of restraint, was always standing on their dining-room window-sill.

Supposing I bought the freehold of that house in the High Street which exposes for sale three lady's hats and a dress draped over a stand, and went and lived there, but refused to answer the bell when anyone came in, and took no notice if the hats were stolen, should

I be keeping a shop? And should I be summoned if I didn't lock the front-door at 8 P.M.?

Supposing I bought a whole street and painted in gilt letters over the windows—

STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS
HARDWARE
ITALIAN WAREHOUSEMAN
DRAPER AND CONFECTIONER
MONUMENTAL MASON
SANITARY ENGINEER
MADAME CIE

and so on, but put nothing inside the windows and kept the front doors locked all day until 8 P.M., and then opened them, should I be liable to prosecution or should I not?

Supposing that I filled them all with goods and put an assistant in each and hired them to say to every customer, "Get out! I do not like your face. I will not sell you anything, not even a tombstone or a frozen water-pipe," but on Thursday afternoon sent all the assistants home and walked round to all the shops in turn, refusing to sell people things, would that be a breach of D.O.R.A., pray?

Supposing I had a large automatic

machine which sold pats of butter through a slot, but had to be replenished somewhere out of sight in the back part of the premises by hand-power, would that be a shop?

What is to prevent the ordinary citizens of England from buying or selling at any hour of the day or night, in private houses, books, boots, chairs, soap, racing tips, furniture, private information, political honours or pills? It is an extraordinary thing that you can buy an elephant by private treaty at an hour when you may not buy cigarettes, or a country house when one cannot buy a cake.

The act of handing money over a counter in exchange for a commodity appears in some mystical way to be different from the act of handing money over a table for the same cause. Why is this?

Let me sell you, gentle reader, some of my nice guinea-pigs. I keep them in the back-garden. Come round at about half-past-twelve A.M., and confound the Defence of the Realm! Or why at half-past-twelve? Why not at 4.30 A.M.? When does Early Closing end and when does Early Opening begin? That is a

point that our Legislators do not seem to have made clear.

If a tobacco shop is open at nine in the evening, wouldn't it be possible to say, "I closed it at eight all right, and went to bed for three-quarters-of-an hour. But I am a light sleeper, and now I have just got up to get the first of the early-morning custom as soon as it arrives."

The fact is that Time, as EINSTEIN says— However, I will not go into that again.

I will tell you a story instead.

A friend of mine was proceeding from London to a small village near Oxford in a motor-car (and a bad motor-car at that) when he suddenly remembered that he had left his sponge-bag out of his suit-case, and it was now too late to return. A clammy terror came over him. On arriving at the town of Aylesbury he found that his worst fears were realised. It was Wednesday afternoon. He implored a man standing at a street corner to help him, and was told that, though of course all the chemists in Aylesbury had their front-doors locked at this hour, there was one who could be approached in cases of pestilence or cholera by a back-door in a side-street.

My friend went down a narrow alley and tapped discreetly at the door. Alas, there was no reply. Then, looking up, he observed an open window; and so great was his need of a sponge-bag and all the kinds of implements that a sponge-bag contains that he began to throw little pieces of stone and grit through the window in the hope of securing the chemist's aid.

Nothing happened for a long while. And then suddenly there was a loud roar and a big red face appeared at the window, rubbing its right eye with a hand.

"What you want?" it thundered.

"A small tin of throat pastilles," said my friend in a husky voice.

Observe the cunning of the man. Throat pastilles are a medicine. It was his intention, if all went well and he obtained these, to say to the chemist, "And do you mind wrapping up in the parcel with them a sponge, a sponge-bag, a shaving-brush, a tooth-brush and a bottle of brillianine? I know that it's out-of-hours, but—"

After which he proposed to smile a disarming smile, suggesting that they were both men of the world and that the law would be the law.

The ruse, however, failed, for he had scarcely uttered his first words when the hand belonging to the big red face picked up a huge imitation Worcester vase and threw it down upon my friend's head, stunning him for two minutes by the clock. A sympathetic



Artistic Hostess (showing treasures). "THIS PIECE OF TAPESTRY TOOK OVER FIFTY YEARS TO COMPLETE."

Visitor. "BEAUTIFUL! MARVELLOUS! How LONG DID YOU SAY IT TOOK YOU?"

passer-by told him that the man living behind the window was not a chemist but a bookmaker, and, what is more, had suffered several financial losses during the past week.

On returning to the place where he had parked his car my friend found that it was gone.

I see that the point of this story is not so good as it might be, and I now remember that it happened, not at Aylesbury, but at High Wycombe, and that the implement used by the bookmaker was not a vase but a picture of Moses in the bulrushes.

Nevertheless my contention is the same: the man who has anything to sell and a place to sell it in ought to be able to sell it, or refuse to sell it, whenever he pleases so long as he employs no labour but his own. If this were a free country, any small tradesman who owned a one-man business in Regent Street would be allowed to sell Regent Street rock to the multitude until the silent dawn. EVOE.

A Crying Need for Apology.

"Mr. R. E. — the yell-known baritone." *Scots Paper.*



Enthusiast. "MARVELLOUS MAN, THIS HOBBS. THINK OF IT! A DOZEN CENTURIES IN TEST MATCHES!"
Wife. "YOU DON'T SAY SO!"
Enthusiast. "BUT I DO SAY SO, AND YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF IT."

WHAT CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER KNEW.

Cinderella's Godmother
 Knew a thing or two:
 "Leave the ball at twelve, my love,
 Is my advice to you.
 If you linger longer
 Your folly you'll regret;
 Leave," she said, "at midnight,
 Prompt, my pet."

Cinderella, sparkling
 In her gayest mood,
 Thought her partner's dancing
 Admirably good;
 He, a prince and blasé,
 Yet distinctly hit,
Rated Cinderella
Exquisite.

What abyss of boredom
 Might they not have plumbed?
 But the chime of midnight
 Through the palace hummed;
 Like the fleeing breaker
 Swirling down the beach,
Cinderella slipped from
Charming's reach.

Can you wonder *Charming*
 Sought the girl like mad?
 Fired with loss and faucey,
 Can you blame the lad?
 Why have I no kindly
 Godmother to say,
 "Twelve o'clock, you bonehead:
 Fade away?" WOON.

HOW TO SAVE THE PORTLAND VASE.

WE are face to face with the prospect of seeing the Portland Vase taken from us to find a new and permanent resting-place among our American cousins two thousand miles removed. In that event it is to be supposed that hardly as many art-lovers will be prepared to cross the Atlantic to have a look at it as those who now go daily, in serried crowds, to view it at the British Museum.

There is more than one reason why it may not stay with us. Not every private collector in this country is in a position to put down a handful of thousands for this treasure. Moreover, not everyone will feel quite happy in possessing so valuable an ornament. Where could one put it? Already

proof has been given that it is easily breakable; and what one's dog failed to accomplish one's housemaid might succeed in achieving.

One may ask, are there not among us a quarter of a million lovers of the beautiful willing to pay a few shillings apiece to save the Vase for England? The answer is "No." That is quite definite.

Then I suggest that we appeal to a quarter of a million football enthusiasts. They don't mind putting down their money for what pleases them; and here is the chance of securing another Cup for the price of three bustling forwards and a couple of half-backs. Thus the Portland Vase might be exalted into a popularity of which its designer never dreamed; it would become a link between the martial glory of Rome and the athletic prowess of our own time and race. And who can say what an ennobling effect its presence for a year might not have on Huddersfield or West Bromwich? And there is always a sporting chance that it might one day return to London and do the Spurs (or even Chelsea) a bit of good.



WELSH WIZARDRY—A REVIVAL.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL } "OLD WIZARD, OLD WIZARD, WHITHER SO HIGH?"
MR. RUNCIMAN
MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "TO SWEEP THE COBWEBS OUT OF THE SKY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 4th.—The shadow of Dora crept across Question-time, when Sir HARRY BRITAIN asked the HOME SECRETARY if he would not consider setting up a Committee to discuss the difficulties arising out of the Shop Acts. Sir WILLIAM reminded his questioner that the Shop Hours Act was passed but recently, that it passed its second and third readings without a division, and that it gave effect to the recommendations of a Committee which embraced nine Members of the House. The explanation—in effect that Dora is the darling of the Conservative Party and not merely of the HOME SECRETARY—will no doubt be rubbed into the electorate by the lady's assiduous detractors.

Even political dogs must delight to bark and bite according to the rules of the game, and it was both unsporting and unmannerly of Miss WILKINSON to accuse Mr. HOPE, the Chairman of Ways and Means, of partisanship, in the columns of a Labour newspaper. A word of remonstrance from the Leader of her Party would no doubt have caused her to see the error of her ways, and would have been a better method of dealing with the matter than Mr. GROTHIAN's Question in the House. For the House, to tell the truth, generally manages to look ridiculous when it tries to stand on its dignity.

In this instance the House felt more sympathetic with Miss WILKINSON in her bereavement (she has just lost her father) than indignant at her contumacy, and when she regretted having committed a breach of privilege by saying outside the House what she should have said inside it, Mr. GROTHIAN asked leave, in view of her "apology," to withdraw the motion.

There was no retraction of or apology for the charges levelled at Mr. HOPE, but at least there were no pompous speeches such as were made recently when a gossip paragraph, obviously written in ignorance and conveying the innocent assumption that Mr. HOPE was there to look after the interests of the Government, appeared in one edition of an evening paper.

Post-Office Estimates always produce an ardent debate. Members know more about the Post-Office than they do about most of the subjects they discuss, and there are few of them that have not well-developed ideas for a brighter rural delivery or a breezier telegraph service.

The job of critic-in-chief fell on this occasion to Mr. CRAWFURD, the Liberal Member for Walthamstow, who scored a brilliant dialectic success almost at once. He said, "There has been rather a large number of robberies from His



THE SCOTTISH FISH-MARKET.

(After the painting by ADRIAN VAN OSTADE at Burlington House.)

SIR JOHN GILMOUR.

Majesty's mails in the last few months. I do not complain of that——"

"Oh, shame!" interjected Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY. Mr. CRAWFURD explained that what he meant was that he imputed no blame to the Minister. He would point out, however, for the benefit of the hon. and gallant Member for Central Hull that

run and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had explained how it was going to be run, the House turned to the vexed question of piscatorial credits.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR, the man of all trades, usually presides at these feasts of fish and unreason, but on this occasion it fell to the UNDER-SECRETARY to mind the shop in his chief's absence. Also there was no Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR to come to grips with Mr. WOMERSLEY on behalf of the longshore fishermen.

Tuesday, March 5th.—Lord DAWSON OF PENN's insistence that there should be close co-operation between the voluntary hospitals and the hospitals set up by local authorities under the Local Government Bill fructified into two or three Amendments looking to that end. Lord ONSLOW, while accepting none, expressed the Government's earnest desire to promote the end aimed at by all. The Bishop of SOUTHWARK pleaded for wider co-ordination of authorities to deal with vagrants, pointing out that the warm weather would bring them out, like crocuses and flies, in increasing numbers. The Bishop of EXETER said that many local authorities were chiefly concerned with speeding the unhappy vagrant into the bailiwick of the authority next adjoining. Apparently the "passed to you, please" spirit is not confined to the bureaucracy.

The House made good headway with the Local Government (Scotland) Bill as amended in Committee, whereafter, on the adjourned motion for the Second

Reading of the Architects Registration Bill, a well-conducted "filibuster" by Mr. BUCHANAN brought the debate to its automatic end. The Bill does not find great favour with the Commons, but Lieut.-Colonel MOORE did his best. In vain he besought Mr. BUCHANAN to let him explain this and that, challenged the accuracy of Mr. BUCHANAN's statements, dared Mr. BUCHANAN to let him (Colonel MOORE) reply. Mr. BUCHANAN, like the little *Revenge* in the poem, ran on. Colonel MOORE resigned himself to waiting until next Monday for his little revenge.

Wednesday, March 6th.—Oil, the combustible kind, was thrown on the still-vexed waters of Question-time by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who asked the MINISTER FOR FOR-



THE GENERAL IMPROVEMENT PRIZE.

AWARDED TO MISS ELLEN WILKINSON BY SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS. (See p. 298, col. 1.)

ever since DICK TURPIN's day mails had been an object of interest to persons holding what he might describe as extreme views on nationalisation.

When everybody present had explained how the Post-Office should be

EIGN AFFAIRS if a recent agreement had been made between the Soviet "Russian Naphtha Syndicate" and the Combine (including the Anglo-Persian Oil Company), and if steps had been taken to safeguard the interests of British sub-

jects whose oil interests in Russia had been confiscated.

Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON said he had no information. It was a commercial matter anyway and not in his Department. (No dollar diplomacy for the Foreign Office!) Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY suggested that his predecessors in the Foreign Office had been more jealous of British interests. Laughter ensued, and Mr. HOPKINSON asked "if the corner in oil was not a perfect example of the rationalization of industry."

The little misunderstanding between Church and State in Malta, in the course of which haughty Ministers of State and contumacious clerics have exchanged excommunications and banishments with an almost mediæval vehemence, is not, Mr. AMERY explained, a dispute between the Government of Malta and the Vatican, as Colonel WEDGWOOD seemed to think, but a local difference that the Vatican had been invited to compose.

Miss WILKINSON bears a striking resemblance to that other little girl with the curl right over her forehead—the one who when she was good was very good, but when she was naughty she was horrid. To-day, as she rose to ask leave to introduce her little Bill, by which married women will no longer automatically assume the nationality of their husbands, Miss ELLEN was as nice a little girl as ever went to the top of the class.

The Bill is likely to bring some grist to the lawyers if it ever becomes law, but it is a very nice and desirable little Bill, and Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS eagerly explained that the Government were heartily in favour of it. It was hoped that at the next Imperial Conference the one Dominion that had stood out against the proposal would fall into line.

On the Scottish Local Government Bill the House returned to the attack on what one may perhaps call the "Up the Bureaucracy!" Clause. Sir JOHN GILMOUR propounded the same amendment that had already been incorporated in the English Bill, but the clause, even as amended, still outraged the constitutionalists, though not enough to make them divide against it.

Thursday, March 7th.—While Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was elsewhere telling a deputation of motorists that they were the most buoyant class in the community and should be too jolly pleased to be motorists to grumble about how much taxes they had to pay on their petrol and cars, Mr. BALDWIN made the promised statement to the House on the price of petrol.

The gist of the statement was that the Government could not interfere in the

internal economy of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, but it could and would invite the Oil Companies concerned to explain why they had put the price of petrol up.



WINNIE CHURCHKINS;
OR, THE PUMP THAT DEFIES INSPECTION.

Mr. BALDWIN very clearly enunciated a principle that has not always commended itself either to Conservative or Liberal Governments, namely, that where a single undertaking or group



DÆDALUS, WING-MAKER.
(After a relief in the Villa Albani at Rome)
THE AIR MINISTER.

dominates the supply or distribution of an article of common use they have a duty to supply it on reasonable terms, and the public has a right to be satisfied that the terms are reasonable.

The interesting question of what the

Government will do if the Oil Companies' profits prove, in the view of the Government's experts, to be in excess of what is reasonable (always supposing that a standard of reasonableness can be established) was not propounded, and we may assume would not have been answered.

Air Estimates always excite more interest in the House than any other and for good reason. The House of Commons is always more or less "up in the air" about the Air. It has no history and few precedents. The efficacy and adequacy of the Air Force, and the efficacy and adequacy of our efforts to develop civil aviation, can be tested only by comparison with what other nations are doing.

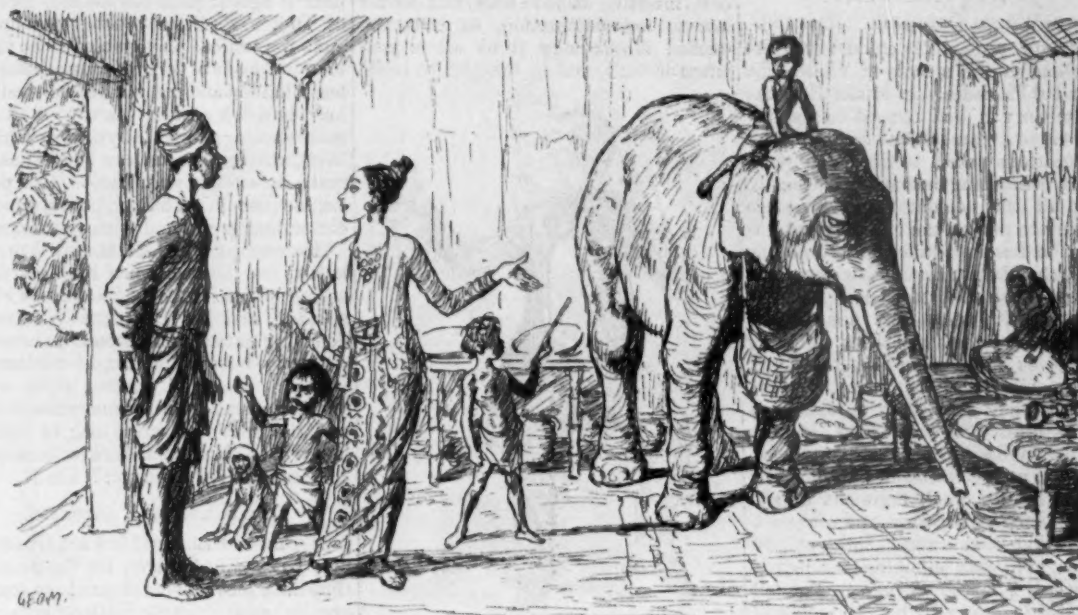
Sir SAMUEL HOARE's statement was optimistic but in spots meagre. For example, he had little to say about the two great new and expensive airships that are nearing completion. He had much to say about Imperial Airways' new route to India, and invited Members who wanted a change of air before the General Election to try it during the Easter recess. So that there could be no misunderstanding what he had in his mind he explained that they could be back in their places in a fortnight.

There was little criticism on this occasion of Air administration and much praise for what the Air Force has accomplished in the service of peace in the Near East and Afghanistan. There was, on the other hand, a formidable attack by Lieut.-Col. MOORE-BRABAZON which was in effect an attack for the Air Ministry against the "somnolent" Government as a whole, and its failure to tackle the "dug in" Ministries, the Admiralty and War Office, whose "vested interests," in the opinion of the Member for Chatham, effectively bar the proper development of the Air arm.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN had already touched on the same theme, likening the Air Ministry to Cinderella, who sits among the ashes while the two elderly Ugly Sisters get handsome dress allowances, the Navy by virtue of seniority and the Army by virtue of pertinacity. He made one new and telling criticism. It was easy to learn to fly, he said, and easy to build machines; the difficult thing was to know where one was going. Yet Germany had two-hundred-and-forty civil aviation machines whose pilots were learning their way about in the air while Britain had exactly nineteen.

Given Away.

"Jewellery and diamonds at 100% less than you pay in big shops."—Notice in Shop Window.
But there's nothing said about the pound of tea.



LABOUR-SAVING IN THE IDEAL HOME (ORIENTAL).

PROUD HOUSEWIFE SHOWS HER HUSBAND THE NEW VACUUM-CLEANER AT WORK.

THE PLUMBER IN HONOUR.

Nor, plumber, do I sing of you in mockery,
Nor in loud indignation do I come;
Men may heave stones—they do, a perfect rockery—
At the bowed heads of all the tribe that plumb,
Yet, were your reputation frail as crockery,
It shall not, though the whole world think this rum,
Be cracked for me; I purpose, if allowed,
To tell your virtues and to do you proud.

It may be there are memories dark and bitter
To stir the old-time jestings of the wag
And give your critics' eyes that steely glitter:
Your tardiness, your acolyte, the bag
He has to fetch, the footmarks and the litter
You leave behind you (an undoubted snag);
Trifles like these have put you 'neath a ban;
For me they shall not count, you more than man.

No, I will have no mood of carping Summer
When days are warmish, and the murderous bird
Whom WORDSWORTH spoke of as the blithe newcomer
Flattens his one song to a minor third;
That is the time when men upbraid the plumber
And bite the thumb at him, and lower, and gird;
When water freely runs and cisterns glow
In the full sun, and everything's just so.

I sing a time of wrath and tribulation,
When Winter holds us in his horrid grip
And persons even of the highest station
Turn on their taps and cannot raise a drip—
No bath, no shave, no sausage, no libation;
When the aggrieved householder gets the pip
And lifts his cry for one at any cost
To come and tackle this infernal frost.

Then come you forth, and in your hands is healing,
And at your touch the captive springs are free,
And water flows, not through the walls or ceiling.
But through the proper channels, h. and c.;
And the most ribald owns a softened feeling—
Warm bath, fair shave, crisp sausage and hot tea—
And tips you as you go, and owns your spell,
And asks about your toddlers—are they well?

Not as mere man, from portal on to portal,
But trailing clouds of glory do you pass,
And probably celestial watchers chortle
To see how man has proved himself an ass,
Holding you now as something more than mortal,
Lifting you, as he must, to that pure class,
Half angel and half Moses, from whose hand
Water is given to a thirsty land.

Then, by those benefits with which we task you,
O plumber, may our verdict grow more just;
For after all, when Winter comes, I ask you,
Can Spring be far behind? Not far, I trust;
And, when the year brings on a rising glass (Kew)
And urban dwellers grumble at the dust,
May they recall your merit and your skill;
If I have anything to say, they will. **DUM-DUM.**

The Frank Style in Advertising.

"Man and Wife would like post together for season, from Easter, not partial to any kind of work."—*Advt. in Essex Paper.*

The End of Free Thought.

"A Chinese was sentenced at East Ham Police Court to-day to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for illegally importing 84lb. of raw opinion."—*Evening Paper.*

It would have been extremely useful in the General Election.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WHITE CAMELLIA" (DALY'S).

Anybody apparently could buy white camellias in the streets of Villina, the capital of Passadinia, in Mittel-Europa; and when you had bought one somebody came up and thrust in your hand, no questions asked, terribly important papers containing evidence sufficient to hang all the conspirators who were plotting to put on the throne of Passadinia the dissolute exiled Prince Adolfe. Then the desperate conspirators, the careless "White Camellias," got busy to save their necks and chased you through the streets of Villina, allowing themselves to be diverted from their purpose by a drunken friend of yours and by the local gendarme. Undismayed by this untoward delay they, though corpulent and elderly, sprinted after you, who were young and fit and everybody's darling in the crack regiment of the Blue-and-cherry Hussars—and with such vigour that they caught sight of you just as you were climbing through a young lady's bedroom window. You fell promptly in love with her, though you were horribly out of breath and anxious—you being in the Secret Service. And of course she returned your love and hid you in the wardrobe, and the gendarmier entered and thoroughly searched every place but that. And then you discovered that the lady of your heart's desire was in the service of your king's enemies. Not for any base motive—oh, no!—but merely because the senior major in your regiment, the secret chief of the disloyal White Camellias, had promised her that in return for her services he would clear the good name of her dead brother, who had been foully slandered. Anybody could see at half a glance that the Major was a fellow who would make any promise to gain his nefarious ends—a base, shift-eyed, blonde-bearded scoundrel in fact.

And so your young lady is to ride a cock-horse before dawn over the frontier, carrying in her boot more evidence to damn the confiding White Camellias. And you, taking advantage of the all-night service at the Couronne d'Or, which gives its patrons black coffee in the small hours in its picturesque courtyard, dope the grateful and comforting drink and bear away your beloved in a state of complete insensibility, extract

the message from her boot, forge a copy of it (inserting same in boot) and deliver her to her destination, so that the wicked Major may think all is well when it isn't, and be brought to book,



A MAKER OF FACES.

Odino . . . MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT.

while you, serving your lawful sovereign with more luck than judgment, receive the due reward of your loyalty and valour and live happily ever after with the gentle blonde of your choice.

One seems to have heard something like this before. But Mr. HARRY WELCH-

MAN is precisely determined that you shall hear it again; that the ancient glories of Daly's shall be revived—the pre-Jazz romantical play, packed with true love and deeds of derring-do, with senseless villainies and not much more sensible heroisms, the action interrupted at its most exciting moments by song or dance. Well, any convention can theoretically make its artistic justification, this particular convention having perhaps more difficulties to contend with than most.

However you have Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN's fine hearty voice and spirited acting; Miss DOROTHY BRUNTON's rich soprano, and Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT's diverting antics as a chronic inebriate; with gay dresses and bright uniforms, Utopian inns and castles, plots and counter plots, love and virtue triumphant and the whole romantic bag of tricks in the good old unsophisticated manner. All I can say is I hope you'll like it. T.

"THE BORDERER" (STRAND).

MADGE and LESLIE HOWARD GORDON may be readily forgiven for the pranks they have played with chronology, topography and characterisation, because they have made a very jolly piece of cloak-and-swordery out of *The Borderer*, an unscrupulously-packed portmanteau of romance concerned with MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary is all sweetness and light, innocent of intrigue but a victim of intriguers, hater of bloodshed, anxious only to love and be loved (and respectfully at that), using her beauty not as a snare but, as a queen should, to win the respect and affection of her subjects, gentle and simple. *Bothwell* is the perfect knight and patient respectful lover, guiltless of the murder of Darnley, indeed braving danger at his Queen's behest to save her worthless consort from the gunpowder plot contrived by the black villain of the piece, *Moray*.

Our authors' lively version of the facts is somewhat as follows. Mary, having set sail now four days from France, is expected in Holyrood. Moray, wishing the crown for himself, has warned ELIZABETH of England, who has sent one of her admirals to intercept the convoy. He has also prepared, as a second string to his bow, a doped horse to meet her at Leith and prance away with her to destruction. Jean Mercer, the innkeeper's daughter,



Fleur-de-Chamier (Miss DOROTHY BRUNTON). "WHY ARE YOU HERE IN WHAT THE PROGRAMME CALLS MY 'BOUDOIR'?"

Lieutenant Paul Carret (Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN). "NEVER MIND THE PLOT. THIS IS A 'ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY.'"



THE TABLE DANSANTE.

FOR POPULAR RESTAURANTS WHERE FLOOR-SPACE IS LIMITED.

acquaints *Bothwell* with the sinister facts. *Mary* arrives unharmed; is overwhelmed by the 'empestuous wooing of *Bothwell*, who, having seen her in France, has kept her image in his heart; marries the fop and faintant, *Darnley*, because she suspects her knight of taking *Jean* to his bed; suffers agonies of remorse for her proud lover and disillusionment with her coarse and cowardly consort. For no very relevant reasons, except to provide an effective scene (which the authors might fairly maintain is relevant reason enough), *Riccio* is dragged from the *Queen's* side and murdered by *Darnley's* faction. *Lord Gordon* lends himself to *Moray* for the plot to blow up *Darnley*; *Bothwell*, "parfit gentil knight," protesting and in an ecstasy of friendship defending *Gordon* from the displeasure of his *Queen*. *Bothwell's* intervention to save the unhappy *Darnley* being unsuccessful, the way is paved for the belated nuptials of *Mary* and the fighting *Earl* in the full odour of respectability. *Moray* at *Mary's* bidding bending the knee with crooked dissembling smile to the "King of Scots" in reluctant homage.

A very prettily distorted tale.

Mr. FRED TERRY's *Bothwell* is a splendid affair. One may perhaps smile

at certain flourishes which jar on our too sophisticated tastes, but here is a fine figure of a romantic man who captures our attention and our interest and whose elocution is so technically perfect that we never miss a word. The old school certainly holds its own!

And as for Miss PHYLIS NELSON-TERRY she is a positive menace to the honesty of honourably susceptible critics. How can we preserve that judicial detachment which should be the badge of our tribe before such triumphant beauty? Much of this stuff is fustian, good enough fustian, no doubt; and there is not a single line that has the ring of authentic beauty; and yet this *Mary*, with her gaiety, her liquid eyes, her noble carriage, her tender voice, her sweet wooing, her imperious gestures, made us feel that we were listening to something in the great tradition. (Monstrous!)

Twenty-five per cent of this honest praise must be deducted by the prudent reader. The English stage has suffered much from the cult of beauty or what passes for it. It is not very likely that great beauty and apt temperament should go together, and the backers of the theatre have generally tended to demand the former as the indispensable

quality. I have long been insensibly prejudiced against Miss TERRY, in reaction against this common and pernicious view. Here I gladly do penance in a white sheet. This was a very moving performance—an attractive compromise between the flamboyant robustness of the old technique and the cold detachment of the new.

The laughter ("Ha, ha, ha!") of certain ladies of the Court was almost more than I could bear. Mr. EUGENE LEAHY's twisted smile and lifted eyebrows were in the traditional vein. Mr. ELLIOT WATSON's *Lord Gordon* was very fierce and forthright and stupid. *Bothwell* and *Mary*, Mr. FRED TERRY, a gallant, Miss NELSON TERRY, a really beautiful figure, made the play. And, judged on its own plane, it is an excellent play, very well produced and mounted, marred occasionally by the very unconvincing fighting. But there is no reason why Mr. FRED TERRY should lose his eyes to make a London holiday. T.

"The L.N.E.R. announces that it has entered into a working agreement with the Motor Services under which interchangeable tickets for journeys between Middlesbrough and Redcar will shortly be issued."

Liverpool Paper.

I'll scratch you if you'll scratch me.

AT THE PICTURES.

TWO PROVOCATIVE TITLES.

THE tendency to give new films names suggestive of wickedness or immorality is not too laudable; and it may be a snare, for sooner or later rivalry will exhaust the possibilities, and during the process we shall be bored. Meanwhile London has just been offered *Lady of the Night* (softened by the Censor's wish from *Lady of the Pavements*) at the Tivoli and *Sin* at the Capitol. Having risked my innocence by seeing both, I may state with confidence that I am unconscious of any serious deterioration.

Lady of the Night is the work of Mr. D. W. GRIFFITH, and, if it could be taken as symptomatic, it would suggest that that gifted producer does not rank public opinion as highly as he did when he



UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR.

Baron Finot (Mr. ALBERT CONTI) to Nanon (Miss LUPE VELEZ). "MARRIAGE WITH THE COUNT IS IMPOSSIBLE. YOU MUST NOT FORGET WHO YOU ARE."

Film-wise Dog. "Bow-wow!"

made *The Birth of a Nation*, for this new film is very ordinary studio stuff, and its main thesis—that *Nanon del Rayon* (Miss LUPE VELEZ) is a street-walker, or the lowest of the low, as the infuriated Countess Diane des Granges (Miss JETTA GOUDAL) insists on her being—is never proved. Rather is she a child of Bohemia with a heart of gold, whose sole link with depravity is the circumstance that she dances in an inferior cabaret. Nor can we believe that the Countess, having been caught by her fiancé with a lover (who I fancy we are asked to believe was NAPOLEON III., no less!), would be turned to such a blend of gall and vitriol as to plot for his marriage to be so degraded.

The story as a human document having gone west, we are but mildly interested in the acting; but it should be said that Mr. WILLIAM BOYD as Karl von Arnim, the outraged fiancé, gives an attractive performance; that Miss JETTA GOUDAL is the snake-woman incarnate, and Miss LUPE VELEZ brings

everything but viciousness to the title part. There are some imposing social gatherings, and the atmosphere of high diplomacy is created: largely by a character named *Baron Haussman*, who, however, is not our old friend of the



JUST LIKE LIFE.

HEROINE DENOUNCES VILLAINESS.

Boulevards, but a German plenipotentiary.

The most remarkable thing about *Sin*, the Swedish film based on a story by STRINDBERG, is that everyone in it, from principals to the most insignificant underling, can superbly act. They all have both film gestures and film faces, and there is an impersonator of an old café landlady, STINA BERG, of whom we see too little, who should some day be a central figure. It is possible that in its original form *Sin* was worthy of these performers, but as we now have it it is far from being so. As too often



Maurice Gérard (Mr. LARS HANSON). "LET'S GET OUT OF THE RAIN OR WE SHALL BE SOAKED."

Henriette (Miss GINA MANÈS). "CLOTHES GET DRY ON THE FILMS QUICKLY, DARLING."

happens, the producer seems, like Lao-coön, to have been lost in the coils, and then, in order to get the result into the prescribed hour-and-a-half, have cut too much, without (also a common piece of cinema slovenliness or lack of foresight) telling the programme-writer about it.

In *Sin*—which I may say at once is no more sinful than plenty of other films and less so than many—the chief and terrible event occurs in a moment of time, whereas it would have needed weeks or months in which to fructify, and in STRINDBERG's novel no doubt is a plant of stealthy growth. That is to say, *Henriette* (GINA MANÈS), the actress vampire, who has marked down *Maurice* (LARS HANSON), a simple and happily-married young dramatist, for her own, within three hours of their first kiss is suggesting to him that he should murder



Maurice Gérard. "AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF STRUGGLE AND THE MORN'G AFTER MY FIRST SUCCESSFUL PREMIERE, YOU, MY LEADING LADY, ASK ME TO LEAVE WIFE, KILL CHILD AND ELOPE WITH YOU! YOU OUGHT TO BE ON THE PICTURES."

his child, and so successfully persuading him that later we are led to believe him guilty.

There are other absurdities, such as a sudden storm, which comes from every direction at once, finds no one prepared with wraps and yet wets nobody's clothes. The cinema is addicted to this disdain for a soaking. It is fond too of setting up other sartorial problems, such as the attire of the dramatist and his Delilah on leaving the private supper-room in the *Hôtel Royale en route* to extinguish the inconvenient vital spark of the little *Marian*.

The scissors have again done us bad service after this supposititious murder, for the knowledge that the child has gone, the communication with the police, the hue and cry, the arrest of the dramatist and his companion (still



AFTER A LONG INTERLUDE HUNTING IS AGAIN RESUMED. SOME HARD-WORKED STUDS APPEAR TO HAVE BEEN BENEFITED BY THE REST.

in her last night's confection) and the very odd judicial examination are all packed into a few minutes.

As I was saying here the other day about *The Rescue*, by JOSEPH CONRAD, it has by this time been amply proven that, while the psychological novelist can do nothing for the movies, it is in the power of the movies—or it may even be the mission of the movies—to reduce his efforts to absurdity. More and more am I convinced that stories on the film should be stories written for the film. E. V. L.

Air: "O Captain Shaw."

[On the first night of the revival of *Major Barbara* Mr. G. B. SHAW's companion, in a specially screened box, was "Aircraftman SHAW."]

Aircraftman SHAW, type of bright light kept under,

Could mortal gaze
Endure the blaze

Of your bright light, I wonder?

"Few modern English pictures now go to America. Works by Sir D. Y. Cameron, James McBey, Sir William Orpen, and John Go Across, I understand, from time to time." *Manchester Paper.*

We prefer the works of John Stay This Side.

ELIZABETH'S SONG.

Elizabeth knows such a beautiful song;
It hasn't much tune, but it's ever so long,
And, if you just tell her you've heard
that it's nice,
She'll sing it right through to you—
probably twice.

She learnt it, she says, from her friend
down the street,
The one who sells chestnuts all ready
to eat;
He told her it's wonderful what it can do
To cheer a chap up when he feels rather
blue.

He sings it himself when his trade's
very slack
Or when the rheumatics are bad in his
back,
And even before he has got to the end
He finds that his troubles have started
to mend.

I said to Elizabeth, "Teach it me,
please,"
Expecting to learn with the greatest of
ease;
But what is so hard, though exciting
and strange,
Whenever she sings it the tune seems
to change!

For sometimes she rumbles it down in
her chest
And it sounds like a dirge (that's the
way she loves best),
And sometimes she trills it as high as
can be,
And it sounds very nice, but it doesn't
suit me.

And sometimes the words rather wander
about
And she puts a few in or she leaves a
few out,
Or else very often, when nothing will fit,
She simply sings "Tiddle-ee-um" for a
bit.

So now when I'm cross and when
everything's wrong
I say to Elizabeth, "Sing me your song;"
And somehow or other my grievances go
As she lets me join in with the bits
that I know.

"This [Tris'an da Cunha] was Robinson Crusoe's island, or at any rate it was the island on which Juan Fernandez, the Portuguese original of Crusoe, lived for so long in solitude."—*Daily Paper.*

You will remember how the Welshman, ALEXANDER SELKIRK, found FERNANDEZ on Treasure Island and said, "Robinson Crusoe, I believe?"

WHAT SHALL I CALL IT?

It is a commonplace that anybody can write a novel. To judge by the specimens which Phyllis brings home from the circulating library anybody can get that novel published. The only real difficulty lies in the important matter of choosing a title.

The old idea that this should be dictated by the contents of the book is largely exploded. Instead the title serves rather as the label on a wine-bottle, which, without necessarily having any reference to the contents, indicates to the consumer what he likes to think, or in some cases what he likes other people to think, he is drinking. The novelist must therefore decide whether it will be more profitable to appeal to those who prefer the sweet and sticky, the heavy and fiery, or the extra dry.

With a view to assist him in his difficult task I append a list of the different types of title most in vogue among the best sellers of the day, with a few examples of each.

The Musical ("Andante," "Sforzando," "Appoggiatura," "Rubato," etc.)—This style can be confidently recommended; any book of reference will furnish a list of terms, the employment of which is in itself the hall-mark of cleverness.

The Unintelligible.—Here a number of words are thrown together at random, as thus: "Three saxophones over Wicklow," "Inducement to a pail for catkins." These, though possessing a certain air of distinction, are not wholly satisfactory, since they make too great a demand upon the memory. The average novel-reader never remembers an author's name, and he (or rather she) is just as likely to get the wretched scribbling of some second-rate driveller as your masterpiece.

The Abstract.—This style has three main divisions: (1) the ordinary abstract noun, such as "Circumstance," "Fatuity," "Effervescence" or "Impenetrability"; (2) The Depressing, e.g., "Gloom," "Disgust," "Boredom," "Umbrage," "Dudgeon," etc.; (3) The Obscure. A pleasing effect of erudition may be produced by the employment of nouns whose use is severely technical, for instance "Apperception," "Estoppel," "Demurrage." Their actual meaning may be disregarded.

The Violent.—These should be short (but on no account sweet), strong and Saxon. The most effective are generally monosyllabic, for instance, such words as "Blood," "Slime," "Muck." Any barge-master will be happy to supply a large number of examples on suitable application.

The Meteorological ("Fog," "Ground-

frost at Night," "Rain Later," etc.).—Many of these have already been requisitioned, but a diligent study of the daily forecast should provide a variety of effective combinations.

The Condimental.—A visit to the kitchen will suggest many attractive and up-to-date titles, such as "Salad Dressing" or "Sauce Tartare." The use of a contrasting adjective is often effective, as in "Sweet Vinegar," "Bitter Sugar," "Insipid Mustard," and the like.

The Zoological ("The Tiger of Stamboul," "The Wombat of Bayonne," "The Hornet of Rochdale," "The Winkle of Southend").—Particularly recommended to historical novelists. The judicious choice of animal and habitat, in which the laws of history, natural and other, may be disregarded, should provide a title of irresistible allure.

The Chromatic.—For these the primary colours should be neglected and attention confined to those subtler hues, generally requiring the delicacy of the French tongue for their expression, which may be found in profusion in the fashion columns of any newspaper; for instance—"Eau de Nil," "Tête de Nègre," "Pied de Cochon," "Talon de Vache."

The Negative.—This cannot be beaten for those who wish to attract the amateur of sobstuff. Its construction is simple. All that is necessary is to take a stock phrase with a past participle passive in it—the more stereotyped the better—and prefix "un-" to the verb. A few examples will make plain the simplicity of the method and the moving appeal of the result: "The Unbought Pup," "The Undropped Brick," "The Unswung Lead," "The Uncut Cack'le."

JESSICA IN LONDON.

ROYALTY.

In London you may really see
Princes and Princesses
Wearing, just like you or me,
Ordinary dresses;
Driving in the Park or street
(A baby one with nurses)
Or even walking on their feet
And shopping with their purses.

But how I wish they'd wear a crown
And a jewelled order,
Or a lovely velvet gown
With an ermine border
Which a little page might hold,
When it's muddy weather,
In a cap of green and gold
With a curling feather! R. F.

A Pellucid Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. Philip Guedalla, commenting on the Liberal leader's speech, said: 'The Liberal party's cure for unemployment is work.'"

Manchester Paper.

THE SECOND WATCH;

OR, THE ENTHUSIAST.

FEELING not a little sleepy last Thursday I was not sorry when my host took his watch out of his right-hand vest-pocket and laid it on the table.

"How odd," I said, "to keep it on that side! And why," I continued, "don't you keep it right?"

"It is right," he said.

"Nonsense!" I said, looking at my own. "It's a quarter to two and yours says a quarter to twelve."

"Well," he said, "that's right. But of course, if you want anything so dull as English time, I can give it you," and he took from his left-hand waistcoat-pocket another watch. "Ten to two," he said.

"But what's it all mean?" I asked. "Why two watches?"

"Because," he said, "I want to follow the cricket. It's just going to begin now. This," and he took up the right-hand watch, "is Melbourne time, ten hours behind ours. It's noon there now and the last Test match is just beginning, and I've kept this second watch all through the tour; I like to know what they're up to. I can't tell you what a comfort it's been. In that devilish cold weather it took my mind away from frozen pipes. I used to look at it and actually hear, across all those thousands of miles of sea, the sound of the ball on the bat—unless of course it chanced to be in the lunch or tea interval. I wonder what's happening! Who's won the toss? WHITE or RYDER? POOR CHAPMAN's out of it. That's hard lines, isn't it? But WHITE's all right; WHITE's been a captain for years. Well, we must go to bed, I suppose; too much to do to-morrow. But how I hate sleeping through a Test match!"

E. V. L.

The Magic of Bognor.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury reached Bognor, where he will recover from his recent illness shortly before two o'clock yesterday."

Sunday Paper.

The Revolt Against Dearer Petrol.

"Wanted, Anglo-Saxon Coach for April."

Daily Paper.

It will be splendid to see one of these grand old vehicles in use again.

Letting the Horse out of the Stall.

From a report of a speech by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE:—

"Look at the condition of the country after six years of Tory rule. Our great stable industries are in a worse plight than they have been within the memory of this generation."

Evening Paper.

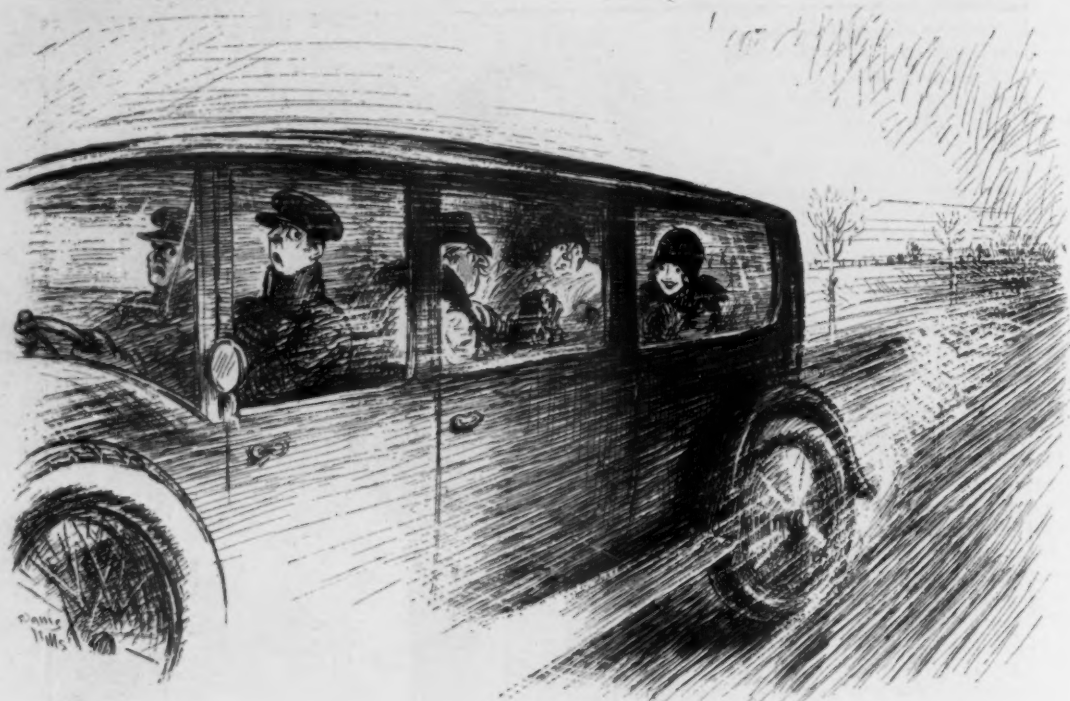
No wonder the bookies are giving their moral support to the Opposition.



LORD TOMLIN.

*In legal matters only very few men
Possess the new Law Lord's superb acumen ;
Nor does his capture of so steep a rise
Cause me, his messmate, any rude surprise,
Who knew his martial gifts that gave its tone
To No. 3 Platoon ("The Devil's Own").*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XC.



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Young Woman (who is being given a ride in an expensive limousine). "I SAY, AREN'T WE JUST RATTLING ALONG?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

How completely of a piece was the genius of OLIVE SCHREINER from her girlhood to her maturity, and how little maturity had to add to the literary technique of girlhood, is evident from a novel earlier than *The Story of an African Farm*, discovered by her husband since her death. The bulk of this MS. was preserved by Mr. HAVELOCK ELLIS, who, though casually asked by its writer to send it back for destruction, had wisely allowed the request to lapse. The remainder was salvaged by Mr. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER from among his wife's papers. Begun at sixteen and finished at one-and-twenty, *Undine* (BENX) is an extraordinary *tour-de-force* for a girl of the 'seventies. In many respects it is an embryo *African Farm*, its finest scenery portraying the South Africa of the Diamond Rush age, its predominant enthusiasm the revolt of the free mind against religious and social trammels. Institutionalism of both kinds is seen at its worst in two continents; and up against it is depicted "a Queer Little Girl" who develops into a noble woman. Its author avowed that the biographical element in *Undine* made her "soft" to the book; and obviously much of its heroine is the young governess of Ganna Hoek as she would have wished herself to confront the world. That the episodes which bring out that world's character and her own have often a Brontëesque violence and improbability is no great matter. The transition of a magnanimous heart from self-engrossment to self-abandonment does take place. Its outward inception, when *Undine* in England marries a rich old man to keep his money for the son who has jilted her, is

mechanical. Its interior consummation, when self-despoiled of wealth she returns to die in South Africa, is masterly.

Colonel LIONEL JAMES narrowly escaped, in his earliest journalistic days, being shot in a border scuffle by a Pathan armed with a pistol, dated 1660, crammed to its bell-mouth with chopped-up telegraph-wire. In the South African war he did not hesitate to stop a train, which it was considerably proposed should run through a station where he was waiting, by imitating a Boer land-mine with a row of fog-signals. Incidentally KITCHENER was in the train. In the same war, having managed to get shut into beleaguered Ladysmith, he contrived throughout the siege to keep in touch with his journal's headquarters by means of Kafir runners, and naturally was the first man out with the news of the relief. In *High Pressure* (MURRAY) he gives away with unabashed effrontery the secret of his early wire after Omdurman, and puts brazenly on record the story of his personal alliance with the Imperial Government of Japan during their joint operations against Russia. That unique compact provided for the use of his despatch-boat, equipped with the latest thing then available in "wireless," as a scout for the Japanese Navy, exclusive privileges of the order coveted by a journalist being granted in return. That he was loyal to his ally is proved by his having been trusted with the secret of the sinking on Russian mines of two Japanese battleships, a piece of utterly vital information which remained undivulged to the close of the war. His book, which I could well have wished longer, certainly justifies its title, and proves the writer to have been one of the princes of the golden age of war-correspondence; but it

seems probable he occasioned his journal's manager some uneasy moments by his tendency to resort to buccaneering methods in the capture of living news, as he certainly must have worried his editor by his inability to determine the exact meaning of such mere dead words as "will" and "shall."

Witch Hazel, by W. RILEY

(From JENKINS), presents to our view
A human collection which seems on inspection

A trifle too good to be true;
They all, whether blandly or shyly,
Diffuse the benevolent glow
Which the *Cheeryble* brothers and one
or two others
Exhibited ages ago.

But stay, I had almost forgotten
The villain, the knave of the pack,
Whose devil-may-care way abandons
the fairway

And shows the well-doers his back;
Until his behaviour's so rotten,
So gaily he goes to the bad,
That the girl who admires him reluctantly
fires him
And weds a respectable lad.

I note in the mixed bag of essays, sketches, one-act plays, and meditative jottings which Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY labels *Off the Deep End* (HEINEMANN) a tendency common to almost every well-endowed but hard-pressed journalist to be far more conscientious with other men's work than his own. This is more often than not a necessary humility. You are paid to be critical of your fellow-workers and the illustrious dead; you are not paid to be critical of yourself—rather the contrary. But it strikes me all the same that it is time Mr. MORLEY took himself with something of the deliberation he extends to HARDY and C. E. MONTAGUE and PEAR-SALL SMITH. His criticism is usually surefooted; his original output too profuse and apologetic for the best literary, or even journalistic, breeding. "One must not melo-dramatize . . . very small adventures," "I hope I haven't seemed too scherzo," "the piece is not intended to be blasphemous"—there should be no occasion for these uneasy

and sometimes well-justified after-thoughts. Mr. MORLEY's best I find good of many sorts. Take his titular sketch—a racing yacht's trial trip from Halifax to Long Island—or the second of his French criminal trials—"Anna Faure and the Parrot"—how graphically he can reconstruct a series of vivid situations, his own or another's! I do not see eye to eye with his fantasy. The contemporary examples he praises leave me cold, and his own fantastic playlet, "Really, My Dear . . ." has none of the buoyancy of its vulgar but funny little fellow, "Wagon-Lits." It is as little in farce as in fantasy, but it is on the *terra firma* of unsophisticated human experience that I see this explorative and humorous



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Sailor. "FLAT-FOOTED SON OF A SEA-COOK—(perceiving it's an Officer) THAT I AM, SIR!"

American adding, as he would wish, to literature's "noble story of men's hearts."

There are books written in prose which have the quality of poetry, by virtue not of anything deliberately poetical or lyrical in their writing, which indeed usually defeats its own intention, but, so to speak, of a spiritual undertone or emanation. Such books are rare, but to their company must be added *Portrait in a Mirror* (MACMILLAN), by Mr. CHARLES MORGAN. Its story is simple. *Nigel Frew*, a painter grown old and famous, looks back over half-a-century and remembers the beginnings of his art and his

first love. He tells of his association with *Clare Sibrigh*, the betrothed of his elder brother's friend; of its growth and its effect on his painting and on the girl herself, and of how it not ended but took on its final permanent and impersonal form. *Nigel's* love for *Clare* is the centre and circumference of the tale. The other people in it, and the pleasant country-houses in which it is unrolled, only exist as they impinge on the boy's preoccupation. Nevertheless they exist. The facets of them which are presented to us are clearly seen, recognisable human figures. They, like *Clare*, are portraits in a mirror, but it is a mirror unclouded. For Mr. MORGAN, essentially a poet, has the mastery of a prose which enables him to follow the lines of his thought with the delicate precision of a *PROUST* or a *JAMES*. This book stays in the memory like a perfume; but the perfume is imprisoned in crystal.

With the sound instinct of a good biographer, Lady CYNTHIA ASQUITH apologises for her complete failure to discover in the subject of her book, *The Duchess of York* (HUTCHINSON), any of those "redeeming faults"

which are needed as shade to set off the lights of a portrait. Even after the most "painstaking research" she could find none; and I am sure that, though no one will be surprised, every reader will rejoice at her failure. For certainly there never was a royal personage about whom it would be more impossible to say too many nice things. Lady CYNTHIA has collected a considerable number, and her narrative, with its accompaniment of photographs—snapshots, many of them, and even the studied ones amazingly natural—is undeniably fascinating. Documents so diverse as that of the sergeant who spent six months at Glamis Castle when it was a War Hospital, and the letters of more intimate friends written when there was no thought of publication, all tell the same story. The DUCHESS has an unfailing charm of manner, and this book proves that she always has had it. Even as a child of six she was able to cut up the new sheet of her bed and elicit from her mother no more severe reproof than "Oh, Elizabeth!" Other similar small happenings might be quoted, but I must confine myself to her one early literary effort which has been preserved. It was entitled "The Sea," and this is the whole matter: "Some governesses are nice and some are not." One can imagine even the roughest sea melting into a smile.

Anything in the nature of an unsolved mystery has a never-failing fascination for the curiously-minded, and even such hoary riddles as the identity of Jack the Ripper and the Man in the Iron Mask and the abandonment of the *Marie Celeste* still command a certain amount of respectful attention with each new dishing-up. Lieut.-Commander R. T. GOULD, in the entertaining collection of queer things which he calls *Oddities* (PHILIP ALLAN), deals with some problems of the kind, less familiar but quite as baffling.

What agency was responsible for the inexplicable tracks left in the snow during one night along a hundred-mile stretch of the South Devon seaboard? What moved the coffins in a certain vault at Barbados? Were the two ships seen on the ice by several witnesses on board the brig *Renovation* really the missing vessels of FRANKLIN's ill-fated expedition? The author does not pretend to answer these and other questions of like nature; he is content to state the known facts fairly and squarely and leave his readers to make of them what they can. Not the least interesting of his chapters, in a slightly different category, is that which deals with some of the "doubtful islands"—like the well-known "Virgins Rocks" in the South Atlantic, of which, rather surprisingly, Commander GOULD makes no mention—a few examples of which are even now to be found on the Admiralty charts. Altogether this is a thoroughly readable assortment of out-of-the-way things, calculated to provide food for speculation for many an idle hour.

I am mentally incapable of not appreciating anything

that Mr. G. F. BRADBY writes, and from *Little George* (CONSTABLE) I obtained two or three hours' pleasant entertainment. But I feel constrained to add that it is an exceedingly simple story, and that it contains more sentiment and less substance than is to be expected from its author. The D.Vorcee Court had deprived *George* of his mother, and his father, a distinguished man, was so sick of life that he preferred shooting tigers to looking after *George*. So the latter, rising ten, was at a preparatory school, with no one to care for him except an erratic aunt,



Experimental Barber (to new arrival in village). "AIN'T CUT YER 'AIR TOO BAD, 'AVE I, ZUR? CONSIDERING IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE USED SCISSORS. AN'—ER—WILL 'E 'AVE A SHAVE?"

until his father came home. Then all was bliss for *George*, and eventually for his parent. Needless to say the story is charmingly told, and those in search of a tale entirely without guile and with the happiest of endings should make this small child's acquaintance. For convalescents nothing could be more suitable.

Even "The Prince of Story-tellers" must be excused if he is occasionally out of form, and *Matorni's Vineyard* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is far from being one of his happiest efforts. "The period of this story is," we are told, "1940," and the characters are entirely imaginary and have no relation to any living person. But all the same I cannot believe that those who read of *Matorni's* territorial ambitions will be able to avoid thinking of a certain powerful Italian of to-day, which would be no great matter if only the tale of his wonderful designs were written with Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM's customary persuasiveness. But from the time when *Mervyn Amory* had important papers thrust upon him in the Blue Train until, after many adventures, he delivered them into the right hands and so prevented a European war, I was struck more and more by the story's improbabilities. I fear that admirers of the famous OPPENHEIM brand will not consider 1940 a vintage year.

CHARIVARIA.

An M.P. has described "DORA" as a relic of the Ark. It seem only fair to remind him that NOAH was no advocate of licensing restrictions.

"Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS knows what he wants," says a political writer. It must also be added that the HOME SECRETARY knows what he is getting too.

According to a news item an Uxbridge train recently crashed into some buffers. Their names were not given.

In describing the enthusiasm of Welsh amateur theatrical companies, who think nothing of the manual toil involved, an author remarks that this is the faith that should move mountains: Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to discourage any tampering with the local scenery.

A female Governor in the United States has released a number of prisoners. How like a woman not to let a man finish his sentence!

Statistics show that the safest hour of the day in London is between 2 and 3 P.M. Motorists are then lethargic after the mid-day feed.

Additional dressing-rooms are being built for the chorus of a London revue. This of course means more chorus and not necessarily more clothes.

"There is no limit to what novelists will do nowadays to get local colour for their books," we read. Some of them even go to the pains of acquiring first-hand knowledge of life in Mayfair.

In an article of advice to wives they are warned that husbands don't like being made to take off their boots in the scullery before stepping on the drawing-room carpet. In the best circles overshoes are provided in the hall.

It is pointed out that, as the Zoo centenary garden-party will take place after closing-time, the visitors will be able to get a glimpse of how the animals behave at night. The inmates too will have a unique opportunity of seeing how visitors behave at a garden-party.

According to an eminent horticulturist one does not become a good gardener before reaching the age of sixty-six. We fancy our gardener has a little time to go yet.

A film version of a Swiss novel is being shown, but it affords no chance of testing the possibilities of the "Yodellies."

Liberalism is said to have gained adherents at Oxford, but Abingdon Street stoutly refuses to recognise this as an indication that the cause is lost.

We read of a pugilist being staggered by a blow from his punch-ball. Punch-balls, however, are notoriously slow in following up an advantage.

still a strong preference, however, for single men as bridegrooms.

Dr. THOMAS PHILLIPS declares that a telegraph boy bearing good tidings is more welcome than Mr. BERNARD SHAW with a shower of epigrams. Fortunately they rarely arrive together.

Owing to the large increase in the number of millionaires since the War, the famous New York "Four Hundred" is said to be more like four thousand. One of the most remarkable developments in America is the spread of exclusiveness.

An Anti-Litter League has been formed at Weybridge. We understand that a new book is to be issued to school-children entitled *Eric; or, Litter by Litter*.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL's little daughter's dog belongs to the Tail Waggers' Club, we are told. But then it isn't a tax-payer.

"The English piano takes a bit of beating," says Mr. CORNELIUS FISHER. We have often respectfully marvelled at what they will stand.

A railway company is issuing season tickets printed rather like banknotes. What we really need are banknotes that can be used like season tickets, over and over again.



Friend (to driver of slow-moving antique). "WHY DON'T YOU FIX UP A MIRROR SO THAT YOU CAN SEE WHAT'S COMING UP BEHIND?"
Driver. "WASTE OF MONEY. ANYTHING COMING UP BEHIND ME WOULD BE IN FRONT BEFORE I COULD SEE ITS REFLECTION."

"Saints entertain Chelsea" was a recent football headline. Chelsea has been too much entertained by sinners.

A Viennese inventor is said to have produced a material for playing-cards which will make cheating more difficult. He doesn't claim, however, to have eliminated the possibility of revoking.

A London pavement-artist specialises in copies of the Dutch Old Masters, but they don't deceive Fleet Street experts.

Damage done to the Alexandra Palace organ by German prisoners is now stated to have been repaired. It may not be generally known that a plan to paralyse our music was suspected.

Attention is drawn to the tendency to depart from the wedding custom of having a bachelor best man. There is

The names of those taking part in wireless plays are not to be made known in future. It seems that the B.B.C. has recognised its responsibility for the personal safety of its performers.

"The way of ambitious young authors is hard," says a critic. It is. Even when they get books published, very often the authorities make no attempt to confiscate them.

An Error of Judgment.

"Ajai Ogbora motor driver was fined 40/- or 14 days' imprisonment by the Police Magistrate Lagos yesterday having been found guilty of wreckless driving."—*Nigerian Paper*.

The Spiritual Pourboire.

"Strayed, Wednesday night, from 40, Grant Avenue, Yorkshire Puppy Dog. Reward above."—*Liverpool Paper*.

But we'd like something on account down here.

THE BOAT-RACE CENTENARY.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS FOR THE NEXT ONE.

ALTHOUGH my youth, by some magician's pill,
Should be renewed in all its early greenery,
I cannot see myself, try as I will,
Assisting at the next Boat-Race Centenary;
The major part of living men
Is nearly certain to be dead by then.

Much in the meantime Fate must have in store
That may affect these annual Saturnalia;
A hundred years!—almost sufficient for
One of those giddy beans in Australia
Which keep the game of cricket
So full of fun—for people who can stick it.

We cannot hope, when we forecast that hour,
And Fortune's intervening ebb and flow trace,
To have a Party all the time in power
That swears by institutions like the Boat-Race,
Steadfast and loyal, true and staunch,
With later BALDWINs following in the launch.

If the Reds rule, what chance for any Blue?
They'll nationalize the ancient Universities;
Anyhow, on a race where bets are few
(Hence what a waste of energy, or worse, it is!)
Their bookie friends may lay a ban
And so eliminate the rowing man.

If, on the other hand, the heirs of LLOYD,
Still conjuring with his Liberal cornucopia,
Succeed in planting out the unemployed
And jobs are found for all in that Utopia,
How will the Boat-Race fare
With the spectators hard at work elsewhere? O. S.

TRADE LITERATURE.

THE MASTERS' TOUCH.

MESSRS. ARNOLD BENNETT, H. G. WELLS and G. B. SHAW were recently tempted to put their pens to commercial tasks in the service of a well-known firm of universal providers. These great men declined the offer unanimously, which gives us an historic instance of Mr. SHAW in agreement with no fewer than two people.

We must honour the reasons that animated them, yet if only they could have overcome their scruples what a sparkling thing they would have made of even a stores' catalogue! Let us take first a panegyric in this vein composed by

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT.

Harkeridges have called my attention to a soap called "Briarwort." This is a new soap by Lather and Suds. I need not remind my readers that Lather and Suds already have to their credit many collaborations of an extraordinary range. They have collaborated successfully in imaginative soaps for young girls and in soaps of a serious intention that will wash clothes. Any new work from them must therefore be regarded as an event of the first magnitude.

I approve of the get-up of "Briarwort." The cake is not too big to handle conveniently and not small enough to get lost in the bath. The lettering on the cake is in bold clear type and it is issued in an artistic jacket with a grease-proof lining. These are trifles, you say. They are. All art is attention to trifles. "Briarwort" succeeds as a work of pure fancy. Its inspiration never flags, and the fragrance of a country lane in June is sustained throughout the cake from first to last. "Briarwort" is well planned, well executed

and true to its theme. It has power and atmosphere. But do not misunderstand me. "Briarwort" is not a classic soap. "Briarwort" is not within measurable distance of being a classic soap. But it is nevertheless a soap of considerable distinction. I will go further and say that "Briarwort" will definitely take its place amongst the four or five outstanding soaps of the second rank in our English market.

MR. H. G. WELLS

would be no less happy.

§ 49.

Harkeridges are selling Wallaby Peaches at a cut price. The tin itself, regarded as a step in the evolution of defensive armour, is a perfect reply to the attack of the tin-opener. The label bears the picture of a crudely-drawn wallaby (probably *M. ruficollis*), which is anatomically incorrect. The only connection between this interesting Australian marsupial and the peaches is that the peaches too are Australian, and are therefore an infinitesimal part of that vast conglomeration of commodities that is being boosted as Empire Produce. In the sordid scramble for raw materials that darkened the nineteenth century with shame, top-hatted and whiskered Englishmen, who lived in stucco-fronted houses and possessed stucco-fronted minds, who were reared in public schools and universities and never recovered from the process, were first in the race for vacant parts of the world. They called this "Bearing the White Man's Burthen. . . ." In Australia they decimated the rare duck-billed platypus and successfully exterminated a marvellous pulmonate gasteropod, the last living link with the later Mesozoic period. And as a tangible result of all their lying and thieving and petty huckstering, of all their shady schemes for an imperialism *cum* dividends, based on a flimsy foundation of credit and sham patriotism, the public are now offered for seven days only these tinned Empire Peaches at 8½d. A Special Line. . .

MR. G. B. SHAW

no doubt would also have been more than equal to writing a preface to this catalogue.

Pekce is always Pekoe.

Wu-Wu Tea is creating for itself an enormous demand and Harkeridges in meeting the demand by a decreased instead of an increased price, thus flying in the face of primary economic laws, will no doubt cause pain to worthy shareholders who believe in JOHN STUART MILL. As for me, the poet-dramatist, I smile in my beard when I think that the unhappy slaves of the tea-swilling habit will believe themselves to be better off because they can now poison themselves more cheaply. Tea is a stimulant and an irritant drug. Millions of women fly to the tea-pot because it makes life momentarily bearable as they sit deprived of rational human intercourse in their rabbit-hutch homes, while their meat-eating husbands, with their filthy habit of smoking, are away in the City mingling with other Englishmen of similar moral imbecility, ferocity and cowardice. Tea enables a woman to put up with a life that no sane person would endure for two minutes, in exchange for a tax on her constitution too awful to contemplate.

It makes not a whit the less difference that Wu-Wu Tea, as Harkeridges claim, is a delicious blend of Black Pekoe and Yellow Pekoe, for nothing can alter the basic fact that Pekoe, Black or Yellow, contains the deadly tannin just as surely as the sea, Black or Yellow, contains salt, and no one but a congenital idiot would buy Wu-Wu Tea on any terms whatever. Reduced prices: ¼-lb., ½-lb., 1-lb. packets, 8d., 1/3, 1/11.



CRICKET UNLIMITED.

FATHER TIME (making for exit towards end of fifth day of first innings). "I'M ONLY TIME. THIS IS A JOB FOR ETERNITY."



Mother. "BETTY, DARLING, YOU MUSTN'T SCRATCH YOUR NOSE WITH A SPOON."
Betty. "SORRY, MUMMY; I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO HAVE USED A FORK."

TOWN-PLANNING IN 1929.

"I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant
land."

So wrote BLAKE in 1804; but he is dead. In 1929 one cannot erect a wooden structure in a so-called garden without obtaining a licence from the L.C.C.

My idea was a kind of playing-room which would shut out the merriment of the young from the meditation of those of riper years. I thought a skilled artificer would be able to put up this ark for me in about a couple of days. I thought that the time it takes to make 150 runs in a Test Match would see the whole thing through. I had a pleasant vision of the man working in the vernal sunshine, and of myself with a pipe looking on. I had greatly over-estimated the simplicity of my scheme.

When I went to a timber-merchant he said at once, "You know, of course, that you will have to get leave from the Borough Council?"

That chilled me, but I persevered.

I knew, of course, where to find the Borough Council. They are the people

who occupy the Town Hall in the day-time, when there is no dance on.

The place, when I arrived, was full of people giving bits of paper to each other and cracking jokes about drains. I got into touch with one of these persons, who directed me to a room with a desk, where a man rustled about in the under-wrack and gave me a printed sheet. The style was lamentable. The second paragraph said—

"A block plan of the premises, showing the position of the proposed structure and of any adjacent buildings or structures, must be prepared, and also a plan, elevation and section of the proposed structure, showing clearly the construction and indicating the sizes of timbers and the materials proposed to be used."

I got down to work and sent in the following scheme:—

Memorandum on Construction of Proposed Edifice.

Plan, Elevation and Section—

Shed-shaped: like ordinary shed.

Construction—

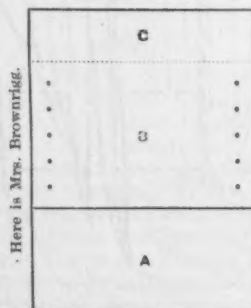
Oblong: surmounted by roof-shaped roof.

Size of Timbers—

Suitable shed-building size.

Materials—

Probably gopher-wood.



A = House.

B = Garden.

C = Site of Shed.

..... = Bulbs.

The Borough Council replied after a suitable delay, *firstly*, that the plans must be prepared by an architect to the scale of one-quarter of an inch to a foot, and, *secondly*, that they were to be prepared in triplicate, on tracing linen of sufficient size to permit of the approval of the Committee being endorsed thereon.

I rang the bell.

"Please fetch me some tracing-linen, Maud," I said.

Apparently there was none in the house.

I telephoned to the artificer.

"We'll do the plans all right for you," he told me, "so long as we know what size you want the shed."

I took him into the garden and he measured the site with an umbrella, taking care not to tread on the bulbs.

"Thirty-one by eight," he announced. "It's no use going to the Borough Council for that." And he showed me a little *affiche* fastened by gum to the original ukase, which said—

"The Borough Council deals with the licensing of any wood-frame building which does not exceed 200 feet in area or 7 feet in height, measured from the floor of the building to the underside of the eaves or roof-plate, such floor not being more than 6 inches from the ground beneath. . . . The licensing of structures of larger dimensions than those mentioned above is under the control of the London County Council."

I felt discouraged again.

"And that's not all," said the artificer. "You don't want the place to sleep in, do you?"

"I do not," I said.

He informed me that the L.C.C. never allowed anybody to sleep in a structure built of wood. In fact, they hated anyone to put up any kind of structure in which they intended to sleep. Sleep was a sort of monopoly reserved by the L.C.C. for its own use.

We then discussed prices, and I left the matter in his charge. A few days later I received from him a plaintive note, which began:—

"DEAR SIR,—We have this day presented to the London County Council, at County Hall, three plans of proposed building.

The building has been called 'Garden Shed and Children's Playroom.'

We have stated also, as required, that the property is leasehold, and that no part of same forms part of a disused burial-ground."

It struck me, and I think so still, that the L.C.C. has a morbid mind.

I urged the man to continue his endeavours, and the busy life of England rolled on—and on.

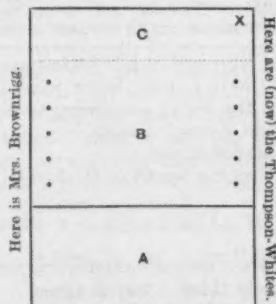
Then one morning of bird-song and cloudless sky a sudden tragedy in my garden compelled me to write again.

"Please notify the L.C.C.," I said, "that, contrary to your previous statement on my behalf, a female tortoise, failing to throw off the effects of hibernation, was buried at the beginning of this week under the site



Husband (much impressed). "YOU KNOW, CLARA, JOKING APART, IT MUST BE PRETTY AWFUL TO MEET ONE OF THOSE VAMPS."

of proposed building, as per appended plan:—



A = House.
B = Garden.
C = Site of Proposed Shed.
X = Burial-ground where tortoise lies.
..... = Flowers.

Circumference of Tortoise—
1 ft. 8 ins.

Diameter—
6½ ins.

I hope this will not affect the continuation of our Joint Building Scheme."

And there the matter stays.

I will let you know from time to time how things proceed. Evow.

Pre-Natal Citizenship.

"Alderman — was 82 in March. For more than these years he has actively interested himself in the life of his native town."

Newcastle Paper.

"Ship's brains, 4d. to 5d. each.
Tripe, 6d. to 8d. rotolo."

Market List in Malta Paper.

This explains a good many maritime disasters.

ALBERT JONES.

ARE you by any chance Albert Jones? If you are, read this carefully and be warned in time. If you are not, read it just the same; you may know Albert Jones and could tell him. Tell him to be careful about going into silver-birch woods. He once went into one—probably on a Bank Holiday. Perhaps he will remember.

I passed that wood the other day. I hadn't intended going in, but it was so quiet as I passed that I stopped to listen. It was like a little

single whisper. So I went in to see what the quietness was all about. I held my breath and trod softly so that whatever it was that was being quiet wouldn't hear and would go on being quiet.

There was a dim green light over everything, glinting on the birch trunks and making a soft gloom in the long grass.

Then the quiet ended as if it couldn't remember how to be quiet any more.

Instead of it I could hear a low crooning sound going on somewhere, like something, for want of a listener, talking to itself.

I went on, and then I saw her, a small wood-nymph, a dryad sitting by a tree. Her slender body was like dim ivory, half hidden in the long blue grass. The green translucent light lay along her thighs and played with her hands. Scintillating drops of rain glinted and winked in the long shadowy hair that fell down on each side of her face and almost hid it.

She was half singing, half murmuring something to herself.

So I said in a friendly sort of way: "Er—isn't it nice and quiet?"

She fell down among the grasses, flattening herself and trying to hide. She drew her knees up till almost all of her was curled up under the long drooping hair. Her small white toes peeped out and wriggled. Her wild bright eyes stared up at me. She blinked at me in a frightened way.

"Sorry," I said; "did I frighten you?"

She swallowed and whispered. "No," she said, "only you sort of—you kind of—and I was thinking about something—"

She uncurled and sat up, stretching out her long legs before her.

"Oh, what?" I asked.

"A lovely thing," she said dreamily.

"On the tree—look; but it's mine because I found it."

On the bark of the tree was carved in rough straggling letters the name ALBERT JONES. Gently she reached out and put a small finger into the grooves of the letters and traced them through slowly and lovingly. She sighed.

"It does feel so lovely with your

and said it to the sky and laughed for joy.

She whispered it over and over again to herself exultantly.

"That's it," I said encouragingly, "Albert Jones!"

"Albert Jones," she said, saying it differently. She made Albert Jones into a little drifting wind, and then into a lullaby, and at last into a secret of her own.

Then she asked eagerly, "When's he coming?"

"Where? Here? Oh, I don't know.

Well, you see, perhaps he won't—what I mean is—I expect—soon."

She clapped her hands.

"I knew he would," she said confidently. "He's got such a lovely sound. And he'll come here and talk to me and tell me things—because—because I know he will." She murmured something to herself I couldn't hear, as if she were counting.

"What?" I asked.

"I know three blackbirds," she said dreamily, "and two tunes: one the blackbirds made up and one I made up, and now I know Albert Jones."

She paused and went on softly, "And Albert Jones is the nicest of them all."

A little distance away a squirrel came and frisked in the grass. She jumped up and danced over to it.

"There's a lovely person coming," she said. "It's Albert Jones." She whirled delicately on her toes, her hair floating out around her. "He's clever," she went on, "and knows nice things to tell me, about—about stars and things."

The squirrel ran up a tree. She looked up at it, her hands clasped behind her back.

"Albert Jones is tall," she called up—"as tall as anything, and he's strong. And he's smooth and all—all gold and rose-colour. Albert Jones knows tunes and he's coming to sing them to me. And he can sing high up, and then, if he wants to, he can sing down low."

She danced airily towards me and then, remembering something else, ran back to the squirrel.

"And after that," she called up, "Albert Jones will let me sing his tunes too."

She came back and sat down, hugging



Urchin (to Jeweller). "PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU TELL ME IF THIS 'ERE IS A REAL BLOOD ALLEY OR JES' A IMITATION."

fingers," she said in her little crooning voice—"only I don't know what it is. It's got the feel of something lovely."

"Albert Jones," I said.

She stared at me.

"Is that the sound of the feel?" she asked.

"It is," I said; "it's a person's name."

"I knew," she said happily, "it would be a lovely thing. Say it again."

I repeated the name.

"Albert Jones," she whispered shyly, and she was very happy. She leaned forward and said "Albert Jones" out loud into the wood, listening to the sound of it. She tilted back her head



"MY WORD, SIR, YOU ARE IN FORM TO-DAY! THIS IS THE BIGGEST DIVOT I'VE EVER 'ANDLED."

her knees, and for a long time said nothing.

"Are you asleep?" I asked at last.

"And when he comes," she said very softly, "he will let me touch his face with my fingers—with my fingers," she repeated, stretching them out before her and gazing at them.

"And as well as that," she said in a shy whisper, turning to me, "I will find a flower, a shiny yellow one, and I'll put it in Albert Jones's hair."

"I have to be going," I said presently.

She was talking to herself and didn't seem to hear. I left her staring with green bright eyes in the iridescent twilight at the tree-trunk.

As I went I just heard her whispering, "But the nicest of them all is Albert Jones."

I had nearly reached the end of the wood when I heard a rustling of disturbed leaves behind me and a swift pattering. She ran up to me. Her wild face peered up at me dimly through the curtain of her hair. She shook it back, scattering green glinting rain-drops round her. "Don't forget," she panted, "to tell Albert Jones to be

quick." Like moonlight she ran back into the green dusk.

When I got into the road again I stopped and listened. The wood was being very quiet, like a little single whisper that kept saying "Albert Jones" caressingly to itself.

Albert Jones, you *will* be careful, won't you? I mean, don't go blundering into silver-birch woods. Creep by on tip-toe every time you come to one. You see, although I hate to say it, I'm so afraid you aren't all lovely, Albert Jones—all gold and rose-colour; and I don't think she would like your kind of tunes. And if she got a broken heart or anything like that I simply couldn't bear it. So please, Albert Jones, *please* be careful.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

TEMPLE BAR.

LONDON'S full of statues—

Some of them are kings,
And some of them are gentlemen

Who just did clever things;
And some of them have horses,
Some only sit or stand,

And some are rather queerly dressed
And some are very grand.

*But what, oh, what did the dragon do
That he was given a statue too?*

His wings are long and pointed,
He's got a lot of scales,
He's very like St. George's
And those in fairy-tales;
He looks a little haughty,
His tail is in the air;
But nobody can tell me
The reason he is there.

Though dragons in the stories
Were as bad as they could be
And people had to kill them
To set Princesses free,
I'm sure he was a good one,
But they haven't put his name,
And not a word about him,
And I think it is a shame.

*And I wish so much, so much that I
knew
What the dragon did really do.*

R. F.

Corsets for Cricketers.

"SHORT STAYS FOR BRADMAN AND FAIRFAX."
Manchester Paper.

PILLAR-BOX PUBLICITY.

THE fact that in future every pillar-box will bear information as to the nearest Post-Office suggests that the authorities are waking to the possibilities of these familiar structures. At present their gaudy colour serves to advertise their whereabouts and little else. This seems wasteful. Unless, for the sake of revenue, the available space they offer is to be rented to commercial advertisers, might it not be made use of by the Post-Office itself to convey official information combined with sound advice? In order that the attention of the public should be attracted and its memory assisted, rhyme should be enlisted in this service.

Thus the moribund art of correspondence might be revived and economy in stamps discouraged by something of this kind:—

A Postcard is a paltry thing to send
To anyone you value as a friend;
A Letter costs but half as much again,
Which only means three-ha'pence even then,
And, for the extra cost, is bound to be
Far more impressive to the addressee.

Again, much unhappiness might be saved if our letter-boxes caught the eye of the man in the street with a warning on these lines:—

Pause, friend, before you thrust
Your letter through this slot,
And stand a moment, just
To think if it does not
Contain some word that, with a cooler head,
You'd haply wish, too late, had not been said.

Post now, and it will catch
An early mail and go
(The time of each dispatch
Is given just below);
But oh, how sad if words of scorn or hate
Pass through the post in yours of even date!
So, if you've any doubt
Haste home with it, and then
The cruel words cross out,
Or write it all again
(This need not cause delay, for it can be
Expressed—on payment of a special fee).

The Post-Office ought to boost its wares far more than it does. When are we going to have a Stamp Week? Would not the public be stirred by such a slogan as "Stick More Stamps"? There is nothing wrong with the goods; all they want is pushing. I suggest this as helpful:—

It's such a bother to select
A present, is it not?
So at the Post-Office inspect
Some tasteful gifts we've got.
May we suggest as always nice
A book of stamps at either price?

Then as to telegrams. Far more might be done with them. Lyrics of this kind would at least attract attention:—

Send her a letter, but why should she wait?
Wouldn't she thrill if she saw at the gate,

Clad in the smart and official attire,
A post-office messenger bringing a wire?
Is it not clear what a hit you would make
Spending a shilling (at least) for her sake?
Further, in case she's disposed to be shy,
Show you're a sheik and prepay a reply!

Before closing I must suggest briefly a yet bolder scheme:—

Get your youngsters in the way
Of writing letters every day;
And that they may learn that this
Is too good a thing to miss,
For the darlings purchase some
Special Stamps with Flavoured Gum.
(See the new Post-Office Guide.
For all varieties supplied.)

It seems to me that if the Post-Office will only take up my plan and develop it on bold lines a return to the Penny Post ought to be possible in the near future, a reduction in the Income-Tax shortly and a pension for the scheme's originator at once. W. K. H.

A NEW USE FOR OLD SLOGANS.

RECENTLY we have been afforded the opportunity of seeing Miss MAHIE TEMPEST in a comedy, *Passing Brompton Road*. In choosing this title the author displayed considerable resource, for these words are constantly flashed in glass boxes above our heads in Piccadilly Tube stations all day long and far into the night, and thus secured him an incalculable quantity of perfectly free, if involuntary, advertisement.

My compliments. A really capital idea. So capital that I have prepared a list of titles, together with rough indications of their plots, for the benefit of the present-day playwright, who, thanks to modern theatre rentals, is anxious to cut down expenses wherever possible.

The phrases I have chosen belong to no discoverable person. They are embedded in our national consciousness, and any endeavour to claim rights in them would be fraught with much confusion, probably involving the *Domesday Book*. They are to be seen all over London and some parts of the country. Their annexation for theatrical purposes should knock thousands of pounds off advertisement bills.

1.—ONE-WAY STREET.

This, I think, would be one of those fragrant old-world comedies, redolent of lavender, first love, pattens, gentle resignation, taffeta and Georgian red brick.

The scene is Primity Walk (sometimes called "One-Way Street" because it is a *cul-de-sac* in which, in a gracious and mannered way, nothing ever happens), and the principals are two sisters, *Miss Lydia* and *Miss Frettie* (*Fredericka*). *Miss Lydia* (her junior by twenty of the usual dramatically accommodating years) innocently annexes her sister's

lover and sole romance, the dashing and susceptible *Captain Pomroy*, who has been "in foreign parts" for exactly twenty years, and *Miss Frettie* (Act III.) is left alone, her busy hands idle, while the sunset gilds practicable hollyhock (seen off, C.B.).

2.—YOU MAY TELEPHONE FROM HERE.

This is obviously a screaming farce. It opens in a bedroom in Half-Moon Street, with *Charlie Lassiter* in a Burlington Arcade dressing-gown and suffering from a morning-after head. There is a valet called *Matting*; a honeymooning stockbroking uncle (to whom the flat belongs) who is "expressed" in draught-board suit and three folds of scarlet neck; his bride; a large choice of doors; comic business with bath; some ladies of the Chorus whom *Charlie* has invited to supper who are surprised in a mid-ocean of champagne by the unexpectedly returned couple. There are calls on the telephone; humorous complications with dial, involving a battalion of wrong numbers the owners of which arrive at ill-judged moments; fury of bride at sight of Chorus; em-purpled minute in which one of the coryphées recognises *Uncle* and, with copious anecdote and reminiscence, hangs about his neck and calls him "*Darling Gaga*"; and a supreme moment when *Charlie* hides in the clothes-basket and rolls in it from the prompt to the O.P. side.

3.—TURN LEFT.

Grim Drama of War. All-male cast, including trench-rat. Only comic relief a *Quartermaster-Sergeant*, who rations the platoon with the right sizes in boots.

4.—EXIT.

Problem play. Has a man who has only five years to live the right to marry? If not, will he not be committing a further sin against the woman he has wronged? Or is he to be allowed the right of exit by an overdose connived at by the doctor?

5.—CAR PARK.

Exclusive county family comedy with a gong that booms the household to luncheon ("Will you take a little more cold veal, Wilton?") "No, no, no! It is underdone", during which the following topics are dealt with in a formal and distant manner: (a) Hunting Prospects, and (b) The Erection of a Memorial slab to *Miss Honoria Car*, alluded to by the others as *That Pure Saint*, or as *She Who Is Now No Longer With Us*. Shattering discovery in Act IV. that the deceased had not been all they thought her, but was in point of fact a human being and not an inhibited



First. "HULLO! SEE YOU'VE BEEN GROWING ONE OF THOSE MINIATURE MOUNTACHES."

Second. "YES, I'M GROWING ONE SO AS TO LOOK LIKE THOSE YOUNG FELLOWS WHO GROW 'EM SO AS TO LOOK OLDER."

cod-fish. But does Car Park totter and fall? No. The gong goes on booming.

6.—NO HAWKERS.

An arresting play but a box-office failure. There is no love-interest that is not sordid, no clothes that are not realistically filthy, no speech that is not rough, no hope, no uplift, no humour that is not at once terrible and pathetic. It is the story of a tramp—the genuine article, one *Mike Geoghegan*, by no means one of your whimsical and picaresque NEIL LYONS tinkers, hung with rabbit-skins, kettles and philosophy. This play shows that the nomad outcast

"cannot win," that for him life's dice are loaded. Drink and even cocaine ("snow") is, in Act II., elevated to a virtue, a religion of *saue qui peut* which very nearly convinces, and the curtain falls on a Casual Ward in which sundry young actors give cameo studies of the down-and-out which are (and I use the words deliberately) ghastly good.

7.—STICK NO BILLS.

Provocative drawing-room comedy. Exposure of rottenness of Society combined with argument that there's so much good in the worst of us (Unfortunate Sister: character part) and

so much bad in the best of us (Heroine) that it ill behoves any of us to label any individual as being definitely fallen or angel. The type of play that rouses the journalism of Dean INGE. Mr. AGATE opens his *critique*, "Hail, Smiling Maugham!" RACHEL.

Exhortations Which Redound.

"All Ratepayers are reminded that they are Ratepayers."—*Provincial Paper*.

Little-Known Wales.

"The family's Welsh home, — Castle, in Pembrokeshire, stands high, against trees, above Carnarvon Bay."—*Evening Paper*.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XVIII.—PRIVATE BARREL'S SWAN.

Private Barrel and his friend Private Butt went out for a walk near a pond in the vicinity of our Barracks on Sunday afternoon and returned later with what Barrel emphatically stated was a "young sworn." The captive was a terrified scrap of down and feathers, without doubt lost by its parents and found by Privates Barrel and Butt—a pretty poor exchange, if you come to think of it, whatever the creature was.

Opinion on this point was divided, till Lance-Corporal Scabbard (who has education) examined it with a knowing air and said, Yes, he believed it was a cygnet after all. Private Barrel retorted hotly that cygnet could be blown, it wasn't no such thing; it was a young sworn, he was telling him.

Lance-Corporal Scabbard, fully conscious of having just gained his First Class Educational Certificate, adopted a superior manner and remarked meaningly that, if some people weren't unfortunately so ignorant, they might get to be lance-corporalsomeday. At which Private Barrel, fully conscious of having just failed for the fourth time to obtain a Third Class Certificate, adopted an even more superior manner and said, if some people weren't fortunately lance-corporals, they might get their faces pushed in some day. Thereafter the party dispersed, Private Barrel to his barrack-room to tell anyone who would listen how he hadn't half told off Lance-Corporal Scabbard; and that N.C.O.

to the Company office to study King's Regulations about insubordinate innuendoes directed at obviously superior officers. So you see the swan's military career began right at the start in a controversial atmosphere.

For the next day or so the "young sworn" thrived in a box in the barrack-room, skilfully disguised from authority in one of Barrel's socks. It was so young it might have been anything, but, as Barrel insisted on taking as an insult to himself any reference to it by outlandish names, such as cygnet, great auk, sparrow-awk or even wyandotte, it remained a "sworn" and, as such, was formally named Samuel.

Two days later there was a kit-

inspection in barrack-room. Now kit-inspections have one curious effect: they produce a crop of the most truly wonderful deviations from veracity, for it seems to be a point of honour never to give a truthful answer to the inspecting officer's questions, for fear apparently that he may take it as one of the usual untruths proper to such occasions. Private Pullthrough, for example, will never confess that his other tunic is being repaired and he forgot to fetch it back, because that is the excuse most commonly made by the private who has omitted to fetch his tunic from the dry-

truth, that his others were being repaired, because it is a crime to have two pairs of boots both needing attention at the same time. So he put on his wide-eyed innocent look and said that they were in his box, and his memory was that bad he . . .

Holster merely said, "Get them out."

Barrel bent upon him the sorrowful gaze of one deeply disappointed in a chap he had trusted. Then he said he had mislaid the key.

Sergeant Haversack produced a key that fitted and Barrel bent another and even more expressive look upon him.

The box opened, Samuel at once walked happily out, piping vigorously.

"Good Lord! what's that?" asked Holster.

Barrel said, "It's a bird, Sir."

"I can see that. Why is it in here?"

Private Barrel sucked his teeth and stubbornly regarded the ceiling. Then he said, "I expect it flew in, Sir."

Holster drew back a pace and started earlier on in the subject. "What sort of bird is it?"

Barrel looked for fresh inspiration at the floor and was probably wondering if he dared say "Perrodactile, Sir," when Private Sling next to him, anxious to ingratiate himself and prove that the fowl did not belong to him, said, "Please, Sir, it's a cygnet."

This of course stung Private Barrel into truth. He cast a withering glance at Sling and said, "It's a young sworn, Sir."

"It must be got rid of at once," ordered Holster, not very sure of the correct



"WHAT'S THAT?" "IT'S A BIRD, SIR."

line of procedure, and passed on. Up at headquarters Holster mentioned the matter to the Adjutant, who was at once all of a flutter; for our Adjutant is one of those people who are excessively well informed on all matters which have very little connection with daily life.

"Good heavens, man, do you realise what this means? A swan is a Bird Royal. It belongs to the KING." "Golly!" said Holster with simple loyalty.

The Adjutant fluttered pages of an Encyclopædia and read out the extracts: "When found partially wild—"

Was this wild?"

"Not very," admitted Holster, who

care to reply, with every appearance of

could not truthfully say it had shown any signs of savaging him.

"—in sea, inland water or navigable rivers the swan is presumed to belong to the Crown," continued the Adjutant. "Both the Vintners' and Dyers' Companies also have property in swans," he added, going deeper into the matter.

"Perhaps I'd better put him under arrest?" suggested Holster, overawed.

"The lores and large basal tubercle are black," resumed the Adjutant, getting right out of his depth altogether. . . .

"No, sorry; that's a description of the whooper or whistling swan."

"Then perhaps I'd better put him under close arrest?" asked Holster, quite overcome at the thought of a Royal Whistling Swan in "B" Company's barrack-room.

The Adjutant browsed in his book for a little longer, discovered that stealing a swan was a felony and that the fine for destroying swans' eggs was at the rate of sixty shillings a dozen (flat rate apparently, whether new-laid or not). Then he said he'd see the Colonel.

Luckily the problem solved itself before it got to higher authority. For Company-Sergeant-Major Magazine, following on Holster's inspection, had removed Samuel in custody to the Company office, where Captain Bayonet, who is a bird expert, examined him.

In direct reversal of all fairy-tale tradition Bayonet pronounced him to be a young goose.

Private Barrel now keeps Gladys (née Samuel) behind the cookhouse in a surreptitious box, over which he has pinned a little calendar. Every morning he hopefully strikes off one day from the total to go before next Christmas. A. A.

JOURNALISM BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE Great Man sat in his office chair surrounded by newspapers, newspaper-cuttings and illustrated weeklies. He was reading a newspaper. Suddenly, with an impatient gesture, he flung it aside and pressed a button on the desk before him. Almost immediately a uniformed boy appeared.

"Be good enough to ask Mr. Dix to spare me a moment," said the G.M.

The boy was good enough. Within a minute Mr. Dix stood before him.

"You have been engaged, Mr. Dix," said the G.M., going, as was his habit, straight to the point, "on the football reports in *The Evening Gazette*. I have been looking over some of these, Sir, and I am not satisfied with them."

Mr. Dix paled visibly and clutched the back of the chair against which he was standing.

"Take, for example," continued the G.M., picking up the paper he had



BOHEMIAN ARTIST, GUEST AT COUNTRY HOUSE, GOING TO HIS ROOM TO PREPARE FOR DINNER, FINDS HIS BAG HAS BEEN UNPACKED AND ITS CONTENTS CAREFULLY LAID OUT ON THE DRESSING-TABLE.

thrown upon the floor, "your report of the match between Angleton and Volchester last Saturday. I see you have the following headlines:—

'ANGLETON BEAT VOLCHESTER.
CENTRE-FORWARD SHOOT'S GOAL IN LAST
MINUTE.'

Now I ask you, Mr. Dix, as man to man, don't you agree with me that that is a deplorable effort?"

Mr. Dix opened his lips, but no sound came from them.

"Only compare it," said the G.M., taking a cutting from the desk, "with

the report of the same match in Fleet-
ingforth's paper, *The Midnight Echo*.
The writer there—I don't know who he
is—has these headlines:—

'VOLES' CITADEL STORMED MERCILESSLY
BY ANGELS.

VANGUARD PIVOT NETS LEATHER ON TIME.
There's verve, Sir!" cried the G.M.,
thumping the desk with his fist,
"there's imagination! Why, dash it,
Mr. Dix, it—it's poetry compared with
yours."

Mr. Dix's lips framed some words
that might well have been "Never could

write poetry," but his voice was inaudible.

"For an educated man," continued the G.M., "to use such expressions as 'centre-forward' and 'shoots a goal' is almost incredible. And it doesn't stop at headlines, Sir. Your descriptions of the play are no better. Let me refer to Fleetingsforth's man again. Reporting the game between Cripsey and Gosmouth he writes, 'The Ghosts now repeatedly shook the timbers round the invaders' custodian. Eventually "Timsy" Brawn goaled and the Cripples left two points at the Dell.' How do you describe this? 'Frequently at this period,' you say"—the G.M. had picked up another copy of *The Evening Gazette*—"Gosmouth beat the Cripsey goalkeeper, but had the ill-luck to hit the cross-bar and the goal-posts. At last, however, Brawn succeeded and Cripsey were a beaten side.' Goalkeeper! What a word! Keeper, possibly; but goalkeeper!" And the G.M. crumpled up the paper with both hands and threw it contemptuously into the fire.

"So you see," he continued after a pause and more calmly, "it won't do, Mr. Dix. But you may consider your-

self a fortunate man, Sir, for I have decided to offer you a job elsewhere."

A gleam of gratitude lit up the eyes of Mr. Dix; but before he could offer a word of thanks the G.M. continued:—

"A vacancy has arisen on the staff of my weekly paper, *Society and the Stage*. Now, as you are probably aware, this paper is of a very different character from *The Evening Gazette*. It caters for a different public; a public with very little imagination of their own, Mr. Dix, and very little desire to be troubled with anybody else's. Its readers moreover possess a high degree of refined sensitiveness, and the motto for all who write in its pages is, 'Everything's for the best in the best of all possible worlds.'"

Mr. Dix smiled faintly.

"Every woman," continued the G.M., "whose photograph appears, or who is mentioned in its pages, is of course beautiful. Should she employ her intellect in any capacity whatsoever, in however small a degree, she is of course clever or talented, and in most cases brilliant. You note, Sir, that I say 'of course.' I say it with a purpose. Everything is 'of course' in this paper, for

we cannot risk offending the readers by offering them as news stuff which anybody who is anybody at all is presumed to know already. Our safeguard lies in the words 'of course.' For instance, you'd never write under a photograph, 'Félice Blottinghurst, the daughter of Lady Hoxton,' but 'Félice Blottinghurst,' or 'The pretty' or 'The charming Félice Blottinghurst, who is of course the daughter of the beautiful and talented Lady Hoxton.' I hope I make myself clear, Mr. Dix?"

"You do, Sir," said Mr. Dix.

"You'll have to be very wary in this class of work," continued the G.M., "of attempting anything in the nature of wit. You must assume in this connection that the degree of your readers' intelligence is extremely low, and that, such as it is, it should be taxed as lightly as possible. Picture to yourself a tired member of the new aristocracy having returned, we'll say, from a hard afternoon's bridge. She finds that there is ten minutes to fill in till cocktail time. She throws herself on a couch and picks up a copy, lying there on its face, of *Society and the Stage*. She doesn't want to work her brain, Mr. Dix; she wants



Motor Cyclist (to Good Samaritan). "IS IT A FLY?"

Professor. "AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, IT IS A PHYBOPODA TEREBRANTIA, BUT YOU HAVE RATHER DAMAGED IT."

to rest. Therefore, remember, go steady with your wit."

The G.M. paused. Mr. Dix was silent. "Mr. Perkins," said the G.M., "whose job was to write the captions and subtitles to the pictures—the post, I may mention here, that I propose to offer you, Mr. Dix—made it a rule never to attempt anything in the humorous vein beyond a mild pun. It is a rule you will be well advised to follow. I turned up just now"—and the G.M. picked up a copy of *Society and the Stage*—"a very good example of the kind of thing we want. Here we have a photograph of Miss Gladys Joyce, the well-known musical-comedy actress, appearing in the revue, *The World of Gladness*. She is reclining in an armchair in her dressing-room, between the scenes. On the top of the picture is written—

'THE WORLD OF GLAD(YS)NESS';

on the bottom—

'MISS GLADYS ENJOYCE A BRIEF REST FROM TOIL.'

That's really excellent," said the G.M., laying the paper down almost reverently on the desk. "Probably the best poor old Perkins ever did. Quite a masterpiece in its way. However, Mr. Dix"—and he raised his voice and looked up suddenly—"my time's valuable, and I expect yours is too. There you are, Sir. That's the proposition. Do you accept the post?"

"I do, Sir," said Mr. Dix without hesitation.

The G.M. pressed the button on the desk before him. Almost immediately a uniformed boy appeared.

"Be good enough to show Mr. Dix to the editorial office of *Society and the Stage*," said the G.M. without looking up.

The boy was good enough. He was also good enough to overhear part of the conversation, though spoken in an undertone, between Mr. Dix and a friend of his as they left the building that night. At least he caught the words "wife and family" and "job somewhere." But he paid little heed to their significance, for the detective story was rapidly approaching a climax. C. B.

Situations Which Tempt Us.

"Man wanted for gardening, also to take charge of a cow who can sing in the choir and blow the organ."—*Diocesan Magazine*.

"The wandering young Natal hippopotamus is still resting on his laurels in the cool waters of the Umhlanga lagoon. With its length of over 1,000 yards and an average breadth of 40 yards, it is expected that the hippo will spend some time at Umhlanga."

South African Paper.

If we were of the size of this monstrous beast we too should say "J'y suis, j'y reste."



Visitor (calling at house after happy event). "How is her Ladyship this afternoon?"

Aged Retainer. "Er Ladyship and child are doing well, m'lady, but me an' 'is Lordship are still a trifle shaky."

A CONSOLATION PRIZE.

Mollie has a golliwog that looks most awful wise;

Mollie has a teddy-bear with lovely yellow eyes;

Mollie has an elephant of most enormous size,

And a dolly that can really, really speak.

Mollie's mummie gave her them; she brought them home from dances.

My mummie's not the shape to dance, so I don't get such chances;

But I have got a Prayer-book—"To my darling little Francis"—
Mummie gave me 'cos I learnt my grace last week.

Realism in Advertising.

"Comfortable Bed and Sitting Room, suit lady or gent. Cemetery; recommended by the Rector."—*North-Country Paper*.

"Flowers Delivered by Telegraph to any part of the world in a few hours."

Advt. in Devon Paper.

Don't say it with flowers; wire it.



Old Etonian (getting glimpse of famous tie). "PARDON ME, SIR, BUT WHEN WERE YOU AT ETON?"
Old Hurst Parkian. "LAST JUNE—WINDSOR RACES."

THE TYRANNY OF TEA.

"I am getting so tired of tea at four o'clock every day. Cannot someone discover a new beverage?"

A Barnsbury Correspondent of "The Daily News and Westminster Gazette," March 12(h.)

EVEN as the lovely *Lady of Shalott*,
Grown sick of shadows in her lonely ait,
Rebelle against the sanctions of the spot
And rashly dared the curse that proved her fate;
So Barnsbury's matrons, victims of the pot
That cheers, 'tis said, but fails to inebriate,
Revile the tyranny of their endless tea
And crave a life from care, and tannin, free.

To tea or not to tea: that is the crux
That exercises the suburban dame;
Whether to steep her senses in a flux
Of fluid negatively void of blame,
Or follow in the steps of man, who bucks
And binges up his soul with liquid flame,
And emulate her cocktail-quaffing daughters
In ante-prandial orgies of strong waters.

As for alternatives, much can be said
For Mocha's brown and aromatic berry;
Some swear by Nibs—some swear at them instead;
They may be "grateful" but don't make you merry;
And I was once obliged to stay in bed
After imbibing "Simulation Sherry,"
While some ascribe the grit of Lancashire
To her indulgence in botanic beer.

I would not lightly urge you, gentle ladies,
To take to alcoholic substitutes;
For you I feel that home-brewed lemonade is
More safe than curiously mixed vermouths;
Myself, for all the golden grapes of Cadiz
I personally do not care two hoots,
And would much sooner woo the Muse on cocoa
Than risk the incarnadining of my boko.

Though discontent may sometimes be divine
And set the most sedate of suburbs rocking,
I beg you not unduly to repine
At the routine of endless four-o'-clocking;
Seek not to worship at the perilous shrine
Of Dionysus, or go in for "bock"-ing,
But strive your craving for new drinks to curb
And stick to India's or China's herb.

Overhead Costs.

"— was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for stealing £1,039 in notes. The money was kept on the top of a wardrobe. Mr. Justice — said he could not understand anyone being so foolish as to keep more than £1,000 on the top of a wardrobe."—*Daily Paper*.

We ourselves are more cautious, and never keep more than £500 on the top of our wardrobe.



BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

MRS. BRITANNIA (*trying on new navy frock*). "BUT YOU'VE MADE IT SHORTER THAN EVER, MR. BRIDGEMAN. AND YET I HEAR THAT IN WASHINGTON THEY'RE WEARING THEM LONGER AND LONGER."

MR. BRIDGEMAN (*with dignity*). "WE DO NOT FOLLOW FASHIONS, MADAM. WE SET THEM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 11th.—The natural contrariness of the pig seems to be equally contagious to pig-meat. In the year 1925-1926, with supplies entering freely from the Continent, 5,126,000 cwt. of ye olde English pig-meat fetched £25,290,000. In 1927-1928 there was an embargo on Continental pork, but, instead of the home-grown rasher costing us more, 5,257,000 cwt. of pig-meat sold for only £20,500,000. Can the English pig be losing its streak?

MR. BALDWIN's large assertion that where a single undertaking or group dominates the supply or distribution of an article of common use they have a duty to supply it on reasonable terms was bound to be brought up against him. Unfortunately for himself MR. THURTELL selected the wrong article to ask questions about and was curtly reminded by MR. HACKING that a Committee, presided over by no less a person than MR. SIDNEY WEBB, had reported that the Imperial Tobacco combine had not raised prices to the consumer. It is a pity MR. THURTELL did not think of milk.

The Local Government (Scotland) Bill completed its slow but possibly momentous progress through the Commons to-day with the usual compliments of the season. MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON complimented the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND on his "clear and exhaustive account of the intentions and objects of the Bill," which he found to be a "queer hotch-potch of reaction" only made workable by giving the Government dictatorial powers such as would arouse envy in Madrid, Rome or Moscow.

MR. BOOTHBY then complimented MR. TOM JOHNSTON on making an extremely good speech, in which he wisely avoided all the main issues. Subsequent speeches were less flowery in compliment. SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, professing to feel like Cassandra, denounced Clause 68 as establishing a dictatorship of the bureaucracy which the country would know how to pronounce upon come May. MR. BUCHAN said that SIR ARCHIBALD was bandying the word "democracy" about, but probably did not understand it and could not define it. He agreed with him, however, in opposing the inroads of the bureaucracy, whose claws, he seemed satisfied, would be adequately cut in another place.

MR. BARR, recalling that *Tam-o'-Shanter* is a favourite poem with the SCOTTISH UNDER-SECRETARY, likened the benefits which the Bill is supposed to be going to confer on the Scottish tenant-farmer to the rainbow's lovely form, which would soon vanish amid

quite unable to follow MR. SHINWELL's "wild and whirling words."

Tuesday, March 12th.—Lord BUCKMASTER made an heroic attempt to save his Age of Marriage Bill from a Select Committee, even going to the length of likening Lord HANWORTH's mentality to that of Miss Pinkerton's Select Academy for Young Ladies in Chiswick Mall.

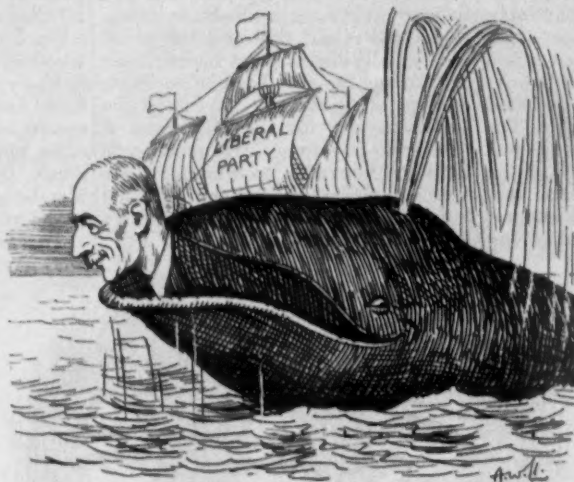
Lord HANWORTH, to do him justice, displayed none of the *Becky Sharp* spirit, and, instead of hurling the dictionary back at Lord BUCKMASTER, declared that all he wanted was to see the Bill pass "in the most perfect and effective form." So many other noble Lords expressed a similar desire, among them Lord DAVIDSON, that Lord DARLING's motion was carried by 37 votes to 29.

Some people will not let bygones be bygones. MR. DAY, who likes to know everything that is going on, asked the POSTMASTER-GENERAL if there was to be a new set of postage-stamps depicting subjects of national interest, and Lord WOLMER courteously offered to let

MR. DAY see the designs and form his own opinion as to their suitability. Might they hope, asked MR. CRAWFORD sweetly, that one of the designs would depict the P.M.G. in the act of receiving a deputation?

Politics undoubtedly have a blunting effect on some people. How else would we have heard Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY being justly rebuked by Captain FANSHAWE for speaking of "the Army and Navy." "Good wine needs no bush," retorted the gallant Member for Central Hull, forgetting in his confusion the right answer, which is that the Navy does not advertise. Later on something moved him to reveal to the House an astonishing autobiographical secret. He, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, had once been a chorister. Members were deeply touched. Somehow the mental picture of the infant Strabolgi as one of those half angels and half birds does not readily present itself to the imagination.

The Report stage of the Air Estimates subjected the Ministry to the usual criticisms, that the service is being "plutoeracised," that it is falling entirely into the hands of ex-Army officers, that the Air Ministry exercises too dictatorial powers over all matters connected with the air, and so on and so forth, but the *pièce de résistance* of the debate was the Minister's eulogistic description of



Captain FREDDIE JONAH GUEST. "THEY DIDN'T REALLY THROW ME OUT; AND, ANYHOW, I'M STILL ONE OF THE OLD SHIP'S COMPANY."

the storm of the General Election. Sir HARRY HOPE reminded MR. TOM JOHNSTON that "immoderate invective is the twin-brother of immature judgment," and MR. SHINWELL forgave MR. BOOTHBY the "condescending and patronising air" with which he delivered his interesting speech, while MR. BARCLAY-HARVEY found himself



THE NAVAL CHORISTER.
A PHASE OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER KENWORTHY'S INNOCENT PAST.

the two airships that are nearing completion. He intimated that these are not merely airships begun where previous airships left off; they are airships begun and built on entirely new lines. When launched they will be the only airships that matter or have ever mattered.

On passing to Army Estimates the House heard Sir HENRY BUCKINGHAM denounce the War Office for high-handedly putting an elephant kraal round Kettlebury Hill, thereby depriving the public of its ancient enjoyment of one of Surrey's beauty spots. The SECRETARY FOR WAR, however, was able to convince the House that the fences enclosed leased land and were erected at the instance of the lessors; that, so far from being deprived of the use of common land, the inhabitants of Surrey would eventually enjoy the user (within limits) of over a thousand acres of private land to which they have not now a right of access.

Zoologists may remain in doubt as to whether a salmon trout is a salmon that tastes like a trout or a trout that looks like a salmon. Parliament never hesitates in such matters and in 1923 decided that salmon trout had been classed as a trout quite long enough and should henceforth be a salmon. Unfortunately the Act, in providing that where local by-laws permitted salmon to be caught during the close season they might also be sold, forgot to make the same provision as to salmon trout, so that there are now times and places when it is lawful to catch this noble fish but not to market it. Major ROPNER to-day introduced a Bill to remedy this anomaly. Doubtless it will become law, and by September next the Soho gourmet will get the fresh product of Tees and Esk with his half-dollar *table d'hôte* and will no longer be fobbed off with synthetic salmon trout put up in Czecho-Slovakia.

Wednesday, March 13th.—Rushing in where the House of Commons has so far hesitated to tread, the Lords promoted an expedition into the jungly hinterland of East African politics, with the Hilton Young Commission's report as its map and Lord LUGARD leading the *safari*.

That veteran administrator was assisted in his explorations by Lords OLIVIER and CRANWORTH, with Archbishop Lord DAVIDSON as a sort of missionary. The vexed question of con-

flicting black and white interests was well scoured, but in so far as the party were aiming at a discovery of the Government's intentions they failed, for Lord PLYMOUTH, replying for the Government, said they must not expect from him any final declaration of its policy.

Lord DANESFORD, who does not like to see performing animals in menageries and is introducing a Bill about it, is equally distressed at finding them performing on the Irish Free State coinage, presumably at the instigation of the Society for the Promotion of Cruelty to Loyalists. His question to Lord PLYMOUTH as to whether there was any precedent for the omission from a Dominion coinage of the KING's head was not answered.



IN DARKEST AFRICA.

LORDS OLIVIER, LUGARD AND PLYMOUTH FIND THEMSELVES IN THE JUNGLE.

The amount of hidden information dragged into the light of Mr. DAY is incredible. To his Question about the present position in China, however, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was compelled to reply that it was nebulous. There had been a small battle somewhere between rival Generals which caused some apprehension that there might be a "recrudescence of civil war." Fortunately one of the Generals had reported—from hospital—that it was a private fight.

Mr. AMERY informed Mr. RAMSDEN that the Pan-African Veterinary Congress would be held in South Africa this summer. It is hoped that Sir DAVID HALL, the Ministry of Agriculture's Chief Scientific Adviser, will read his long-promised paper on "Trypanosoma as a Cause of Crib-Biting in Domestic Elephants."

A debate on Distressed Miners' Relief found the Socialists ready with bared fangs to savage any Member who hinted

that the Lord Mayor's Fund was being intelligently distributed. This wrung from Lady ASTOR the complaint that the chief trouble of the people in the distressed mining areas was to have to listen every day to class-conscious propaganda; to which Mr. RITSON retorted by describing the noble lady as "a beautiful political Lady Godiva going about nude of all political ideas." When it adjourned the House had not decided whether Mr. RITSON had been complimentary or the reverse. Lady G. may have had "nodings on," but she did secure to the people the remission of some unpleasant taxes, a feat apparently beyond the capacity of any Member of Parliament, male or female, naked or merely unashamed.

Thursday, March 14th.—Sir SAMUEL HOARE announced ardent patriotic cheers that all negotiations had now been successfully completed for a weekly air-service between London and Cape Town—by far the longest commercial air-route in the world. The Minister is satisfied that before many months we air-tourists will be taking our twelve-day flips to Kenya, Tanganyika, Bulawayo and beyond.

Mr. BRIDGEMAN'S Navy Estimates speech was of more than usual interest seeing that it is the last he will deliver before retiring to the dignified obscurity of the House of Lords. It was of course his explanation of this country's efforts in the direction of naval disarmament (delivered with unaccustomed warmth and a certain thumping of the despatch-box, to which the Ruler of the King's Navee has not been previously addicted) that riveted the attention of Members.

In face of this formidable declaration of friendliness to all and hostility to none, Opposition speeches, intended to demonstrate the Government as a standing menace to universal amity, fell a trifle flat.

"Mrs. Amery was in red and a long fur coat, and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain had a coterie of friends round her."—*Manchester Paper*.

A charming scheme and even more warming to the heart than fur.

"Fly-weight.—Officers' Steward — w.o.: Leading Sick Berth Attendant — retired, sick."—*Daily Paper*.

"Le malade n'est pas à plaindre, qui a la guérison en sa manche."

MONTAIGNE, *Essais*.



THE ART OF BEING PREPARED.

SCOTLAND YARD HOLDS A DRESS-REHEARSAL FOR BOAT-RACE NIGHT IN THE WEST END.

"YET ONCE MORE—"

Now up and away, my well-worked Muse, as if you'd the deuce behind you;

Don't start saying you're not in the mood; never mind that, but sing;

Give us your best (for once), for here is a special occasion, mind you;

Winter's gone, and a darn good riddance; this is a Song of Spring.

The jolly old Spring! I know quite well it has fallen of late from favour;

Held in scorn by the modern bard as finished and on the shelf;

A starker theme and a darker theme, a dourer theme and a graver—

That's the stuff they're after now; I'm rather that way myself.

But after a winter like this that's gone, a perfect and wholesale corker;

After the 'flu that has laid men low and the six weeks' cold I've had;

After a rigour enough to freeze the fat of a champion porker, Is it the moment for idle blithering? Certainly not, by gad!

Then let us get on and start like men with the daffodil, also crocus,

Adding the snowdrop and homing swallow; say that the cuckoo's come;

Shove in the earlier livestock (lambs are always a first-class hocus),

Blossoms and buds; they can all go in; do it by rule of thumb.

We'll work them in as the big bards did when singers were more unshackled;

In as they went when the poet stuck to the Beautiful, Good and True;

In with the ease they always showed when fairly and rightly tackled;

Spring was Spring in the brave old days, and a jolly good subject too!

It might as a matter of fact be urged that the signs of Spring are lacking;

Pessimists may suspect, no doubt, there are wintry days in store;

I only know that I've brown shoes on instead of the winter blacking,

I only feel that I'm warm just now, and what should a man say more?

Then here's to the Spring, my Muse, and if the modernist fathead's chucked it

So much the better; it saves the risk of overdoing the thing;

Possibly too, if he tried the game, he'd only find that he'd mucked it.

Leave him alone to his stodgy stunt. We are the lad for Spring!

DUM-DUM.

An Apology We Should Demand.

"Found by night having his face disguised," was one of the charges at the London Sessions yesterday against —, Sir Robert —, K.C. (Chairman), postponed sentence on —, saying that in his case there were features which required careful consideration."—*Daily Paper*.

"Lex' is willing to answer legal questions affecting church matters without, however, accepting any responsibility for the correctness of the answer or otherwise."—*Church Paper*.

"LEX" seems to be making a fairly safe thing of it.

AT THE PLAY.

"RED RUST" (LITTLE).

IF, as I understand, *Red Rust*, by Comrades V. M. KIRCHON and A. V. OUSPENSKY has really been passed by the Soviet Propagand department as likely to help the sodden British bourgeois to a better understanding of the Glorious Revolution, then that department must be run by some very naïve and guileless people. A man or woman must have gone through hell indeed to think of the conditions of living here presented as in any way tolerable. Life in a Soviet cell in fact seems about as comfortable and as free as in a cell in our own poor benighted country, except that it is dismayingly noisier. But there is certainly food for reflection in the thought that our authors as well as their superiors are apparently substantially content with the Soviet scheme, though they allow themselves to indicate that there is rust on the Soviet sword of universal justice as on other swords in more backward environments.

Constantine, Fedor, Andrei, Lutikov, Vassili, Voznesiensi, Besseda, Bozborodov, Piotr, Petrossian and Lenov, of the one sex, and *Nina* (commonly called *Ninar*), *Mania* and *Varvara*, of the other, are university students in the Moscow of 1926. *Constantine* is a bully and blackguard, essentially unmindful of the higher Soviet morality, who uses his revolutionary principles and his reputation as a hero in the fighting-line against the Whites—a reputation that, as the Commissioners of Control of his cell who have his dossier before them know, has been much exaggerated by this noisy braggart—to acquire for himself more women and more beer than fall to the lot of the ordinary comrade. He has married *Olga*, a peasant; has also illegally married *Nina*; has obviously had his adventures with *Lisa*, friend of all the world, and, tired of *Nina's* bourgeois assumption that one looks to a husband for affection, is addressing himself in his forthright way to *Mania*.

Fedor, an upright and true revolutionary

and a prig withal, had loved *Nina*, without encouragement, and is all for outing *Constantine* from the cell on the charge of having caused by his cruelty the suicide of *Nina*, who is found shot. (*Petrossian*, by the way—or it may have been *Piotr*—has already

has killed *Nina*. This is suspected, not proved. It is *Fedor*—not, I feel sure, out of revenge, but for the cause's sake—who persuades *Mania* to go and live with *Constantine* in order to try to find the truth. This not unnaturally rather puzzled young lady, who finds some difficulty in persuading herself that this is the best way of bringing criminals to justice, does in fact trick the thick-witted *Constantine* into a confession; whereupon the students rush in and hale him away to Justice before he has finished throttling poor *Mania*, who I am sure must still have her doubts of the Great System. A jolly life!

Mr. ION SWINLEY skilfully played the blackguard *Constantine* with great conviction and appropriate violence. Mr. JOHN GIELGUD as the soulful and (by proxy) resourceful *Fedor*—when he tried to reason with the fellow himself he received a very disquieting slish upon the jaw—had to play against the sympathy of the audience, who couldn't help preferring the abandoned *Constantine*. Miss SELMA VAZ DIAS showed well the tortured despair of *Nina*; and Miss NADINE MARCH the puzzled acquiescence of *Mania*. Miss ELIZABETH ARKELL was effective as the cheerfully promiscuous *Lisa*, presented to us by the authors, be it noted, as the exception, not the rule.

A distinctly interesting and well-produced play. T.

"THE MAYOR" (ROYALTY).

It is not safe, I suppose, to throw a lot of types, however amusingly studied, in front of an audience and, by simply allowing them to talk to each other, expect them to create a wholly satisfactory play.

This seems a harsh saying when one considers certain recent successes on the English stage, but I am afraid it is true, at any rate, of Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPOTS' play at the Royalty. I really don't know at what ultimate goal it aimed. Every time I thought it was going to have a point it didn't. Nor was it made less obscure by the fact that the interest was almost equally distributed



THE CONTROLLERS.

Leukitch
Savialov
Nicolai

MESSRS. CYRIL CATTLEY, ANDREW CHURCHMAN, EVAN JOHN.

attempted to shoot himself in the study-room, being unable any longer to stand the general racket, and has been re-proved for this inconsiderate conduct by the head bee of the cell. Does he think that a good bee's life is his own? It is not. It is the hive's.)

Well, it so happens that *Constantine*



THE CONTROLLED.

Constantine Terekhine (centre of interest) . . . Mr. ION SWINLEY.
Mania . . . Miss NADINE MARCH.

among the seemingly vast number of persons who attended *Miss Whitehead's* tea-parties at Westhaven.

Three tea-parties there were: Act I., Act II., Act III. There can never have been any play where so many cups of tea were drunk and so many pieces of thin bread-and-butter waved in the air, dropped on the boards or consumed. During the last two Acts the characters frankly gave up any pretence of moving about, and sat round in a semi-circle to gossip, to drink tea and to theorise.

At the end of the first tea-party something really *did* occur. The *Mayor* stabbed an *Admiral* with a cake-knife. I seldom go to tea-parties, even in London, but I feel certain that one would have to go to a great many before one had the luck to see anything like that. There was a great deal of provocation given by the *Admiral*, and the knife, though silver, seemed to have a good point. The whole incident promised excitement to come, but disappointment set in later and, alas! was steadily maintained. Various characters, male and female, pointed out that life in Westhaven was dull, that people repressed their feelings, were a mass of conventions, stifled their instincts and destroyed their souls. The *Admiral* was only slightly stabbed, we gather, but died later from shock. The *Mayor*, removed to a nursing-home, did not appear in Act II. Instead of continuing at the intense level of *Admiral*-stabbing, Act II. did nothing but provide conversation on the possibility of repressing primitive emotions, until the very end, when a quite nice girl, failing to repress one of these emotions, shook a very silly young man with a malevolent tongue until he first bit the malevolent tongue and then had his false teeth shaken out. A very reasonable proceeding; yet I must and do maintain that no audience keyed up to justifiable homicide with a cake-knife at the end of Act I. can possibly be content with a mild scragging as the sole advance in action or emotion, or even thought, at the end of Act II. The *Mayor's* action, it may be, had released some spring, set some sudden influence at work, or what you will, in this dreary world of Westhaven. If so, the effect of it ought to have been far more noticeable, far more widely dispersed.

And, honestly, we get no more out of

Act III. than Act II. The young man who was the *protégé* of *Miss Whitehead*, author of the tea-parties, has been so churlish as to bolt with a young woman and marry her. These return to the third tea-party, and *Miss Whitehead*,

talking about the *Admiral*, and proposes to put up a memorial to him in the harbour. That is good. But, just at the point when the man seems to be threatening us with a crisis of drama, his effort collapses and we are left with a *Miss Whitehead* supported and consoled by *Colonel Arthur Maddison*, one of the fifty-seven—if I remember correctly—precisely similar *Colonels* of which Westhaven is said to boast.

I ought to mention that *Miss Whitehead* had previously announced her conversion to polygamy, and in speaking to the nasty young man who got shaken in Act II. had said that she was ready to practise polygamy at once with anybody but him. Only there again nothing came of it. Having stripped her soul bare for one hysterical moment, she became duly and properly engaged, I suppose, to *Colonel Maddison*.

The curious part of this too haphazard play is that many of the lines are quite funny, and most of the Westhaven types are touched with exactly the right amount of exaggeration for good comedy. They were acted with somewhat varying degrees of skill by the Birmingham Repertoire Company, but *Miss Isabel Thornton* as *Mrs. Barton-Abbott*, a snob and motherly, and *Miss Eileen Beldon* as *Miss Bertha Beck*, a crude feminist and an O.B.E., were, I thought, excellent. It seems to me that the true interest of the piece should have lain in some development either in the soul of *Miss Virginia Whitehead* or in that of the *Mayor*. But *Miss Cicely Oates* as the former had one of the least amusing rôles provided by the authoress (a poor return for the dispensation of so much bread-and-butter and tea), and *Mr. William Heilbronn*, though for some reason or other he kept reminding me of *Mr. H. G. Wells*, whom he doesn't really resemble, was too stolid in his manner to be as thrilling a mayor as he might have been. Doubtless many real mayors are like that, but a mayor returning from a few months' illness with the glory of *Admiral*-slaying about him should have alighted amongst us, I felt, bringing the laughter that is akin to tears.

EVOS.

Community Weeping at the Races.

"Nursery Handicap, of 500 sobs."

New Zealand Paper.



A TEA-PARTY.

THE MAYOR SHOWS SIGNS OF INTELLIGENCE.

The *Admiral* MR. JULIAN D'ALBIE.

The *Mayor* MR. WILLIAM HEILBRONN.

who had a sentimental affection for the young man, has a fit of hysterics. The other characters return. The *Mayor* returns. The *Mayor*, who doesn't remember what happened to him before he was put in the nursing-home, is startled to hear of the *Admiral's* death, insists (to the general consternation) on



ANOTHER TEA PARTY.

A COLLECTOR OF CHARITY CHEQUES.

Miss Bertha Beck, O.B.E. . . MISS EILEEN BELDON.

AT THE PICTURES.

THE LAST OF D'ARTAGNAN.

FAITHFUL adherents of ALEXANDRE the Great—and I hope that, in spite of the lure of criminology, the band is still steadily recruited—will have their feelings ruffled by DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS's new film, *The Iron Mask*, at the New Gallery; but others whose miserable lot it is to know not *d'Artagnan* and *Athos*, *Aramis* and *Porthos*, will find that the DUMAS romances, even though treated with the utmost disrespect, can serve as the basis of a very lively feast. Credulity, it is true, is much strained; and so, I am sorry to say, is eyesight, for these crowded and animated scenes—more perhaps in need of clarity than any that I can remember—are very badly lighted. The result is that much of it is a muddle; in this *mêlée* and that one is not sure which character



The Man out of the Iron Mask (Mr. WILLIAM BAKEWELL) to Queen-Mother (Miss BELLE BENNETT). "Now, MA, WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF POISONED PORT?"

one is watching. Even *d'Artagnan* himself, played by the Star of Stars, would often not be identifiable were it not for his unvarying habit of succeeding in every task. Anyone of galvanic energy, against whom the rapiers of a dozen foes are powerless, anyone who advances solely by what an old gardener once called leaps and bounds—that obviously is Doug.

Our old friend, whom age cannot wither nor custom depress, seems to find this new mixture enormously to his taste. The eternal boy in him is glugged. It is all like the dream of the young cricketer who is called in to take the eleventh place, goes in at a critical moment, hits six sixes in an over and wins the match; only, whereas the ordinary young cricketer can but dream, and wake disillusioned, Doug's dreams can come nearly true, for he can tell his fellow United Artists that a new film is due and he must be more wonderfully triumphant in it than ever.

And what he says, I imagine, goes: he gives one that impression.

I should immensely like to have seen *The Iron Mask* in the making, just to



Captain (in background). "QUICK—SEND FOR A BRIGADE! IT'S DOUG AS D'ARTAGNAN."

know how much trickery there is in this astonishing creature's resilience and impetuosity. Ordinary men in plumed hats, ruffles, cloaks and top-boots, carrying rapier and pistol, mount their horses with some care, even though there is need for haste. But the Hollywood *d'Artagnan* gains the saddle from a running jump. Having reached its destination *entre à terre*, the steed is instantly abandoned without a thought of tether, while its rider springs first on to a tree, then from the tree across a chasm to the barred window where his lady-love is incarcerated. Even when attacking a man his method is to descend upon



SUB-TITLES WE HAVE LEARNT TO DISTRUST.

Ciglia (Miss CAMILLA HORN) to Marcus Paltram (Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE). "NOTHING CAN EVER THREATEN OUR HAPPINESS AGAIN."

him from the air. In real life what is this prodigious saltation? Is it man-made or camera-made?

DUMAS' immortal Gascon was impulsive enough, but he remained on the earth. At the New Gallery one must,

however, forget DUMAS and think of the film only as a new and original creation. As such it has vivacity and vigour, although the confusion to which I have referred is a serious blot. One underground scene, with huge and menacing shadows, is not, however, impaired by the dimness, and remains in the memory like a huge and fantastic Goya. The final scene, in which the four dead musketeers, disembodied but apparently game enough, swagger off across the Plains of Heaven to new adventures, is an odd interpolation. DUMAS, according to HENLEY, was "the seven-and-seventy-times-to-be-forgiven"; but here all our mercy is required for his producers.

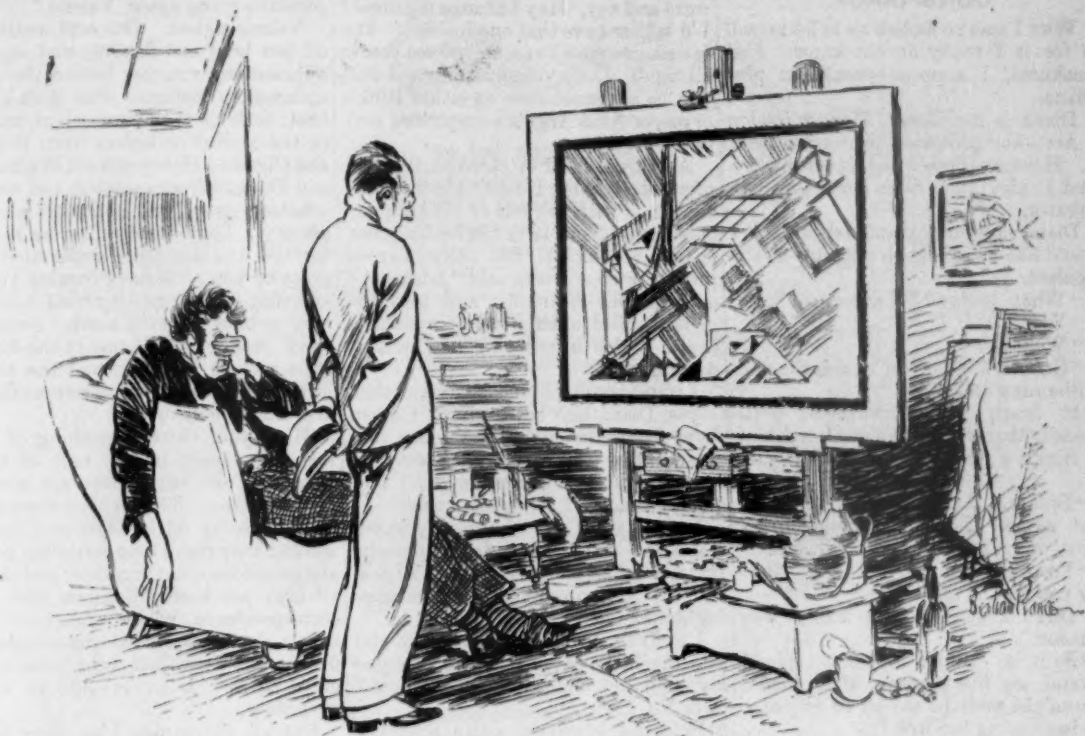
From the man who gave us *The Patriot*, a masterpiece of screenic art, it is odd to get so dreary a film as *Eternal Love*, at the Tivoli, with nothing new in it but an Alpine background and



Ciglia. "WHAT CAN WE DO NOW?"

Marcus. "ONE THING ONLY—NOW THAT THE PRODUCER'S PALL OF DOOM ENVELOPES EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY—SNUFF OUT IN THE SNOW."

an avalanche to help the title—the perpetual persistence of the passion of Marcus and Ciglia, or at any rate of that of Marcus, being the result, not of his addiction to constancy, for he is a flirt with a leaning towards drink, but of the avalanche which obliterates them. That is to say, if you are in love when a convulsion of nature instantaneously destroys you, your love will last for ever, further opportunities of infidelity being denied you. As the lover in question is Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE (called by the captions Marcus, and by the programme-writer Martin) he is ardent and romantic, while his Ciglia (Miss CAMILLA HORN), who weds another, is wistfully pretty; but the story never carries the spectator with it, and we are tired of them both and of the other husband and the other wife long before



Cubist Painter. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Friend. "TOPPING! ANYONE CAN SEE IT REPRESENTS A MAN LEADING A DOG."

Cubist Painter. "HEAVENS! YOU CAN SPOT IT SO EASILY? WHAT A FAILURE AFTER ALL!"

they take flight from their outraged neighbours and are overwhelmed. Judging by the rugged and excessive meals which both of these wrongly-mated couples devoured shortly before this *dénouement*, they would all have died of indigestion anyway.

Where Mr. ERNST LUBITSCH set up his cameras I cannot say; we are led to suppose at Pontresina itself, although there is apparently no scenery that Hollywood cannot create; nor is there anything to suggest America until the *Eternal Lovers* avenging fellow-yodlers, whom I had never thought of as quite such savage Puritans, baulked of their quarry, exclaim, "They've gotten away!"

The bull's-eye cannot, of course, be hit every time, and it is perhaps not quite fair to have referred to anything of such outstanding quality as *The Patriot*, with that actor of genius, Mr. EMIL JANNINGS, in it; but I hope that next time I see a LUBITSCH production it will be less monotonous than *Eternal Love*, and that Mr. BARRYMORE will soon find a story with more variety for his many and attractive gifts, and Miss HORN a chance to be charming and gay as well as doleful and forsaken. E. V. L.

THE SCHOLARS.

'Twas when the first March violet
Was forth the hour to rule,
Urania winked and Clio let
The children out of school,
That Hephzibah and Dickory
And Matthew and Maria
Might follow of Terpsichore,
Might follow of Thalia.

For when the daffodilly times
Be coming up from France
With promise of Aprilly times,
Then little 'uns must dance;
And up they all did and away,
That morn of milk and honey,
A-running, hand-in-hand, away,
Like little coins of money.

For who would mind his book who
comes
To hear of holiday?
And oh! it's soon that cuckoo comes
To ring o' roundelay;
And oh! the scholars ran, they
did,
As fast as striking matches,
And sang as clear as can, they
did,
Their rhymes and country catches.

And wasn't it so pretty too,
Now wasn't it the fun,
To see, with dance and ditty too—
To see the children run;
When Hephzibah and Dickory
And Matthew and Maria
Ran chasing of Terpsichore,
Ran after maid Thalia? P. R. C.

Le Mot Juste.

"Raising of the Bank Rate from 4½ to 5½ per cent. was not altogether unexpected."
Barbadoes Paper.

How the Jungle Hardens a Man.

"Later on 'lions become legion. They used to steal cattle and sometimes a native baby. The cattle were precious and we had to put a stop to such nonsense.'"—*Daily Paper.*

"With this will be worn a short blue coat trimmed with suburb grey fox."—*Scots Paper.*
Probably one of the few that have been lost this season by the Tooting Bee F.H.

"Commander Locker-Lampson relieved the flat routine of the House of Commons the other day in a delightful speech, recalling other days by its classic delivery and wealth of illusion."
Sunday Paper.

We have never noticed any conspicuous lack of the latter in modern politics.

CONSPIRACY.

WHY I was so foolish as to let myself in for it I really do not know. Just weakness, I suppose—weakness plus Diana.

Diana is my niece. Her profession is Art—her professed profession, that is. Her actual profession is conspiracy. And I, alas! have been her fellow-conspirator.

Diana rang me up and asked me if I would like her to lunch with me at the Opulent.

"What, to-day?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Well, . . ."

"Good, 1.30. You're a darling!" She rang off.

At lunch Diana mentioned quite casually that there was a one-man show of Binkie's pictures at a gallery hard by.

"Binkie? I don't seem to know that name," I said. "REMBRANDT I know, and VERMEER, but not Binkie."

"You are a dear old mutt. He's that boy you met at our house."

"Oh! I thought his name was Johnson."

"So it is. Binkie Johnson. We'll go and see his pictures after lunch. You might even be moved to buy one. He isn't doing too well."

"Perhaps Binkie's pictures aren't very good pictures."

"Oh, they're not. But he's such a lamb."

"I doubt if I shall be moved to buy one on that account," I said.

"I daresay you will, because you're such a lamb too," said Diana.

We arrived at the gallery to find a depressing absence of public interest. Binkie himself was there, and an elderly baldish person to deal with buyers; but no buyers, and not one of those pleasant little red seals which denote that buyers have passed that way.

Diana conferred earnestly with Binkie in a corner, while I studied Binkie's works, which rather alarmed me. Then I saw them sticking seals in the corners of a certain number of the pictures.

Diana came across to me.

"Darling," she said, "those red seals are put on for the benefit of Binkie's Aunt Angela. She's coming here this afternoon, and you've got to help us. She's a perfectly septic old thing, fearfully rich and frightfully mean, and her invariable formula is to spot a picture that's sold, and say that's the one she likes, and she'd have bought it. Now, whichever picture she indicates, you are presumed to be the buyer—"

"I? Good gracious! Really I—"

"Do listen, and don't interrupt. You are the buyer of that particular picture,

and all you've got to do is to come forward and say, 'May I change my mind? I'd rather have that one instead.' You can choose which one, so you see you're all right. Only you must pretend that you've never set eyes on either Binkie or me, or Aunt Angela's suspicions may be aroused."

All this seemed extraordinarily complicated; besides, I didn't know what I should do with any one of Binkie's pictures, except put it in the cook's room. (I hate the cook.) But before I could further protest Diana said "Look out" and left me hurriedly, and into the gallery sailed a large woman whom I heard Binkie introducing to Diana as Aunt Angela.

I wandered about uneasily. And then—yes, Diana had been right. I heard Aunt Angela saying, "Now I like that one, Binkie. I quite like that one. I'd have bought it. But there—isn't that always the way? I see it's sold."

I must say I felt thoroughly upset. I disliked the whole affair intensely. But I caught a glimpse of Diana's back, and its uncompromising appearance frightened me.

I went to the baldish gentleman and said my little part—that I'd changed my mind and, instead of No. 32, could I have No. 27?

Baldhead answered quite solemnly that certainly I could, and hurried to Binkie and Aunt Angela. I was aware of Binkie saying, "That's splendid. You can have it, then;" of Diana chiming in with effusive congratulations; and of Aunt Angela trying bravely but quite ineffectually to retrieve a hopeless position. She retired soon after, the possessor of a really terrifying work.

Binkie rushed to me and shook me warmly by the hand.

"A thousand thanks!" he cried. "You've not only bought No. 27, but we've landed Aunt Angela at last. Really, Sir, you played your part brilliantly!"

"Didn't I say he was rather a lamb?" asked Diana.

A. W. B.

SIGNS OF HOT WEATHER.

"HULLO," I said, glancing through the English mail on the breakfast-table, "here's a letter from William."

"He's a bit earlier than usual this year," remarked Valerie. "He's generally at least three weeks after Olga, isn't he?"

"Oh, has Olga written too?"

"She has," said Valerie; "the usual sort of thing."

"Hum," I said, "I suppose we shall be hearing next week from Edward and old Warburton, and I have no doubt Henry in Portugal will remember us

too. We shall soon be having the punkahs going again, Valerie."

Valerie sighed. Our cold weather is all too brief and fleeting, and signs of approaching summer induce the most melancholy feelings. For it is a fact that, little as they themselves suspect it, the arrival of letters from William and Olga and Henry and old Warburton and Edward is an ominous and unmistakable sign. Their letters fill us with dismay. They come fluttering in, and for the first time we notice that the grass on the *maiden* is turning yellow and that a warm uneasy wind is beginning to blow from the south. Soon the Gold Mohur and Flame-of-the-Forest trees will be in bloom and the brain-fever bird will be uttering its maddening and monotonous notes.

Mind you, there is nothing of this seasonal aspect in the text of their letters. Their sentiments are always above reproach. They express the warmest interest in our welfare and movements; they recall long-forgotten times and occasions spent together; and above all they are keenly desirous that our correspondence, which somehow has nearly always and most unaccountably fizzled out since last year, should be given a new lease of life, to their advantage.

But all the same—I'm sorry if it sounds unkind—I wish they would write to their bankers instead. Observe, for instance, how much simpler William's letter could be made if addressed to his bank—simpler both for William and for me:—

"I have been wondering, old chap," he writes, "how the world has been serving you. I know I am a dreadful correspondent; you have rather been on my conscience lately and with half-an-hour to spare and the snow lying deep and crisp and even outside, I said to Madge, 'I think I'll drop a line to old Bunny in India' [and so forth]. . . . We still talk of those jolly days we had together at Newquay when you were last home on leave [etc., etc]. . . . How are the 'Memsahib' (is that right?) and the little Colonel? . . .

P.S.—By the way—sorry to be a bother—don't worry if it is any trouble, but I know you are in the swim—could you get me half-a-dozen shares in the Calcutta Sweep, as you did last year? (*Noms-de-plume*: BILL, AT LAST, HIP-PIP, MAILLIW, EGDAM and HERE'S HOPING). Let me know what it comes to and I will send you a cheque."

WOMEN CITIZENS' MEETING.

A lecture on birth control was given to the Anti-litter League in Richmond.

Scientific Paper.

This seems unnecessary propaganda.



ON THE BOULEVARDS.

HAPPY Parisians
Sit in the street
Sipping their coffee
And finding life sweet.
All other nations
Among them would be;
Even Americans
Sometimes you see!
Yet, though allurements
From near come and far,
Happy Parisians
Stay where they are.

Happy Parisians
Sit in the street
Talking of what they
Have ate and will eat;
Hoping the rapture
Of love may increase;
Watching the chauffeurs
Defy the police.
Happy Parisians—
Knowing so well
Paris is Heaven
And elsewhere Hell!

E. V. L.





Child (overhearing arrangements for to-morrow's dinner). "OH, MUMMY, NOT JANE! WHY, I'VE KNOWN HER SINCE SHE WAS AN EGG."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I AM not sure that I think English Elementary School education all that it should be, though I take it that it is admired by the officials who administer it, by the socially ambitious parents of exceptionally clever children, and by egalitarian politicians. It does not appear to be concerned with behaviour—the first and last end of all education—and intellectually it has never made up its mind whether it is fulfilling a practical social want or an Utopian estimate of individual requirement. What happens automatically to its pupils as they emerge into the outside world? Premising, and quite rightly, that the modern industrial world is not a fit world for anything young to emerge into, Miss EVELYN SHARP has given part of the answer to this question in *The Child Grows Up* (LANE). The London child, with whom alone she is concerned, leaves school at fourteen. Between fourteen and sixteen, when the Ministries of Health and Labour discover it through its insurance card, it has no official existence. During this interval of non-being its destiny as a citizen is decided. Its parents, who have been treated throughout its school career as regrettable appendages, are probably on the dole; and by hustling the child into the most paying job which presents itself they inevitably do their best to prepare it for a similar fate. Yet in London and certain large towns Juvenile Advisory Committees may or may not be consulted, and it is in connection with these that Miss SHARP has secured most of her poignant sketches of "the school leaver." Sharing very little of her outlook either on youth or age, I have found this outlook an additional light on the tragedy of its objects, and the book as a whole full of material for thought.

Say, would you live in last week's pyjamas
And love and drink whatever you please?
Come to the land where the lazy palm has
The lullaby of the languid breeze.
Hey then, hey for across the water
To the Dutchman's Indies; 'tis easy done
Per ELINOR MORDAUNT's *Father and Daughter*,
A capital story from HUTCHINSON.

Laura Hanson's a little young maiden
From black Belfast; she has started life
Out in the East, where her dad has laden
Himself, since then, with a native wife
(Laura's mother has died), and Laura
Joins her sire after certain years,
Knowing not of her "step" and before a
Word's been said of brown babes—two dears.

Laura's father has taken to whisky;
Laura's "step" 's on the loosest plan;
Laura's loving a Rajah—risky,
But here the native's a proper man;
Then her prince is murdered and all things fail her,
And Laura's "Miss" to the end—oh, quite!
Yet I'm left in hopes that the British sailor,
Richard Masters, will put that right.

Here is a tale that you'll find compelling
Your light attention the whole way through,
And, if you should say that it's long o' telling,
And apt to dwell on that telling too,
You'll like a touch that is truly tropic,
You'll like the kriss and the silk sarong.
And as for me—well, when Love's the topic,
Never, oh, never is tale too long.

In the final volume of his history of the Great War, *The World Crisis—The Aftermath* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is not, as the title rather dolefully suggests, treating of a separate and secondary crop of troubles following the earlier tragedies after an interval, but is tracing to their outcome those distresses already fairly apparent at the time of the Armistice. His masterful survey ranges, usually *via* Versailles and Whitehall, from Washington to Siberia and from Dublin to Smyrna, and he finds it as easy to scorn the maunderings of DE VALERA over the iniquities of the Poyning's Act of the reign of KING HENRY VII. as to stigmatise PRESIDENT WILSON's failure to associate his Republican party with his policy; to deplore the weary muddling that led to the catastrophe in Asia Minor as to flame into incandescent wrath over the betrayal of "White" Russia. Making it his method to mark the "stepping-stones of Fate," he sees in the despatch of General WEGAND and Lord D'ABERNON to Poland in her hour of need, or in the bite of the monkey that led to the death of KING ALEXANDER of Greece, occurrences hardly less momentous than the famous submission of General VON KLUCK to misconceived orders which made possible the Battle of the Marne. He does not except from these "stepping-stones" his own requisitioning of the two Turkish battle-ships in the early days of the War, and indeed expresses a little modest surprise at finding on retrospect how many were the important events in which he was personally concerned. His book, although I think it suffers somewhat from the author's desire to establish his own impeccable position at various dates by extracts from WINSTON CHURCHILL, a method which tends to duplicate his present writing, yet must be reckoned a work of the first importance. It must be valued not for its occasional "revelations"—the mutinous discontents of good troops fretting under demobilisation delays, or the relative responsibilities for wise things done too late—but for its keen presentment of mighty happenings in true perspective and for its wealth of incredibly dramatic incident realised as drama.

The study of an embittered childhood which largely persists in being an embittered childhood until its exponent is killed on French soil in his thirties is the subject of a characteristically accomplished novel by Mr. MAURICE BARING. Its faults are a growing parsimony with conjunctions on the part of its writer and a monotonous trick of acquiring feminine affections and failing to keep them on the part of its hero—both mannerisms which are apt to lose whatever effect they may originally possess by constant repetition. Apart from these disabilities I found the enchant-



Young Blood. "I LIKE THE CAR, BUT EIGHT HUNDRED'S A BIT STEEP FOR ME AT THE MOMENT."

Dealer. "I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, SIR, SINCE I'VE THE HONOUR OF KNOWING YOUR FATHER, I'LL SAY SEVEN-FIFTY."

Young Blood. "H'M! COULD YOU WAIT FOR MY DECISION TILL TO-MORROW?"

Dealer. "CERTAINLY, SIR."

Young Blood. "SPLENDID! IN THE MEANTIME WHY NOT DROP IN TO-NIGHT AND MEET SOME MORE OF MY PEOPLE?"

ment of *The Coat Without a Seam* (HEINEMANN) both constant and superlative. A youth intended for diplomacy has to content himself on his father's death with the lower rungs of the Consular service; and his first spell of employment, in Constantinople, sees him compromise his career by a generous but impossible gesture on behalf of the Armenians. A sagacious Russian don of his Cambridge days—*Christopher Trevenen* and Mr. BARING are exceptionally happy in their

middle-aged mentors—regrets the gesture. It is all very well to make dramatic sacrifices for ideals, but "can your nature bear the consequences?" The answer, complicated by extravagant remorse for a childish fault and a morbidly pampered sense of social inferiority, is the outward preoccupation of the book. Behind it lurk intimations of a divine order which conscious faith would help impose upon life, but which, even disregarded, has more to say to life's shaping than *Christopher*, a non-practising Catholic, realises. This order is symbolised by the Holy Coat, a relic venerated by a Seine-side village in defiance of the tradition of Treves. It is a pleasure to watch the vivid mysticism of this conception permeate the outworn refinements and pseudo-refinements of *Christopher's* remote and artificial world.

A murder cannot possibly be an admirable action, but there have been murders which the accidents of personality, motive or circumstance have invested with a sort of deplorable glamour. There was no glamour of any sort, however, about *The Case of Constance Kent* (BLES), which caused an enormous sensation some seventy years ago. Nothing more utterly miserable could well be imagined. A child of four, an attractive and promising boy, being missed one morning from his bed, was subsequently found with his throat brutally cut. He was the son of the second marriage of one SAMUEL KENT, an inspector of factories in the south-west of England, who lived on the borders of Somerset and Wiltshire. Suspicion fell on Mr. KENT himself, who had made himself locally unpopular and whose movements on the discovery of the crime were held to be questionable; on the nurse, who had shared a bedroom with the victim, and on the boy's half-sister, CONSTANCE, a girl of sixteen. The two latter were at different times charged with the crime, but were released for lack of evidence against them. The case, which was conducted both by the local police and by the county magistrates with curious incompetence, had to be given up as insoluble. And then, after several years, CONSTANCE confessed: she had killed her brother out of jealousy. Mr. JOHN RHODE, who tells the sorry story very ably, is convinced of the truth of this confession. He is probably right; but there are many incredible details in the girl's statement. The child of an imbecile mother, she had shown symptoms of a morbid temperament, and, if capable of committing the crime, she was equally capable of imagining that she had done so.

Readers of Mrs. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR's *Three Wives* will remember that one of the three, *Tony Warren*, left her husband after a tremendous quarrel over a dog and sought

the protection of *Lindsay Bordon*, a veterinary surgeon, to whom she acted as assistant. Not much of *Lindsay Bordon* appeared in that book, but there was enough to show that he had an interesting past if anyone cared to reveal it. In *Youth Rides Out* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) Mrs. SEYMOUR tells the story of *Lindsay Bordon's* past, and particularly of his disastrous marriage to *Camilla Neale*, the spoiled daughter of over-rich parents. Like *Dido* and *Aeneas*, *Lindsay* and *Camilla* met in a cave during a thunderstorm, a touch of the romantic tradition I should hardly have expected of Mrs. SEYMOUR. They marry, but after a fair beginning *Camilla* finds that she is not fitted to be a poor man's wife and she finally leaves her husband, although she does

not cease to love him. *Tony Warren* comes into the later chapters of the book; but the story is neither hers nor *Camilla's*, but *Lindsay's*, and as a study of masculine temperament it deserves high praise. Mrs. SEYMOUR, who is generally hard on husbands, is remarkably lenient with *Lindsay Bordon*. Can it be then that "this is the perfect husband, this is he whom every married man should wish to be"? Probably not, because there is an intellectual arrogance, not to say snobbery, in *Lindsay*, which Mrs. SEYMOUR must have noticed before anyone else. But, as husbands go, *Lindsay Bordon* was a good one, and Mrs. SEYMOUR's anxiety to give him a book to himself has been justified.

Most of the stories which Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has collected in *The Gorgeous Lovers* (LANE) are dated eighteenth century or before, and when she lays her scenes out of England, a country which seems to cramp her style, she is in excellent form. "Four Farewells in Venice" (1770) and "The Luck of Madame de Maupret" (1661) are gems of their kind; and, although some of the stories are distinctly flavoured with spice,

as in "Madelon—and all the Graces" (1790) and "The Immortal Sins" (1553), Miss BOWEN refrains from making her atmospheres too overpoweringly aromatic.

From *Sober Feast* (SECKER) I obtained some delicious savouries but not a very satisfying meal, and the reason was that Miss BARBARA BLACKBURN requires more scope than she has here allowed herself. Against a background of a second-hand motor business and an intellectual bookshop she has drawn a group of modern young men and women to the life. The story as far as it goes is a work of art, but it is on too small a scale. When Miss BLACKBURN, endowed as she is with humour and a nice sense of style, spreads her wings, she should go far beyond the range of her present aspirations.



Passenger. "I OVERHEARD THE CAPTAIN GIVING ORDERS ON THE BRIDGE JUST NOW, AND REALLY, YOU KNOW, HIS—ER—LANGUAGE—"

Purser. "AH, BUT HAVE YOU HEARD THE CHIEF ENGINEER?"

CHARIVARIA.

WE read of a young man whose ambition it is to be an author and a Member of Parliament. Of the two evils he seems to have chosen both.

A deer, a vulture and an eagle were all the exhibits possessed by the London Zoo when it was first started one hundred years ago. So much for the belief that the original collection included a few Fellows.

The manufacturers of a patent insect-powder say that the end of the wasp is in sight. Yes, but which end?

A racing crew composed of eight literary men has been formed in London. There is no truth, however, in the rumour that Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON is to be the cox.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE pointed out the other day that, if he were drowned in one of Lord MELCHETT'S chemical vats, unemployment would still remain. But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE wouldn't.

A French actress tells of an English plumber who failed to understand a quotation from BURNS. In our opinion that is hardly a plumber's job.

The "Come to Scotland" movement is to be intensified, but it would be foolishly optimistic to expect a proportionate response from Scotsmen.

The prevalence of the gun-carrying habit in America is blamed for a state of things condemned not only by non-murderers but even by some who murder in moderation.

A certain busy Society woman is said to prepare herself for the evening by spending an hour or so before dressing for dinner in thinking of nothing at all. We can well believe this.

The cuckoo has been heard unusually early this year, as usual.

Two new books about Moses have been reviewed, but it does not appear that either of them attempts a solution of the problem of where he was when the light went out.

MR. GEORGE GALLANT, who has retired after thirty-seven years as cloak-room attendant at the National Liberal Club, must have had in his charge many hats through which notable men have talked.

Red noses, it seems, are now easily curable by facial surgery. Comedians don't care.

With reference to the historical value of the film, an expert asks us to suppose the existence of a record of King JOHN signing the Great Charter of Liberty. It would have amused Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

A paragraphist who has been conversing with bargees observes that they

our opinion humour of this sort is out of place in a charity scheme.

A question of the moment on the Riviera is: Does Monaco need a Mussolini?

The forthcoming publication of a large biography of BOSWELL cannot fail to revive regrets that the idea of writing it didn't occur to Dr. JOHNSON.

According to a contemporary, pedestrians in New York are in the habit of loitering about in the street subways. This rather suggests that sporting motorists in that city will have to resort to ferrets.

One of the banks has introduced a new form of pass-book. It is sincerely hoped that no attempt will be made to interfere with the present old-fashioned overdraft.

"Is there anything more pleasing than to turn the dial of a wireless set and listen to all the latest songs?" asks an essayist. Has he tried turning the dial the other way and shutting them off?

"Bags and belts are easily persuaded into a close alliance," says a fashion note. All the same we prefer braces.

A thirty-three-year-old rent-collector admitted in the North London Police Court that he could not read the oath. It is probable, however, that in his official capacity he has heard a few.

"I saw a brimstone butterfly flapping its golden wings in Hyde Park yesterday," writes a gossip-monger. It has to do that, of course, if it wants to fly.

Resentment has been aroused in Washington by the seizure of a load of liquor which was on its way to the Siamese Legation. It would be a national disgrace if the diplomatic corps were driven to the "speak easy."

"At Lugano the perfume of roses is in the air and the glimmering minarets of Milan Cathedral are a daydream from an auto-car."

Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Seen from anything else, of course, they appear more like the top of Milan Cathedral.



Onlooker (to angler who hasn't had a bite). "BIT SLOW, ISN'T IT?"

Angler. "YES. I'VE TRIED 'BARRACING,' BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO DO ANY GOOD."

Speak slowly, leaving out words as people do who have developed a code of their own. Many bargees' words are better left out.

A gossip-writer mentions that Lady —, who is tall, has a low gracious voice. Too few tall women are so considerate for short listeners.

MR. C. LEONARD WOOLLEY, who has been making investigations at Ur, says there is no doubt at all that the Flood really took place. NOAH, it will be remembered, held a similar view.

The feminist movement in Mexico is gaining strength, and it is feared that suffragettes may introduce an element of roughness into revolutions.

A performance of *The Creaking Chair* has been given in aid of the Furnishing Trades Benevolent Association. In

THE NOMINATIVE CASE.

SOMEONE has suggested that the War Office should change its name to something less militant. There are other changes long overdue in the titles of public departments. Mr. BALDWIN might like a note of a few.

A treasury, the dictionaries say, is a place containing treasure. Clearly therefore the Treasury should transfer its name to the Bank of England, where the gold is kept. It is common knowledge that there is no gold in the Treasury, except the Gold Standard, which of course is purely a courtesy title and has no solid backing. The real functions of the Treasury are to find the nation's income and to control its expenditure—to be at once its treasure-hunter and its financial watchdog. Mr. BALDWIN enjoys the Classics; he will recall that pioneer of treasure-seekers, the good ship *Argo*, and, among watchers, hundred-eyed Argus and his humble canine namesake, whose tail wagged a welcome to Odysseus on his homecoming; and he will no doubt like to symbolise the twofold function of the Treasury in the name of "The Argosy."

The Post Office has recently been prominent. First, its second-in-command was spanked, and then its top-boy was told to wait in the Headmaster's study. Nothing but a change of name can wipe out this disgrace. It is surely no accident that the department which has always been concerned primarily with letters should be popularly designated by initials. This characteristic ought to be preserved. The traditional attitude for the receipt of correction, the need for the "new leaf" and the initials of the chief methods of communication seem to be summarised in the name "P.T.O." for "G.P.O."

It is nationally regrettable, even if psychologically interesting, to observe the persistent influence of the old exploded myths that the English are "a nation of traders" and "not an artistic race," which compels us to disguise our belated establishment of a Ministry of Fine Arts under the title of the "Empire Marketing Board." Could we not have the courage of our convictions and call it boldly the "Department of Artistic Posters"?

People who speak of unemployment benefit as "the dole" feel that the Minister of Labour should be called the Paymaster-General. Those who think they realise that the object of the Ministry's Employment Exchanges is to facilitate exchange of jobs might utilise the discarded title of "General Post Office" for this Ministry.

While, unhappily, no change of name

can alter the fact of income-tax, those who can claim no other reliefs might at least be entitled to that of calling a spade a spade. Indeed, this is a case for changing not only the name but the place. It is irony, if not sacrilege, that the same building which is the last resting-place of wills and testaments should give shelter to a department which, by robbing us both here and beyond the grave in the shape of income-tax and death duties, makes testamentary disposition a farce. No, the Board of Inland Revenue should be frankly re-named the "Grand Inquisition," and it should leave Somerset House for a more fitting home in the Tower, with the rack and the thumbscrews.

A section of the public thinks that the name of Home Office has misled its present head into the attitude of paternal sternness that will send him down to posterity as the man who took the "N" out of JINKS; it is suggested that an improvement would be D(epartment) O(f) R(epressive) A(dministration).

Finally, is not "Downing" Street too suggestive of injustice and oppression for these days of liberty and equality? Past Cabinets have sometimes contained old women; future ones will no doubt often contain young women like Miss JENNY LEE. Could we not combine a warning and a hope in the name "Petticoat Lane"?

HOW TO REFUSE SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR.

A MUSICIAN, it is said, has recently refused a post at seven thousand pounds a year. It would be interesting to know how this sort of thing is done—how the situation can be handled both firmly and tactfully.

When someone drops me a line offering me a job at seven thousand pounds a year, what sort of a line should I drop to say that there is nothing doing? It so happens that the two or three friends I have consulted have no real experience by which I could be guided.

I am convinced that in this as in all one's actions one should not consider oneself alone. It should be borne in mind that the other man, when he has dropped his line, may be happy in the confidence that I am bound to accept. Mistaken though he be, can I lightly shatter his happiness? A blunt "No, certainly not," has often brought untold misery to a fellow-creature and left a scar on some sensitive soul.

Yet, if I do not really want seven thousand pounds a year, why should I accept it? That is a reasonable question. We are not called upon to saddle ourselves with every burden that others may wish to impose upon us.

One has, perhaps, a wife and several children to think of whose welfare must naturally take precedence of the wishes or whims of somebody outside the family. But, even if one were convinced that their interests could be best served by refusal, it would be cowardly to shield oneself behind a frail woman and helpless children, making them the excuse for declining the offer.

One would have to be guarded also in suggesting, as a reason for refusal, that the sum of seven thousand pounds a year is not enough, for few things cause greater pain to another than a suggestion that his estimate of values is erroneous. Neither must it be hinted that the sum is more than the other can afford. Better far to conceal this opinion for a little time, and then if, after a year or two, the other approaches you with a request that the contract should cease, you will be happier so than if you had declined at the outset.

I am confident that the musician refused both gracefully and without giving hurt; but I should much like to know how he dealt with the awkward predicament. Some day, perhaps, I might find the knowledge useful.

THE STRONGER SEX.

I GOT whooping-cough,
Very badly too;
Sometimes I was sick and sick
All night through;
Still, I did as women must,
Never cried and never fussed.
Daddy, once or twice a day
(Men are very funny).
Used to stand outside and say,
"Hullo, Bunny!"

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!
Don't begin to droop;
When you're down with whooping-cough,
be glad it isn't croup.
That, of course I understood,
Was his way of doing good.
Whoop!

Daddy got whooping-cough;
His was very mild;
What a bother Daddy made!
Really, like a child;
Even with a simple chill
Daddy always thinks he's ill.
Sometimes, when he seemed to be
Working up a paddy,
I would whisper quietly,
"Hullo, Daddy!"

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!
Now's the time to droop;
Daddy's down with whooping-cough
and thinks he's in the soup!
Daddy said, "Get out, you imp;
Bring her here, I'll smack the
shrimp.

Whoop!" DUM-DUM.



THE "AFTERMATH."

MR. CHURCHILL. "BEFORE DECIDING WHAT SORT OF HARVEST TO GO FOR, IT WOULD BE A GREAT CONVENIENCE FOR ME TO KNOW WHO'S GOING TO REAP IT."



The Man. "HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES. COME AND LUNCH WITH ME TO-MORROW."

The Lady. "HOW TOO SWEET OF YOU TO CALL IT AGES, WHEN YOU WERE LUNCHING WITH ME YESTERDAY!"

A STATE OF BLISS.

THERE is a certain Indian State called Arampur. That is not its real name, but for reasons which will appear I am not seeking undue publicity. The State—I quote from official documents—is governed by a free and independent Raja, with the assistance of a Political Resident appointed by the Government of India. The Raja, who is entitled to a salute of 21 guns, functions by means of a Dewan (or vizier) and a Durbar (or assembly of notables).

There you are; now you know all about it, and no number of questions asked in Parliament or by letter will extract any further information on the subject. If you were to visit Arampur, you might actually find the Raja, the Political Resident, the Dewan and the Durbar. At any rate you would find their offices. The Raja would probably be on the Riviera, the P.R. on a shikar expedition to distant parts, the Dewan in Bombay and the Durbar scattered to their country-houses. If you wanted to meet personally anybody in authority you would be led eventually—if I could

not stop you—to me. I am holding down the job of Assistant Political Resident.

My business is to temporise until the P.R. returns. If anybody wants a new road or a new picture-palace, I become very sceptical as to the necessity of such; I point out how many roads and cinemas have been built lately and generally sneeze at the whole project. This is usually effective. If the proposal recurs, I am dubious about the constitutional aspect of the affair and request references to the Durbar and the Dewan. That settles it. All this time, while I am left in charge, I jolly well earn my pay, drafting letters in which I have "grave doubts," "have yet to learn," "am not aware," "have the honour to enquire on what authority," and "venture to dissent." I can tell you I am worn out by the time the P.R. returns to take up the reins.

I work just as hard when the P.R. is here, but it is work of a different kind. I have to ensure that there is a four for bridge whenever the P.R. wants to play; I organise discomfort for commercial persons visiting the State, to

induce them to depart before they can obtain orders; I must also attend to my duties as Adjutant to the State cavalry, which is maintained out of State funds.

This curious force contains only one human member, myself. The rest of the strength are ponies and grooms. Strangely enough, the ponies are all under 14.1 h. and trained to polo. The Adjutant is naturally unable to exercise the lot, so that the Resident and certain Indian gentlemen have to be called in to exercise them on the polo-ground daily at 4.30 P.M.

When we are visited by a high official, the State cavalry are sent to manœuvre in some distant part of the country. This is advisable, because High Officials do not as a rule care for polo. High Officials and Eminent Personages usually want to shoot big game. If we show them good sport we are certain to learn later that His Excellency is pleased to note the healthy condition of the State Government and finances, and we know that we shall not be turned out of this paradise for some time yet.

I spend a lot of time too over the State band. When I came to Arampur, the prevailing idea of a band's function was to play continuously for several hours at Indian weddings. Musical performances were mere tests of endurance, and certainly in their own line the State band was unbeatable. I have known the players make the whole night hideous without interval from 9 P.M. to 7 A.M. I wondered at first how this was done, and discovered, after an intensive study which nearly shattered my ear-drums, that whenever the bandmen threatened to become entirely breathless, the bandmaster—who had lost little tissue over conducting, this being a go-as-you-please performance—would bid them desist from their efforts for a while. Then he alone, by the aid of mouth, hand and foot, saw to it that there was no diminution in the volume of sound. Once rested, the main body would begin again, and thus continuity was maintained.

I found I had little taste for this exotic music and I persuaded the bandmaster to make experiments. He knew, he told me, the Western notation, which was similar to the Afghan, and could read the scores. So I got him a few simple tunes from Bombay, pointing out that these would be most welcome to the Europeans in the station and earn him great rewards. He set to work, and after some weeks invited me to a rehearsal. He stood up and waved his baton in the approved Western style. His team followed him gamely, gazing at him with eyes of fierce concentration in the intervals of glaring at their scores, and blowing all the time like steam-bellows. By-and-by the din ceased and I knew that the tune was ended.

"Very good," I observed, "very good indeed, though you need to practise a little more yet. 'The Blue Bells of Scotland' should really ring a little clearer than that."

"Excuse me, your Honour," he replied, "that was 'God Save the King.'"

I praised his loyalty and escaped with difficulty from my unfortunate position by promising that he should be allowed to play this new addition to his repertory at the conclusion of the P.R.'s next garden-party. This actually occurred; and, as I had arranged to receive from the bandmaster a secret sign at the moment when the Anthem was to begin, I was able to pass the word among the guests, who took up the appropriate attitude with becoming solemnity.

Fired with this success I led the band to higher flights. We had long needed dance-music provided by something more vital than a gramophone; so my



Doctor (to Flu Convalescent). "WHY, DASH IT ALL, YOUR TEMPERATURE'S GONE UP AGAIN! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"
Patient. "NOTHING. IT'S EDGAR WALLACE!"

next purchase from State funds was a parcel of scores of jazz masterpieces. Of this experiment I will in modesty say very little. I merely point to the fact that we do dance to alleged jazz-music provided by this very band.

I lately congratulated the bandmaster on his splendid achievement, saying something about East meeting West, though I should have said East meeting West Africa.

"It is nothing, your Honour," he replied; "though we have more rest it is just same as wedding-music."

I allowed this frank admission to pass without remark. In the East silence is more than golden, so I forebore to tell him that during the evening I had

noticed that several of the bandmen's scores were being played upside-down.

E. P. W.

Theatrical Developments on the Underground.

"We are once more enjoying the sight of Piccadilly Circus without any hoardings, as the work on the new underground station is now complete and the magnificent new booking hall with its regiment of automatic boing machines is open for use by the public."

London Letter in Rhodesian Paper.

"Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, is leaving England at the end of this week for a short visit to the combined fleets at Gibraltar."—Scots Paper.

We presume, however, that the ships will be properly "dressed" for the occasion.

In Grateful Memory of Marshal Foch.

BORN, 1851. DIED, MARCH 20, 1929.

Now Death for him has set its deathless seal

On virtues tested where the furnace flamed—

Swift mind and simple faith, a hand of steel,

A heart that thrice repaid the trust it claimed.

O. S.

ROSAMUND REGAINED.

I ENTERED the drawing-room with the guilty tread of the dinner-guest who has arrived ten minutes too early. We were dining early as we were going on to a dance twenty miles away, but not so early as I had arrived.

"Mrs. Dantree will be down in a few minutes," said the maid severely, and left me to meditate on my sins.

I was meditating so hard that I did not hear the door open the next instant. With a start I became aware of an exceedingly small hand extended for me to shake. I shook it rather gingerly.

"Hullo," said Rosamund.

"Hullo," I said.

The conversation then lapsed.

We looked at each other solemnly. Rack my brains as I might I could not find any means of getting that conversation going again.

But Rosamund is made of more adaptable stuff. The instinct to set tongue-tied strangers at their ease was natural to her.

"It's better," said Rosamund, "to arrive early than late."

"Thank you, Rosamund," I said with gratitude.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down somewhere?" pursued my junior hostess.

"Thank you," I said again, and did so, on a chair. "But what about you?"

"Well," said Rosamund, "I gen'rally sit on the floor, you know. At least, quite often."

"I'm rather fond of sitting on the floor too," I hastened to agree.

Contact thus being established through this common hobby, we ensconced ourselves on the hearth-rug and felt a good deal more at our ease. The matter of my shirt-front never even entered my mind."

"Do you recognise me, Rosamund?" I asked chattily.

Rosamund gazed at me seriously. Courtesy struggled with truth on her round face. A compromise evidently suggested itself. "Well, not awfully well. But I was very young when you knew me before, wasn't I?"

"Fairly young," I hedged. "Two."

"Oh, that's very young," pronounced Rosamund with so much scorn that her voice went positively bass. "I'm five now. At least I'll be five in twelve days. That is being practiclely five, isn't it?"

"I think we might say it was being quite five, practically speaking," I reassured her.

"Isn't it funny," said Rosamund with much amusement, "how young two is, and five's quite old?"

"Very funny," I agreed. We exchanged an adult smile, kind but superior, over the devastating youngness of two. Rosamund's smile, I was interested to discover, was quite the most fascinating arrangement of the human features I had ever seen.

"Let's play a game till Mummy comes, shall we?" said Rosamund. "I know an awfully good one. You say a letter, and then the other person has to say a flower or an animal or something like that beginning with it. Shall we play that?"

"I should love to."

"Good egg!" said Rosamund surprisingly, adding at once: "You don't mind my calling you a good egg, do you?" She looked at me quite anxiously.

"Of course I don't," I asserted and with truth. It was delightful to be called a good egg by Rosamund.

"I got it from Lionel," said Rosamund with pride. "They all say it at his school."

Did you say it when you were at school?"

"So far as I can remember we said very little else."

"Well, we'll play now. A flower beginning with—beginning with"—Rosamund hastily ran through the alphabet in search of a really baffling letter—"with T."

My mind immediately went blank. It was obvious there were no flowers beginning with T. Yet I had got to find one or ignominiously forfeit such prestige as I had gained by preferring hearth-rugs to chairs as seating accommodation.

"Tree-anemone," I squeaked in desperation.

Rosamund's blue eyes regarded me with unconcealed



THE CELESTIAL DUD.

KAISER. "HA! A NEW AND BRILLIANT STAR ADDED TO MY CONSTELLATION OF THE EAGLE!"

GENERAL FOCH. "ON THE WANE, I THINK."

(It is anticipated in astronomical circles that the new Star, Nova Aquila, will shortly disappear.)

Reproduced from "Punch" of June 19, 1913.

suspicion. It was plain that she knew the finer points of the game.

"What did you say?"

"Tree-anemone," I repeated rather more glibly. "It's a sort of anemone that—that grows on trees. In woods, you know. Well, now, it's my turn, isn't it? Then you tell me an animal beginning with K."

"K?" said Rosamund sadly. "K's always a hard one." She stared into the fire. No animal beginning with K was evident there. She wriggled a little closer to me, and then a little closer still. She looked up at me with confiding trust. "What would you think?" she whispered.

I put my lips to her primly bobbed ash-pale hair, as silky as spun cobwebs.

"Kangaroo," I breathed.

"Kangaroo!" said Rosamund loudly.

I registered admiration. "Why, how did you think of that, Rosamund?"

But I had said the wrong thing. The limits of deception were not to be carried so far as that. "Well, you told me, of course," said Rosamund, employing the bass notes again.

"Oh, yes, so I did," I said, disconcerted.

"Didn't you remember?"

"I must have forgotten just for the moment. Well, it's your turn now."

But Rosamund seemed to have lost interest after this exhibition of defective memory, though she continued to lean against me in rather a nice way. "I don't suppose Mummy'll let you come and see me in bed," she sighed. "You'll be having dinner, won't you?"

"I'm afraid so," I sighed back. Dinner with such an alternative was plainly a gross amusement. And I was gratified to notice how it was taken for granted that the desire to see Rosamund in bed was a common one.

We both sighed again.

"So perhaps you'd better tell me a story now, instead," said Rosamund. "Unless," she added kindly, "you'd rather sing a song."

"I think the story would be better," I said hastily, and thought with some rapidity. I am not much good at telling stories.

"But I know what would be nicer still," I said cunningly. "You tell me a story first, and then I'll tell you one about—a about a dragon. Do you know what a dragon is?"

"Well, of course I do," said Rosamund, *basso profundo*. "All right. Once there was a family, and they lived all alone in a wood. And there was a little boy called Tommy

and his father. And his father was an awfully pompous man. He was always reading. He read and read and read. And one day while he was reading there was an earthquake and it swallowed him up, and that's the end, so now will you tell me your story about the dragon, please."

"Well," I said, somewhat shaken by this swift tragedy, "once upon a time there was a dragon called Hector, who didn't like jam, and—"

At that moment Rosamund's mother came in. Rosamund and I scrambled guiltily up from the hearthrug.

"Bed, Rosamund dear," said Rosamund's mother brutally.

"But, Mummy, he's just going to tell me a story about a dragon." From the extremely innocent way in which

she spoke even I could tell that Rosamund knew it was the forlornest of forlorn hopes.

"Run along, dear," said Rosamund's mother firmly.

In a world of modern children, who send their elders to bed without hesitation but would scorn to pay attention to even the mildest expression of a parental wish, I could not have believed there was one left so regrettably old-fashioned as to obey at once and without question the most callous of orders. But there is—Rosamund.

Without another word of expostulation she held a mournful face up towards me. "Good-night," she sighed, and added the unspoken but obvious comment: "These mothers, you know."

We exchanged a sympathetic farewell. Rosamund kissed her unnatural mother and marched unprotesting out of the room.

"Well, how are you?" said Rosamund's mother brightly. "I do hope Rosamund hasn't been boring you too terribly."

"When may I come to dinner again, please?" I asked. "There is a certain matter concerning a dragon to be cleared up with your daughter, and it is better, I am told, to come too early than too late. Supposing you asked me to dinner next Monday, for instance, would three o'clock p.m. on the previous Saturday be too early to arrive for it?"

"Not in the least," said Rosamund's mother. "Come to dinner next Monday, will you?" A. B. C.

The Higher Education of Reptiles.

"Green turtles are decreasing in numbers owing to their great demand for soup."—*Weekly Magazine*.

"An enormous crowd . . . cheered the short-head victory of a woman owner's 100 to 1 outsider."—*Evening Paper*.

"Core, 'core!'"



THE READY RECKONER.

MARSHAL FOCH. "JUST IN CASE THE CACKLE WANTS CUTTING."

Reproduced from "Punch" of March 9, 1921.

JOURNALISM IN 1929.

I CANNOT disguise my perturbation, as I read the columns of the Popular Press, at the growing demand for snappy little articles about Hell, Immortality, Love, War, Peace, Marriage, Biology and Death. I feel that these are matters which should be studied in large grave tomes. I feel that they should be studied in seclusion, by the fireside, and not in rapid snatches between the office and Acacia Avenue. To a large extent, in fact, I feel that they are not news.

If a fire breaks out in Battersea and burns bobbed-haired girl to death, or a man falls off roof of barn at Netherby St. Giles and breaks neck, these I consider to be items of interest suitable for the morning marmalade. But they are items thrust long ago into insignificance compared with the question of Whether Love Continues After Marriage or Life Exists After Death.

I am not blaming the newspapers; I have no doubt that newspaper editors know what their readers want. As the first million creeps up towards the second the general interest in SPINOZA grows more rabid, I acknowledge, every week. But I am none the less certain that this is all wrong. No man and no woman, no child even, can grasp these moral and scientific profundities while hanging on to a strap in the Tube or delivering butter and groceries from door to door.

"Bert!" shouts the errand-boy to his mate as he gets into a kind of painted rabbit-hutch on three wheels. There is no reply. Follows a shrill whistle from 'Erb.

"Wot say?"

"You seen *The Sentinel* 'smorning?"

"Naow."

"Well, you get it an read that bit in it abaut Eternaty."

"Oo by?"

"Bloke with a fice like a helephant. Forgotten is nime. But you read it. It's a winner."

"Awri."

They cycle rapidly away.

Would you suppose, again, that Mr. and Mrs. Podger, after a brief quarrel about the breakfast bacon, would want to be told in a light leaderette that the emotional strain of continued proximity often results in a threatened breach of the marital bond? Yet told they are, and told constantly. They like it. They learn too that war is distressing and that peace is what the world requires. Hunting for the latest jewel-robbery they find nothing but a tract on eugenics.

"Self-indulgence," mutters Mr. Podger as he snatches up his umbrella and attaché-case in the hall, "leads to

mortal sin. I must make a memo of that and talk about it to the fellows at the office during the luncheon-hour."

The clerk tears himself away from DESCARTES to set up his dominoes. The typist gets a rapid impression of the Mendelian theory as she orders her bun and milk. Well, so be it. But surely these are topics to which the earnest seeker after truth should devote a little more time and care. It does not seem well to me that Londoners should "in three sips frustrate the Arian" after this wise.

Nor is the task rendered any easier by the curious method of presentation employed by the Daily Press when discussing the Origin of Evil or the Freedom of the Will. As, for instance:—

WHAT IS HELL?

BY

LORD GORFISH.

A striking article on this ever-fascinating theme from the pen of the well-known and popular Governor of the Lower Congo.

Hell, the place of torment, and the condition to which the finally impatient are consigned after death, was located by all the Fathers (for photographs see back page) at the centre of

For the further adventures of

BIMBO, JIMBO and BUNNIKIN

in GOO-GOO LAND,

where they find the trees made of barley-sugar and lose BUNNIKIN in a lake of boiling toffee,

SEE PAGE 18.

the earth, although ST. THOMAS says no one without a special revelation on the point can say exactly where it is. The site as well as the qualifications for membership have always been a

From the Book.

1.45	POT O' BEER.
2.15	PIR CAN.
2.45	BUMBLESTITCH.
3.30	DARK BARK.
4.0	SLYPE.

favourite subject for speculation. Unfortunately for clearness of ideas on the subject the word has been from the beginning employed in the most various senses, and the confusion has only been deepened by the fact that in our Author-

Where is Haakon, the Home-Page Editor's Beetle? Has it by any chance strayed into the Advertisement Columns? Which of our little Readers can help us to find it?

ised Version it has been employed to render three wholly different words,

Sheol or Hades, Gehenna, and once Tartarus (2 Peter ii. 4). The word Sheol occurs in the Old Testament sixty-five times, and is rendered "Hell" thirty-one times, "Grave" thirty-one times and "Pit" three times. Its original meaning seems strictly to have implied merely the shadowy underworld, a deep and gloomy cavern, considered the abode of the souls of the dead, a common receptacle for all

VISIT THE GRILL-ROOM AT
BUFFINO'S TO-NIGHT.

mankind not yet definitely differentiated into two distinct classes with the more vigorous logic of a later age, and a larger realisation of the advantages of getting rid of our more objectionable fellow-men.

Another brilliant article in this series to-morrow by Polly Andrée, the well-known comédienne.

Is it fair, I ask, to the writers of great and learned volumes on Eschatology, Evolution, Ethics and International Law to treat their theories like cough lozenges in the Underground? Is the theatre queue or the breakfast-table the right place for discussing the Nature of Mind and Matter? Can the Summum Bonum be realised in nuggets or sandwiched between advertisements and assisted by a spoonful of egg? Possibly; the public must decide.

For myself I anticipate with sorrow a future when even Bimbo and Jimbo and the sporting selections will be crowded out by racy little articles on Bio-chemistry and Original Sin. And as for—

"Chased seven miles by a bull at the age of 85 at Gorbury-cum-Barton, Ebenezer Hopkins, said to be the stoutest Oddfellow in Cheshire and three times a widower—"

why, the very memory of such men as Ebenezer Hopkins will fade from the land. EVOE.

A Royal Record.

"The Crown Princess of Sweden, who is also an English Princess, walked with the Prince from Denmark."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"ROUGH-RIDER EARL.

Family sent he has never seen."

Sunday Paper headlines.

If it's a soft one it ought to be a nice change.

"WHAT LADY ASTOR HAS TO FIGHT.

It is well known that the Viscountess's unceasing war against the drink traffic and her unorthodox views (from the Tory standpoint) on many social problems are resented by certain die-hards of her party."—*Daily Paper.*

Lady ASTON, of course, disapproves of even a mere standohalfpint.



Gentleman (inquiring about Bungalow). "WHEN DO YOU EXPECT TO FINISH THIS?"
Workman. "NOT YET AWHILE. WHY, THAT'S THE LAST THING WE DO."

JUSTICE AT LAST.

[On the new aeroplane route to India a passenger is to be allowed free luggage up to a weight of 221 lb., including himself.]

FULL oft have I, who can't succeed in scaling
Ten paltry stone, been tempted to deride
The rank injustice that I found prevailing
In carriages that harboured five a side,
When some "out-size" in urgent need of banting,
Continual practice having made him deft,

Usurped one quarter of my seat and, panting,
Encroached on what was left.
I wondered why an ordinary Briton
Should be required to pay the same by law
As one who took so much more space to sit on
And (I imagined) much more steam to draw;
And every time my anger grew profounder
That subsidies were levied from the svelte,
For that too solid flesh I'll bet the bounder
Had never tried to melt.

My grievance now at last is in a fair way
To being ended; I shall not complain
When I encounter him upon the airway
And note the big advantage that I gain;
My luggage, whensoever I am on tour,
Will travel free, while he, as is but fit,
Pays indirectly for his swelling contour
On every ounce of kit.

Symbolism at the White House.

"The new president and his wife moved into the White House last night. . . . For the first time in American history an outgoing president witnessed an ex-president, Chief Justice Taft, administer the oath to a new president."
American Paper.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XIX.—ELSPETH.

THIS began in a manner awkward for all concerned, and particularly for Second-Lieutenant Swordfrog.

You see, after eighteen months' service or so Swordfrog suddenly became a full lieutenant and hoisted another wart at each shoulder. Now, little occurrences like that of course don't pass us by. We have the reputation in our barracks of being able to extract the utmost profit out of anything. The announcement came down to the Mess from the Adjutant at 12.15 p.m.; and by 12.30 Captain Bayonet up in the Mess was just ordering the second round of sherry (in Swordfrog's name) to drink Swordfrog's health on Swordfrog's promotion. The Mess was pretty full too; it always is just before lunch, for all the married officers look in, ostensibly to get letters and so on, actually to see if they can lizard in to a free round of drinks before suddenly remembering they promised their wives to be back at 1.15 sharp. So Swordfrog's health was drunk by a crowded Mess; and in fact the only person absent was Swordfrog himself.

He arrived just as Captain Bayonet was starting off free beer (on Swordfrog) at the lunch-table—at which there had been a rush by the married officers to the phone to say they would be detained in the barracks and wouldn't be home for lunch after all—and for a moment the situation was a little strained. It was saved by Major Saddleflap, who in a courtly speech congratulated the blushing Swordfrog and suggested politely, but as from a senior officer to a junior, that he should supply the where-withal for them to drink his health, because they were all a trifle dry. Major Saddleflap, I may say here, has no morals and is a free-drinker by conviction. On the days when Major Saddleflap starts a round we all cheer; but that is rarely. Indeed, on one occasion, just in order, we believe, not to break his record, he strained his shoulder. It was a peculiar strain; it allowed him to lift his arm far enough to swallow other people's port, but not so far as to reach the electric bell pendant to ring for a round of his own. However...

After lunch we all strolled out on to

the Mess lawn for a little fresh air; and Swordfrog, who was feeling that it would be a long time before he could afford to become a captain, sat down and looked at the view. One gets a good view of the countryside from our Mess lawn—fields and trees and roads and so on, and Swordfrog was gazing happily at it when suddenly there came into view, apparently walking through the fields about half-a-mile away, a large grey elephant.

Now, good as the view from the Mess lawn is, it does not, even at its best, include large grey elephants. Swordfrog shut his eyes, opened them and looked

thing except trees and how clear the hills looked and so on.

Suddenly the Colonel exclaimed: "Heavens alive! is that an elephant?"

The result of these simple words was electric. Bayonet said, "Yes, Sir, so it is, Sir! Yes, an elephant, Sir! Of course, Sir," and went on saying it. Holster at once reappeared rapidly out of the Mess, smiling pleasantly at everyone and pointing out the elephant to those who hadn't seen it. Swordfrog got up with an air of deep gratitude and asked the Colonel what he would have; while three others (all married officers), who had been unaccountably silent for a moment, burst into relieved and voluble speech.

We then stared at the object with awe; for stray elephants do not usually inhabit the countryside. But in a minute the mystery was explained. The elephant was on a road and, owing to the hedge, we could not properly make out his attendant. Owing also to the corner of an intervening building a hundred yards off, we had not seen, till it now came into view along the same road, the yellow-and-red caravan of an itinerant circus moving from one village to the next. With relieved smiles we all went down to parade.

Now a circus had never passed our barracks before, and the effect when, ten minutes later, it did so was rather devastating. The road ran without a wall close to the parade-ground, where a Company was drilling, and there was as near a mutiny as possible when Captain Bayonet, in order to secure some attention for himself,

had to give "About turn!" just as the elephant went past.

Being out for discipline and good example, Captain Bayonet naturally about-turned himself. He was therefore considerably startled to realise, two minutes later, by the presence of a grey trunk on his shoulder, that the feminine curiosity of Elspeth the elephant had proved too much for her and she had broken ranks and left the narrow path to take part in the drill. In her wake an excited man in shirt-sleeves followed, uttering unintelligible cries of protest.

"Go away!" said Bayonet, brushing pettishly at the thing, and, though he had been determined not to retreat, he found himself unaccountably in his own rear rank, while the attendant smacked



"ELSPETH SUDDENLY APPEARED TO HAVE FORMED A GIRLISH ATTACHMENT."

again. The elephant was still striding along, waving its trunk.

Swordfrog acted wisely. He did not call attention to the phenomenon. He merely got up, turned his deck-chair round to face the other way and sat down again in a most thoughtful mood.

A moment later Holster saw it. He stopped in mid-sentence, glanced furtively about him and went rapidly inside the Mess.

A second after this Bayonet gave a sharp exclamation of surprise, incredulity and remorse. After a brief pause he collected himself and began with consummate tact to direct the Colonel's gaze nearer and nearer to the fateful blot, without of course mentioning any-

vainly at Elspeth's enormous feet. In an attempt to overawe the animal by a display of armed force, Captain Bayonet nobly gave "About turn! Fix bayonets!" but it was too late. Elspeth was already wandering curiously about the Company, and their formation looked like a Lancers' Grand Chain done by an untrained Blind School team.

Captain Bayonet in desperation yelled "Dismiss!" and those of the Company that had not been pushed off the square already got off it officially but almost as quickly. During all this the circus men, seated on their caravans and wagons, were blaspheming marvellously at the elephant and her attendant, but without apparently taking any further steps about it. The attendant had lost his head and his temper. And Bayonet, for whom Elspeth suddenly appeared to have formed a girlish attachment, was far too occupied in attempting to retain his service-cap and his dignity to do anything more than move rapidly about the parade-ground with what he hoped was an air of unconcern.

At this point the situation was saved by Private Rifle, and many a man has won a V.C. for less. Finding himself, when forcibly dismissed by both Els-

peth's activities and Captain Bayonet's hurried order, at the edge of the road among the transport of the travelling fair, he had an idea. He transfixed with his bayonet a small load of hay and, advancing to Elspeth, waved it in front of her trunk. Elspeth made as if to lurch, whereupon Rifle retreated towards the caravan.

Eventually Elspeth, still inveigled by Private Rifle (now, however, at the double), passed down the road out of sight and range of the parade-ground. The caravans followed.

Half-an-hour later Private Rifle returned. He was hot and weary and minus his cap. Captain Bayonet congratulated him warmly on his presence of mind and devotion to his superior officer and, mindful of what might have happened to himself, paid for a new cap out of his own pocket.

A. A.

Another Imperative Apology.

"The Bishop, in his sermon, said it gave him great pleasure to be present that day. That was his demonical visit."—*Essex Paper*.

"Bishop Tsae-Seng Sing and Bishop Ding Ing Ong are the two Chinese Bishops already consecrated."—*Daily Paper*.

Our Ing is still only a Dean.

SPECKLES AND SPOTS.

WHEN Tim was a tiny babe he cried
With the helpless cry of the bottled
For everything that was spotted and
pied

And streaked and starred and mottled;
He loved, as a boy, his patchwork stool
And the freckled front of a frog,
And of all the horrible puddings at
school

His fancy was Spotted Dog.

And now, concerned with a man's affairs
And all that with manhood matches,
He still loves colours in discs and squares
And broken in parts and patches:
The piebald horse and the belted ox
And the bacon in marbled flitches,
The dappled hounds that follow the fox,
And big-checked coats and breeches.

'Tis hard to determine what supplied
Our friend with his predilection
And turned him to all things speckled
and pied

With an undisguised affection;
It may be at worst a harmless kink
Of the brain—but there, he's got it!
And Tim is a wonder, don't you think,
To have come through the world un-
spotted? W. H. O.



Hostess. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING FOR EASTER?"

Visitor. "WE'RE NOT QUITE SURE YET. WHERE ARE ALL THE BEST PEOPLE GOING?"



THE MAKING OF A SUPER-FILM.

Director (with megaphone) to Nero. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT PICKING OUT A TUNE ON THAT FIDDLE! THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE A TALKIE!"

THE NEW BULL-FIGHT.

THE opponents of mechanisation are notoriously fearful of the dehumanising results which, in their opinion, are certain to follow in the wake of its progress. For example, they consider that there will be no place for sport in a world of machinery. Personally I am not of this opinion, and I am able to support my views by giving some account of one of the first mechanical bull-fights ever held. I think that when it is realised that the element of cruelty to animals (for so long associated with these displays) has been totally eliminated, but that the need for skill, agility and courage still remains, there will be many who will view the replacement of animals by engines with far greater equanimity than they do at present. Further, I venture to predict that mechanical tauromachy will be not only tolerated in this country but actively encouraged, since it will undoubtedly foster a healthy spirit of competition in the design of handy one-seater machines, and the result of this upon the development of military cross-country vehicles will be most beneficial.

I was fortunate enough to be given the task of visiting the most up-to-date plaza de toros in order to record my opinions of the military possibilities of the sport. Whether my penetrating

deductions will ever be made public I cannot say. My actual report is a momentous and highly confidential document, and what follows here is a mere record of happenings during a *corrida* in the new style.

After the customary procession and introductory salutations the Keeper of the Garage, resplendent in yellow overalls and a red crash-helmet, made his way across to the garage door, behind which, I was told, was the bull, well oiled and fully primed with *agua, petroleo* and other liquids, ready to let in its clutch directly the door opened. I should explain that a new Corps, the "*picadilleros*," has been formed, which combines the functions of the old-time *picadors* and *banderilleros*. Looking extremely agile in their one-piece smocks, carrying first field dressings and mounted on sturdy scooters, they took up their stations in preparation for the bull's entry. The bull, however, in its eagerness missed its gears and stood snorting and grating motionless for several moments in the doorway. I was glad of the opportunity of studying this magnificent specimen at comparatively close quarters. All I can say here is that it was built on ordinary one-man-tank lines, with a low clearance and painted in the fashionable two-tone style, green-grey and service colour. It was well pro-

tected in accordance with the regulations and gave an impression of great power combined with remarkable handiness and mobility.

The *picadilleros* soon contrived to raise the bull to a temperature approaching white-heat. Utilising their superior mobility and knowledge of mechanics they covered its bonnet with oily finger-marks; they threw small stones in through its eye-holes; they even succeeded in crumpling its electric horn. As a consequence the waiting *matador* felt justified in entering the arena. His object, I should explain, is so to cripple the bull that it can no longer move under its own power. For this purpose he carries, in addition to other apparatus, a kind of fire-extinguisher or squirt containing a glutinous fluid calculated to soot up the valve-stems of even the best internal combustion engines. His difficulty, of course, is to find an opportunity of introducing the syringe. Meanwhile the bull tries to keep the *matador* on the move and so to manoeuvre that he is unable to use his syringe (or any of his offensive armament) against a vulnerable point.

Showing a good grasp of minor tactics and of the use of ground the *matador* quickly worked his way round to the exhaust-pipe, but before he could use

his squirt he was knocked down by a skilfully-executed back-fire and had to be carried from the ring in a senseless condition, to the obvious delight of the excited spectators. His successor was more agile and by means of artful dodging actually succeeded in establishing himself on the dumb-iron. No sooner had he obtained a foothold, however, than the bull, suddenly declutching and letting in the reverse, caused him to slip and fall heavily. Lying prostrate and helpless, with the bull standing ready to run over him at the first sign of offensive action, the *matador* had no option but to capitulate unconditionally. He retired from the arena with his hands held above his head in token of surrender. The large audience gave way to uncontrollable merriment at his discomfiture.

The excitement was now intense, but the bull had become a little over-heated after so much manœuvring. The new *espada*, contemptuously humming a popular *habanera*, strode across to where the bull was quietly ticking over and waved it on, as a policeman on point-duty would do. Roused to fury and exhausting noisily the bull made a great effort. Using its maximum acceleration it circled completely round its enemy, and before the latter had time to put on his gas-mask he found himself enveloped in an impervious smoke-screen. I thought the audience would never recover. Peal after peal of hearty laughter was directed at the blinded and invisible *espada*. Meanwhile the bull pulled up, panting, to cool down and to effect such minor adjustments as were possible with the few tools that the *picadilleros* had left him.

Suddenly, to the general astonishment, the figure of the *espada* leaped out from the dense cloud, and before the surprised bull could engage any gears he had thrown aside his *matador's* mattock, seized a passing *picadillero's* pick, wrenched open the bonnet and torn out the carburettor bodily. Dashing across to where the Biggest Noise Present was sitting he held the dripping object aloft, while the audience rose and cheered him to the echo. A richly-caparisoned mule-team entered and dragged the helpless hulk off to the repair shops, while the hero made a triumphal tour of the arena.

I feel confident that something similar will soon be seen in this country. Our audiences may not be as demonstrative as those who have been educated up to the bull-ring from birth, but under the new conditions I see no reason why our *picadilleros* should prove to be any less efficient, our bulls less wieldy, or our *matadors* less heroic than their Spanish prototypes.

THE RIVAL SHAPES.



MORE AND MORE.

LESS AND LESS.

BALLADE OF THE UNINSPIRED.

FROM childhood's earliest prime

I nursed a single aim,
To build the lofty rhyme,
Immortal odes to frame;
And, when conviction came
That I was not a CRICHTON,
In tears I would exclaim,

"I can't think what to write on!"

I've sought by change of clime
To fan the heavenly flame;
In every place or time

My case is still the same;
At Omsk or Angoulême,
At Bangalore or Brighton,
By Yang-tse-kiang or Thame,
I can't think what to write on.

I think I'll take to crime
And chuck the silly game;
I can't sing worth a dime;
My Pegasus is lame;
The Muse, that froward dame,
My hopes has cast a blight on—
It really is a shame—
I can't think what to write on!

L'Envoi.

Princess, I fear that Fame
Will never shed her light on
Your humble servant's name—
I can't think what to write on.

Our Super-Sleuths.

"BOUND MAN IN RIVER.
Police suspect foul play."

Headlines in Daily Paper.



A GOOD OPENING.

Well-meaning Lady (introduced to famous littérateur). "I ALWAYS THINK THAT SOME BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN—ER—OTHERS—DON'T YOU?"

THE FINAL CURE.

[The Medical Research Council have cast doubts on the curative value of ultra-violet rays.]

In Harley Street, not long ago,
I heard the cry of patients done
A pinkish brown from head to toe
Beneath the artificial glow
Of an electric sun.

The glorious hope that used to heat
Their tingling cuticles until
It turned them bronze, it turned them
beet,
Was frowned upon by Harley Street,
And so they all felt ill.

But now a new and shining plate
Stood polished to the afternoon
Of one who, so he begged to state,
Could by machinery create
The mystery of the moon.

For these were rays of rarer kind
That, through the pulsing carcase sent,
Had no effect upon the rind,
But brought romance again, combined
With youthful sentiment.

Stout gentlemen who took the rays
Of this inestimable light
Would utter, under treatment, lays
They had not sung since boyhood's days,
And dance the livelong night.

And ladies who had long forgot
The girlish dreams of yesteryear
Flew back towards the garden plot—
The jasmine bloomed and all that rot—
Pleasant, if somewhat queer.

Such was the therapeutic force
Of this unprecedented ray,
At fifty guineas for the course,
It practically slew remorse
And drove dull care away.

In Harley Street, not long ago,
In fact last Monday afternoon,
I watched a crowd of people go
To get the ultra-violet glow
Of an electric moon. EVOE.

PUNCTUATION AND THE MONOPOLIST PRESS.

(Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON writes on his own semi-colon.)

It is a fact not generally realised that the semi-colon is not a semi-colon. The word "semi-colon" means half a colon; and the semi-colon as we know it, the semi-colon as I use it, is no such thing as half a colon. A colon consists of two dots, one on top of the other—thus: A semi-colon therefore, a true semi-colon, should consist of either the top dot or the bottom dot. But if I use

the bottom dot alone the Monopolist Press would call it a full-stop; and the Monopolist Press would be right. And if I used the top dot alone the Monopolist Press would call it a decimal point; and again the Monopolist Press would be right. But I use the top dot with a comma underneath it (for that is the curious custom) and the Monopolist Press says I am using a semi-colon; and there the Monopolist Press goes wildly, hopelessly wrong. For I am not using a semi-colon. I am using a semi-colon with a comma beneath it; a very different thing. It is thus that I use, for convenience, a thing falsely named; which will be called by its true name in a Distributist State. I use it; but this is the first time I have named it, for the name is false. I use it to prop up one-half of my sentence; while I get on with the other. That is all.

Another Impending Apology.

"Dr. — will speak for forty-five minutes, and attend to any sick at the close of the service."—*Jamaican Paper.*

"Egg Ranch on the Sussex Downs, 3 miles Brighton and Hove, adjoining a Golf Club." *Daily Paper.*

Here is a golf course at last where one should be fairly sure of a birdie.



THE EASTER EGG.

THE HEN. "THAT'S NOT A REAL EGG, GENTLEMEN. YOU WAIT TILL I GET TO WORK. I'LL SHOW YOU THE GENUINE ARTICLE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 18th.—It seems that the Hilton Young Commission is not the only form of trouble that has visited Kenya recently. The Government has also had to deal with locusts, both in aerial and pedestrian form. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE was happily able to inform the House that one-third of the "hopper infestation" had been destroyed, the bulk of the aerial menace having moved elsewhere.

While Kenya is at the height of the hopping season Tanganyika is enjoying the fruits of co-operation in the shape of the Kilimanjaro Native Planters Association. Mr. WELLOCK was so gratified to hear of the success of this organisation that it was a little cruel of Mr. GEOFFREY PETO to invite the Minister to make sure that these co-operative societies would not be compelled to subscribe to the funds of the Socialist Party.

Sir ROBERT THOMAS has announced his intention of retiring from Parliament, but in the meanwhile there is a lot he wants to know. For example, he wants to know if the opening of the Hudson Bay Railway will result in a reduction of the retail prices in this country of the produce of the prairie provinces of Canada. The answer is that by the time the produce of the prairie provinces reaches the British retailer it has become Wiltshire bacon or British beef or the produce of Cheddar. But Ministers do not give answers like that. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE referred the hon. Member to an interesting report just issued in Canada.

Mr. DAY is an inquirer of another mettle. He begins his researches at large and merely rounds them off in Question-time. But what is the "cotton substitute" as to the growing of which in this country Mr. GUINNESS had no information? And what is Manchester doing about it? What part does it play in the drama of Liberalism and the Land? Or has Mr. DAY just "bitten on another one"?

To lock or not to lock is now the question for motorists who park their cars in the Metropolitan area. If one leaves the car-windows down and the doors unlocked one's parcels or rug or Pekinese are liable to be lifted and no-

body is responsible. If one locks the car up, it cannot be moved out of the way of other cars and a prosecution on a charge of obstruction may ensue.

The MINISTER OF TRANSPORT said he did not feel like amending the Regulation. Cars in car-parks must be movable. The answer to the problem is obviously the portable car.

The Unemployment Insurance (Transitional Provisions Amendment) Bill was bound to get a Second Reading without opposition, but it took the rest of the afternoon for the Minister to tell the House that he had all along "envisaged" the possibility of things not going as he had hoped in 1927, and for the Opposition to tell the Minister that it was about time the Government stopped envisaging trade revivals that

Not so the Lords. Unshaken by intermittent gusts of electoral uncertainty, that legislative Gibraltar faces the future with unconcern. But if the uncertainties of the franchise do not withdraw their Lordships' attention from Westminster the prospects of a fine Easter have the same attenuating results. So it came about that on motion for the second reading of the Unemployment Insurance (Northern Ireland) Bill the motion was carried by an insignificant eight votes to four. Obviously twelve noblemen, however good and true, cannot be permitted to decide the fate of ameliorative legislation, so the debate was considered adjourned.

Prior to that Lord ARLE had moved the Second Reading of the Local Government (Scotland) Bill. Various Scots

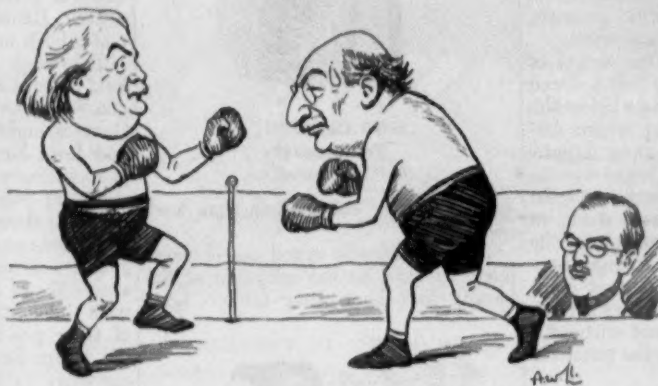
peers praised the Bill as an improvement on the English Bill, and Lord BEAUCHAMP and Lord PARMOOR echoed the sentiment, though proclaiming it still had enough to be denied a Second Reading.

Colonel ASHLEY may not be the Government's strong man, but he excels in old-world courtesy. Some question of a tunnel had been raised by Mr. DAY, who did not find the answer satisfactory. "Does the right hon. and gallant gentleman say that the details mentioned in my question are not correct?" demanded Mr. DAY. "No, I do not say that

the hon. gentleman's statements are inaccurate—that would be rude," replied the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT with more than Oriental politeness. "My information does not however agree with the information of the hon. gentleman." How could correction be more gracefully administered?

Sir N. GRATTAN-DOYLE elicited from the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the fact that New York has nearly three times as many telephones per thousand of population as London. The information was received in disgusted (or gratified) silence.

Nobody would call the SPEAKER a loud Speaker, even if he does sit for Daventry. All the same he can come through very clearly at times, and one of those times was to-day, when Mr. POTTS started heterodyning at the MINISTER OF PENSIONS about the number of legs (and, if less than two, which) a certain pension claimant had arthritis



THE CARNARVON BRUISER AND THE SYNTHETIC PET.

Mr. HENRY MOND, new M.P. for East Toxteth (to Lord MELCHETT). "SUCK IT, DAD! WHEN YOU FEEL YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH, REMEMBER I'M HERE OR HEREABOUTS."

failed to materialise and got to work on the unemployment problem.

It might have taken more time than that, but there are occasions in the lives of parliamentarians when the constituent's ear is mightier than the Speaker's eye.

Tuesday, March 19th.—Diminished in numbers and devoid of "pep," the House of Commons has already abandoned its once lively interest in itself for a morbid interest in its successor. Also there is very little for it to do. Having devoted weeks to what could have been done in days it is now anxiously spreading over days what could be done in hours. Yesterday the House rose about six. To-day it managed to drag out the normally inexhaustible subject of Naval Estimates to nine o'clock. At one period a thin red line of six heroes alone prevented the Mother of Parliaments from disintegrating into a state of contemptible non-existence.

in. 5GB began calling in no uncertain tones, and Mr. PORRIS, with a snort of defiance at his tormentors across the House, switched off.

Mr. CHURCHILL still suffers from the delusion that motor-cars are a luxury and not a necessity. Asked by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY what he meant by "luxury cars," he said he meant the "more highly-priced cars which some persons are fortunate enough to be able to use." He should know by this time that the high-priced car is not a luxury but a responsibility. The real luxury is the little car that can be brought into the house and made a pet of.

Daventry got quite tired of calling Central Hull to order in the Navy Estimates' debate. "That has nothing to do with the Vote," he would interject; but the gallant Lieut.-Commander flitted from one topic to another, from holystoning decks to marine generals, with papilionaceous inconsequence.

Later, the debate became a sort of Caledonian Market, where half-a-dozen Members paraded their wares before the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY'S unappreciative gaze. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY urged him to buy English beef, Mr. WOMERSLEY tried to sell him fish, Mr. LAMB dealt in mutton, and Mr. HILTON proclaimed the superiority of British over foreign shoelaces. Lieut.-Colonel HEADLAM managed to escape with the Navy's bank balance unimpaired, but not without a half-promise to reconsider the purchase of British boot-laces.

Wednesday, March 20th.—Lord TEMPLETOWN, supported by Lord DANESFORTH, whose known views on performing animals include a hearty dislike of anybody who tries to put Dead Sea salts on the British lion's tail, moved to resolve that the Dead Sea and all its works (when they materialise) shall be put under British control and have no truck with the German potash monopoly.

Lord MELCHETT, none the worse for having his own tail salted by the potassic Member for Carnarvon, or cheered perhaps by the knowledge that even as he was speaking an auxiliary MOND was being rushed to the scene of carnage in another place, made a characteristic speech. There was no monopoly of potash, he told Lord TEMPLETOWN. On the contrary, world-production had to be cut down fifty per cent in order to make the potash industry pay. The Germans controlled that industry, and anybody trying to produce potash in competition with them would quickly find themselves being competed out of existence. In any case it was futile to talk of a British control of the Dead

Sea, because Palestine was only mandated territory and Palestinians and Trans-Jordanians were entitled to first



5 GB CALLING.
THE SPEAKER
(M.P. for Daventry).

whack at any concessions that were going.

Lord LAMINGTON urged the Government to consider the adoption of the twenty-four-hour time-table. Lord



"WHO'LL BUY MY RAW FOREST
PRODUCE?"
MR. ORMSBY-GORE.

LONDONDERRY said the railways had not received the proposal (made by the astronomers) very encouragingly. Their Lordships rose at five minutes to twenty.

The Commons' debate on the Consolidated Fund Bill wrung from the

SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND the admission that, in addition to his official interest in sheep and fish and eggs and other commodities, he was the manager and controller of a large number of public-houses and hotels which he invited Members of the House to visit in pursuance of the "Come to Scotland" movement. Only the exigencies of election-time will keep Saxon Members from hurrying North to "have one on the house."

But he is not the only Minister "in trade." Later in the debate Captain REID urged Mr. ORMSBY-GORE to "broaden the scope" of the Empire Marketing Board and boost English goods in the Empire and not merely Empire goods in England. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, fresh from the planning of his forthcoming "Eat More Rabbits" campaign, explained that the scope of the Board was limited to agricultural produce and raw forest products. Rabbits presumably come in under both heads.

Thursday, March 21st.—It was unkind of Lord RIDDELL to say that Safeguarding was concerned with facts, not theories, and to pound Lord BEAUCHAMP and Lord STANLEY, who had been so painstakingly theoretical, with hard statistics regarding the improvement brought about by it in the packing-paper industry.

There is no dissatisfaction with the anomalies of the Shop Hours Act nor with the continued deprivation of clubs of their pre-war privileges. So says the HOME SECRETARY. He said it so earnestly to Sir T. WATTS that, in answering a Supplementary Question, he actually revealed the date—supposed to be a dark Government secret—of the General Election. Later he bowed his rosy ears in shame as the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in temporary leadership of the House, gravely informed Mr. MORRISON (who asked when polling-day would be) that "such matters were best dealt with by questions through the official leaders of the Opposition to the head of the Government."

The House learned with some concern that one Isacco Helicogyre had been set up in skeleton form somewhere or other on the order of the AIR MINISTER. It was relieved to hear that Isacco H. is not the name of an Italian Communist with whom Sir SAMUEL has had a difference of opinion, but a new kind of flying-machine.

Mr. TOM SHAW'S hardy perennial speech on the Washington Hours Convention and the MINISTER OF LABOUR'S traditional reply provoked nothing more effective than an interruption by a man in the Strangers' Gallery. He was incontinently thrown out, and the House followed him shortly after.



MODERN MANNERS IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

IF YOUR HORSE KICKS ANOTHER IN A GATEWAY, AT ONCE SWEAR AT ITS RIDER. THIS MAY STOP HIM SAYING THINGS WHICH HE MIGHT AFTERWARDS REGRET.

ELIZABETH'S HOUSE.

Elizabeth's house has a shiny green door;
You can slide, if you want to, all over the floor;
It isn't too big and it isn't too small;
You don't brush your shoes as you enter the hall;
And the banister railing is polished and straight,
So you come down the stairs at a wonderful rate;
And no one is cross if you make too much noise
Or say it is time that you tidied your toys.
You press a glass knob if you want lemon-squash,
And you're never sent up to the bathroom to wash,
For a sponge is attached to each dining-room chair,
So if you get sticky you clean yourself there;
And most of the bedrooms (a dozen, I think)
Are furnished in silver with curtains of pink;

And creepy dark corners, where Things move about,
Have nice little night-lights that never go out.

The queerest of visitors stay in the house:
Four rabbits, a tortoise, a very small mouse,
A frog and two ducklings, an elderly hen,
And even a curly-tailed pignow and then;
And, though you would think they're a problem to feed,
It seems that they're very obliging indeed,
For what they like best, so they all of them said,
Are sugar-topped biscuits and honey and bread.

It's a beautiful house and no trouble to keep;
You never need dust it or give it a sweep;
You merely walk out of the shiny green door
And say, "I shan't want you to-day any more;"

Then you wait for a moment and when you look round
There isn't a trace of the house to be found,
Which is quite the most simple arrangement I know.
(I'm glad I'm not one of the visitors, though.)

"LINGERIE SALE."

Placard in Shop Window.

We hope they don't wash their lingerie sale in public.

"PARKING TROUBLES."

Headline in *Evening Paper*.

We wish we could get rid of ours that way.

"Wanted, Double Bass: cheap."

Advt. in *Manchester Paper*.

Even so it is better to get treated if you can.

"The population is about 50,000, and the takings of the public-houses are approximately £153,000 per annum. That is £10 a head. . . . That will surely take some thinking over."

Sunday Paper.

It will.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CIRCLE OF CHALK" (NEW).

My acquaintance with Chinese literature being confined to Mr. ARTHUR WALEY's graceful translations, I hazard with diffidence the conjecture that Herr KLABUND, the translator of *The Circle of Chalk* from the Ancient Chinese, has been playing off on us a spoof after the manner of BAIN's famous Indian translations. There were some obviously modern references and moods, such as the up-to-date Bolshevism, no less, of the dissolute and unsatisfactory *Chang-Ling*—though here indeed the cautious critic should argue that a competent spoiler would not have dared to insert them. Let us then rather assume the facts to be as stated on the programme and recall how little new there is under the sun.

The Circle of Chalk is the story of a virtuous Chinese maiden sold by her mother to a dealer in human flesh, one *Tong* (Mr. BRUCE WINSTON), and auctioned by him at a handsome profit to the rich merchant, *Mr. Ma* (Mr. FRANK COCHRANE), whose extortions had driven her father to commit suicide. The beaten bidder in the auction is the young *Prince Pao* (Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER), who, visiting the establishment of *Tong* in a routine mood, has genuinely fallen in love with the beautiful *Chang Hi-Tang*; and who indeed would not fall in love at first sight with Miss ANNA MAY WONG? The *Princess* sadly leaves the lovely flower in this rank garden to the boastful elderly profiteer, who indeed, under the sweet influence of his dutiful secondary wife, turns out to be a better fellow than his antecedents led us to suspect. The chief wife, *Yu-Pi*, *Mrs. Ma* (Miss ROSE QUONG), poisons her husband, claims her rival's baby as her own, makes good her claim by the help of false witnesses and a venal judge, and fixes the guilt upon the blameless *Chang Hi-Tang*, who is condemned to death, but reprieved under a general amnesty declared by the new Emperor—who is none other than *Prince Pao*.

Throttled in the cage, beaten by the soldiery, starved and footsore, the ill-used wife and her brother are brought before the *Emperor*. The *Son of Heaven*, understanding the genuine passion against the abuse of power and privilege

beneath the wild whirling words of the disloyal *Chang-Ling*, pardons the astonished youth and appoints him to an office in his household; while in the broken-hearted *Chang Hi-Tang* he recognises the beloved of his broken

romance and raises her to a place beside him on his throne as his consort. With a patient sweetness which no Christian saint could surpass, she pleads for forgiveness of her enemies—with this slight modification, that *Yu-Pi* should be allowed to take a dose of the poison with which she killed her husband—an admirable but scarcely Christian suggestion.

A highly moral tale; and the character of *Chang Hi-Tang* is very beautifully worked out, with perhaps a little too much tendency to improving monologue. Miss Wong has great beauty, dances and poses with exquisite grace, has tears in her voice—even if they be American tears. Mr. GEORGE CURZON let himself go with Occidental fervour and restlessness in the part of *Chang-Ling*, the unsatisfactory brother—a very spirited and interesting performance. Mr. FRANK COCHRANE's *Mr. Ma* was cleverly done, with perhaps a just too exaggerated touch of burlesque, imposed upon him no doubt by the reading of his producer, Mr. BASIL DEAN.

I think that Mr. DEAN (Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND capably aiding and abetting) made a grave mistake in interposing between us and the quiet beauty of the original an elaborate apparatus of buffoonery in interpretation and in the *décor*—somewhat to the pattern of the *Lyric Beggar's Opera*. Perhaps he was afraid of the long monologues. But better to cut them than to distort the whole.

The fierce ugly passion of *Mrs. Ma* was admirably interpreted by Miss ROSE QUONG, and the gentle *Prince Pao* of Mr. LAURENCE OLIVIER was happily allowed to remain in the true mood, as I imagined it, of this interesting and unusual piece.

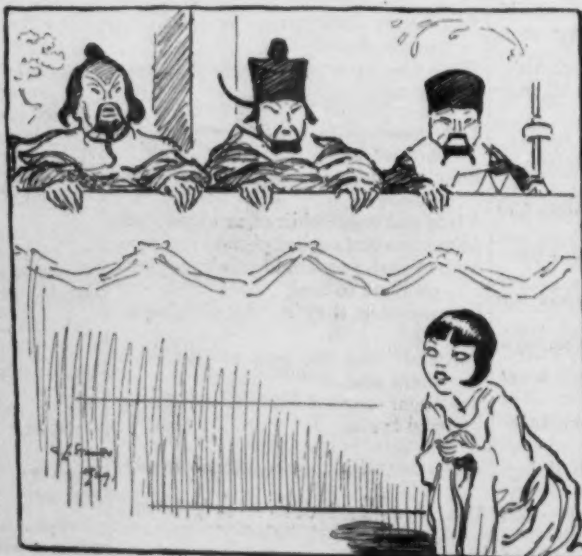
The English version of Mr. JAMES LAVER, however scholarly and faithful it may be, seemed to me to lack any real beauty of phrasing. T.



MA GOES SHOPPING.

"HOW MUCH FOR THIS ARTICLE?"

Chang Hi-Tang MISS ANNA MAY WONG.
Mr. Ma MR. FRANK COCHRANE.
Tong MR. BRUCE WINSTON.



THE TRIAL AFTER THE VERDICT.

Chu-Chu (on left) MR. BRUCE WINSTON.
Chang Hi-Tang MISS ANNA MAY WONG.

"LOVE LIES" (GAIETY).

The Gaiety in a nice new coat of many colours offers us, through the intelligent co-operation of Mr. LADDIE CLIFF, entrepreneur and comedian; Mr. STANLEY LUPINO, joint author and producer with Mr. ARTHUR RIGBY; Mr. RUDOLF HAYBROOK, designer of scenes, and very gay and jolly scenes too; Miss IRENE SEGALLA, designer of costumes, plain and fancy and entirely charming; Mr. HAL BRODY, composer, and Mr. DESMOND CARTER, chief lyricist (with the usual supernumerary army of additional number-makers and subsidiary poets), a very bright, genuinely amusing and characteristic Gaiety piece.

Rolly Ryder (Mr. LADDIE CLIFF) has an uncle who threatens to disinherit him if he marries; Jerry Walker (Mr. STANLEY LUPINO) an uncle who threatens to do the same if he doesn't. Naturally both uncles arrive at Rolly's enormous studio in Torquay on the very day that Rolly has committed matrimony. (The mixture as before.) Jack Stanton (Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD) has met Valerie St. Clair at a bull-fight in Madrid; has flirted, given his name as Lord Luston, believing no such person to exist. Naturally also Valerie arrives from Madrid to become a pupil in Rolly's studio—a fairly distracting place to work in, it will be quickly gathered; and the authentic Lord Luston arrives to commission Rolly to paint his portrait.

Valerie (Miss MADGE ELLIOTT) is horrified at Jack's deception; and when they have made their peace on this issue Jack discovers that she is a rich woman, and therefore it is strictly incumbent upon him in musical comedy to draw himself up very stiff and proud and profess his inability to live upon a woman's money. How different from real life, when this irrelevant consideration would be not unreasonably hailed as a stroke of luck! However, in this kind it doesn't matter what the puppets do but how they do it. And frankly they do it as well as possible. Mr. LUPINO and Mr. CLIFF are genuine comedians, who are even better together than apart. There are a many divertingly silly jokes and an astonishing abundance and variety of delightfully absurd antics by these two. Mr. LUPINO has the greater command of

gravity-removing grimaces, gestures, contortions and disastrous falls, and was particularly outrageous and amusing in an impersonation of his supposed mistress; Mr. LADDIE CLIFF has the greater energy and pace. Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD's loose-limbed dancing and studiedly

done or obtained louder or more deserved applause than "Run away Girl," a sort of Gaiety Marathon, wherein the charming young ladies of the Chorus and their somehow inevitably less plausible and less charming young men danced till it didn't seem possible that human muscles

could continue to do their work—an effect of admirable drilling and intensive physical training.

A piece of happy nonsense, "Twee, Twee; Sah, sah; Now, Now! Come, Come!" by Mr. LUPINO rather self-consciously supported by the audience, was probably the second favourite. But the whole affair was soundly planned and gaily executed, and may be commended even to those who usually approach this sort of thing with grave misgivings.

The piece is too long. The tiresome elaboration of the hoary jokes resulting from the verbal confusions caused by the names of Uncle Nicholas Wich and Uncle Cyrus Watt should certainly be jettisoned. But there is little else for the most captious critic to complain about. A good romping, thoroughly amusing show.

T.

Modern Fashions in Art.

"SMALL PRICES FOR BIG PICTURES."

Glasgow Paper.

After all, the humble porker has never been considered a highly artistic subject.

Wagner for the Sick.

"The bride entered the room on the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. —, her father being indisposed to the strains of Lohengrin's 'Wedding March,' played by Mrs. —."

Canadian Paper.

Where the Greens are Always Fiery.

"First Class Hotel 150 Bedrooms fitted hot and cold water. Central heating throughout 18-hole Golf Course adjoining grounds, now under Management of Hotel."

Official Guide to Holiday Resorts.

Chaconne à son goût.

"He [KREISLER] very nearly made the Bach Chaconne sound convincing."

Oxford University Paper.

That is indeed a feat of virtuosity which few violinists can achieve.

"She noted the hectic cheeks, the drawn brows, the long silken lashes that shaded the scarlet lips."—Serial in Australian Paper.

We have never welcomed the Dundreary fashion in eye-lashes.



A MATTER OF POSE.

Rolly Ryder	MR. LADDIE CLIFF.
Lord Luston	MR. WYN WEAVER.
Jerry Walker	MR. STANLEY LUPINO.

hoarse voice-production are very pleasant things to see and hear, and Miss MADGE ELLIOTT has not lost the art of graceful movement and daring athletic feats performed with an admirable effect of ease.

The music and the dancing all through go with a swing, and nothing was better



LOVE LEAPS.

Valerie St. Clair . . .	MISS MADGE ELLIOTT.
Jack Stanton	MR. CYRIL RITCHARD.

AT THE PICTURES.

"NOAH'S ARK."

IF, as I did, you arrive at the Piccadilly Theatre after the preliminary moments of the WARNER BROTHERS' new film, *Noah's Ark*, you will for half-an-hour wonder whether the programme has not been changed, for nothing less akin to the Flood and its story could be imagined than the War pictures which come first, in which the screen is occupied by American soldiers, one of whom has married a German girl, very like Sir WILLIAM ORPEN's famous blonde spy, who is, however, not a spy, although condemned to death for being one. But for the intervention of Big Bertha or one of her female relations, this girl, Mary (Miss DOLORES COSTELLO), would have been shot; but in the disturbance and panic caused by the bursting shells she escapes.

With her escape comes the end of the



Member of Firing-Party. "GOOD AFTERNOON, MARY. I KNEW IT WOULD BE YOU IN THIS FILM SITUATION."

Mary . . . MISS DOLORES COSTELLO.
Travis . . . MR. GEORGE O'BRIEN.

War part, which may or may not have been a celluloid dump, so to speak, that needed bolstering up.

We are then transferred to the wicked world in the time of NOAH, when the same innocent girl, now called *Miriam*, is again threatened by power and cruelty. In this previous time on earth, Travis, the American soldier who married her as Mary in France, is *Japheth*, Noah's third son (MR. GEORGE O'BRIEN); and the unscrupulous officer, *Nickoloff*, who had condemned her to be shot by rifles, is *King Nephilim* (MR. NOAH BEERY), who now condemns her to be shot by bows and arrows. But, exactly as the execution in France was frustrated by Big Bertha, so is the execution in that monstrous Eastern city of *King Nephilim* frustrated by the Flood.

That is, in outline, the story, the moral of which, I take it, is that history

repeats itself and that God never ceases to be vigilant and punitive, even if He seems, as here, to work in mysterious ways. The Deluge and the War are paralleled only for cinematograph purposes; there is no more logical resem-



FAN, CARRIED AWAY BY REALISM OF FLOOD SCENES, STRIKES OUT WITH THE BREATH-STROKE.

blance between them than between the damage done by a monster German gun and a convulsion of Nature.

Let me, however, say at once that the War episodes are made very real by the excellent acting of Mr. O'BRIEN, who would be still better if one was quite sure at the start whether his face was registering grief or amusement, and by the excellent acting of his friend, *Al* (subsequently *Ham*), whose astonishing real name appears to be GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS. They owe much too to the pathos and prettiness of Miss COSTELLO. When we reach the realm of *King Nephilim* the scenes amply



HOLLYWOOD DROWNED IN A DELUGE OF ITS OWN SOB-STUFF.

justify the activities of the WARNER BROTHERS' "thirty-eight acre studio," and convince us that the advertised sum of two million dollars might easily have been spent on them, although the question whether the expenditure was worth it still remains in doubt. Spectacle is not

all. Some of the Palace sets suggest nothing so much as the works of JOHN MARTIN, or "MAD MARTIN," as he was called, vivified. The scale is colossal. The Biblical scenes are striking too. HAZLITT's saying, that to see KEAN in *Macbeth* was like reading SHAKESPEARE by lightning, is recalled, for one could apply the remark to the Book of Genesis as treated in this film. And the gathering of the animals is a triumph both of generalship and photography.

But the treatment of the Flood disappointed me. Instead of the stealthy rising of the waters gradually to overwhelm and submerge, we had a series of rather perplexing and capricious cascades, which apparently drowned no one.

Of the voyage of the Ark we were given nothing, nothing of the dove and



DATA THAT GIVE DISTINCTION TO A FILM.

DUMP OF DOUGH-NUTS TO FEED THE 7,500 ENGAGED IN THE PRODUCTION.

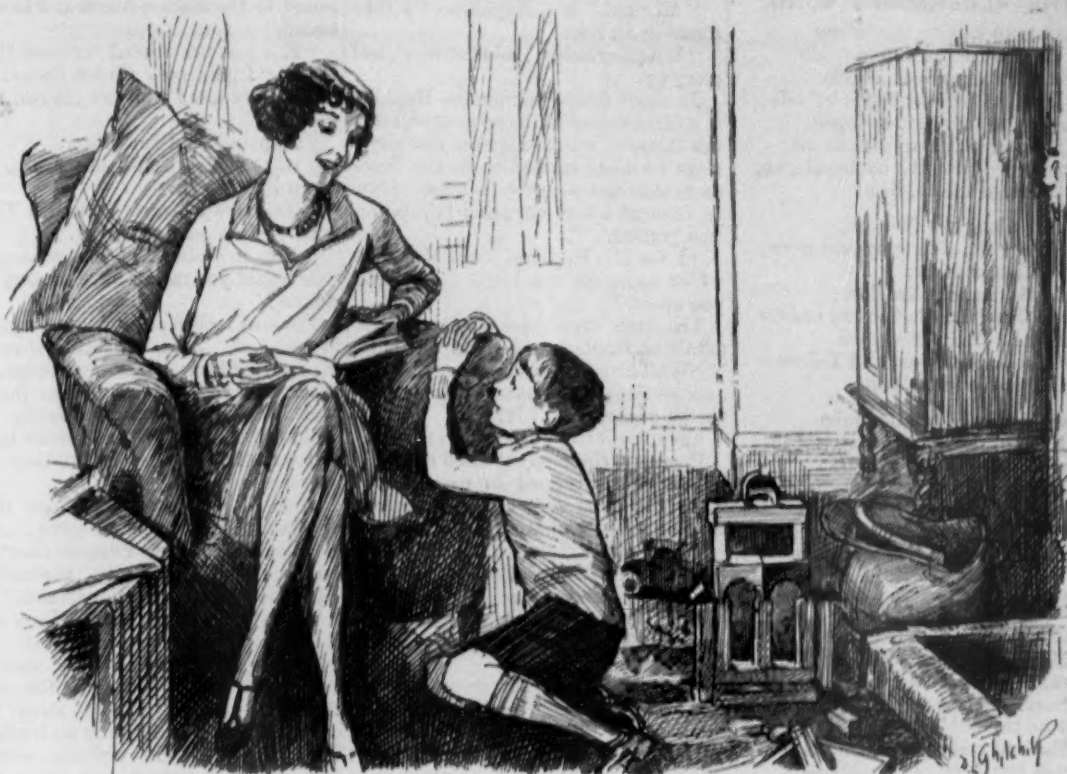
the olive leaf, nothing of the subsidence of the waters and Mount Ararat, and not a hint of our old friend, NOAH's wife.

Part I. was both movie and talkie, the American soldiers, the Russian officer and the German girl all employing the same rich Transatlantic tones and accent; but in Part II. we were guided on our way by captions couched in Biblical language, which I greatly preferred. E. V. L.

William (Mitchell-Thomson) the Conqueror.

"NO CONGESTION AT POST-OFFICE.

A letter from the General Post Office with reference to the Council's communication as to the congestion at the Bedworth Sub Post Office stated that the Postmaster-General considered that the facilities were adequate for normal requirements."—*Midland Paper*.



John. "MUMMY, I TELL EVERYBODY THAT YOU'RE THE SWEETEST, PRETTIEST LADY I'VE EVER SEEN."

Mother. "OH, COME, DARLING, THAT'S EXAGGERATING."

John (stoutly). "ANYWAY, THAT'S MY STORY, AND I'M GOING TO STICK TO IT."

GUIDES TO CONDUCT.

I HAVE made a bonfire of all the calendars in the house.

We were given five calendars last Christmas. There was one which gave a Noble Aspiration for every day in the year; there was one which proffered Thoughts from the Writings of the Eastern Sages; there was one lyrical with the poorer efforts of the English Poets; there was a nice bright one from the fishmonger, which, despite my protests, was relegated to the kitchen; and there was SHAKESPEARE, who enlivened my study. And on these, excepting always the fishmonger's, my wife proceeded to base her conduct or, more frequently, mine.

Did I so much as put off writing a letter, there would be Noble Aspirations blazing forth to all the world that procrastination—you know the rest. Did I so much as complain about the coffee, one of the Eastern Sages would be giving it as his opinion that the only essentials to happiness were bread and water. And yet life was bearable, until this morning.

My wife came down to breakfast with a song on her lips. She said it was finer. Myself, I had not noticed it. She said that spring days made one's old clothes look shabby. Even then I was not much alarmed. She sometimes does say these things, just to see how I will take them. And then she produced the day's wisdom from the Eastern Sages.

"It says here," she observed carelessly, "that the coat that you buy for another will wear longer than the coat that you buy for yourself."

"And the moral of that," I said severely, "is that you should never buy any clothes for yourself."

"The greatest joy a man can have," she quoted from one of the Noble Aspirations, "'is the joy that comes of giving.' You see, it's quite simple; you shall give me the coat."

"Which coat?" I cried in alarm.

"Oh, didn't I tell you about it? Well, it's—"

"I have no wish to hear what it is like," I said sternly. "If you can't arrange for the coffee to be properly—"

But she wasn't listening, she was read-

ing the English Poets, and as she read she smiled, so that I knew the worst.

"Listen!" she cried.

'In summer time or winter
She had her heart's desire;
I still did scorn to stint her
From sugar, sack or fire.'

Now wouldn't you like to be able to say the same of your wife?"

In vain I pointed out that I could say it already, since never to my knowledge had I refused her access to the sugar-basin or the fireplace, nor had she ever asked for sack and been denied. But she was obdurate.

"I think I really must get it," she said. "But I'll just see first what SHAKESPEARE thinks."

She did not return, but I heard the front-door slam as she dashed for the 9.54. After a while I went into the study, hoping against hope.

There hung SHAKESPEARE, all purple and gold and red. I adjusted my glasses and peered closely.

"Costly thy habit," said the legend, "as thy purse can buy."

I have made a bonfire of all the calendars in the house.

THE ALDERMAN'S SONG.

SPLENDID is it on the billow
To observe the dolphin ride
With the pensive armadillo
Hand in hand and side by side;
Sweet the berry of the logan,
Sweet the nectarine is to me,
But more sweet the double slogan,
Calipash and Calipee!

Sweet, along the Orinoco,
Where the oblong oysters grow,
'Tis desipere in loco
In the amber afterglow;
Good Chartreuse is fine and mellow,
But far finer for a spree
Are the juices, Green and Yellow—
Calipash and Calipee!

From Calcutta to Coquimbo,
Nature with ferocious zest
Down into oblivion's limbo
Hurls her goodliest and best;
Yet, upon our wobbling planet,
Still exempt from Fate's decree,
Two things stand like steel or
granite—
Calipash and Calipee.

Gone are mastodon and moa,
Mammoth, dinosaur and roc;
Gone the cone of Krakatoa,
Shattered by a seismic shock;
Yet no thunderbolts that hurtle
Far and wide o'er earth and sea
Touch the spirit of the turtle—
Calipash and Calipee.

Some there are who in the roaring
Of the cataract rejoice,
Love to watch the skyward-soaring
Lark, or listen to the voice
Of GEORGE LANSBURY OR THURLE;
But I glean a greater glee
From the voices of the turtle—
Calipash and Calipee.

"NEAR BEER."

On the morning before Hopkins' birthday-party he telephoned a certain number on the Pennsylvania exchange.

"I want to get hold of some good beer," said Hopkins, after explaining who he was and who had given him permission to disturb that number. "Can you help me out?"

"How much do you want?" said a large and positive voice.

"About three gallons," said Hopkins. "You'll have to come and get it," said the voice. "We don't deliver anything less than half-a-dozen kegs."

"All right," said Hopkins. "How much will it cost?"

"Fifteen-and-a-quarter."

"Fifteen dollars!"

"No," said the voice; "fifteen-dollars-and-a-quarter."

"Gosh! I hope it's good beer."

"You can't beat it in New York City."

"All right," said Hopkins. "I'll be round in an hour."

"Ring four times," said the voice, and hung up.

In about forty-five minutes Hopkins in a taxi stopped at the address and told the driver to wait. He rang four short rings on what seemed to be the basement entrance of a private house. After an interval a face appeared beyond an iron grating.

"I am Mr. Hopkins," said Hopkins. "I've come for the keg I telephoned you about."

The man drew back the door and admitted Hopkins to a small vestibule. "Wait here," he said, turning towards another door. "It was three gallons of the best beer, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Hopkins, "the very best."

Presently the man returned carrying a little keg wrapped in newspapers. "Fifteen-dollars-and-a-quarter," he said, pausing in front of Hopkins.

"I've got a taxi outside," began Hopkins; "will you put it in?"

"I ain't allowed out of the door," said the man, thrusting the bundle towards Hopkins. "You'll have to carry it yourself."

"It's safe enough, I suppose?" asked Hopkins, nodding in the direction of the outside world.

"Safe as a church. If anybody says anything to you tell 'em it's 'near beer' and drive on."

In a moment Hopkins with the keg in his arms hurried with short steps across the sidewalk to his taxi. He lowered the keg to the floor of the car and rolled it inside.

"Two-twenty-two West Eleventh Street," said Hopkins to the driver, standing with one foot on the kerb. "What's the matter with you?"

The driver had a peculiar expression of intense waiting, as though in another moment he would be in the turmoil of a sneeze. His eyes seemed to be fixed, not at Hopkins but just over Hopkins' shoulder.

Then a heavy hand touched Hopkins on the arm.

"What you got in there, chief?"

Hopkins gasped and whirled at the same time. He had never before seen a policeman at twelve inches, but he knew who it was.

"In where?" said Hopkins.

"Get off that horse," said the policeman. "Where do you think?"

"You mean in the keg?"

"You got the idea."

Hopkins swallowed.

"Near beer," he said.

"Near beer, eh?" This with a curl of the lip. "How near?"

"N-not very," stammered Hopkins.

"Well, I guess you'd better bring it round to the station-house and have it tested."

"It's just near beer," repeated Hopkins. "I paid only fifteen dollars for it; y-you know I couldn't get real beer for that."

"Hop in," said the officer. "We'll see what the station-house has to say about it."

"Oh, have a heart!" pleaded Hopkins. "It's only near beer."

"Hop in!" insisted the policeman. "Or would you rather have me call the wagon?"

Hopkins looked at him, utter anguish in his eyes. A vision flitted through his mind of himself making a desperate attempt to flee. He could hear the report of the policeman's pistol; he could feel the red-hot bullet in his back. But wasn't even that better than the ignominy of this?

Then his agony soared higher than ever and great drops of perspiration appeared on his face. Suppose from this evidence the police felt themselves warranted to search his apartment!

The policeman pushed his limp and nearly fainting figure into the cab.

It was a long ride to the station-house. Hopkins sat there in the most abject depression, wiping away the moisture that kept forming on his face. The policeman said nothing, sitting there with his night-stick across his knees, watching Hopkins out of the corners of his eyes.

When the cab finally stopped, Hopkins raised his miserable eyes once more to the adamant face of his companion and moved his lips. "But it's only near beer," the lips said.

The policeman called a brother-officer to carry the keg and, beckoning to the taxi-driver, he led the way into the station-house.

Half-an-hour later the driver appeared, carrying the keg. Hopkins followed him, blackest misery in his eyes. He entered the cab and the driver rolled in the keg.

"Two-twenty-two West Eleven?" said the driver.

Hopkins nodded and buried his head in his hands.

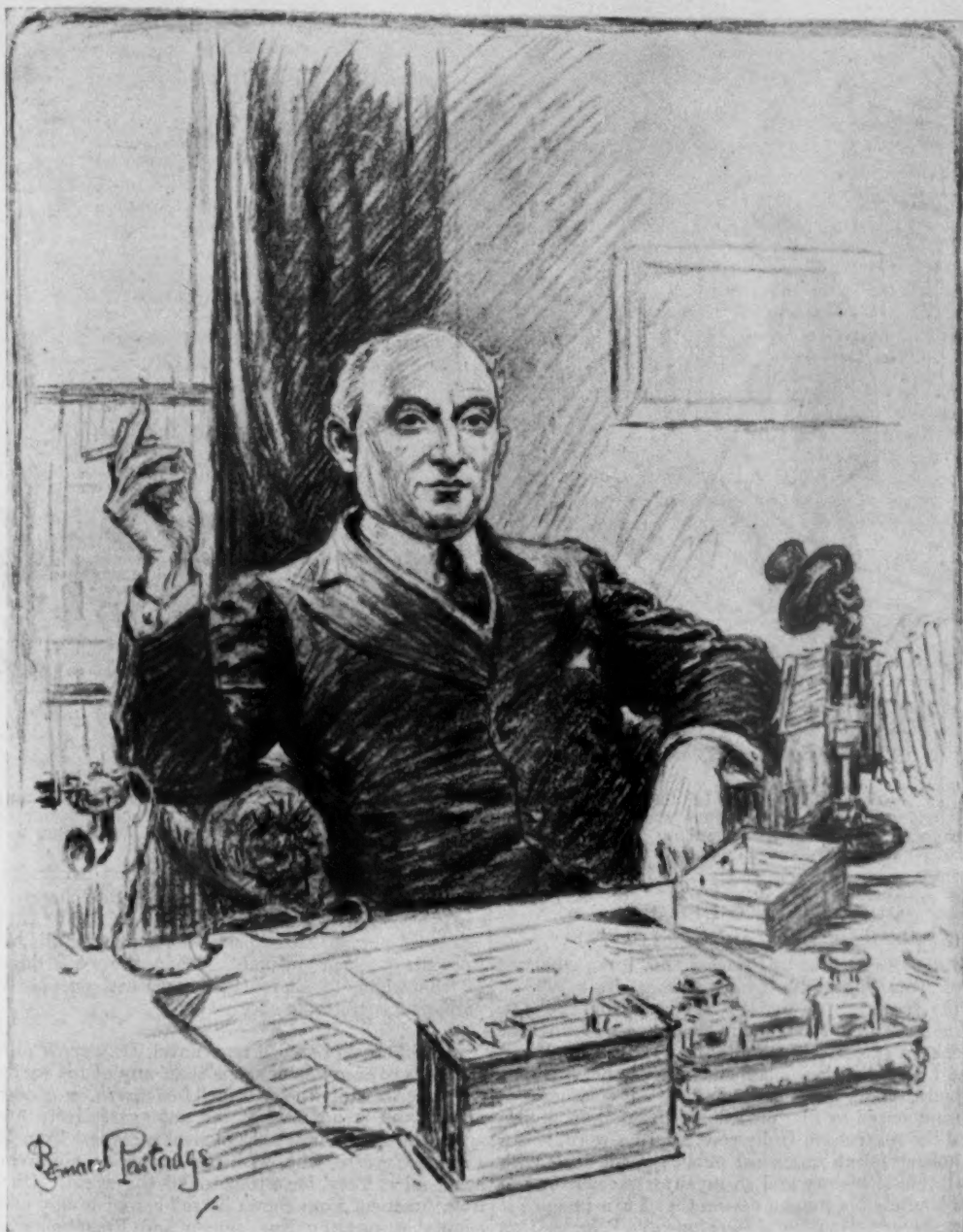
From there to Eleventh Street, on an average of twice a block, the poor lad kept murmuring distractedly to himself: "Near — beer! Only — near — beer!"

MANHATTAN.

How to avoid the Flu.

"The manager and his gentle, sickly little wife lived in the pretty creepered bungalow, set on high poles against snakes, tigers and fever, with steps up to it."—*Daily Paper*.

If your neighbour looks queer, buy stilts.



SIR LANDON RONALD.

Well may there rest an air serene and bland on
These features in the likeness of Sir LANDON;
With such acceptance, in the general view,
Does he conduct himself—and others too.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCI.



Estate Agent (offering land for building purposes to unimaginative client). "A VALUABLE SITE, SIR, FOR A GENTLEMAN'S HOME. CAN'T YOU SEE IT ALL BEFORE YOU? THE ROCK-GARDEN, THE TENNIS-COURTS, THE AVENUE OF ROSES ON OUR LEFT, THE CONSERVATORY THERE, THE PEACHES ON THE WALL, HERE THE ORNAMENTAL WATER. AMAZING VALUE, SIR, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HOUSE AND THE TERRACE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

GIVEN from Los Angeles by Princess DER LING, who was chief Lady-in-waiting at the Imperial Court from 1903-5, *Old Buddha* (LANE) is a romantic biography of Tzu Hsi, the last and greatest of the Manchu Emperresses. The matter of the book is exclusively Oriental, but East and West, Peking and Los Angeles, meet and mingle, not perhaps quite happily, in its style and outlook. Its scenario is obviously influenced by film procedure. Its notions of propriety and the reverse are Hollywood's. In a word, it is a Chinese holiday for an uncritical public; yet it deals with so much intimate history and so much extraordinary and otherwise inaccessible human nature that I can imagine it attracting the wry attention of the student. Princess DER LING was a child during her attendance on Tzu Hsi. You see her at the savage old lady's side in a charming photograph of Peony Hill in winter. But she has pieced together her mistress's story from her girlhood as secondary wife of the Emperor Hsien Feng to the end of her third regency over a series of youthful puppets. Princess DER LING loved "THE OLD BUDDHA," as her chief eunuch flatteringly styled her. Tzu Hsi did not poison her son, TUNG CHIH. He died of smallpox. And if she did instigate his pregnant wife to commit suicide, poison his successor, the would-be reformer, KWANG HSU, bully her sister to death and give the

word for the Boxer rising—well, she died happy, for she always got her own way. So, we gather, did LI LIEN YING, her chief eunuch, also a past-master in what his biographer calls "self-propulsion." That the underlings failed on the whole to share their superiors' *joie-de-vivre* was perhaps a regrettable necessity.

MR. SINCLAIR LEWIS's new novel, *Dodsworth* (JONATHAN CAPE), is of even vaster scope than any of his earlier ones. An American of fifty, *Samuel Dodsworth*, a good-natured fellow who is no *Babbitt* and not aggressively American, agrees that he is now able to meet a request from his wife, *Fran Dodsworth*, who, with two grown-up children, is still beautiful at forty, for a tour round the world. Once away from America, *Fran* shows herself astonishingly clever and adaptable, meeting Englishmen and Frenchmen alike on their own ground with the greatest ease. Unfortunately she delights in treating *Sam* as her "great bear," whose remarks have to be explained away to the company; at times she even goes so far as to tell him that he is "no longer in Zenith." Both feel their grievances acutely, but it is impossible for either of them to give way. After England they pass on to France, where *Samuel* decides to relieve the pressure by returning to America for a few months. Back in Paris with *Fran*, he finds she has taken a French lover, but he decides to forgive her if she will leave him in Paris and come at once with her husband to Spain.

From there they travel through most of Europe, finally reaching Germany, where very soon it is clear to him that *Fran* is beginning another affair with an impoverished German Count. They decide then on divorce, and *Samuel* finds in Venice an old friend, *Edith Cortwright*, who, he decides, can give him the love he has missed for so many years. It will be seen that Mr. SINCCLAIR LEWIS has set no limit to his stage. It is the world, and, as the *Dodsworths* are not typically American, the players are really Mr. Everyman of fifty and his fortyish wife. Possibly this has lessened the artistic merit of his book; but what does that matter? Here is a marvellous array of types of all nationalities, and such brilliant argument as needs a setting to itself. There is also a very good story. Indeed a wonderful book.

If, as there seems no room to doubt,
African Harvest (BUTTERWORTH)
 Reveals the frigid facts about
 The Boer tillers of the earth,
 I'm bound to say that I should not,
 If choice were offered, be contented,
 To choose that sort of farmer's lot
 For any joy that it presented.

They seem to think that any plan
 Unauthorised by Holy Writ
 For raising crops invites a ban
 With Satan at the back of it;
 And, fighting thus the advancing horde
 Of scientific empire-makers,
 Their harvest brings them no reward
 But mortgages and dwindling acres.

The tale Miss STEVENSON relates
 Shows one such farmer and his kin
 Struggling along in spite of fate's
 Settled desire to do them in;
 The telling has the stamp of truth,
 But, spite of its undoubted graces,
 It gives a sombre view of youth
 In Africa's great open spaces.

To the commonplace mind the amateness of an abnormal girl and a mentally deficient boy is a subject so remote from the idyllic that the attempt to make an idyll of it seems to betray a certain insensitiveness in the attempter. The malignity of one of STEVENSON's villains was largely attributed, I remember, to his combining "outer sensibility and inner toughness"; and I do feel that there is something malign after the *Ballantrae* fashion in Miss SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER's handling of her latest story. *Sukey Bond* and *Eric Seaborn* encounter on an Essex farm, where *Sukey* has been dumped as maid-of-all-work by the wife of a Southend vicar. The lady's own idiot son has previously been farmed out on the same homestead. The couple drift together, and an epileptic fit, whose oncoming is attributed to *Sukey's* blandishments, results in *Eric's* withdrawal to



Second (busy with sponge). "FUNNY THING, 'ARRY, YOU BEGIN TO REMIND ME O' SOMEBODY."

the vicarage and *Sukey* being cast upon the world. Follow her adventures, up to the point of marriage with her hero and the birth of their first child. The figures which surround the principal couple—two farmers, two vicars, a trio of wives, a female innkeeper, a bawd, a lord- and lady-in-waiting and (ultimately) QUEEN VICTORIA—are either presented with

mordant realism or endowed with the fabulous quality of animals on an old screen—"doves of Siam, Lima mice." Mrs. Mullein of Halfacres Farm exemplifies the first method; the bawd, an ecclesiastical-looking potentate of Shosbury-ness, the second. The prettiest thing about the book is the gossamer lyricism of much of its detail. By an exercise of imagination I can just see *The True Heart* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) enjoyed as a story, but only by a reader whose sympathetic weights and measures are as erratic as the storyteller's own.

Remembering how blindingly the fog of war descended on ordinary mortals during the latter half of 1914, it is rather consoling to find that even the French President of that time was utterly unable to obtain a clear statement as to what was happening to his armies in the field. His day-to-day record—*The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré, 1914* (HEINEMANN)—shows him completely devoted to the task of winning the war, yet, although himself very much the dominant force in the civil government, constantly thrust aside and left in the dark by military overlords. This third volume of his memoirs retains—rather fascinatingly after this lapse of time—the atmosphere of suspense and uncertainty; such leading events as the fall of Maubeuge, for instance, or even the main sweep of the German right wing, coming to knowledge through a series of deductions rather than from any direct statement, while only some shadowy indications tell dimly of the horrible strategic misconceptions and still more ghastly tactical blunders of the French Generals that nearly gave final victory to the enemy. There is little here that is new or sensational, little that is of intimate personal concern, the general tendency of the recital being to diminish the stature of the principal actors in the great drama. Even the famous PRESIDENT himself, hating to remove the seat of Government to Bordeaux, yet going; longing to be with the troops, yet hardly allowed to see them; the mark alike of the German gunners, who deliberately ranged on his home in the war area, and of those anonymous scoundrels among his own countrymen who pestered him with accusations of cowardice—even he shows at this stage as rather an ineffective figure. The most impressive personality in the narrative and the only one who is seen to have envisaged the war in its true perspective is our own KITCHENER, calmly informing his horrified French allies, who expected the war to end this week or next, that in eighteen months' time he will have an army of a million to support them.

Mr. RUDOLPH MESSEL belongs, I should suppose, to the middle-brow section of instructed film-fans. He goes to the pictures not to gape but to make his thoughtful appreciations, and in *This Film Business* (BENN) he has much to

say that it would do the film magnates good to hear if they had the right kind of ear. I hope and believe he is wrong when he tells us that America, now responsible for two-thirds of the output of films and for the most part producing stuff and nonsense highly-seasoned with S.A. (studio abbreviation for "sex appeal"), is about to launch a vigorous campaign of American Jingoism upon a hapless world. Mr. MESSEL writes from the standpoint of a commonsense pacifist and is deeply conscious of the possibilities for mischief in this film business if handled by fools or knaves. It is now no longer the necessary sign of a vacant mind to go the pictures, and for those newcomers to this experience who find themselves hampered by ignorance of its history, processes, achievements, jargon, personalities and dreams our author provides a lively book of instruction not hampered by any reluctance to make sweeping general statements.

To *The Inconsistent Villains* was awarded the first prize in Messrs. METHUEN's "Detective Novel Competition," a

result that is not in the least surprising. In fact the only fault to be found with it is that the man who tells the story has, in an endeavour to emphasize the wonderful detective qualities of his friend, been made a little too obviously a fool and a foil. For the rest Mr. N. A. TEMPLE-ELLIS has provided a first-rate mystery, and such an exciting series of chases that they left me panting. The scenes of these deeds of villainy and the reverse are laid in Essex, a county dear to the heart of sensational novelists. And I smiled when the presiding genius of the tale asked his assistant if he knew Essex, and received the helpful reply that he



"YOU'RE PUTTING A LOT OF SEEDS DOWN, SMITH?"
"YES, AND I'VE LABELLED THEM ALL WITH THEIR LATIN NAMES, BUT I'VE ADDED THE ENGLISH-EQUIVALENTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF YOUR FOWLS."

had watched county matches at Leyton. Keen as the competition is in this branch of fiction I prophesy with confidence that this story is a winner.

The Perfect Murder Case (HEINEMANN) is original in that its villain gave notice to the authorities that a murder was going to be committed, and even informed them of the locality and actual date. After such an opening the readers of sensational fiction will be surprised to hear that the murder was carried out according to plan. Then the hunt for the criminal began, and it is the chase that is of supreme importance in tales of this genre. Here Mr. CHRISTOPHER BUSH gives his followers a good hunting run, though at times the scent is none too strong. Suspicion fell quickly, and with reason, on the four nephews of the victim; but each member of this quartet possessed what seemed to be a bomb-proof alibi. A well-written yarn and, in spite of improbabilities, cleverly devised.

Mr. Punch welcomes a collection of his own golfing experiences, which has been edited by E. V. KNOX (EVOE). It is called *Mr. Punch on the Links*, and is published by METHUEN.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the next M.C.C. team for Australia will sign on for three years or the duration of the Tests.

A former errand-boy has become an M.P. Many a promising lad comes to this.

According to a London detective, burglars always try to enter a house by the front-door. The only solution seems to be to put them off by having the front-door at the back.

A writer on Varsity sport expresses the opinion that Oxford have reached the turn of the tide. The impression during the recent Boat Race was that it was dead against them.

Women can be expected to do the right thing at the General Election, we read. Then why don't they do it when driving a car?

According to a veteran musician the best way to avoid influenza is to sing lustily. It keeps possible germ-carriers at a distance.

A West-End hosier has designed a club-tie for his clients, it seems. There has long been a want of some means of distinguishing those who don't buy their hosiery in the East-End.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, a paragraphist reminds us, is not yet thirty. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the approach of this literary milestone.

Applicants for permission to be present in a B.B.C. studio during vaudeville performances are cautioned not to be too exuberant in their appreciation. No such injunction is needed by listeners-in.

An American has discovered that a high note whistled into a microphone will extinguish a candle placed in front of the loud-speaker. In our opinion the old-fashioned method of extinguishing candles has the advantage of simplicity.

It is noted that in an important exhibition of water-colours there is only one picture of primroses. In a normal

spring, of course, the walls would be yellow with them.

Several readers of *The Evening Standard* complain of sleeplessness. Relief may sometimes be obtained by changing the evening paper.

The Musicians' Union is undertaking a combing-out campaign. Many musicians' heads look all the better for combing-out.

Starved Fields, as the title of a new Welsh novel, invites comparison with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Policy.

famous Mayfair mansion may be removed to America, we hasten to express the hope that every effort will be made to retain Grosvenor Square in this country.

Mr. G. B. SHAW expresses the hope that, if ever a jawbone should be sold as his, it will be a healthy one. Prospective purchasers should be careful to ascertain that it is not that of a carnivore.

Several Opera stars are believed to contemplate following the example of a famous basso in deserting the stage for the "Singles."

Notwithstanding the announcement that thirty thousand pounds has been spent on restocking the Thames with fish, anglers remain comparatively calm.

The news that Portsmouth had qualified for the Cup Final was received locally with incredulity, even when it was told to the marines.

TUNNEY is said to be trying his hand at bull-fighting. This seems a matter for the R.S.P.C.A.

With reference to the revolt in Monaco, it is understood that the Mexicans are satisfied that the record set up by them is in no danger.

Members of Parliament rarely get to know one another very well, says a political writer. On the other hand it seems that Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD knows a lot of Members to shout at.

The use of a sign language as a means of conversation between foreigners is being advocated. Film stars with prohibitive accents are hoping to stage a "come-back" on the silent talkies.

An American visitor declares that he never heard worse English spoken than in London. "Say, that guy sure slobbered a bibful."

"FULL FOUR-SEATER CAR FOR £140."
Headline in *Daily Paper*.

We prefer to choose our own company.

"£1,000 FOR NATIONAL DEBT."
Headline in *Morning Paper*.

Mr. CHURCHILL would be well advised to get rid of it at such a price.



Lady Driver. "TELL ME, GEORGE, QUICK! WHICH IS THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE ROAD TO KEEP WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING DOWN A HILL BACKWARDS LIKE THIS?"

In the list of names of roses quoted by the horticultural expert of *The Daily Express* as best for the ordinary garden we miss that of the "*Daily Mail*" rose.

An ice-cream vendor has appeared at Colchester wearing a straw hat. We gladly recognise the movement towards better salesmanship.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Sanitary Institute, the Duke of Northumberland recalled that at the brilliant Court of Louis XIV. nobody took baths. *Après nous le Déluge* was, of course, then the slogan.

In view of the possibility that a

"I'M ALONE."

Air: "Ulatume" (EDGAR ALLAN POE).

U.S.A.

O, SAY, what's the trouble, dear sister,
And why are you making a moan,
Emitting a petulant moan?

CANADA.

It's my rum-runner—how I have missed
her!

And what will you do to atone,
What damages pay to atone?
You have raised a most serious blister
On account of my lost *I'm Alone*,
A large diplomatical blister,
By sinking my loved *I'm Alone*.

U.S.A.

Well, she wouldn't heave-to, so we shot
her,

And blazed till she sank like a stone,
With her cargo of booze like a stone;
It began (growing steadily hotter)
In the strictly prohibited zone;
It began in American wotter,
In the dry territorial zone.

CANADA.

I assert that you started to pot her
Outside the prohibited zone,
In an ex-territorial zone;
'Twas in neutral and nobody's wotter,
And that's why you'll have to atone;
I repeat that in nobody's wotter
You went for my lost *I'm Alone*.

O. S.

LOVE'S FADE-OUT.

YES, dear, it's all over. Regular fade-out. Not a flicker left. (Two cawfees, Miss, and look slippery. We got to get back to business.) I don't seem to have much luck with men, Maud.

They're all alike, dear, but movie stars are the worst of the lot. You be guided by me, Maud, and don't you never have nothing to do with movie stars. They think in millions of dollars; but what's the use of thinking in millions when you've only got ninepence?

Besides they've all got Hollywood on the brain. And love in Hollywood isn't what you and me call love, Maud, for ever and ever. It's only a breather between one divorce and the next.

Bert? Ain't I telling you about Bert as fast as I can? (Yes, I did ring. I want a spoon. Think we were going to pinch the silver?) This is the very last time I come here, Maud. Cawfee like mud and no spoons. Yes, I said movie stars, dear. There's stars and stars, Maud. It takes all sorts to make a film. Big stars and twinklers.

You see Bert's been mad on films ever since the Gaumont Graphic "shot" the unemployed waiting for the dole, and Bert was in the picture. He was third from the end of the queue in a cloth cap. No, dear, it didn't run

very long. Wasn't enough action in it.

But it set Bert hankering after Hollywood. He thought he'd got a film face, but you couldn't see much of it really for his cap, though he's got a beautiful bowler at home which he wears on Sundays; but of course he didn't put it on because he'd no idea he was going to be filmed.

You don't get much fun out of the pictures when you go with a professional, Maud. You don't really enjoy them unless you go there and have a good cry. But you can't enjoy a good cry when he tells you GLORIA's tears are only glycerine, can you? And when the hero's trampled to pieces by the herd he spoils your enjoyment by telling you it's a dummy. I don't call that fair—do you? Live and let live is what I say.

Art for art's sake's all very well, Maud, but when it comes to trapesing round all the movie shows in London and sitting in the cheap seats when there's a perfectly lovely dance-halls just as cheap it's too much of a good thing. Studying technique, he calls it. No, dear, I don't suppose you know what it means, nor me neither. And it isn't as if we sit and hold hands, Maud, and read them sub-titles out loud together like sensible people. It's all criticism, criticism, criticism. He even criticises JOHN BARRYMORE.

"You can't hold a candle to JOHN BARRYMORE," I says. "If you was half the man JOHN BARRYMORE is you'd act different," I says, "when you take a girl out for the evening. You might load her with presents or buy her some jewellery. I'm not stopping you. And you might love her a bit like a Sheikh, instead of sitting with your 'ands in your pockets growling about art."

If he'd take me to a cabaret, like they take the poor girls in the pictures, it'd be something to be going on with. Mind you, I don't hold with all their goings-on in them places. But fish and chips out of a paper-bag is a bit of a come-down when you've seen 'em eating caviare and drinking cham. on the screen.

But it's the morals of Hollywood, Maud, that I can't stand. You'd think a man who'd sat in the ninepennies at the picturedrome with you every Monday for sixteen weeks would be faithful—wouldn't you, Maud? You see we'd practically lived under the same roof all that time, and we'd got settled down, sort of. I mean, when a man gets regular in his habits like that you begin to have hopes of him.

Why, I've cried on his shoulder at *The Kid*, and he let me, though he don't care for crying as a general rule.

It's a sort of tie with a man. And you know that bit where they're going to beat *The Kid*, when a lump comes in your throat? I grabbed his hand till that was over, and he squeezed it, though he ain't one to hold hands at the pictures, being too busy studying his technique, whatever that is. He had to blow his nose hard too, and when a man feels like that about a kid that isn't his own it makes you feel as if—you know, Maud. Sorter married to him, if you see what I mean.

But you can't trust a man who's got these Hollywood notions. Sixteen times I've sat in the ninepennies with him at the picturedrome, and the seventeenth time he goes into the two-and-fourpennies with that cat Susie—all henna and lipstick, and thirty if she's a day.

Told him about it? I should think I did tell him. There's nothing of the Silent Drama about me.

"Changed your leading lady?" I says, sarcastic. "None of your Hollywood ways with me, my lad."

"It's all right," he says; "Susie's got a walking-on part in *Underground*. She was only giving me a wrinkle or two."

"She's got plenty," I says; "and now you've had 'em you can just give her a walking-off part."

"You don't understand film actors," he says. "We're all pals in the profession. We got to let ourselves go a bit. Temperament—that's what it is, my gel. You leave her alone. She ain't done nothing to you. It's no good you registering jealousy. You got it all wrong. Chuck it, kiddie, and give us a close-up. You don't do them so bad."

"Nope," I says; "you've had your quota. I'm through."

Came the dawn, Maud. Well, not the dawn exactly. Ten o'clock it was. And it's all off. Just like Hollywood, Maud. And you be guided by me and don't never have nothing to do with film stars. No, I'll pay, Maud. I got nothing to save up for now. W. E. R.

Diabolism Down Under.

"Signor Lucien —, Professor of Singing and Grand Opera Bass. Mr. Udda —, City Organist of San Francisco, U.S.A., writes: 'To me you are one of the few great sinners of to-day.'"—New Zealand Paper.

Propaganda in a Pill-Box.

"LOCAL BRIEFS.

Tabloids depicting life in Macedonia were presented last night in the Community hall, Trinity Street, by the recently organised Macedonian Women's Society of Toronto."

Canadian Paper.

This sort of brevity is greatly to be encouraged.



POLLS ASUNDER.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*in the quiet civilian dress of a Dictator*). "WHAT'S ALL THAT MARTIAL GEAR FOR?"

MR. BALDWIN. "WELL, I'VE GOT TO MEET MY OPPONENTS IN THE LISTS."

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI. "IN ITALY WE ONLY HAVE ONE LIST, AND I DON'T ALLOW ANY OPPONENTS."



The Adorer. "DEAREST, I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH MOONLIGHT."

The Adored. "HAVEN'T YOU, DARLING? WE OFTEN GET IT LIKE THIS IN BALHAM."

THE SCHOOL FOR SICKNESS.

"We all pay lip-service to Education," said my good friend, Poker, "but, frankly, I have always taken the view that the purpose of schools is to get the children out of the home. And after a winter like the last I begin to wonder whether even from this practical point of view the education of the young is worth the trouble and expense."

"What happens, you see, is this. The fees for each term are payable (and indeed paid) in advance. The children return from a costly summer holiday by the sea, which is supposed to have 'set them up' for the winter. The last week of the holidays they spend at home—I say 'spend' advisedly—end-of-the-holiday 'treats,' you know, and of course quantities of clothes. The first fortnight of the Christmas Term they also spend at home, for during the last week of the holidays they associate with some careless child who a day or two before term contracts measles, mumps, chicken-pox or whooping-cough, and my children consequently are in quarantine. My children invariably spend the beginning of term in quarantine."

"During this period they lead a double life. I have paid for their food at school and I am also paying for their food at home. In the third or fourth week of term they generally return to school, Mary to a day-school and Margaret to a boarding-school; and the quiet life of the home begins."

"There is now very often an unbroken week of education, sometimes even two. But in the fourth or fifth week of term Mary breaks out with the measles, the mumps, the chicken-pox or whooping-cough, and, being a day-girl, she has it at home. By about mid-term she is well enough to resume her studies, and the quiet life of the home begins again. But at mid-term Margaret comes home for the mid-term *exam* or week-end" ("I never had any mid-term *exam*," said Poker savagely)—"Margaret comes home for the mid-term week-end, and she generally stays at home till the Christmas holidays. For she comes home with a high temperature and a feverish cold, contracted at hockey, gym, or some other health-giving activity for which I am paying through the nose (and, mind you, I find that no amount of 'setting up' at the seaside is any safeguard against the various

complaints and diseases to which the children are exposed at a really healthy school). Well, this cold passes easily into bronchitis and that sort of thing, and very often we find that the poor child has brought home the streptococcus as well, which gets about the house and lays up her mother and the servants. During this period I am paying for Margaret to be fed, educated and preserved from sickness in one place, and I am paying for her to be fed, nursed, X-rayed, inoculated and doctored in another. However, by about December 1st, with luck, she is ready to go back to school, in nice time for the examinations. About this time, however, there is a bad epidemic of mumps, measles, whooping-pox or chicken-cough at her school. Sometimes it is so bad that the school breaks up a fortnight earlier and distributes a herd of infectious children and bacilli all over the country. If not, we generally decide that it is really too silly to send Margaret back to school for three weeks to catch the mumps for Christmas; so Margaret stays at home and catches the mumps at a Christmas party instead.

"Meanwhile Mary has been going strong. That is to say, a week or two

after mid-term Mary has fallen down during the rest-hour in the playground, got two cut knees and a sprained wrist, which is thought to be fractured, so she has to be X-rayed. (My children spend half their lives under the X-rays.) She is therefore unable to write, to play lacrosse or the piano, to do gym, fret-work or modelling in clay, or any of the enlightening 'extras' for which I am paying through the nose. However, she has not got the mumps; but a few days before the end of the term the girl who sits next to her in form gets diphtheria and her bosom-friend goes down with the whooping-cough. So Mary comes home plastered with quarantine labels, and we have to refuse the Forsters' alluring invitation to spend Christmas with them in the country, for the Forsters have young children too.

"The Easter Term," said Poker, "is a very similar story. During these two terms I reckon that I pay at the rate of about a pound a minute for my daughters' education—that is, for education actually received—say, five shillings a sum and ten bob for every irregular verb. Frankly, it is too much. At home we no longer speak of the Christmas Term and the Easter Term—they have become the Christmas Quarantine and the Easter Quarantine; and we say that dear little Margaret will soon be home for the Mid-Term Epidemic. I have become rather unpopular with our charming head-mistresses, for when I pay their accounts I generally rewrite them in this sort of way:—

WHOOPING-COUGH ACADEMY FOR GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS QUARANTINE.

Mary Poker.

	s.	d.
To Course of Mumps	17	10 0
To Special Course in Diphtheria	8	8 0
To one sprained wrist, two contused knees and aseptic elbow	9	5 0
To free use of school streptococcus and special exposure to measles and scarlet fever	10	10 0
To Reading, Writing and Arithmetic	1	1 0
	<u>£46</u>	<u>14 0</u>

"I used to say that I sympathised with the mistresses' difficulties; but now I am not so sure. I have a foul suspicion that they go round the dormitories at night dropping secret packets of mumps and measles into the little ones' tooth-glasses. And unless they will promise to abandon this barbarous practice I shall give up the idea of educating my young.

"The only other solution is this. There should be a State Mumps, Measles, Whooping-cough and Chicken-pox Station, to which all children would



Defeated player in Club Final. "ISN'T IT DREADFUL, BURGESS? FANCY BEING BEATEN 8 AND 7! I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO LIFT UP MY HEAD AGAIN."

Burgess. "WELL, YOU DONE IT IN THE MATCH ALL RIGHT."

be sent as a matter of course and get these darned diseases over. A healthy child could have them all at once, and after that could get on with its education without much interruption. No child would be allowed into a school unless it had been through the Station. The unfortunate parents would get their money's-worth of algebra and might occasionally be able to plan out their lives a week or two in advance."

"You seem a little cross, Poker," I said.

"I am," said Poker. "I have just received the bill for the Easter Term Quarantine."

A. P. H.

"For one split second she hesitated."

Story in Woman's Paper.

How much more elegant than "Half-a-mo"!

The Cynic at the Linotype.

"No service was held to-day in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church for the 18th successful Sunday."—Daily Paper.

Thoroughbreds Prefer Beige.

"Mrs. H. — watched her husband's horse come home in a pinky-beige fine tweed, strapped smartly with cedar-wood brown. The blonde beige hat was small and of felt."

Tasmanian Paper.

If this goes on we shall soon be having going-away costumes for fillies.

Two Mauvais Quarts d'Heure.

"The half-hour water cure gives to the skin a glass of water always at hand and taking a sip, not colouring of the cheeks. This necessitates having a wonderfully transparent look, showing up the soft a drink, every half-hour throughout the day. It is easier to do than it sounds once the habit is acquired."

Scots Paper.

We can well believe this.

AN ELECTION—PERHAPS—IN 1929.

MANY were the emotions that surged through the bosom of Mortimer Foljambe as he rolled along the grimy streets of Slagdon in his high-powered barouche-landau. Here, in these unpromising surroundings, might be for him the first rung on the ladder of Fame. These sooty streets might send into Parliament one who was destined to be a second Lord BEACONSFIELD and dazzle not only England but the world, alike with the breadth of his vision and the brilliance of his oratorical power. He knew the De-rating Bill by heart. Its burning phrases had bitten into his soul. With it he could sweep the rough industrial purlieus of Slagdon as though with a fiery cross. The Report of the Departmental Committee on the Shops (Early Closing) Acts 1920 and 1921 was another feather in his morion as he rode to the war. The coal-smearred faces of the men and women of Slagdon kindled as he passed, and cheers went up from groups standing at drab street-corners to which the breath of spring had never been known to penetrate.

And then, at the very door of his Election headquarters, there passed him, riding in an eight-cylindrical cabriolet, a face. It seemed to Mortimer Foljambe as though his heart had stopped.

There are faces in which all that is beautiful in Nature and Art, all that is desirable and lovely in History, Biology and Conchology, seem to be united in one exquisite whole, transfigured by Poetry and irradiated by Romance. The eyes of the face were a deep and limpid blue. It was crowned by an aureole, so far as could be seen beneath a hat shaped like a surgical bandage, of lustrous hair. The cheeks of the face were dimpled. There was a smile on the face's lips. Nor was the face alone. There was attached to it in the usual manner a form so slender, so charming, that words to describe it fail the writer's pen. One slim hand, outstretched in an imperious gesture that might have provoked a sonnet, indicated that the divine being, after passing him, intended to turn to the right. And then she was gone.

The heart of Mortimer Foljambe became as molten wax. His pride forsook him, and as he entered the presence of

his agent the fingers which held the large attaché-case marked M.F. were shaking like aspen-leaves.

"Before we speak of business," he said to the man, "tell me instantly, what was the radiance that passed but now?"

The agent stared. He was a hard brusque man.

"The wood-nymph who fluttered past the building," explained Foljambe, "in a straight eight, just before I came in."

"Ermytrude floulkes," he replied.

"Ermytrude," he repeated. His heart dwelt fondly on the syllables of the beautiful name. They conveyed to him all the world of chivalry and romance—but nothing more.

Then he noticed a rather quizzical look on the agent's face.

"What is the matter?" he inquired

Politics. Dawn. Fame. Chivalry. Beauty. Nationalisation of Industry. Cedars under the moonlight. The Abolition of Poor Law Guardians. Rapture. Bureaucracy. The Taxation of Petrol. Love. The words chased madly through his mind. And then at last he rose. He had made the great decision. Foljambe with a lady's gage in their helmets had endured suffering and privation before, and a Foljambe should endure them again. Ambition fell from him like a cloak. He loved.

Never, perhaps, in the whole history of Slagdon had a speaker so wildly incompetent contested the seat as the Conservative Candidate. Where were now the glib phrases describing the formula for weighted population, where the defence of automatic

machines, that a few months ago had fallen so lightly from his lips? Not a heckler but was able to embarrass him.

Pressed to justify the adoption of the totalisator, he stammered and broke down. The electors of Slagdon, at first apathetic, began to attend his meetings in order to jeer. They brought eggs. They tested them. The fine athletic form, the aristocratic features of Mortimer Foljambe were spattered with them till he looked like a lawn shining with crocuses or an advertisement for the National Egg Campaign. He bore them unflinchingly.

"One cannot make an omelette," he said to himself, "without breaking eggs."

His omelette was sacrifice and every yolk was chivalry. The shells were a declaration of love.

And Ermytrude—what of her?

The reader well may ask. In her heart too love began to burgeon when she saw how matters lay. Only a few silent eloquent glances had passed between her and Mortimer, but they were enough. If a man can endure humiliation and misunderstanding for love's sake, so can a woman. The passionate intensity, the half-prophetic zeal with which she had begun to argue the settlement of industrial problems along the lines of the Melchett-Turner Report as a step, if not more than a step, towards the nationalisation of the means of production and distribution, waned visibly. Her heart fluttered. She faltered often



Father. "THAT POET FELLOW MUST BE A LOAFER. I WON'T HAVE HIM COMING HERE EVERY EVENING."

Daughter. "BUT, FATHER, I'M HIS INSPIRATION. HE CAN'T WORK UNLESS HE SEES ME EVERY EVENING."

sharply. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Ermytrude floulkes," repeated the agent. "Your opponent. The Labour Candidate."

His opponent! Mortimer blanched. That crystallisation of all beauty, that synchronisation of all loveliness, his enemy? Impossible—yet true.

"Is she really anxious to stand for Slagdon?" he asked.

"Keen as mustard," replied the man. Then, noticing the look of aristocratic hauteur on the other's face, he corrected himself hastily—"I believe she has the welfare and prosperity of the working classes earnestly at heart."

"Leave me!" said Mortimer Foljambe, and, sitting down on a chair, he pressed his hand to his feverish brow. His head swam; his pulses tingled. It was half-an-hour before he began to see things clearly.



Granny. "I WANT SOMETHING NOVEL IN SPORTING THINGS FOR MY GRANDSON."

Shop Assistant. "HOW ABOUT ONE OF THESE SHOOTING SEATS, MADAM?"

Granny. "NO, NO, YOUNG MAN. I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF IT WENT OFF."

in the middle of a phrase as the image of Foljambe's fine pale face, starred with yellow smears, floated up in her mind. She too began to excite the mockery of the populace. Boos rent the air. More than one dilapidated orange hurtled past her delicate and shell-like ear. But she too stood her ground. If hesitation, if futility could achieve it, Mortimer Foljambe should win!

And now, on the eve of the poll, a strange revulsion set in amongst the electorate. A rumour went round, none knew how, of the sweet secret that lay between the Candidates. *Each, for love's sake, was striving to put the other in!* Film fans to the most hardened of them, adorners of fashionable weddings, readers of Society Notes, they felt a warm gush of sympathy for the young pair which drowned every political consideration and conquered every disposition to ridicule. The egg-throwing ceased; the oranges were laid aside. Cries of "Bless her, dear heart!" would come from the back of the room when Ermytrude ffoulkes addressed a meeting with pitiful ineptitude in the Public Baths. Strong men wept while Mortimer Foljambe stuttered in the Market Square.

When it became known that the two Candidates had had a secret interview in the Municipal Art Gallery and Natural History Museum, and that Mortimer, kneeling near the fossilised skeleton of a pterodactyl, had begged Ermytrude to take the seat, and that she tearfully had refused, popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. Both Candidates were cheered and presented with bunches of violets and forget-me-nots as they passed through the streets. The agents were in despair.

The declaration of the poll was a scene which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The figures were returned as follows:—

Mortimer Foljambe [C.] 0.

Ermytrude ffoulkes [Lab.] 0.

Not since the days when it was a rotten borough had the polling at Slagdon ever produced such a curious result. Every single elector had voted, but everyone had spoilt the paper by making two crosses, one against each name.

A new Election had to be held. But little did it matter to Mortimer Foljambe and Ermytrude ffoulkes. They were floating together, politics forsworn, in a painted gondola on the Grand Canal. *EVOR.*

Commercial Humour.

From a Ceylon chemist's advertisement of a nerve tonic:—

"SLEEPLESSNESS RESTORED."

To give policemen quids *pro quo*
Is not *pro bono publico*,
And, if you offer one a wad,
Your quids may land you both in quod.

From a catalogue of an Indian picture show:—

"A shepherdess in a sullen mood pondering deeply as to what would be the condition of her pet lamb (which is in her hands). The young one of the vomiting sheep in case she (vomiting sheep) would expire. Price Rs. 150."

The realistic school of painting seems to be firmly established in India.

"Princess Martha . . . will be greeted on the platform by the King and Queen of Norway, and by Prince Olaf, who will leave the train carrying the bride and the Swedish royal guests."—*Daily Paper.*

The Scots bridegroom used to be expected to carry his bride over the threshold of their home. The Norwegian evidently gets a bigger handful. It is comforting to reflect on Prince OLAF's athletic record.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is charming news that an eminent woman novelist has collaborated in the production of a book which, disguised as a children's tale, actually teaches the young idea how to cook.

But why not extend this admirable scheme to the adult novel?

The following opening chapters will set all readers to re-living their own love-story, besides feeling themselves some steps along the path of culinary knowledge.

The Course of True Love.

CHAPTER I.

It was sunset in the hamlet of Beeton-Tomery. The sky, still shimmering with heat, was curdled with clouds, as a sauce will curdle when you omit to stir it in one direction only.

Alison Mace was leaning over the gate. The observer, had there been one, would surely have said to himself, "She is thinking those long, long thoughts sacred to youth; and who are we to grudge day-dreams to our future mothers—these slips of things who ask of life but perhaps three minutes a day for brown studies, merely the time in which an egg is softly boiled?"

And the observer would have been wrong. Alison was brooding resentfully over her lover.

Inevitable that the daughter of the Reverend Chives Mace and the son of the Squire of Beeton-Tomery—wind-bitten Colin Stumer—should have loved and tokened, that their parents should have given glad consent, with a "Forward away! Hoick to the altar!" from the Squire, and one of his sudden brays of laughter which, his graceless son often declared, could be heard in two counties.

But that morning Alison and her lover had quarrelled. While Colin and she sat that day in the larch coppice, he had ruminated, "To-morrow I shall be eating my first Dinner in Hall." She had laughed—then, and laid her bright head on his old shooting-jacket that smelt of peat, tobacco, foxes, soap, earth, trout and gunpowder—a manly smell.

"What do they give you to eat in the Law?" she asked.

He was enchanted at the domesticity of the question. Alison would make a fellow a wife in a thousand! No modern nonsense about *her*. But his voice was suitably offhand, for his pride in his coming profession went oddly deep, as he responded vaguely, "Oh, stews, haricot—anything that doesn't take any time to eat or get ready, I expect."

She gurgled. "Colin! A haricot takes ages! You have to peel and dice the carrots and turnips, then fry the onions

with them; then wipe, flour and partly fry your meat, and then set it to simmer for at least two hours, adding your fried vegetables and seasoning. Now, boiled beef would save time, and you can tell the Lord Chief Justice I said so! The stock from fresh silverside can always be used next day for soup, if you add a little beef-extract. Only even then the vegetables must be drained out of the pot or they turn the stock sour."

And then she had put her hand into his pocket, a feminine trick he usually found adorable, and drawn out a post-card.

"Don't look at that," he said sharply, even while she read, "Crab and Lobster, £2 10s.," and whitened. So he was a spendthrift? Was this going to be their married trouble?

Her voice roughened with tears; she stammered, "At this time of year even well-dressed crabs should be obtainable for three-and-six;" and suspicion simmered between them, and antagonism.

CHAPTER II.

Colin squared his shoulders. "The Crab and Lobster is a night-club. The £2 10s. represents the amount I spent upon a supper there."

So he was a *roué*?

Still, all might have been well had she not turned the card. Looking up at her was that famous bold face, with its sleeky evil head and sensuous mouth, furtively smiling—La Soularde, the notorious *débauchée*, whose *marrons risqués* were drawing all London to the Paleoleum. Even the country girl had heard of her.

Slowly she twisted the ring from her finger. Well, life must go on; already it was lunch-time, and soufflés must be eaten at once or they become perfectly flat, she reflected absurdly.

She started blindly, running. . . . Colin smoked in silence.

In subsequent chapters not only will a variety of menus be outlined, together with hints as to their preparation, but the story unfolded to the end. We shall read how the lovers parted in misery and anger, Alison to join a Teaching and Culinary Order of Bombazine Deaconesses, and Colin to take silk after silk at the Bar; of how La Soularde became involved in a scandalous case, in which she sued the proprietor of "Auntie's," a shady night-club, and accused the manager of an attempt (inspired by jealousy of his rival for her favours) to poison her dish of curry, alleging that it contained strange flavours, the unfamiliarity of which aroused her suspicion; of how the accused triumphantly demonstrated with chafing-dish in court that said

flavours were obtained by shredding pimentos and the flesh of muscat grapes, and by the reduction to powder of one Bombay duck, which was added to the *plat* at the last moment, instead of being served separately in the more usual manner—a method that was in fact no criminal attempt, but a *spécialité de la maison*.

We shall read of how Colin was briefed for the prosecution; of the anguish of Alison as she pictured the enforced hours of intimacy when the rising young K.C. would be subjected by the *débauchée* to wiles, chypre, sex-appeal and common memories, as they discussed the line the defence might take; of how Alison, discovering during a special Welfare Week to Batmen's Wives (including a course of Home Cookery) that Colin's obstinate silence about the actress in their talk in the coppice was a noble concealment of the fact that the supper at the "Crab and Lobster" was really given by him for a young undergraduate nephew, who was about to make a fool of himself over the *débauchée* unless remorselessly chaperoned; of how, throwing her deaconess's bonnet over the windmill, Alison, in the guise of a cook-housekeeper, came to Colin in his rooms in Fountain Court, and of how he at last discovered her identity through being plied with all his favourite dishes (including a sheep's head with parsley-sauce, and turnips mashed in tarragon vinegar—a delicacy peculiar to Beeton-Tomery).

Finally, we shall read of how she admitted she had been hasty and ungenerous, and of how the Judge, who had dropped in for a cigar with his brilliant young *protégé*, muttered, "Young love, young love . . . where would the Courts be without it?" and blew his nose very violently.

Undoubtedly a book to read and digest. RACHEL.

THE FOOTBALL MARKET: A RECORD DEAL.

Extract from "The Wilchester Echo," Thursday, March 13th, 1930:—

For some little time all has not been going well in the local football camp. The Wilchester Tigers have been losing matches with unfailing regularity since Christmas and have only amassed three points out of the last eight matches. Their position in the League has been causing grave concern amongst their supporters, who are naturally anxious that the club should not be seen in lower company next season.

In view of Saturday's important match against Burbleton Rovers (away) it is satisfactory to know that the directors have taken drastic steps to rectify matters. Yesterday the whole of the Tigers' first team was transferred



Small Boy. "OH, MUMMY, BABY WAS SO ANGRY JUST NOW—HE GNASHED HIS TOOTH AT ME."

en bloc to the Burbleton Rovers Club with a cash payment of £15,000 in exchange for the players of the Rovers' first team. Hitherto the Tigers have never vanquished the Rovers on foreign soil, but the prospects of achieving this distinction next Saturday are now decidedly rosy.

Extract from "The Burbleton Argus," Thursday, March 13th, 1930:—

The financial stringency which has been harassing the management of the Burbleton Rovers Football Club has been considerably relieved. We are authoritatively informed that yesterday

the directors sold the first team *en bloc* to the Wilchester Tigers for a cash payment of £15,000 plus the transfer to the Rovers of the whole of the Tigers' first team. There is thus every prospect of the players receiving their wages this week. In view of these developments the "Local Derby" *versus* the Tigers next Saturday will be awaited with keen interest, and the gate will probably constitute a new record for the ground.

Extract from "The Wilchester Echo," Monday, March 17th, 1930:—

AT LAST!

After years of strenuous effort the

Wilchester Tigers have at last succeeded in defeating Burbleton Rovers at Burbleton. The match on Saturday attracted a record gate, 42,371 people and one "mascot" paying £2,476 4s. 11d. for the privilege of witnessing this Homeric contest. The Tigers were the better team throughout and won comfortably by three goals to one. This is an exceedingly satisfactory result for an away match, and it is only reasonable to suppose that they will do even better when performing on their own ground. The management are to be congratulated on this practical solution of their difficulties.

LIVESTOCK IN BARRACKS.

XX.—BALOO BEAR.

I TOLD you last week about Elspeth the elephant's brief entry into military life from a passing circus. Well, that passing circus has once again been a cause of trouble in our battalion, because it unfortunately didn't pass far enough. In fact it settled for a night or two at a village down the road, and of course all the troops turned out in force that evening to see it.

Delving as we have done now into the origin of the trouble, we find that Private Pullthrough really started it, and this on the very afternoon that the circus passed. It happened like this:—

Apparently, in the excitement of Elspeth's attempts at taking a leading part in "A" Company's drill, one of the circus-waggons missed the right turning and went astray. Some while later Private Pullthrough, who was on fatigue duty, was leaning in a negligent but soldierly manner against a tree at a turning a little way up the road when a dishevelled civilian in shirt-sleeves approached him.

This man looked at Pullthrough, and by way of showing his feelings towards the King's uniform—for he had a Communist complex—spat on the ground. Pullthrough buttoned up his tunic and eyed him thoughtfully. The man studied the road-turnings for a moment and then looked about him for someone other than a paid minion of the capitalist system to answer his inquiries. There was no other, so he hailed Pullthrough and said, "Hey, soldier! Seen a waggon of monkeys pass down either o' these roads?"

Now Pullthrough might have replied that the waggon had taken the turning to the left, as he had seen it do; or, since he naturally disliked the fellow, he might have remarked curtly, though untruthfully, that he hadn't noticed any waggon; or he might simply have preserved a dignified silence. There was therefore little excuse for his actual reply, even though the question was rather a gift. He merely grinned and said, "Why? Have you fallen off?"

The man squared up to Pullthrough aggressively, then, finding that Pullthrough simply unbuttoned his tunic

again with a hopeful air, changed his mind and walked off in a pet.

That night, however, at the circus, relations between some of this gentleman's friends and the troops were a trifle strained. Things culminated in Private Muzzle, who was fond of animals, being hit on the nose because he insisted on feeding with a tin of plum-and-apple the "Wild Immerlayan 'Ill Bear, very fierce," after it had done its turn and returned to its cage outside.

A general scuffle resulted, consisting at first of minor incidents, such as a

That night we all slept with closed doors and windows, and Swordfrog, who is nervous, with a kitbag stuffed up his chimney. Our acquaintance with "Wild Immerlayan 'Ill Bears, very fierce," might be limited, but we had no intention of extending it.

Baloo Bear, however—as Holster, who is a KIPLING fan, had christened him—did not appear till nine-thirty next morning, when in an interval between parades he emerged from a clump of gorse, cleared out four barrack-rooms almost as quickly as a Summons to Pay

Parade, and treed a frightened bugler on "B" Company's orderly-room roof, where in an access of devotion to duty he blew the "Barrack Fire Alarm," the "Heath Fire Alarm," the "Orderly Sergeants'" and the "Officers' Mess."

Baloo Bear was thus immediately brought to the notice of higher authority; for Holster soon appeared at the double, explaining his swift action as due to the fact that he was orderly officer and had heard the Fire Alarm, whereas it is our belief that he had only heard the Officers' Mess call and responded automatically. While messages were hurriedly sent to the circus to come and claim their dangerous wild beast, the crowd was easily kept back. Whenever he roamed, there the outskirts retreated hurriedly backwards, sideways and sometimes upwards.

The creature, however, did not seem particularly interested in any of us—not even in Holster, who by virtue of being orderly officer kept finding himself at the front, despite the most wizardly and strategic moves on his part. In short,

Baloo Bear appeared to have something on his mind, and strolled about in the manner of one looking for something valuable he had just mislaid.

At last he found it, just about the same time as the circus proprietor, three huskies with guns and the Hindoo attendant appeared hastily on the scene. It was not what we should have called something valuable; indeed, it was only Private Muzzle. But then Private Muzzle had the evening before given the bear some jam. Baloo Bear, with a happy snuffle, abandoned all other interests and began to follow Private Muzzle through thick and thin.



PLUM-AND-APPLE FOR THE "WILD IMMERLAYAN 'ILL BEAR."

black-eye cleverly presented by Private Pullthrough, an opportunist, to his playmate of the afternoon. A moment later, however, the Hindoo attendant in charge of the bear hit Private Barrel in that part of Private Barrel which is most open to attack; and Private Butt, coming chivalrously though wildly to the aid of his friend, by accident smashed two bars of the wooden cage which confined the bear. Whereupon the bear, who had waited three years for this, shot swiftly out and disappeared into the night. Shortly after which the Regimental Police, always spoil-sports, stopped the fight and closed the circus.

Private Muzzle, however fond of animals he may be, is not used to being followed through thick and thin by "Wild 'Immerlayan 'Ill Bears, very fierce." Nor was his agitation allayed by the ominously cautious attitude adopted by the circus proprietor and his minions, who, with expressions of great trepidation and guns well to the fore, were initiating a stealthy surrounding movement in the manner of men expecting to be attacked and torn to pieces any moment.

The following round-up was for some time worthy of film he-men dealing with a rogue elephant. The proprietor called out orders in a cautious whisper and bade everyone keep quite still for their lives' sakes; the Hindoo gabbled quietly to himself in Hindustani, and Lieutenant Holster looked as brave as possible and told the men to get back to their huts while there was yet time. Throughout the chit-chat the three huskies with guns moved watchfully from point to point, and Private Muzzle moved rapidly from point to point.

This was all very well as long as no particular initiative was displayed by Baloo Bear. (Holster by the way had twice been reproved by the proprietor for referring thus to the animal, being told

on each occasion that it was a "berrown bear.") When, however, the animal suddenly gave up all hopes of Muzzle as a source of supply and made a bolt for the country, the proprietor, having to choose between losing a valuable exhibit and sacrificing the well-sustained illusion of "Wild 'Immerlayan 'Ill Bear, very fierce," jettisoned the latter.

He stood up and in a commanding voice called, "Ere, come back, Rupert!" and Baloo Bear stopped guiltily, came briskly back and, after begging and dying for the King in the hopes of averting summary punishment, suffered himself to be led off ignominiously by the left ear.

A. A.

The Portland Vase.

A vandal's missile—O outrageous act!—
Had left it, like the perpetrator, crackt;
And staid Victorians cursed aloud the cause
Of their awakened reverence for the
"Vause."

Hamlet at Mortlake.

We are asked to deny that the following soliloquy was uttered immediately after the Boat-Race:—

The Dane (No. 3 in the Oxford boat). "O, that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

HOT STUFF.

[The Medical Research Committee, to whose report on the virtues of violet-rays we referred last week, state that there is no present reason to believe that artificial sunlight is more beneficial than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, which is infinitely cheaper.]

THOUGH cranks have their "violet" fancies

And bottle up beams from the sun,
I never was one to take chances
With new-fangled medical fun;
Instead, with a faith quite ecstatic
That's pulled me through troubles untold,
Whenever I'm cold or rheumatic,
I stick to the simples of old.

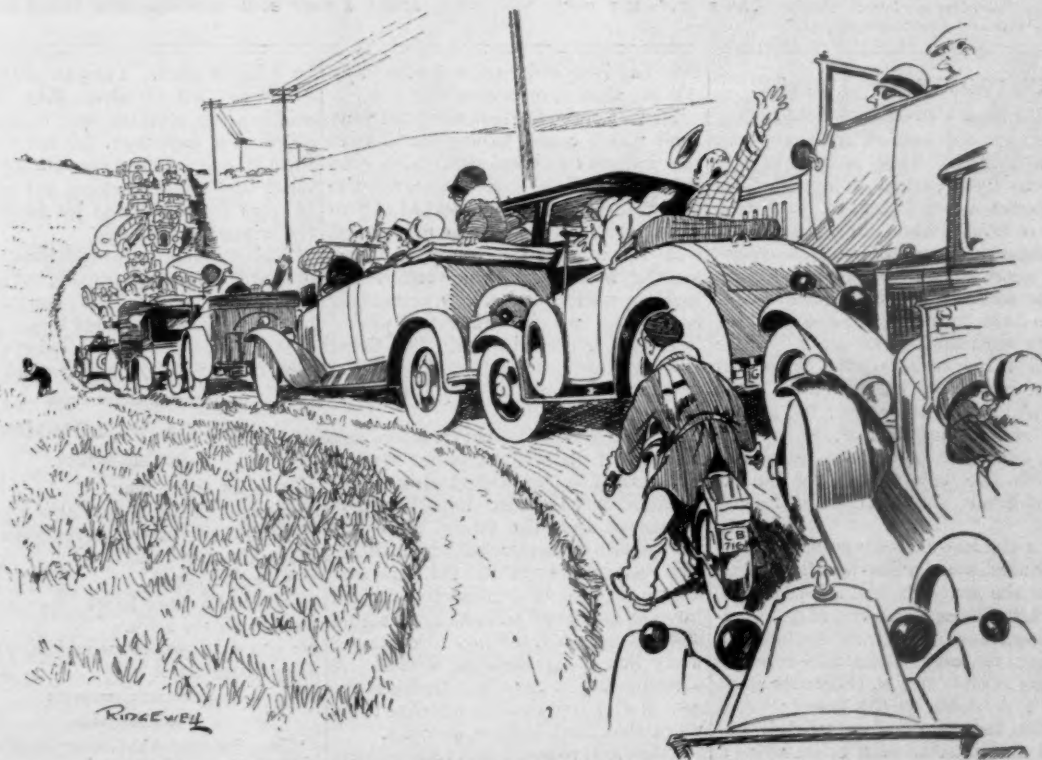
And still, when my chest becomes chilly,
My spouse makes a gay little pad,
Bright-hued like the daffadowndilly
And warmer than Allahabad;
No "sunshine" at guineas per bottle
She covets to dapple my skin,
But brands with a health-giving mottle
My tissues at twopence a tin.

The New Orchestration.

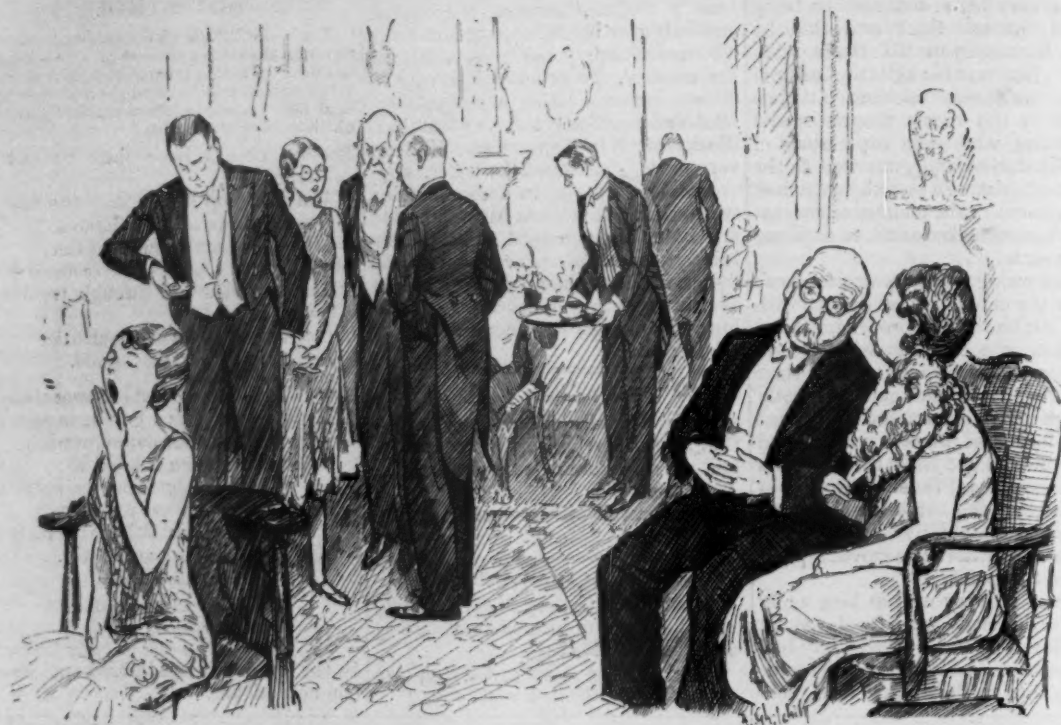
"COCKROACHES IN A FLAT."

Headline in Daily Paper.

In the old days these instruments were one note higher.



MRS. SMITH STOPS TO PICK A WILD-FLOWER.



Suburban Hostess (to Host). "THE PARTY'S NOT GOING VERY WELL, JOHN. I WISH SOME GATE-CRASHEES WOULD COME ALONG AND LIVEN THINGS UP."

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

SUMMER SPORT AT ADEN.

WE are not well off for the wilder fauna in Aden. True, an aged pair of baboons have carried on a precarious existence for many years on the barren sides of Shum-Shum, our highest peak; but those he-men who yearn to spend their short leave in big-game shooting are forced to cross the Red Sea.

We have, however, one line in which we are unparalleled, our crabs. These are of three varieties, the large and edible, which are brought from some remoter part of the coast; the not so large and quite inedible, which run with incredible speed on ridiculous stilt-like legs before one's car on our longest beach; and the charming hermit crabs.

It is the last-named who provide one of our most popular hot-weather sports. When the sea feels like a tepid bath, even after sunset, and the effort of redressing leaves one soaked through and through, the only satisfactory time for bathing is after 10 p.m. Someone says, "Let's go down to the beach;" cars are filled, iced beer and sandwiches produced and, after an hour or so, when a glorious sense of coolness and replete-

ness has been obtained, someone says, "What about a crab-race?"

Hermit crabs fit themselves into any shell which comes handy, and I have never found two specimens which, even if they are of the same shape, are also of the same size. The method of progress varies with the shape of the shell and the size of the occupant, some moving in curves, some preferring a tacking motion and a few proceeding backwards, which makes the job of handicapper no light one. The usual entrance-fee is R.1 per crab, and the owner may hunt up any particular shape he fancies.

After a few preliminary canters and a weeding out of the more obvious "rabbits," the picked specimens are introduced to the course. Experience has taught us that the fairest takes the form of two circles, one within the other. The runners are put into the inner one, facing (at least their respective owners hope so) outwards, and at a given signal they are released, the first to cross the outer line being declared winner. A pleasing variety may be introduced by means of a few shallow trenches to be negotiated, tank fashion, *en route*.

When first released each crab remains perfectly still and pretends hard that

he is just a shell. Then an eye swivels cautiously out of cover, then a claw, and in a few minutes each is legging it sturdily, if deviously, for the tape. I have known a runner encircle the whole inner line before making any attempt to cross the outer, and yet be declared the winner in the end.

A piece of ham-sandwich forms an appreciated reward for success, but usually renders the recipient too thoughtful to be of any use in a second event.

It's a good sport, and I don't think even the R.S.P.C.A. would mind.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

THE CHAIR-MEN.

You know those men
Who walk about in the Parks all day
Collecting pennies from everyone there
Who sits on a chair?
If now and then
They should want to sit
On a chair for a bit,
Do you suppose they would have to pay
Themselves for it? R. F.

Visibility poor.

"Travellers cannot be seen between the hours of 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m."

Notice in Reading Shop.

A VIRTUOSO INDEED.

THE sums paid for books from the library of Mr. JEROME D. KERN, the American composer, at his sale in New York the other day, were so dazzling as to turn the thoughts of countless persons towards collecting. Even if we cannot all write a tune like "Ol' Man River," we can be in at the birth of most first editions, the only problem being to secure and lay down the right ones. That is what people are saying; and never were first editions being bought so eagerly and read so little.

But first editions are an old and very obvious quarry. There are other books far more rare which the acquisitive connoisseur may pursue if he has the selective mind and a true passion for the printed word; and it might perhaps be of value to beginners in this noble sport if I describe the infinite pains which have been devoted to the chase of literary rarities by the illustrious bibliophile, Mr. ALFRED MASSER, who recently allowed me to examine his treasures.

Mr. MASSER has worked on lines totally different from those of the ordinary ruck of book collectors. Whereas they want a book to be perfect, it is of no interest to him unless it has defects. Let me give in his own words the account of how he alighted upon this fascinating and, he hopes, lucrative, hobby.

"It was, I think," he said, "in 1915 or possibly 1916—I can't be sure, nor is the exact year material; but I know it was during the War—that, wearying of the world's upheaval, I turned to book-collecting; and it came about by a very odd chance. I was reading a novel by OPPENHEIM when to my surprise I came again upon an incident that I had already read and thought to have done with; and then, examining the book with care, I found that the section, pages 33 to 48, had been twice bound in. At first my reflection was that, in spite of opinions to the contrary, it was possible to have too much of a good thing; but then I realised what a piece of luck was mine: I was probably the possessor of a unique copy of this popular author's work. In a moment I had decided how my spare time should for the rest of my life be spent: I would collect imperfect books."

Leading me to an inner room, which he told me was made of steel, and fire-proof, Mr. MASSER then displayed some of his most cherished volumes. Such books as merely lack leaves, torn out as pipe-lighters, he does not worry about, unless, of course, they had been torn by smokers of eminence, such as Mr. BALDWIN or Sir JAMES BARRIE, and the vandalism could be authenticated (when



Curio Dealer. "THERE'S A NICE PAIR O' 'ORNS, ON'Y A COUPLE O' POUNDS."

Caledonian. "THEY'RE AWFU' DEAR."

Dealer. "OF COURSE THEY'RE ORF A DEER. WOT D'YER 'SPOSE THEY'RE ORF OF? A RABBIT?"

they would come under the heading of Association Books), but any copy in which the binder has included extra pages, or any copy wanting pages which the binder has omitted, receives its place of honour and often a sumptuous special tooled leather cover to enclose the original cloth.

"Here, for instance," he said, tenderly proffering a copy of *The Sheik*, "is an example of the omitted section. This book, otherwise perfect, lacks pages 81 to 96. Here"—caressingly stroking a copy of the sixtieth thousand of *Married Love*—"is another example of redundancy. Sometimes the printer is my benefactor too, as when a whole page fails to take the ink, as in this copy of one of the otherwise not remarkable—

I mean speaking from the collector's point of view—romances of ETHEL M. DELL. You have no idea," he added, "with what interest I turn the pages of every new book, and how disappointed I am to find that all is well. Such a hobby as mine makes Literature a new and living thing, and gives it additional attractions."

He sighed the happy sigh of a proud and contented man.

"And what," I asked, "are you going to do with your collection?"

"It depends," he said, "on how my other and more ordinary investments turn out. If I become poor I shall sell it either to Dr. ROSENBAUGH or to Mr. GABRIEL WELLS; otherwise I shall leave it to the nation." E. V. L.



Small Girl (to visitor). "D'YOU ONLY DUST, COUSIN JOAN? THEY ALWAYS MAKE ME WASH."

HOLIDAY.

In my little wheeled abode
I rush along the by-pass road
For ever and for ever; I
Watch the moving figures fly,
Mounting with the engine's purr
On my small speedometer,
See the rolling meadows green
Hurting by through gasolene,
Hour by hour, and contemplate
Someone else's number-plate
Moving just in front of me
On the by-pass, endlessly,
And within my looking-glass
See the unexampled ass,
Sitting very still and clear,
Who is moving in my rear.
Nothing else transpires, because,
Owing to Creation's laws,
Each of us has got as much
Power within his moving hutch,
None of us can well exceed
Anybody else's speed;
So along the by-pass road,
Each within his wheeled abode,
Adequately covered in
Lest the air should harm our skin,
On and onward we explore
The surface of the concrete floor,
Till I wonder now and then
If we differ from the men
Who were sitting rank on rank
Yesterday inside a bank,

Or the Roman galley-slaves
Toiling on the endless waves,
Only that the latter did
Get some exercise amid
The absolute monotony
Of moving onward through the sea,
And, I gather, when they died
Were chopped in little bits and
shied

Through the portholes at the side.
This could not occur to me
Unless I stopped so suddenly
That the idiot at my back
Rushed into my moving shack,
Or the fool who is in front
Did the same unlikely stunt,
Causing me to spifficate
His infernal number-plate
And strew his little wheeled abode
All around the by-pass road. . .

Come, then, for I have a hunch
That the hour is ripe for lunch;
Let us pull aside, my dear,
Having signalled very clear
Just what we intend to do,
And, pausing for a drink and chew,
Watch the other cars roll by
O'er the concrete endlessly,
Every passenger shut in
His interminable tin,
And for half a moment seen
Through the hot-house of his
screen.

Here within this verdant nook
Let us pause and watch them.

Look,
April scatters rare delights,
Primroses and aconites
Shine upon the grassy floor;
Here are—

What a filthy bore!
Everybody else as well
Seems to have the notion. Hell!
Pushes out the little clutch
Of his tiny moving hutch,
Parks beside us till we touch,
Pauses for a drink and chew
Just the same as me and you;
And the moving caravan
By premeditated plan
Turns to immobility,
Every little toy of doom
Changes to a luncheon-room,
Till all Nature seems to be
An *al fresco* A. B. C.,
Or a Lyons' Corner House—
Lovely, yet monotonous! EVOE.

Filters or Philtres?

"FLIRTATION SYSTEM MAY BE INSTALLED.
Will Be Undertaken This Year If Money Is
Available, Says Mayor."
Massachusetts Paper.

"BIRD BUILDS NEST IN STREET LAMP."
Headline in Evening Paper.
An early bird after the therm?



THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GREEN;
OR, ZERO-HOUR AT MONTE CARLO.

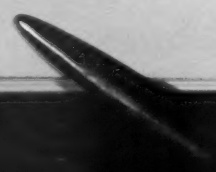
BEING MR. PUNCH'S UNAUTHORISED CONCEPTION OF THE REVOLUTION IN MONACO.



THE PEOPLE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

A BILL FOR THE REGULATION OF THE

TRADE AND COMMERCE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 25th.—Amid some mutterings of defiance against what Lord SALISBURY called "the extreme doctrines of privilege" laid down by the House of Commons, the House of Lords accepted a motion not to insist on their Amendments (disapproved by the Commons) to the Local Government Act.

Jamaica, where the bananas come from, has something else besides "Gros Michel" to be proud of. It has no wireless. It is true that, according to Sir ARTHUR HOLBROOK, "keen interest" is felt in broadcasting in the island, but Mr. AMERY informed the House that nobody so far had applied for a broadcasting licence. Presumably the up-to-date Jamaican with time on his hands tunes in to OAX Lima or listens to a breezy chat on the Renaissance from QXQTL Yucatan.

Mr. JABOTINSKY's Baggage sounds more like the title of a comedy of manners than the subject of an attack on the SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS. Unfortunately we shall never know who Mr. JABOTINSKY is or what happened to his baggage, because all that could be elicited from Mr. AMERY was that the practice which led to the protest has ceased.

Mr. HARDIE is the champion of equal pay for both sexes where the same work is done, but does not find the cause especially easy to promote. He tackled the POSTMASTER-GENERAL about it to-day, asking him why, since both sexes did their work with equal efficiency, they could not receive the same rates of pay. This calm assumption of masculine equality was too much for Lady ASTOR. Was it not the fact, she asked, that in some cases one sex did the work much better than the other? Mr. HARDIE, who had fondly imagined that he was standing up for those who cannot stand up for themselves, subsided.

Replying to a Question on the subject of the Regulation requiring that the doors of cars parked in authorised parking places must be left unlocked, the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT again revealed the cloven hoof of bureaucracy by declaring that "parking on the public highway is an indulgence."

It is nothing of the sort. It is a right of the citizen which may, it is true, have to be curtailed owing to the

exigencies of modern traffic, but is still a constitutional right. That no Member should have rebuked the Minister for his unconstitutional attitude only goes to show how spinelessly our legislators have passed under the Departmental thumb.

Replying to Mr. KELLY, the HOME SECRETARY stoutly defended the Government's action in refusing to ratify the International Convention prohibiting night-work in bakeries, on the ground that the Convention applied the prohibition to master bakers themselves as well as to operative bakers. That Sir WILLIAM with equal zeal upholds

So it came about that the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon, who is rapidly becoming the talk of the country once more, became for the moment the talk of the House. It was not very complimentary talk. Mr. GRENPELL, who moved the Labour motion, viewing unemployment with concern, compared Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's promise to remove the unemployment spectre from our midst in 1919 with his complete failure to grapple with the grizzly ghost in the years 1920, 1921 and 1922. Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, having intimated that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, like his compatriot, Taffy, had come to the Socialists' house and stolen all their plans for reducing unemployment, proceeded rather naively to explain that they were no use, anyway.

It remained for the MINISTER OF LABOUR to put the finishing touches to what might be described as a debate on the essential futility of the Squire of Churt's scheme. Like a chemist exploring the ingredients of some much-advertised patent medicine, Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND analysed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's panacea and pronounced it to consist almost entirely of water and colouring matter. How could he put sixty-two thousand unemployed on electricity work when the electrical trade was already straining every nerve to fill the orders stimulated by the Government's electricity schemes? How could three-hundred-and-fifty thousand men be put to work on the roads within a year when the preliminary work alone, according to the estimates of surveyors, would take



RIVAL ANALYSTS.

Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND. "NINETY PER CENT WATER, NINE PER CENT COLOURING MATTER AND ONE PER CENT TINCTURE OF CREDULITY."

Mr. E. BROWN. "ANYHOW, I FIND IT TAKES AWAY THAT TIRED FEELING."

the Shop Hours Act, which involves the master shopkeeper in restrictions intended to benefit the operative shop-assistant, merely shows that consistency is not one of the jewels that begem the HOME SECRETARY'S brow.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was apparently too busy catching the public eye—and that of the public Press—to-day to find a moment to catch the SPEAKER'S. The House seemed to consider this unfortunate in view of the fact that the debate was on Unemployment and the House had looked forward (or pretended to have looked forward) to a shining exposition by the dynamic Liberal leader of his modest programme for reducing unemployment to normal in a year at no extra cost to the taxpayer.

many months?

The tragic honour of "standing in Elgin's place" fell to Mr. BROWN, a Liberal back-bencher with a pedestrian mind and an insufferably loud voice, a sound man with none of the meretricious arts that make a politician plausible or a political speech worth listening to. He did, however, manage to get back on his Socialist tormentors by reminding them that their only remedy for relieving unemployment not filched from somebody else was that embodied in the sage utterance of the Fabian high priest, Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, who had oracularly explained that the way to cure unemployment was to prevent its recurring. The one point that might have occurred to Mr. BROWN—

that where patent medicines are concerned it is faith and not tincture of aloe that move mountains, and that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has an infinite capacity for engendering faith—seemed to have escaped him.

Tuesday, March 26th.—While the rolling Liberal waggon, hitched to its resurgent star, was negotiating the rolling electoral road along the lines indicated by Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL, a new and possibly not less dynamic force was being introduced into the House of Commons.

Amid the loudest and most prolonged applause that the House has indulged in for many a day Miss JENNY LEE, Lanark's new twenty-four-year-old Member, was introduced and took her seat. Pretty, natty, very serious, very competent, not lacking in assurance or (one suspects) temper, Miss JENNY blew in among the jaded and mostly middle-aged Members like a breath of Spring. She represents indeed the new Spring of youth—eager, impatient, industrious, efficient, shibboleth-hating, precedent-despising youth—that presently for the first time will exercise and enjoy to the full the privilege of *suffragium* and *honores*.

Whether the winter of our political discontent is made summer by this daughter of the proletarian gods remains to be seen. Miss LEE's name and raven locks suggest the Romany stock. One can only hope that there is just enough of the "raggle taggle gipsies, O" concealed in her trim make-up to temper the severities of the young Edinburgh *Portia*.

Other victors of the "Little Election" took their seats, Conservatism's ewe lamb, in the shape of the new Member for Bath, contrasting thinly with the Opposition's triple reinforcement.

The PRIME MINISTER explained to the House that it had been decided by all parties concerned that an Economic Committee, set up under the auspices of the Committee of Civil Research, should first consider the Channel Tunnel. If the Economic Committee finds that the Tunnel is an economic possibility, the political and military aspects of the matter can then be reconsidered. The PRIME MINISTER said that the Committee would be "of extraordinary strength," a phrase which caused some suspicious Members to wonder if it may not be above proof.

Mr. BALDWIN also informed the

House that, after careful investigation, there seems no occasion for the Government to take action in respect of the price of petrol.

Colonel WEDGWOOD had a question down about dual citizenship in Palestine. "Will the Right Hon. Gentleman do his best to get Palestinian citizens back to Palestine?" asked Sir ROBERT THOMAS, who believes in Britain for the Welsh. "Including the organizer of the Liberal Party," added Mr. WESTWOOD unkindly.



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, HAVING HITCHED THE LIBERAL PARTY WAGGON TO THE POLL STAR, FINDS HIMSELF EXCEEDING THE SPEED-LIMIT OF HIS WILDEST HOPES.

The Army Annual Bill produced the annual debate on the abolition of the death penalty for cowardice, which Mr. DUFF-COOPER defended with more eloquence than zeal. The Savings Bank Bill and the Reconstituted Cream Bill were read a third time.

International Town-casting.

"GENOA (Switzerland)."

Notice in Wireless Paper.

We understood that broad-casting brought the countries together, but we never thought it could do as much as this.

POSTPONE THE ELECTION.

A HALF-OPEN LETTER TO THE PRIME MINISTER.

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—Rumour has it that you intend to "go to the country" at the end of May. But may I, in the first place, respectfully remark, Sir, that that is a time of year when everybody else is in Town? You stand for Conservative principles, but if it is not a breach of Conservative principles to plunge us unnecessarily into a General Election at the height of the London Season then Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is positively a Tory. What, Sir, are the harassed hostesses of Belgravia to do all May if the brightest and best of England's guests are gadding about the country making speeches about the Rates? And will the June parties be much better off, with all the comings and goings of Cabinet-making, coalition forming, portfolio-pinching and what-not to disturb the peace?

Yet it is not for the Season's sake that I implore you to prolong the life of this Parliament to its natural end and postpone this odious Election to the month of October. Frankly, Sir, to me personally an Election in May will be highly inconvenient. I have promised to give what small assistance I can to a certain Member in a certain town in the Industrial North; and, much as I admire our basic industries, the thought of spending the last three weeks of May in any town in the Industrial North is definitely distasteful. Here in Hammersmith the lilac should be in bloom and our laburnum-tree (one of the late-flowering species) in bud. In the young creeper on the wall there will be the twitter of nesting birds (sparrows). In May* the swans sail forth from Chiswick Eyot and show their cygnets to the world. In May our Yacht Club races for the Vice-Commodore's Cup and other important trophies: in May my boat is lovely and inviting with the varnish and the paint of spring. In May the Muse sings freely in my soul, and at any moment I may burst into verse. In May I begin my sun-baths on the roof, and there beneath the canopy of heaven industriously obey the Muse. Sir, am I to spend this sunny and creative time upon the grim business of elector-catching in a grimy city of the North—

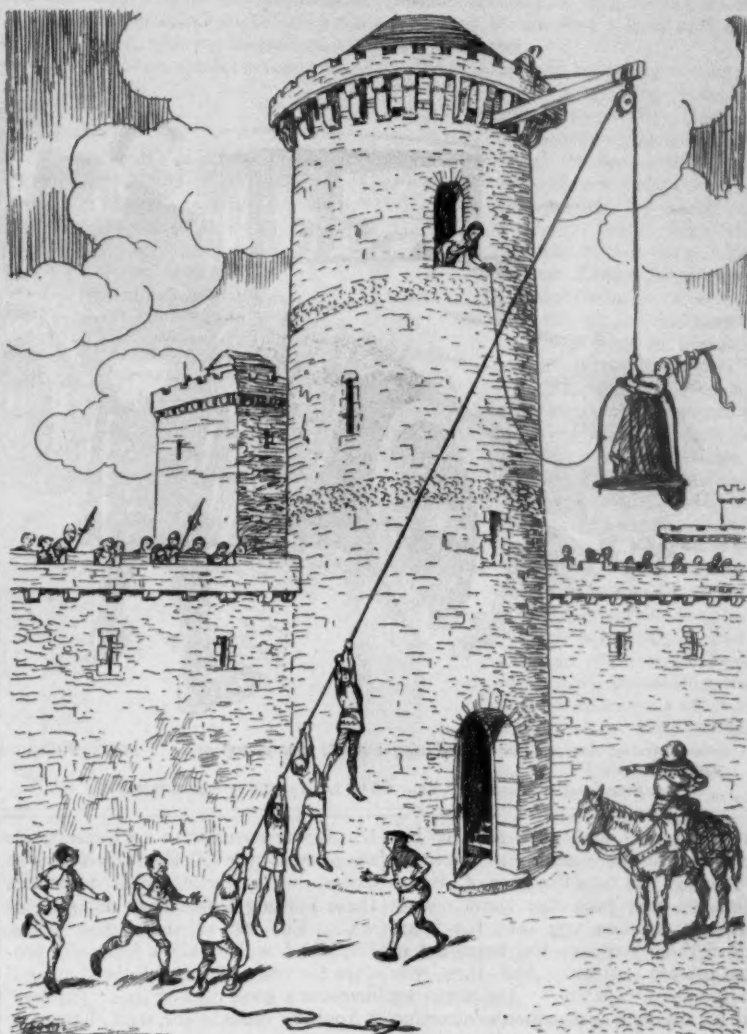
* Or June.

spouting at street corners, stewing at meetings in elementary schools, grubbing about in the speeches of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and ploughing the detestable sands of statistics—without the Muse, without my boat, without my swans, my sparrows and my sunburn? O Mr. PRIME MINISTER, have you a heart?

But, Sir, in this appeal I am not entirely selfish. Hear now, I beg, how well what I propose will benefit yourself. To put the thing upon its lowest ground, do you not see what a chance you have here to dish not only the Whigs but all your enemies? Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, for example, has heaved himself for the moment to the crest of the wave. It may or may not carry him over the month of May, but it would very probably collapse before October, for of such are the spectacular waves of the political ocean. His party are elated and eager for the fray; why give them the fray? He is credited with having fired off his rocket "at the psychological moment," i.e., just before the balloon goes up; but if the balloon does not go up, Sir, then all the psychology goes out of the moment, and he will have to look for a new rocket. He has captured the centre of the stage; but you, Sir, have the power to ring down the curtain. What fun, and, more, what policy to do it!

And with all respect, Sir, are you sure that you and your Party cannot profitably employ the time between now and October? You are being urged by many to produce a rocket of your own. You know best whether you have a rocket up your sleeve; but, if you have not, it will be difficult to manufacture a good one in the next few weeks. I do not say that you need a rocket—and you, we know, prefer the steady gleam—but many of your friends, by no means anxious to be dazzled by rockets or stimulated by explosions, could bear to see their familiar beacon shining a little brighter and shedding a more certain light upon their destination. A great increase of illumination could be arranged by October which it may not be possible to provide by May.

And then, Sir (if I may), about your Ministry. You have said some fine things about Youth in the past few years. I think you have said that the Conservative Party is the Party of Youth; you have certainly summoned Youth to your standard. But, Sir, when you look round your Ministry do you feel that you are among the boys? Do you feel that your many brilliant and earnest young supporters in the House have received such encouragement as to rally Youth, as such, to the said standard? However that may be, a little new blood would be no bad thing, surely,



THE DAWN OF THE ELEVATOR.

The Lady Ermyntrode (aside). "IN SOOTH I KNOW MY LORD HATH CONTRIVED THIS FOR MY GREATER COMFORT, BUT, GOD WOT, RATHER WOULD I CLIMB THE STAIRS TO REACH MY BOWER ANY TIME!"

whether it be young or old. To dismiss four or five Ministers a week or two before the Dissolution might seem needlessly offensive to the dismissed without carrying conviction to the people. But put your new men in now and let them play out the innings till October and there will be something in it from every point of view. (Speaking of innings, Sir, you may remember that Australia, in a recent contest, decided that young blood was needed; but she decided too late.)

Then, Sir, as to Parliament. I read with amazement, almost with anger, that the House of Commons has nothing

to do, can scarcely fill in the time. It was elected for five years, and has worked (with long holidays) for four and a half. And now "it has nothing to do"! Presumably, then, all is well with this island and its laws, since a Government with a majority of over 200 can think of no amendment worth making or even attempting. But, Sir, the facts are that for four-and-a-half years many of us have been pressing upon our Members certain desirable reforms, and the answer has always been, "The Government has no time." The Government took the time of Private Members because it had so



Owner of Ancient Car (introducing same to new chauffeur). "I DON'T DO MUCH WITH IT, ONLY ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY MILES A WEEK."

Chauffeur (contemptuously). "YES, THAT LOOKS ABOUT ITS SPEED."

much to do; and now that it has the time it has nothing to do in it. But when you take the time of Private Members you take the heart out of them; and when you take the heart out of them you take the heart out of the private citizen. And then you accuse us of "apathy." And when we ask for action in any particular direction we are lectured by your colleagues for worrying about "trifles." Sir, if your Government had worried more about our "trifles" there would be less "apathy."

However, there is still time. If you will defer the Election till October, I will undertake to find plenty of occupation for Parliament in the interval. We do not expect you to discover a ready-made remedy for Unemployment; but a Government with six months to spare and "nothing to do" might reasonably be expected to tackle such "trifles" as the reform of the Divorce Laws, the Betting Laws and the Licensing Laws, to name only three. Lord DANESFORTH, in *The Times* the other day, told us that these problems had "baffled the efforts of successive Governments," and had been wisely left alone by this one; but, if we may not expect another effort from a Conserva-

tive Government with an impregnable majority of over 200, then when may we expect one? If you, Sir, do not attack these baffling trifles, then nobody else will. Put me at the Home Office, Sir, and I will within a fortnight produce for you a series of Bills which will disperse a good deal of this "apathy." "Apathy" indeed! Sir, with all respect, we rather resent the lectures of your colleagues. And, if we are to be lectured, let the lectures be consistent. A Ministry which is being accused by its own supporters of doing too little is scarcely in a position to accuse them of "apathy." It is like the pot calling the kettle white.

Therefore, Sir, I beg you again to postpone this inopportune and premature Election, preserve the London Season, rejuvenate your Ministry, ennoble the HOME SECRETARY and other deserving public servants, consolidate your resources, prepare your rocket or beacon or whatever it may be, give an earnest of the future as well as a record of the past, and go to the country, like a Government refreshed, in mellow October, when the days are drawing in and it is meet and right for the people to gather together at political meetings. Sir, it is

not right and proper in the merry spring-time; indeed, Sir, it is a crime against Nature. But the chief point is, Sir, that I must not be exiled in the Industrial North in the merry month of May, when my laburnum-tree is in bud and my Muse in full flower.

I am, Sir, with apologies,

Your far from apathetic admirer,

A. P. H.

THE TWO VOICES.

"I am a young man. I have never seen Gladstone, nor do I know nor do I care what Gladstone said in 1884. . . . We are exclusively interested in the present and the future."

Liberal Candidate as recently reported.

THE ANCIENT ORACLE you "take as read"?

Tell me, then, since I'm seeking for a sign—

Can you explain away what LLOYD GEORGE said

In 1929?

A. K.

A Strange Duet.

"Chanson and a louse," according to a leading Daily, were to be transmitted by wireless from Radio Paris on March 19th. The HOME SECRETARY and POSTMASTER-GENERAL should manifestly give their prompt attention to this new menace to the English home.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIVE O'CLOCK GIRL."
(HIPPODROME).

The Five o'Clock Girl is reported to have been a great success in New York, and I am bound in honour to record that it was received with no signs of disapproval on its second night in London. I can find no satisfactory explanation of these easy verdicts. Certainly there were some haunting tunes, so definitely derivative that one is forced to the conclusion that the composers, Messrs. BERT KALMAR and HARRY RUBY, were making a deliberate, and I think allowable, essay in imaginative and tactful plagiarism. At any rate they succeeded in producing at least two melodies which go pleasantly at first and then maddeningly round and round in the brain, which is a legitimate ambition in this kind of show.

And I have a pleasant memory of the effortless and graceful acrobatics of the three dancing sisters ADAMS in an original turn of beautifully controlled rhythmical movement and nicely calculated balance. Two of these ladies gave us also an ostrich-feather dance, much after the manner of the DORIS sisters, without attempting too slavish a copy or suffering notably by comparison; and one of them (the programme ungallantly making no mention of it) interpolated a step-dance upon the very points of the toes, which was technically a triumph, if artistically not much more than a curiosity.

There was also some spirited dancing by Miss PEGGY BEATY and Mr. EDDIE CHILDS, who appears to have knee-caps of steel. And the entrance of the handsome young ladies of the Chorus always brightened up the doleful scene.

But there my pleasant memories end. The plot was a tedious rignmarole about a girl in a cleaner's shop who rang up or was rung up by a millionaire every evening at five o'clock and was assumed by him to be a Society lady of high rank on quite insufficient evidence. The poor man persisted in this illusion when the five-o'clock girl, in borrowed plumes, terribly gauche and with an excessively refined and careful accent, arrived for afternoon tea. His valet (and couldn't the musical-comedy stage accept the accomplished fact that "valet" has

been a naturalised English word for half-a-century and is not pronounced "by the best people" so as to rhyme with "alley"?), passing himself off as a man of substance, conducts a grotesque

And there are mystifications about an emerald necklace to spin out as inadequate and humourless a book as I can ever remember.

There is in fact no really sound or even promising material, and, though Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH (*Huggins* the valet) is too skilful and assured to fall altogether to be amusing, he could not do very much with the thinnest of thin parts. Mr. ERNEST TRUX, whose work I much admire, discovers himself, as the millionaire hero, to have a pleasant enough singing voice—if that kind of whispering impressionism now in vogue is to be called singing; but the Hippodrome is too large a theatre for his intimate technique. Miss JEAN COLIN made a pretty heroine, and has a pleasant voice and refreshingly clear enunciation. Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY, as her friend, was funny, not without being vulgar. But I suppose she might fairly plead that something had to be done to put a little life into the show. Miss URSULA JEANS seemed exquisitely out of place, marooned on a desert island of irrelevance. The mournful vagaries of two window-cleaners, friends of the heroine, fell upon my heart with a dull thud.

I think that perhaps speeding-up the pace by the producer would improve this affair. The great thing in adventures of this sort is not to give the patient time to reflect.

A Blow at Bureaucracy.

A Jamaica paper credits the Spanish Dictator with the suppression of "organised rubber bands." He has still of course to stamp out red tape.

Answer in English literature examination by school-girl:—

"The forsaken merman had married a land lady."

Evidently the nearest thing he could get to a shark.

"Yet however big a fraud the March cuckoo may be, migration does begin this month, many a bird journeying home to us from abroad, including the one that Tennyson spoke of as the 'sky-blue bird of March,' otherwise the wheatear. If not really 'sky-blue,' it is near enough blue for a poet."—*Evening Paper*. TENNYSON didn't seem to think so, and that may be the reason why he called it "sea-blue."



A MIRACULOUS FIT.

Huggins the valet (Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH). "YOU DON'T MIND ME WEARING YOUR CLOTHES?"

Gerald Brooks, his master (Mr. ERNEST TRUX). "RATHER NOT; THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU."

flirtation with the friend of the five-o'clock girl, a horrible little vulgarian.



A RETIRING HOST.

Susie Snow . . MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE LOST PATROL."

I wish I could be as enthusiastic about *The Lost Patrol* at the Marble Arch Pavilion as the critics quoted in the programme. I mean as an entertainment purely, for the acting of the performers and the products of the camera deserve all praise. But as an entertainment it is monotonous and over-long, while the end of the tragedy is so continually foreshadowed that by the time it is reached one is grateful. A further drawback is that when you place ten shaven British soldiers, all dressed alike, in the same spot in the



Sergeant (Mr. CYRIL MCLAGLEN). "WELL, AS A FILM HE-MAN, I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO BE BUCKED AT THESE WIDE OPEN SPACES."

Sahara, it is very difficult, through the tobacco-smoke that seems to accumulate in this theatre more than in most, to be sure which is which; and the efforts to identify them can be very tiring. In Mr. PHILIP MACDONALD's novel, *Patrol*, on which the film is based, there is room for the differentiation and development of character; but as the cinema cannot go much beneath the surface it is of the highest importance that the visibility of that surface should be intense.

The idea—for a book—is admirable. Somewhere in Mesopotamia in 1916 a little body of men, consisting of an officer, a sergeant, a corporal and eight ordinary soldiers, drawn from as many walks in life—from taxi-driving and pugilism, from music-hall dancing and Marble Arch hot-gossiping—are crossing the desert to a destination known only to the officer in charge. When suddenly this officer is killed by an Arab

sharp-shooter from behind a sand-hill, the rest of the troop are without guidance or purpose. The sergeant there-



HOW TO KEEP COOL IN THE SUN AT 135° IN THE SHADE.

fore takes command, and, proceeding at random, they come at evening to an oasis, where they remain until the story is finished, or, in other words, until the ten little nigger boys—for this old rhyme is continually recurring, to make the course of events only too clear—are none. To make their case the more desperate, during their first night their horses are stolen and the corporal is slain. One after the other they are then sniped: one of them in the top of



THE LURE OF THE RING.

HOW THE LOST PATROL MIGHT HAVE DECEIVED THE ENEMY TO THEIR DESTRUCTION.

a palm-tree, but most in the open. Two are sent off to reconnoitre and do not return. The hot-gosseller goes mad.

Finally the sergeant (who is played with great skill and feeling by Mr. CYRIL MCLAGLEN) is alone left, and, after accounting for half-a-dozen of the foe, he too bites the dust. Then there were none.

That is the plot—eked out by a terrific fight between two of the men, who, as usual on the films, although through two long rounds they attack like furies and exchange terrific blows with their naked fists, draw no blood, create no disfigurement, and apparently cause no physical distress. Surely here was the chance of the British producer, Captain SUMMERS, to pay a tribute to the realities. In the American underworld let there be slugging without the normal sequel; but



Trooper Hale (Mr. CHARLES EMERALD). "IN OUR DESPERATE CONDITION, SARGE, THIS EXHIBITION OF MY 'TROUBLE AND STRIFE' MAKES A BIT OF COMIC RELIEF."

among British soldiers blows should have their true value.

The cinema's great gift of retrospect is also called in to lend a little variety to the desert. Thus, on one of the ten men being asked what the girls in Venice are like, we instantly have a wild night during the Carnival set before us, in which the narrator emerges as half *Casanova* and half *Porthos*. Another, the music-hall dancer, evokes from the past one of his duets with his wife, who, almost immediately after it, is (quite gratuitously) run over and maimed by a motor-car. These diversions, however, do little to take our minds from the fact that ten British soldiers' lives are being thrown away.

Every film provides a puzzle or two, and I wonder how many of the audience shared my curiosity as to how soon the officer whom we saw buried in the sand, which was well stamped down on him, was disinterred; and what the troops ate, and how their supply of cigarettes held out so long.

E. V. L.

LIBRARY CHAIRS.

(A Jolly Game for Adults.)

BEFORE we moved into our new house my wife dwelt a good deal on the advantage of being so near a well-equipped Public Library, remarking that in her opinion I had spent a good deal too much on the purchase of the better-class magazines and reviews. Now, as she pointed out, I should only have to walk a few hundred yards to skim the cream of contemporary thought. That was what she meant. What she said was, "You'll be quite happy there, frowsting, while I get some golf." And I, knowing no better, agreed.

Yesterday for the first time I entered the reading-room. I am not a fresh-air fiend, but it struck me that my wife for once had hit on the right word. The place seemed very full. The reviews and illustrated weeklies were clamped to the desks like so many chained Bibles, and their names were printed on boards like the names of cows over the stalls in a model dairy.

I soon saw that all my favourites were engaged; in fact, the only periodicals available were *The Vegetarian News*, *The Feathered World* and *The Exchange and Mart*. I sat down to this last and studied its columns while waiting for a stout man who was buried in *Cornhill* to get up and go. I was becoming mildly interested in the probable reactions of the advertiser who wanted to exchange a set of poets bound in limp calf for a saxophone when the stout man rose. I rose also, but not quickly enough. The lady who had been scanning *The Lancet* with well-feigned interest executed an adroit flanking movement and slid into the vacant chair before I could reach it.

Balked, I looked about me for a better strategic position. *The Feathered World* was now occupied by a reader who, neglecting his opportunity to learn a cure for the gaps in fowls, was looking wistfully in the direction of *The Graphic*, and my present choice was limited to a weekly whose main features were pictures of actresses, beauty hints, and full instructions for cutting out a three-piece set of undies, and to a publication called *The Allotment-Holder and Rabbits for Profit*. The former was near *The Fortnightly*, but not, I feared, near enough. I am out of training and I distrusted my ability to leap the ten or twelve feet intervening when the moment to do so arrived. I therefore selected *The Allotment-Holder*, which was ideally situated between *The National Review* and *The London Mercury*. I sat down, prepared to hurl myself in either direction, and affecting to read an article on how to plant parsnips.



"WHAT! ANOTHER NEW HAT ALREADY?"

"YES, DEAR. HOW THE TIME DOES FLY ! "

Then the unexpected happened. My neighbours on either side rose simultaneously and moved away. I hesitated between the two vacancies, and my hesitation was fatal. A middle-aged lady, who had been toying with *The Builder*, pounced on *The London Mercury*, while a big man of ferocious aspect instantly abandoned *Crochet and Tatting*, No. 72 of *The Needlewoman*, and secured *The National Review*.

I got up and looked about me. I might sit down, if I liked, to *The Fret-worker*, which was near *Punch*. If I had been a younger and stronger man

I should have tried again. But I had had flu not so long ago and my spirit was broken. I went home.

But I quite see that, viewed as a game, there is something to be said for Library Chairs. When I feel stronger I daresay I shall play again.

An Unjust Ban.

"The Management reserve to themselves the right to expel any lady they think proper."

Notice in East-End Dancing-Hall.

"ANNA MAY WONG ON THE STAGE."

Headline in Evening Paper.

But no one else may.

BROWN'S REVENGE.

AGAINST Epaminondas Brown

At school, when first I came
Across him, well, we had a down
Not only for his name.

His face suggested chronic mumps,
And in its midst arose
A feature that description stumps—
A huge misshapen nose.

He had no chance; he lacked good looks;
He was not bright or gay;
Extremely backward at his books
And of no use at play.

The obviously predestined butt
Of schoolboy taunts and tricks,
This mild and melancholy mutt
Got little else but kicks.

He moved no pity, no remorse;
And so he left the school,
Only remembered as the source
Of endless ridicule.

And yet the treatment he received
Lent his ambition wings;
The fame he afterwards achieved
From our derision springs.

For in a flash, when scorned, disdained
And beaten in the race
Of wits, he saw there yet remained
A fortune in his face.

The master-minds of Hollywood,
Scenting a first-class freak,
Gave him the means of making good
With his grotesque physique.

Ten years ago he was "poor Brown,"
A queer down-trodden lout;
To-day ten million souls bow down
Before his monstrous snout.

SOOF.

"LET'S toss up and decide that way,"
said Joan; and the penny, falling tails
up, decreed that we should buy a new
car in place of our eight-year-old Tuff
and forgo our holiday abroad.

"Poor old Tuff," she continued, "he's
been a dear, but really he's becoming
impossible. He refuses to go at all un-
less he's so hot we can't bear the smell.
When I take him shopping I daren't
stop the engine because if I do I can't
get it to start again, while if I can't
stop it nobody can hear what I say."

"I know," I replied rather gloomily,
for I have a very soft spot in my heart
for the car, "but he has done a hundred
thousand miles; I don't think we can
grumble. Still I must admit that I can
never do anything with him myself
until the thermometer on his radiator
is showing nothing but red; he's only
happy when that happens. Let's walk
over and see Ralph. He will tell us
what make of car he recommends."

Ralph, I may say in passing, is a sort
of Court of Last Appeal on all motoring
matters. His idea of a happy holiday
is to take to pieces a car which was pre-
viously running quite well, examine all
its intimate interior parts, clean them,
oil them and replace them. In all fair-
ness I must admit that he does this so
well that the car invariably runs just as
efficiently after the operation as it did
before he started on it.

"I want to speak to you about Tuff,"
I said when we arrived.

"*De mortuis*," said Ralph reverently.

"He's done a hundred thousand
miles," I retorted hotly; "you can't
expect—"

"The thing is nothing more than a
scrap-heap. Machinery will not last for
ever," he replied with all the indiffer-
ence of a surgeon refusing a hopeless
operation case, "so don't soof."

"Don't what?" asked Joan.

"Soof," said Ralph. "In other words,
don't be a sentimental fool. Now about
a new car. It depends very largely on
how much you are prepared to pay. . . ."

"I've brought your new car over,
Sir," said the man from the garage, "and
I'm to take your old one back with me."

Feeling curiously traitorous I glanced
once more at Tuff's weather-scarred radi-
ator. Eight years, a hundred thousand
miles, and this was his reward. "Just
for a handful of silver," I said bitterly.

"We gave you the best price we
could," replied the man stiffly.

I looked at the new car with some-
thing of distaste. There was a certain
air of smug satisfaction about his shin-
ing paint and something unpleasantly
feline about the smooth purr of his
engine. "I'd like to try the new car,"
I said, "so I'll run down to the village
in it. If you'll take the old one, we can
settle all the details at your garage."

"Very good," he replied, "though I'm
afraid you'll have to wait for me. You'll
find that your new car is very much
faster than your old one—in fact, the
new one is superior in every way."

The new car purred in agreement and
I glanced at Tuff. He seemed to be
more dejected than ever, as though he
too realised the hopelessness of competi-
tion with this newcomer who glistened
in all the arrogance of his youthful
energy.

"Coming?" I asked Joan, and she
nodded. As she passed Tuff she placed
an affectionate hand on his wing, one
of the few parts where he was cool enough
to touch, for his engine had been run-
ning.

"Good-bye, wonder-car," she said.

"Soof," I said loudly and let in the
clutch.

The purr changed to a faint noiseless

tremble; I changed gear and we seemed
to be floating on air.

Neither of us spoke until we reached
the bottom of the long hill which runs
up to the garage in the village. Then,
as a familiar clamorous rattle struck
our ears—

"Tuff's coming," said Joan.

Furtively I released the pressure of
my foot on the accelerator and the new
car slowed on the incline.

"We're not taking the hill very well,"
said Joan; "is anything wrong?"

"Probably the engine is still a bit
stiff," I replied evasively, and the car
trembled with indignation.

The clamour behind us increased in
volume; there was a blast of fiery air,
an almost overpowering smell of burn-
ing oil, and Tuff, passing us with a rush,
entered the garage ten yards ahead.

"You ought to come up the hill
better than that," said the garage
proprietor; "was your foot right down
on the accelerator?"

I hesitated. There was, I felt, some-
thing rather unfair in this direct method
of attack.

"Well, perhaps not right down," I
admitted.

I glanced at Tuff. His thermometer
was exultantly flushed with victory.
Joan's eyes followed the direction of
my glance.

"Soof," she said.

**THE TITMOUSE THAT COULDN'T SING
IN TIME.**

I'm just a little titmouse, about two
inches long.

With an irritable manner and a funny
little song;

My memory's prodigious, and I'm very
fond of rhyme,
And my intonation's perfect—but I
cannot sing in time.

I perch upon the mutton bone that's
hanging from a tree,

Upside up or upside down—it's all the
same to me;

I can perch and I can twitter, I can fly
and I can climb,

I can scold and I can squabble—but I
cannot sing in time.

No self-respecting tit can live an in-
artistic life,

So I'll say good-bye next summer to
my children and my wife,

And live without distraction in a sunny
foreign clime

And study with the humming-birds—
they make you sing in time.

"Close marking and good defensive tacking
by the Navy frustrated all their efforts."

Sunday Paper.

Who was it said that the Navy never
jibs?



IF PLAYERS DRESSED THE PART ACCORDING TO THEIR ABILITY TO PLAY—



THINGS WOULD LOOK DIFFERENT.

G. L. FORD
1929.



Our Village Cynic (as home player is tripped up and fouled). "GO ON—KICK 'IM AGEN—'E'S STILL BREATHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN spite of the provocative whimsicality of its title and other *espiègleries* of a similar nature, *Cats in the Isle of Man* (HEINEMANN) strikes me as appreciably more considerable than the average Society toy-book. Its theme is the pitiful adaptations and ruses of the "womanly" woman in a world of "manly" men, a world where rich women have commonly lost their patriarchal status without acquiring the dubious compensations of comradeship. In this world, largely inhabited by the American wives of French nobility, moves the *Claudia* of an anonymous American friend's narrative. I am afraid I do not believe in the anonymous American friend—and Mrs. REGINALD FELLOWS only remembers her every now and again, being usually content to tell an admirable story in her own admirable way—but there she, occasionally, is. *Claudia*, the unhappy result of a Polish-American alliance, has an ugly duckling childhood, cleverly rendered except on its religious side. Neither its terminology nor its spirit are those of a small Continental *croyante* with a delightfully devout old governess. *Claudia*, however, is intended to be a rudderless drifter, and no sooner is she out of the schoolroom than she drifts. Her evil genius, a richly-caparisoned American stepmother, prevents her marrying the "super-youth," *Felix de Foljambe*; and, foiled as regards her eighteenth-century young Frenchman, *Claudia* marries an eighteenth-century

old one, the *Comte de Limon*. Subsequently she tries to recapture *Felix*, himself inadequately and Transatlantically mated; but both *Felix* and old *Limon* prefer *Bèbe Printemps*, a good-looking half-wit of the type so frequently found reposeful by the highest French intellectuals. An extraordinarily disciplined piece of work, witty, poignant and of a singularly fresh maturity, I find this original first novel as full of promise as of accomplishment.

When two of our crack authors collaborate, an exchange of letters between two characters, each of whom can be impersonated by one of them, is obviously the best form possible. Of this kind is *Farthing Hall* (MACMILLAN), which is the joint frolic of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE and Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Mark French* and *Robert Newlands* are two friends, each of whom has a story to tell. *Mark French*, having noticed a damsel in obvious distress, determines to become her knight-errant and follows her northwards from Euston until they arrive at Keswick. He tracks her down to Farthing Hall, a half-ruined mansion in a remote part of the hills, and then takes up his quarters at an inn near by. *Robert Newlands*, his friend, has had a quarrel with his wife, who has suddenly left him and cannot be found. Each of these stories is unfolded day by day in the letters between the two men. Finally the time arrives when the two should obviously meet. *Mark* in his remote Lakeland inn has discovered, in the course of his attempts to rescue his lady from a drunken and demoralised brother and an ogre of a father,

that his friend's wife is staying in a private house not many miles from where he is. *Bob* must of course go North at once; but the collaborators skilfully avoid the difficulty by the device of simultaneous telegrams bringing *Mark* back to London to watch the brother, who is being blackmailed and now holds the centre of *Mark's* stage, on the same day that his friend is speeding northwards to his wife. They are thus able to continue their correspondence after a change of ends. An excellent story, on which the two authors are to be heartily congratulated. There is only one weak place in the book. *Bob* and his wife *Marjorie* make several attempts at reconciliation which fail. Finally *Bob* is allowed by his author to sprain his ankle on the fells, and to be discovered there by his wife. Surely the stalest of devices.

Jim Warlock's wife to Aix must go;

Jim stays at home, and he
Meets in a Chelsea studio

The flapper, *Doris Lea*,
And makes her, for a month in Town,
An Imperfect Lover, says ROBERT GORE-BROWNE.

For, when his spouse comes home, *Jim*
thinks

That he has been unwise;
He breaks with *Doris Lea*, who drinks
Spirits of salt and dies,
Which causes quite a scandal, yet
Jim's wife forgives and she'll try to
forget.

A curtain, please; the play is played;
It sounds the trivial stuff?
Not quite; the author's wit has made
It reasonable enough.
And who has staged his puppet show?
Why, W. COLLINS, SONS & Co.

Apart from the creator of "the Hero of *Paradise Lost*," I have never met anyone who took a more ardent interest in the Devil than Mr. R. LOWE THOMPSON. His Devil, I hasten to add, has no metaphysical implications. I doubt if sin exists for the anthropologist as such, and Mr. THOMPSON is an anthropologist who has followed the spoor of the cloven hoof from the year 7072 B.C. (or so) to the present day. The earliest manifestations of "the horned god of the West" are thrillingly bizarre and recondite. Caves "reeking of magic," lying deep in the bowels of (usually French) earth, provide those primitive drawings of tribal magicians masquerading as beasts of the chase which, according to Mr. THOMPSON, were all there was of *Auld Reekie* before Greek metaphysics came to trouble the world. Mr. THOMPSON dislikes Greek thought and Eastern innovations; and he has grown so attached to "Cernunnos," as he calls him, by the time that deity confronts organised Christianity that he betrays less than a scholar's patience with Cernunnos' opponents. By his own account the Christianising of



Visitor (seeing for the first time a pugilist shadow-boxing at his training quarters).
"IT'S EXTRAORDINARILY SAD. HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN LIKE THIS?"

natural religion was carried to extremely charitable lengths, but he cannot forgive the thirteenth-century campaign against the obscener gods of the underworld. He has no doubt whatever of the nature of their rites, but these were "no alien weed," like Gnosticism, but "a native growth" that should have been respected. Continuing to the present era, *The History of the Devil* (BENN) divides itself into a little obscure Satanism, negroid ritual dances and harmless traditional mumming of the "Horn Dance" type. For a collector of "vestigial details" this is a sad ending to a happy day, and I am not surprised that Mr. THOMPSON, with the ruthless acquisitiveness of the born collector, regrets the handsomer opportunities of the past.

The two names on the cover of *Enter Sir John* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and the third, which appears in the "Foreword," promise brilliant team-work, for Miss CLEMENCE DANE knows almost as much as any one person can about the stage, Miss HELEN SIMPSON has proved herself very much at home in the world of crime, and Mr. C. S. EVANS, to whom the plot is attributed, should, being a publisher, know what a good plot ought to be. The result of their collaboration is excellent, from the opening scene in the lodgings at Peridu, when a sudden knocking in the night rings up the curtain on the murder of *Edna Druce*, to the last page and *Sir John's* inimitably characteristic answer to the Press agent. In between come a trial (with a chapter worthily devoted to the gentlemen and ladies of the jury) and a death sentence, which is within a week of being carried out when *Sir John* enters to score his first and last success in the rôle of detective. *Mariella Baring*, the accused, is well drawn, with her courage and pride and integral fineness; but *Sir John* is the triumph of the book. He is the perfect actor-manager, he that every actor-manager should wish to be, and yet a living breathing creation. Luckily for *Mariella* he is also accustomed to follow a whim as earnestly as most men follow a career, and it is this that in the end saves her from the gallows. The scene at the Sheridan Theatre, when he corners the murderer, who escapes down the electric signs outside the window, is as good a "thrill" as any detective story need be asked to provide.

Mr. A. E. COPPARD is beyond question one of the elect short-story tellers. But I do not think that in *Silver Circus* (CAPE), and the tales that go with it, he is quite at his best. I seem to detect in this book certain disquieting symptoms. Mr. COPPARD has an attractive style of his own, but it is a style which apparently may too easily decline into a mannerism, a sort of literary facetiousness. Then, again, there is the matter of content. Perhaps I am old-fashioned, but I feel that a short story should have a point, and rather a sharp one. The "pint pots of KIPLING" satisfy my literary thirst very nicely, but a story about a young man who thought he would like to take poison and did not, and just went on living, leaves me cold. As for Mr. COPPARD's allegories—for instance, "The Ape and the Ass"—they are a kind of cross-word puzzle that I am quite incapable of solving. But enough of carping. There are two or three stories in this collection which are very good indeed, if not quite at the top of Mr. COPPARD's pitch. The "*Silver Circus*" itself is a pleasing piece of grim irony. A Viennese porter, allowing himself to be persuaded, for love of lucre, to be sewn up in a tiger's skin, that he may wrestle with a lion to tickle the groundlings, discovers that the lion's skin contains the man who had run off with his wife. And the porter is much stronger than his rival. . . . At the other end of the scale, and incidentally at the other end of the book, is the story of *Polly Morgan* and her ghost, which it would be unfair to

Mr. COPPARD and his readers that I should lay. It is a story of a very delicate humanity.

Earlier books from the pen of "TAFFRAIL" (Commander TAPRELL DORLING, D.S.O.) gave good ground for hoping that a portion, at any rate, of the literary mantle of Captain MARYAT might be going to descend upon his shoulders. Unfortunately his latest venture, *Shipmates* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), does not bring the realisation of that hope any nearer accomplishment. The story, which deals with the naval career of two lads from the same West-country village, the one an Admiral's son, the other a fisherman's, the latter a thorough good fellow, the former a perisher of the first water, depends for its interest, like the author's previous books, more on incident and atmosphere than on plot. As usual it demonstrates his intimate knowledge of naval life. But I observe a distressing growth of that peculiar brand of sentiment which seems to have a fatal attraction for so many nautical authors, and the raucous humour which was so refreshing an element in "TAFFRAIL's" first books is proportionately less.



MEMBERS OF OUR ANTI-LITTER LEAGUE GET MARRIED.

Three Ways (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is rather an exasperating novel, but it contains promise enough to make me sure that Mr. GABRIEL WADE's name will be better known some day. As regards *Felix Jane*, the young man who plays the principal part in this story, I agree with a married woman whom he adored when she said to him, "The War, instead of forcing you, seems to have arrested your development. At twenty-six you are still eighteen, with everything still to learn about life." By

nature a knight-errant, he became, by his brother's death in the War, heir to a title and great estates, and as long as Mr. WADE is dealing with the relations between the unhappy *Felix* and his conservative family he never makes a mistake. The *Janes* are alive and finely drawn. But many of the moderns into whose society *Felix* plunged are extremely tiresome and unnecessary. A little of this hectic world was needed as a foil to the *Janes'* family life, but Mr. WADE gives us too much of it.

The principal tenants of *Darkened Rooms* (HUTCHINSON) are a charlatan who held stances, a famous K.C. who was also a renowned athlete and supreme egotist, and a young actress who was on her way to fame when she was driven to madness by the charlatan and committed suicide. The K.C., with whom the actress was in love, as he with her, found himself sentenced to death from *angina pectoris*, and, wishing to be convinced that there was a life after death, he fell an easy prey to various "manifestations." With such material Sir PHILIP GIBBS has no difficulty in making a story that will appeal to popular taste. He has gauged his public to a nicety, and, if he has sacrificed something of his art in the process, he at least provides many thousands of readers with precisely the mental fare which they crave.

CHARIVARIA.

ELECTIONEERING in the far North of Scotland in bad weather is no joke, we are told. But then in Scotland there are so many funny things that are no joke.

Women going in for public speaking are advised to wear easy-fitting shoes, to allow for swelled feet. They should also beware of talking through tight hats.

Inexperienced platform-speakers are recommended to practise phrases on their families. Our thoughts are with the families.

In order to emphasise the vote of no confidence in Mr. VIVIAN PHILLIPS as a Candidate for West Edinburgh, which was passed unanimously by the Gorgie Ward Liberal Association after his criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, there is some talk of the Ward being renamed the Lloyd Gorgie Ward.

A gossip-writer reminds us that a certain lady-novelist is still only twenty-seven years of age. He doesn't say how long this has been going on.

The members of the M.C.C. Test team are to be given a public welcome when they land at Dover on the 20th. We understand that it is to be limited to six days' duration.

In the opinion of an American musician nine persons out of ten really like the saxophone whatever they may say. It must be a kind of Sax Appeal.

A prominent wireless comedian is to return to the stage. We understand that he has succeeded in thinking out several new funny faces and is tired of waiting for television.

A film expert refers to the notion that a "talkie" consists of a close-up of two figures with voices coming out of their mouths. Our own impression has been that the voices came out of their noses.

TENNYSON's cloak was sold by auction for six pounds the other day, but we have no confirmation of the rumour that it is to be cut down to fit a neo-Georgian poet.

The town of Glashütte, the centre of the clockmaking industry in Saxony, is bankrupt. It can no longer live on tick.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Daffodil Show has been postponed for a week, but it is not anticipated that plans for the arrival of swallows will be affected.

Mexican bandits, we are told, very often expose themselves to death or capture in order to obtain cigars, cigarettes or pipe tobacco. These are the sort of men who would be capable of attempting to purchase tobacco after 8 P.M.

Our feeling with reference to the adoption of a special necktie for 2LO announcers is that it exposes them to the risk of recognition by listeners-in.

Only about a sixth of the twelve thousand pictures submitted to the Academy can be hung, and Chelsea is prepared for the rejection of the ten thousand best ones.

Society, we are told, is always pushing westward. Ealing is still safe for a bit.

HOWARD RYAN, a four-years-old boy of New York, is reported to smoke three cigars and a packet of cigarettes daily. A child of that age ought not to be allowed to have matches.

The Refreshment Department of the House of Commons has made a loss of several thousand pounds during the past Session. It is suggested that this might be made up if visitors to the House paid an entrance-fee at feeding-time.

We distrust the rumour that a reader of *The Daily Mail* has written to *The Daily Express* to say that a pair of cuckoos are rearing a brood of hedge-sparrows in his back-garden.

An edict has been issued in Kandahar prohibiting the shaving of the beard. We are glad to think that a solution of the problem of what to do with old razor-blades has at last been discovered.

A surgeon at an ophthalmic hospital says that women

do not weep so much as they used to. Meanwhile, CHARLES KINGSLEY's rule, that "men must work," remains unaffected.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has revealed that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was the real author of the De-rating scheme. This disposes of the persistent rumour that it was actually Mr. EDGAR WALLACE.

Transfer to the Other Orient.

"WAR CLOUDS IN CHINA."

President Chiang Kai Shek is massing a hundred and fifty Bolton Wanderers.

South African Paper.

Not many people could afford so many of them.



"'ERE, SEEN A HARTIST BLOKE PASS BY YER, RUNNIN' LIKE THE DOOCE? GOT ME TO CARRY 'IS REJECTED PICKSHER FOR 'IM, AND NOW THE DIRTY DOG'S GONE AND 'OPPED IT?"

The claim that a Highgate family heard the nightingale two weeks ahead of its usual time, while they were sitting at tea between 6.15 and 6.30, is regarded as evidence of the lateness of tea-time at Highgate.

As an instance of the beneficial effects of amateur theatricals, we are told of an amateur actor who declared that he felt pounds lighter after taking part in *The Merchant of Venice*. Antonio only expected to be one pound lighter.

Honeymoons, it is pointed out, are much abbreviated now-a-days. This shows a right sense of proportion in view of the tendency to shorter marriages.

L'ÎLE DES NATIONS.

THERE is one aspect of the Channel Tunnel problem which has not yet received public attention, though I believe it has not escaped the notice of Sir WILLIAM BULL and his expert allies.

The question is—What is to be done with the soil or sub-soil which is extracted from the bed of the Channel in order to allow the free passage of British and foreign bodies?

I have no figures by me, but I calculate that many million tons of blue gault, rocks, stones, empty beer and soda-water bottles will have to be disposed of somehow; and wherever put they are likely to be in the way.

One attractive scheme (my own) is to construct with this material a gigantic pyramid somewhere on the Dover cliffs. Again, I have no figures by me, but I calculate that there will be enough blue gault to construct a Blue Pyramid superior in proportions and beauty to anything they have in Egypt. A large and conspicuous object on the South Coast might for the first time make this island a place of interest to the foreigner; it would be the greatest help to the mariner and would protect Kent and Sussex from the south-east gales. On the summit would be vast figures of Sir WILLIAM BULL and the Mayor of DOVER beckoning on the friendly visitor to our shores. And if it failed as an ornament the thing could be used as a wireless station or a hill-climbing test for motor-bicycles.

But personally I am drawn to another scheme (also my own). One of the official suggestions, I believe, is to dump this mass of blue gault and soda-water bottles at various spots in the English Channel. My proposal is to dump it in the same spot in the English Channel, i.e., between Dover and Calais, about half-way over. I calculate that we shall have enough material to form quite a substantial island. Now the great objection to the sea, and particularly the Channel, has always been the absence of land in it. All experienced travellers know the beneficial effect of a casual island upon a ship's company and passengers—something to look forward to as it is approached, and to discuss and examine as it is passed; and an island in the Channel, easily visible from either shore, would rob the passage of half its terrors. It would also, by the way, be a cheering landmark for that procession of well-developed British girls who in the summer months insist on transporting themselves across the Channel by methods obsolete and admittedly inconvenient.

Then, socially and internationally, my island would have immense signifi-

cance. Presumably, if the Channel is constructed by British and French labour in combination, the island would be half French and half British. It would not, unless annexed, belong to either country as such; for any private citizen, I suppose, may dig up an island out of the bed of the ocean and keep it for himself.

Anyhow I propose that it should be administered on strictly international principles—that is, half French and half British—with a large white line across the middle. On one side of this line it would be a Continental watering-place, with a Casino, mixed bathing, lager beer, French cooking, no "licensing," no rules and regulations, except the French code of manners (which is not, I think, wholly to be despised). On the other side of the line it would be a British holiday resort, with a lot of nice notice-boards and inspectors and bye-laws, British boarding-house cooking, no bathing from the beach, but a row of picturesque and hygienic bathing-machines, no bathing on Sundays before five o'clock in the afternoon, but mixed bathing permitted between two and four on alternate Tuesdays, shops and places of refreshment to be open only at inconvenient times, and a proper supply of plain-clothes detectives.

Now a lift would connect the Tunnel with the island, popping up somewhere in the middle of it (and a station half-way would do much to relieve the monotony of the Tunnel journey). Visitors from either side of the Channel would step out of the lift and turn to right or left according to their fancy. There are many quiet French families, I hear, who yearn for the austere respectability of our British *plages*; and both races would have a unique opportunity to compare the two civilisations, and so come nearer to mutual understanding. Then, what a meeting-place for the statesmen of the two countries! It has been observed, as a curious contradiction, that, while the spiritual home of our Foreign Office appears to be France, the reactions of our Home Office to the spirit of France are far from warm. The one would draw Paris and London together; the other toils to keep Paris out of London. Well, at a Conference on this island, the two attitudes could be beautifully adjusted. The FOREIGN SECRETARY'S chair would be on the French side of the white line, and the HOME SECRETARY would sit, quite safe, on the other.

Eventually, I suppose, one of the two civilisations would drive the other out; for one side of the island would flourish and the other not. I cannot think which. But it would be most interesting.

A. P. H.

THE MODEST HOUSE-HUNTERS.

WE, the Dobson family, are looking for a dwelling—one

In every aspect suitable for people such as we;

So any of our friends who think of letting one or selling one

May call and give us details, any day from ten to three.

We shan't be hard to please, because we're not at all particular;

About the minor features we shall never make a fuss;

If the floors are horizontal and the walls are perpendicular,

Why, any style or period is good enough for us.

Our wants can all be seen at once by anybody sensible—

An orchard and a rabbit-hutch, a garage and a view;

A wireless-room and potting-shed are almost indispensable;

A ball-room and a billiard-room are very useful too.

We *must* have seven bedrooms, for there must be one for each of us;

We *must* have several extra, for our friends to come and stay;

The station and the post-office should be in easy reach of us;

A bridge-club and a bluebell wood should not be far away.

It must be pretty country, with a lot of open land about,

A garden full of roses and a summer-house for tea,

And we *must* have seven bathrooms, for it's hard to have to staid about

And hear another wallowing in water h. and c.

The proper situation would be central and secluded too,

With one door in the country and the other in the town.

Will anybody sell the sort of house we have alluded to

For thirty-five-and-sixpence or a rent of half-a-crown?

We, the Dobson family, have every hope of getting one

Combining all the points to which we modestly refer;

So we recommend the people who are selling one or letting one

To seize an opportunity which may not soon recur.

"TURKISH BATH IN A TUBE."

Advt. for Cleansing Cream.

We've often had one during the rush hours.

"Clock Repairer Wanted, used to English spring."—*Manchester Paper*.

A stout fellow is indicated.



HIS ANNUAL HOPE.

THE DOG. "I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL TAKE ANY NOTICE OF ME, BUT I MAY AS WELL SIT UP AND BEG AS USUAL."



The Man. "THE ETERNAL MIRACLE OF THE SPRING! How it must inspire you with your artistic——"
The Literary Lady. "OH, IT'S ALL SO PROFOUNDLY UNORIGINAL."

ALL THE FUN WITHOUT THE FAIR.

THERE are to be no more by-elections before the general *mêlée* in May. This is rather a pity, for at this crucial time there is nothing like a by-election to cause some of our Fleet Street king-makers to cut the most amusing capers. However, we can very easily hold an imaginary by-election (on the old register) and conjure up some of its amusing after-effects.

Our by-election, we will suppose, takes place at Mutton-le-Hole, where the three Candidates (always supposing that they can get their supporters to the poll) should be able to count on about five thousand votes apiece, so that the winner is the one who has the luck with the capricious odd hundreds. It would be simpler for them to play odd man out for the privilege of representing Mutton-le-Hole. In 1924 the Conservative was the fortunate Candidate; this time the luck is with the Liberal.

Let us start by imagining that he tells his majority in Mutton-le-Hole that their victory marks the rising tide of Liberalism; that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE sends a congratulatory telegram (1s. 4d.), "THE TIDE OF LIBERALISM IS RISING FAST"; and that Sir HERBERT

SAMUEL sends a congratulatory telegram (1s. 6d.), "RISING TIDE LIBERALISM"; and then we may pass on in fancy to Mr. GARVIN in *The Observer*:—

"THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

CONSERVATIVE DOOM WRIT LARGE.

A GREAT LIBERAL TRIUMPH.

THE MARINER REBUKES THE COMPASS.

Events have more than justified the grave forebodings to which we gave full expression last week. The electoral situation, then fraught with disaster, has become . . . Conservatives are faced irrevocably with a landslide.

Mutton-le-Hole has spoken, and the Ministerialists at this critical time are stunned by a new calamity. We had steeled ourselves against the worst, but for nothing so bad as this. Mutton-le-Hole has in effect passed sentence of death on the Conservative Party. For is there any rational ground for assuming that what Mutton-le-Hole says to-day Britain will not say in May?

* * *

Nor is this all. Not content with the swift decay of his Party, Mr. BALDWIN chooses this moment to invite voluntary thinkers and helpers like ourselves to betake themselves elsewhere. In a moment of pique Mr.

BALDWIN is prepared, it would seem, to deprive the Conservative Party of the support of our thoughtful and reasoned advice. Mr. BALDWIN is giving an exhibition of that intractability which more than anything else has brought the Conservatives to ruin. If we tell Mr. BALDWIN, as we do, that he owes his present position purely to an electioneering fluke in 1924, that his leadership has brought the Conservative Party with a run down a steep place, that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's star is ascending rapidly, we tell him so for his own good. He should not therefore ill-treat us whose desire is merely to help him to realise his position. When the needle points unerringly to the north, and not, as desired, in some other direction, it is useless for the captain to curse the compass; his only hope is to follow its guidance.

But let us get back to our dispassionate search for truth. You have only to look at the figures of the Mutton-le-Hole *débâcle*. . . . And so on, indefinitely.

We now turn with pleasurable excitement to one of Lord BEAVERBROOK's journals, *The Daily Express*:—

"The verdict of Mutton-le-Hole has

made it clear that the nation will plump for the party with

THE MOST ENTICING CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT.

Without such a scheme the Conservatives are doomed. They need not be deterred by any false pride about seeming to imitate Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme is actually the invention of Lord BEAVERBROOK, and it was in fact gratuitously offered to the Conservative party by Lord BEAVERBROOK six months ago.

WILL MR. CHURCHILL'S NERVE FAIL HIM?

The last chance of the Conservatives rests with Mr. CHURCHILL. When he introduces his Budget he should boldly produce a scheme that outbids Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's, and undertake to cure unemployment in three months by an expenditure of two hundred millions of public money without putting anybody to any expense whatsoever."

We must expect quite a different point of view from Lord ROTHERMERE's *Daily Mail*, for because Lord BEAVERBROOK thinks that his powerful thoughts demand capital type (as above), Lord ROTHERMERE will emphasise his in italics (as below). Lord ROTHERMERE, we shall find, has discovered Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. To him Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is the *beau idéal* of The Happy Warrior—far happier, indeed, than the poet's, and more aggressive than Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S:—

"The result of the Mutton-le-Hole by-election destroys any lingering doubt that the Conservatives are doomed. The nation's only sure and certain shield is Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whose lightning return to overwhelming popularity as a public idol *The Daily Mail* was the first to foresee. We congratulate him. Lord ROTHERMERE, in person, takes off his hat to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and hopes that every reader, whether registered or not, will make the same obeisance to *The Happy Warrior*."

The broken remnants of the Conservative party should now rally under the banner of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, 'The Happy Warrior' of *The Daily Mail*. The moment is opportune for Mr. BALDWIN to go to the Upper House, and, if Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS chooses to accompany him there rather than to retire from politics altogether, *The Daily Mail* will raise no objection. Meanwhile Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will have our heartiest support if he will at once begin to form the *Daily Mail* Shadow Cabinet—details of which appear on another page—so that after the General Election it will be ready to take office as *The Happy Warrior Government*."



Brown (to friend he hasn't seen for some time). "I'LL RING YOU UP IN THE MORNING. I SUPPOSE YOUR TELEPHONE NUMBER'S ABOUT THE SAME?"

MOTOR ATROPHY.

[Motoring is said to have led to a decline of interest in heraldry, as no one thinks of emblazoning a crest on his car as was once done on carriages.]

Our dolorous prophets have frequently penned

Their dismal predictions and grim
That the motorist's leg would infallibly end

As a useless and impotent limb;
And heraldry now has begun to produce

A reason for further alarms:

Though his legs may at present continue in use,
He has ceased from employing his arms.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"What is the famous Homeric tag, 'The multitudinous laughter of the sea,' for example, if not a metaphor?"—"Affable Hawk" in the *New Statesman*.

Shade of ÆSCHYLUS: "Metaphor, indeed! I call it thieving; more like a jackdaw than a hawk. The next thing he'll say will be that I wrote *πολυλογία-βαιο θαλάσσης*!"

CONSTRUING FOR THE SCHOOL.

[Being a chapter from an unpublished story of school-life inspired by rumours of an educational establishment where the relative positions of work and games are interchanged.]

THE great day came at last, whereon the choice Classics of St. Vitus' were to meet the fine flower of St. Scientia's scholarship. Many a business man in his stuffy office, many a settler in the wilds of Woolloomoolloo, many a bishop in his stately palace would on that day pause for a moment from his labours and think wistfully of the time when he stood forth undaunted, in the horn-rimmed spectacles that were the proud insignia of the school "Classics," to face the most hopelessly corrupt *Æschylean* chorus for the honour of the old school. Never had games seemed so endless or so insipid as that morning. Never had old Hopper's insistence on the difference between a half-volley and a yorker—he had been a double Blue, "or some such rot," as Jorkins minor elegantly phrased it—appeared so incomprehensible. But they were finished at last, and, hurling away their bats and pads at random, the school dashed off to watch the rival teams going into lunch, and to envy their stooping shoulders, their bespectacled eyes, and the scholarly pallor of their faces.

They were met with the dispiriting news that Scientia's had so far scored an average of 70 per cent of the maximum. Worse was to come after lunch when the Scientia "dux" went on. With such ease and assurance did he deal with every difficulty that it seemed impossible that he should ever be defeated. Prose and verse, Greek and Latin, all were treated alike; off all he registered full marks.

But at length Fortune came to the relief of his downcast opponents. Grown careless with success the translator for an instant mistook a middle for a passive; at once he saw his mistake and attempted to recover himself, but it was too late. In answer to the confident cry of "Please, Sir!"—the traditional form of appeal—the umpire, a famous Regius Professor, lifted an inexorable finger and the crest-fallen scholar slowly wended his way back to his seat.

After their leader's fall the rest of the side did nothing brilliant, and St. Vitus' were faced with an average mark of 62·3 per cent, a figure they would have treated with contempt had they but had the assistance of the three unfortunate scholars who were at that moment, by the Head's stern decree, toiling dismally in extra cricket. Even without their aid they might reasonably hope to average 65.

Yet even this modest hope seemed doomed to remain unfulfilled. St. Scientia's opened their offensive with a private speech of DEMOSTHENES, which, though apparently innocuous, brought speedy disaster. The usually impeccable Smith, who always went on first for St. Vitus', was thrown out by

dream he heard St. Scientia's "dux" tell him where to begin and the umpire say "Translate!" For a moment the words danced before his eyes; suddenly they swam into their places, and he felt the certainty that he was going to make the construe of his life.

Clearing his throat he began: "Not but what indeed, on the other hand, men of Athens. . . ."

GETTING OUT THE CAR.

Now that Spring is upon us, we are beginning to think of getting out the car for the first run of the year—those of us, that is to say, who seek to economise by taking Lizzie off the streets during the winter months. The following hints therefore may be found helpful.

The very first thing to do, of course, is to give her a hard brush over to remove cobwebs.

No car can run well with cobwebs; for a really stout cobweb is a good electricity conductor. I knew a man once who was puzzled for weeks by blue sparks from the left thumb whenever he changed gear, the fault being eventually traced to a spider's nest in the magneto.

After this you should unscrew the tyre valves and let out the 1928 air. It has probably gone flat from being too long in the tyre. As it is very bad for the rims to run a car on flat air,

pump in some good 1929 vintage. But not too much, or the wheels won't run true.

The next thing to do is to clean the paintwork by scouring it with bath-brick, or any other method you happen to fancy. Don't forget what the Home Page Editor tells you, that the juice of a lemon will remove all ugly scars, whether caused by match heads, passing small boys or passing learner-drivers. The upholstery should also be tested for moth and rust. If on striking the seat a shrewd blow a circular spring affair bursts out and strikes you an even shrewder one back, then something must be done. Assuming you cannot afford to buy a new seat, you will try to put the spring back where it came from. Sooner or later, probably later, you will discover this is one of Nature's impossibilities. You should then stretch the spring out and bend it tastefully into



Lady (making her will, to solicitor). "AND I WISH TO LEAVE THE SUM OF TWENTY POUNDS TO MY OLD AND VALUED PARLOURMAID, ELIZA JENKINS, WHO HAS SERVED ME WELL AND FAITHFULLY FOR OVER SIX MONTHS."

an undetected accusative absolute; Brown major, after a shaky opening, was caught by a 5 in apodosis; the brilliant Jones, in attempting too flowery a rendering of a complicated sentence, failed to get hold of the main verb and was ignominiously stumped; while as a crowning blow Robinson was so unnerved that he mixed up barratry and bottomry in lamentable confusion. Four of the best St. Vitus scholars "turned" for little over half-marks!

"Cyril," said his leader solemnly, "you are our only hope. There is nothing in the stuff, really, if you keep your head. Don't try to go too fast; take the nominative first and then the verb, and do your best for the sake of the old school."

In after years Cyril could never remember how he accomplished the endless walk to the dais; as in a dream he found himself taking the book; as in a



IDYLL.

Angela. "OH, HERBERT, DON'T THE PETROL FUMES SMELL MUCH SWEETER IN THE COUNTRY?"

the form of an overhead bower. A few nasturtium seeds in the padding of the seat will have twined up nicely by the time the summer heat-wave has arrived.

When you have done all you can think of to the body-work, you must tackle the engine. As any skilled mechanic will tell you, this is the most important part of the car. You often see men driving through the streets with an engine only and no body-work, but you rarely see them doing so with body-work only and no engine. The first thing to do is to count your cylinders and see that all of them are there. This is important. I have often met worried motorists on the road who told me that one of their cylinders was missing. The pistons—devices for holding piston-rings—are inside the cylinders, so you will not be able to count them; but the trained ear will at once be able to detect a deficiency.

Having ascertained that your cylinders are all present and correct, look at your plugs, clean and sharpen the points, and join them up severally to the magneto—if you have remembered to replace the latter after the Christmas party when you connected it to the housemaid's sewing-machine to give free electric shocks to the children. After this re-assemble the carburettor, the needle valve of which will be found in the

scullery (where the cook had it last to clear out the sink waste), while the float will be run to earth in the bathroom (where alternatively it has been a water-polo ball or a submarine for the kids).

The batteries, which have never been the same since you got the button of the electric horn jammed all down Piccadilly, will of course need filling up with both electricity and water. Water should also be put in the radiator. This takes a long time, but it need not take quite so long if you remember previously to turn off the drain tap at the bottom.

It is most advisable to try putting your hood up for the first time when inside the garage, and not when on the main road in an incipient thunder-storm. Probably the thing is so firmly stuck down that it takes ten minutes' hard spanner work to shift it; and almost certainly it is full of incredible things that have drifted into its folds during the winter, either to sleep or to hibernate, or else definitely to die. As I said, it is advisable to watch all this from a comfortable garage rather than to have to choose between standing outside the car during a shower of rain or sitting inside the car during a shower of small fauna. Dormice I understand are vindictive creatures when aroused suddenly from sleep; while the bite of the tarantula is fatal to man.

There remain only petrol and oil, and you are ready. All the above details will take you about a week; while the following week will be spent in starting her up and blowing out the golf-ball which young hopeful has jammed up the exhaust pipe with your walking-stick. You needn't bother to go and look for the ball in the garden of the next house but one, as, after being projected with incredible force through two fences, it won't be much good as a golf-ball any more.

After all this you can take the car out on the road for a drive. It is important not to overstrain the car on this first drive, and so you should try to make it a short one. You need not, however, worry your head about this. The first policeman you meet will prevent your going any further by calling your attention to your 1928 licence. A. A.

A New Disease.

"London is becoming hinder hearted."

Daily Paper.

In Wimpole Street they call it hysterocarditis.

"Beautiful pre-War Tudor House, oak-panelled rooms, all modern comforts, to be Let, Furnished, near Winchester."—Daily Paper.

We always suspected QUEEN ELIZABETH of being pre-War.

FICTION IN 1929.

I HAVE been wallowing in blood lately. For a month or more I have read a detective novel every two days, and it is scarcely possible for me to think of any relation or friend without noting a simple way of destroying them, leaving no clue.

Probably most of them will survive, for I have no energy in these affairs. But I have found out one thing about detective novels. I have found out that they really are an anodyne. They cleanse the mind of that insidious evil which has gone so far to destroy modern literature. I mean psychology.

There is no psychology in the detective novel, and that is all to the good. If you want psychology you can read *Phoussr*. I have. But this is stuff for the lumber-camp or the big-game hunter's excursion. Why be bothered with other people's psychology in print, when one has so much of one's own in this fevered life of the Metropolis? What we haven't got here is crime. At any rate, not the nice cleanly crime of the detective story. This is, roughly, the way it goes:—

"When Clara Maddison came into her gilt-mirrored boudoir in Berkeley Square, she noticed at once that her husband was lying on the floor dead. The head was severed from the body by about two yards.

Instantly she suspected foul play. Could it be George who had done it, or would it be Bill? Her mind was in a tumult of confusion. Moving the table she took up the telephone-directory and looked up the number of the nearest police-station.

'Come round at once,' she said with bated breath, as soon as she had been put through; 'my husband is dead on the floor.'

While she was waiting she observed that the corpse held a piece of paper clutched tightly in its left hand. Could that, she thought, have anything to do with the mystery? Relaxing the fingers, she removed the document, and found that it was a bill from Harridge's for a new garden spade. Could this, she wondered, have anything to do with the affair? Was Harridge's implicated? Her husband had never told her that he intended to buy a spade. Then, remembering that nothing ought to be touched until the arrival of the police, she replaced the bill hastily in his hand, unrelaxing the fingers again.

The police-inspector was a man with an inscrutable face like a mask. His name was Higginbottom. When he had taken down her statement in a notebook he summoned all the servants into

the room, lined them up against the wall and, sitting down on a divan, interrogated them one by one. Then he said to the butler—

'Go down into the pantry and fetch the largest knife you have in the house.'

After a few moments the man returned with a carving-knife made of Sheffield steel.

'This has been newly cleaned,' observed Higginbottom.

The butler started. Clara Maddison turned pale, and for a few moments looked as if she were about to faint. She saw now for the first time the incriminating position in which she was placed. The police had no evidence but her own as to the time at which she had entered the house. It would have been possible for her to have done the deed herself and sent the knife down to the pantry to have all traces of the act removed. Worse still, she was known to have had a tiff with her husband at the Embassy Club the night before. She recollected that she often had moods of absent-mindedness, and moments when she could not remember what she had been doing an hour ago. Was it possible that in a fit of aberration she herself had carved off her husband's head before going out to tea with Elizabeth Bellairs? She paled. . . .

It is at this point that the reader begins, quite rightly, to think that here is going to be another case for Scotland Yard. But not exactly for Scotland Yard. Scotland Yard, it turns out, in cases of this kind always relies on the advice and assistance of a young author, or actor, or diplomat, named Marjoribanks, who has been for some time a close friend of Clara Maddison. He is very quick to see, from the nature of the wound, that it could only have been inflicted by a murderer who used his left hand, and that Clara Maddison, if she murders at all, inevitably murders with her right. What is more, one of the windows is slightly open, and there is a small piece of fluff, overlooked by Higginbottom, on the window-sill. And so we begin.

It is perfectly true that many writers of detective stories, not playing the game, sandwich little chunks of pseudo-psychology in between these pleasant homely scenes. But we do not pay any attention to them. We cut them right out. They ought not to be there. They are mere cheating. The instant reaction of any decent person in a detective novel to the most complicated and gruesome death that can be devised should always be, "Can this have been done by Miss Binks, the governess? or Mr. Price, the frail and ascetic-looking secretary?"

The unlikelihood of a millionaire's

being suspended by his boots from the ceiling and stifled by the fumes of a brazier placed underneath his head owing to some small difference of opinion with a governess or a secretary is a consideration that ought not to weigh with a character in a detective novel for a moment. They ought by this time to know. Has not the frail ascetic-looking secretary most likely practised tying knots, or learnt ju-jitsu when he was a boy-scout? The governess was a teacher of callisthenics, and adopted into the family from a pair of charcoal-burners, who brought her up when she was young.

This is all very restful indeed. The family moves about the room. Police-officers come and go. The amateur detective and his friend crawl quietly to and fro on the carpet. Photographers take photographs. Finger-print experts arrive. The solicitor discusses the habits of the millionaire with an old friend. And all the time very often no one even bothers to cut down the unfortunate body or remove the brazier from underneath its head.

Sometimes, I admit, we have an inquest. But inquests are not a bit popular in a detective novel. They give too much of the game away into the hands of the divisional police-surgeon, and we don't have any use for him. It is our rising young barrister or journalist who is going to say from what position the shot was fired, or how long, to judge by the singeing of the scalp, the body had been hung, or why the feet were tied together with a fisherman's bend.

It is, in fact, the business of the detective tale to provide us first of all with something that is not in the least like a death and follow it up with something that does not remotely resemble life. All around us every day are people full of tortuous reactions and complicated dishonesty, with foibles that amount to lunacy and pettiness that can hardly be explained. And the one thing we know about them is that never in any circumstances would any of them be likely to tie up a rich old man by the legs and smoke him to death, or slice off anybody else's head. But the detective novel gives us a world of sweet womanly natures, of simple manly ways.

Here is a houseful of people of whom you may say, "They have no petty vanities, no spite, no snobbery and they conceal nothing whatever, except clues. If they blanch or blush, or twist their fingers or lower their eyelids, if a spasm of any kind crosses their face, it is because they remember that by some accident they have a carving-knife with blood on it in their own pantry, or a piece of twine identical with that used for the millionaire in a locked bureau.



First Gentleman. "'OO'S THIS ARMANULLAH THERE'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT?"

Second (well-informed) Gentleman. "WHY, 'E'S THE BLOKE WOT RULES ARFGHANISTAN."

First Gentleman. "WELL, 'OO RULES THE OTHER 'ARF?"

There is no sin or vice in the calendar of which they could possibly be accused except murder, and they are all going to be accused of that."

As for the body, it might as well have been stuffed with sawdust instead of blood, and it would have been better for the carpet.

This is the right kind of detective story, and it is purer than a fairy tale or a village romance. Substitute damnation for the Old Bailey, and it is like a tract, only not so dull.

I must go out and get some more.

EVOE.

THE NIGHT-NURSERY CURTAINS.

My bedroom-curtains are long and wide; They cover the window from side to side, And all with a beautiful garden spread, Which I can see as I lie in bed.

A beautiful garden with painted bowers, Peacocks, fountains, and trees and flowers;

Trellised arbours where roses grow, And golden bells that are hung below.

Sometimes the sun shines through so bright

That all the garden is filled with light,

And sometimes there comes a little soft breeze Shaking the boughs of the blossoming trees.

And wouldn't it be the darlinest thing If the golden bells began to ring, And suddenly, suddenly I should see (Oh, do you think that it ever could be?) There, where the roses are moving about, The face of a fairy peeping out! R. F.

"WANTED.—A man, experienced with scythes; no grass. Chung Gon's garden."

Tasmanian Paper.

Even Watson might spot a clue like that.

WHAT TO SAY ABOUT PICTURES.

A FEW years ago an artist friend of mine said, "It's sending-in day for the Academy to-morrow, and I can't take my picture down myself. Will you be an angel—?" and she put into my arms a canvas marked on the back of the frame, "Dordrecht, £9 9s."

The colour was timid and *fade*, the subject (a Dutch canal with one barge and a windmill) hackneyed and sentimental. It suffered, like a JANE AUSTEN heroine, from "a great tendency to lowness." And it was while I, miserably susceptible to even bad atmospheres, was poring (to gain time) over the exhibitor's sage-coloured banks, that what I then imagined to be inspiration came and I said, "It's very *restful*," and knew at once that I had dropped a brick. She looked at me with suspicion, took the picture from me and answered morosely, "That's what everybody says about it."

Well, I know better now, though not much; and from that day I date my conviction that nobody ought to be sent out into the world without a knowledge, however superficial, of the artistic or commercial back-chat that he may be called upon to bandy. At this time of year particularly pitfalls gape in rows for the unwary; I refer, of course, to the Academy, all the Private Views and such studio Show-Sundays as still survive. For what is the use, when Prendergast Pope, who wants your opinion on his latest picture, bids you to his lair, if you cannot throw off with appositeness such words as Rhythm, Middle-Distance, Brushwork, Atmosphere and Values? Therefore a few hints.

(1) *Rhythm*.—I'm not too sure what a picture looks like when it has this, but the point is that it *ought* to have it, and it's an excellent word. "What rhythm!" will cover the ground. Pope will say the rest.

(2) *Middle-Distance*.—This I steadfastly avoid. I know where it ought to be, but am unable to comment or enlarge upon the theme, and advise you too not to commit yourself. Roughly speaking, if Pope shows you a picture consisting of a field, a sheep cropping in the rear and a church-spire on the horizon, the middle-distance is the sheep.

(3) *Brushwork*.—This is any fool's game. You say it is wonderful, and

pass on. (By the way, when looking at the canvas don't forget that if you detect a pickled-pork or gooseflesh effect it is called Stippling. Pope will adore you for it, and it took him ages to do—much longer than the slapstick style of painting.)

(4) *Atmosphere* (*Hints on Deportment When Confronted With*).—Better to say nothing at all unless the picture genuinely makes you feel something. It probably won't and, if you start anything that you can't finish, calamity and exposure await you. Artists aren't all fools. Find out beforehand what kind of thing you ought to be feeling. To say on viewing a team of captive peasants being knouted across Siberia, "How marvellously you have painted the embroidery on their blouses! It makes me long to wear one too," is civil but no good. The correct emotions

veys that even great artists will have their little joke), or Grainger will be deeply offended, and feel found out and a failure.

If Grainger shows you a Problem-picture, weigh his professional standing before embarking on comment, because Problem-pictures are also rather bad form and *passés* too (but not so bad as Pictures that Tell Stories), and only the artist who is an R.A. and/or has definitely "arrived" dares paint them.

Don't say of a portrait, "Her face seems to start right out of the frame." It is an admirable remark but it is all wrong. Portraits (ask me not why) really mustn't start from their setting. If they do it is again bad art and even vulgar. They may dominate an exhibition, they may even obsess you, but start from their frames—no.

You may tell the artist that "the eyes seem to follow you round the room," because that is a trait hallowed by sundry of the Old Masters; but, believe me, that is the limit.

Finally if you are ever confronted with a Futuristic canvas apparently depicting an abscess and six mincepies, don't (as you did last year) mutter in that penetrating voice of yours, "Good Heavens! Is it or am I?" because that is *farouche*. Remember that these pictorial manifestations will soon pass; remember that conceivably

this particular example, if it is awful enough, may create leaders in the Press and enable the artist to afford to paint things like "The Sailor's Return" (which you much prefer); and, above all, remember that the aforesaid mincepies and abscess are probably his temporary conception of his wife's profile.

I should like to be able to be proud of you. And if you don't come out of the next Show-Sunday or Private View better than you did last time it won't be my fault.

RACHEL.

Gratitude which does not Ring True.

"Mr. W. —, the secretary, in moving a vote of warm thanks to all who had entertained them, expressed the hope that it would be long before the party paid another visit."

West African Paper.

"THE PROBLEM OF WORLD OVER-POPULATION. Could It Be Solved By International Agreement?"—West African Paper.

No. But an international disagreement might help.



DIRT-TRACK RACING.

for you are fear, gloom, hopelessness and a distinct feeling of chilliness (if snow is on the ground), or a desire to unfasten your coat (if it's a heat-wave on the Steppes).

(5) *Values*.—These you had better avoid completely. They are not for the amateur and seldom for the social or artistic climber. But, if you *must*, say they are Balanced. Very few other words will do.

If I were compiling a manual of etiquette for conduct when faced with pictures I should beyond question devote the final chapter to "General Praise," that is, to the non-professional type of admiration which recognised art-words do not cover. If Channel Grainger, say, shows you a picture that tells a definite story, smile at him whimsically and pass on to his next. Pictures that Tell Stories are now bad form, bad art and *passés*. But don't omit the whimsical smile (which con-

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THE MODERN STYLE, THOUGH UNDOUBTEDLY MORE ARRESTING, LEAVES A GOOD DEAL TO THE IMAGINATION.

THE VALUE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"Just an easy flow of conversation," I had said to myself—"that's all that's needed at these At Homes. And the time soon passes."

I marked my words.

"Mr. Bunting," said my hostess, "allow me to introduce you to Miss Stapleton."

I allowed her and, the ceremony performed, she turned at once to some new arrivals.

Just an easy flow of conversation. The difficulty was to find a source. An idea suddenly occurred to me.

"The weather," I said, "is delightful, is it not?"

Miss Stapleton smiled indulgently.

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

A lady of taste evidently. I mean with a mind above mere commonplace topics.

"It's good of you to inquire," I said. "I am a—well now, make a guess."

It was a dashing challenge. Meantime I lost no time in choosing a career—something rather select, I mean, and worth talking about.

Miss Stapleton scrutinized me closely for some seconds.

"I give it up," she said.

I glanced furtively over my shoulder.

"What would you say," I said in a low tone of confidence, "if I told you I was a balloon-manufacturer?"

"I don't know," said Miss Stapleton. "Try, and see."

"All right," I said, "I will. I am."

She said nothing. Not a word. The calm with which she received the news was admirable.

"Yes," I said, "I suppose I've been mixed up in balloons in one way or another nearly all my life. In my youth we were inseparable, and when I blossomed into manhood nothing would stop me from making some for myself."

"And that is your main occupation?" said Miss Stapleton.

"I'm glad you asked me that," I said.

"It is my main occupation, but at the same time, as you suggest, I have minor accomplishments. I can, for instance, balance a bowler-hat on my nose for anything up to ten seconds."

"You surprise me," said Miss Stapleton.

"I believe all you say," I said. "It's an unusual gift. But enough of myself," I added on a note of modesty. "You doubtless have your own accomplishments?"

Miss Stapleton glanced unassumingly at her feet. "I can play the 'cello," she said, "if you count that."

"Count it by all means," I said. "Certainly. And what do you find? That you suffer in the same way as myself, I expect?"

"Oh, I hope not," said Miss Stapleton, and she laughed.

"I mean," I said, "as regards making your talent known. That's the trouble with these minor accomplishments. One's main occupation is different. A, for instance, is generally known to be a book-writer, or B, we'll say, a book-maker, but how many people know that A can palm half-a-crown so as to make it appear that it had vanished into air?"

"A, did you say, or B?" asked Miss Stapleton.

"Either," I said. "C, if you prefer

But answer me this: Can I take it beyond the hall when I get there?"

"I see your difficulty," said Miss Stapleton.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "between ourselves I have twice taken it, as though in a moment of mental aberration, as far as the drawing-room. On the first occasion it was immediately arrested by the butler and marched back to the hall."

"And what happened on the other occasion?" asked Miss Stapleton.

"Thank you," I said. "On the other occasion I actually performed the trick later on when for a moment I had no one to talk to; but, before anyone had seen it, some rough fellow had barged into me and the bowler was upset, naturally, and it dived straight into a bowl of goldfish. It may have been just clumsiness, of course, but I strongly suspect motives of jealousy."

"It's an affecting story," said Miss Stapleton. "Poor fish!"

The last words referred of course to the goldfish.

"Yes," I said, "I suppose we don't realise what our gilled friends go through in silence. But, to return to the subject under discussion, these minor accomplishments. You, of course, find the something with your 'cello. You can't exactly take that with you when you go out, can you? Not even

as far as the hall—what?" And I laughed. Miss Stapleton laughed too, heartily.

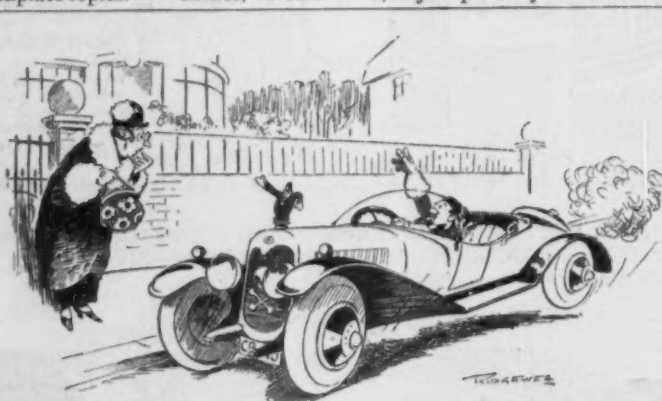
"By the way," I said, noticing that her cup was empty, "may I fetch you a refill of tea?"

"Oh, I wish you would," said Miss Stapleton eagerly. "And please don't hurry," she added, with a charming thought for the trouble she was causing me.

I took her cup and was considering the best route to the teapot when I realised that everyone had stopped talking and that the hostess was addressing us from a low platform on the other side of the room. I listened and picked up the thread of her discourse.

"... to tell you," she was saying, "that Miss Stapleton, the famous violoncellist, has managed to snatch an hour from her valuable time to play to us here this afternoon."

The conversation was renewed and I heard expressions of pleasure and surprise around me. I also heard a familiar



WHEN AUNT AGATHA GAVE HER FAVOURITE NEPHEW PERMISSION TO BUY A CAR ON CONDITION THAT HE TOOK HER OUT FOR A DAILY DRIVE, SHE CERTAINLY GOT TO HAVE STIPULATED AS TO THE MAKE OF SAME.

him. An example merely." I lowered my voice. "I once knew a lawyer," I said. "All his friends knew that he could argue. They'd heard him; once, most of them, and they never forgot it. But do you know that that man had reached middle-age before it was generally known that he could stand on his hands in five feet of water for fourteen seconds?"

"No," said Miss Stapleton; "I'd no idea at all."

"And then," I said, "it was too late. His acrobatic aquatic career was as good as over. He was about to retire. From aquabatic acraties, I mean."

Miss Stapleton took a thoughtful bite from her sandwich.

"Then take my own case," I said, warning to the subject, "how can I decently acquaint people of my talent unless, which is extremely unusual, they inquire? When I go out to see my friends I can take my bowler-hat with me, you say. Yes, and I do; I find it peculiarly adapted to the purpose.

voice behind me addressing me personally. It was Miss Stapleton's.

"I'm afraid we'll have to cancel the refill, Mr. Bunting," she said, and she smiled pleasantly as I turned and looked at her; "but I wonder if you'd mind carrying my 'cello across the room for me instead? It's over there in the corner."

Just an easy flow of conversation—that's all that's needed at these At Homes. And the time soon passes.
C. B.

"FASCINATING MUSEUM
The Iron Duke's Top Hot and
Captain Cook's Telescope."

Daily Paper.

Through the telescope Captain Cook could observe the Hot Top of the IRON DUKE from a safe distance.

"A sub-committee of the Watch Committee is dealing with the report to-day," said Alderman —, "and that possibly will lead to a deputation to the Home Office."

Now you see the mess that Jix has made of the Home Office.

CALIGULA'S APOTHEOSIS.

("I was the only newspaper representative to see the poop of a Roman galley of the Emperor Caligula [A.D. 12-41] . . . appear above the waters of Lake Nemi yesterday afternoon."—"Daily Express" Correspondent, March 29.)

WHEN we review the scroll of Fame,
Where men are measured cerebrally,
How oft a once illustrious name
Has been deleted on the tally!

NAPOLEON shares the common lot
With TALLEYRAND, TURENNE and
LALLY;

Few can to-day locate the cot
Of BURNS, or TELL's ancestral *chdlet*.

The IRON DUKE we now revile:
He was not affable or "pally";
We flout the man who brought our isle
The blessing of tobacco—RALEIGH.

Great wits their wisdom are denied,
Great wags are damnified as scally;
HOOK (THEODORE) askance is eyed,
Oblivion falls on *Sloper (Ally)*.

Tarnished are now the bays that
crowned
The brows of TELL and CINQUEVALLI;

None cares if CROMWELL's head was
round

Or "featured" dolichocephaly.

Shunted is SOYER, peerless *chef*;
Extinct are HULLAH and CHARLES
HALLÉ;

We half forget DIAGHILEFF,
The founder of the Russian Ballet.

Already DIBDIN's fame is dim,
Although he sang most musically
Tom Bowling, stout of heart and
limb,
And *Sally*, peerless in her alley.

Yet still we find, to lead the dance—
Not cautiously or "gradually,"
As SIDNEY WEBB defines advance—
Boys of the breed of *Charles O'Malley*.

So let us chant the praise of "POY,"
Who tilts at those who shilly-
shally,
Creating, to our constant joy,
Dilly and his companion, Dally.

But chiefly let us hail the scoop
Of him who first, in Nemi's valley,
Of journalists beheld the poop
Of GAIUS CÆSAR's sunken galley.



"HEY! JOE, 'AVE YOU SEEN A LITTLE WOODEN PIPE WITH A NIGGER'S 'KAD ON IT?"



Formidable new Member (to aged Caddie). "IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A TEE?"
Aged Caddie. "OH, NO, MADAM, THE IDEA IS CONSIDERABLY OLDER THAN ME."

A STATE OF BLISS.

You must know that the Political Resident to the State of Arampur and I, his indefatigable Assistant, are anxious to hold on to our jobs as long as possible. But, should we incur the disfavour of those on high, we are liable to be turned out at short notice. There are plenty of candidates envying our appointments, and some of them have uncles in Simla; so the burden is on us to ingratiate ourselves with all the High Officials and Eminent Personages who visit the State. Both these classes of superman labour under the delusion that they are born hunters of big game. Naturally enough, then, we work like slaves to provide them with good bags.

At the last visit of an Eminent Personage we received information from

our C.I.D. that tiger were scarce. However, there was one reported to be at large in the neighbouring State, and our shikaris did their best to drive him over towards us, until they were themselves driven over by our neighbours, who selfishly wanted the animal to be shot by the E. P. on their territory. Still our men did not yield without a struggle, and the poor beast was driven to and fro for days until our neighbours called out their complete constabulary and military forces to restrain his wanderings.

Things began to look serious; the Eminent Personage was due in two days' time and so far there was no tiger for him to shoot. The P. R. and I began to see our careers fading away before us. However, we left no stone unturned. We sent off the Director of Public Works

to purchase tigers, dead or alive. He succeeded in getting two; one freshly killed, which was sent by rail, packed in ice, and one live but lethargic specimen in a cage.

The idea was to mount the Eminent Personage on the gigantic State elephant. The live tiger would then be let loose to parade before him. We knew from experience that the E.P. would blaze off wildly. He would be assured that he had hit, and the follow-up would ensue. But, in order to allow time for the stage-management of the finale, the mahout would arrange for the elephant to bolt. By-and-by the elephant would be pacified and the hunt resumed, eventually resulting in the find of the dead tiger, by this time thawed out. Result, rejoicing on the part of the E.P. and congratulations to ourselves. If anything went amiss, as a last resource we could fall back on Abdul.

Abdul is the tiger belonging to the State Zoo. He is about forty years old and is deeply attached to his keeper's son, an urchin of four. Abdul, being elderly, is rather lazy. He never takes any exercise beyond a little frolic with this urchin. Abdul is not much of a tiger to look at; his skin is a bit moth-eaten and his teeth are not what they were. We are all very fond of Abdul, but we would sacrifice him to keep our jobs.

The great day dawned. The State elephant jolted the E.P. along the jungle, while the Resident and I occupied the second-best elephant, who was also trained to bolt if it became necessary to create a diversion. The beaters began their song in the distance, and when they had advanced a little way the Resident gave the secret signal for the loosing of the tiger.

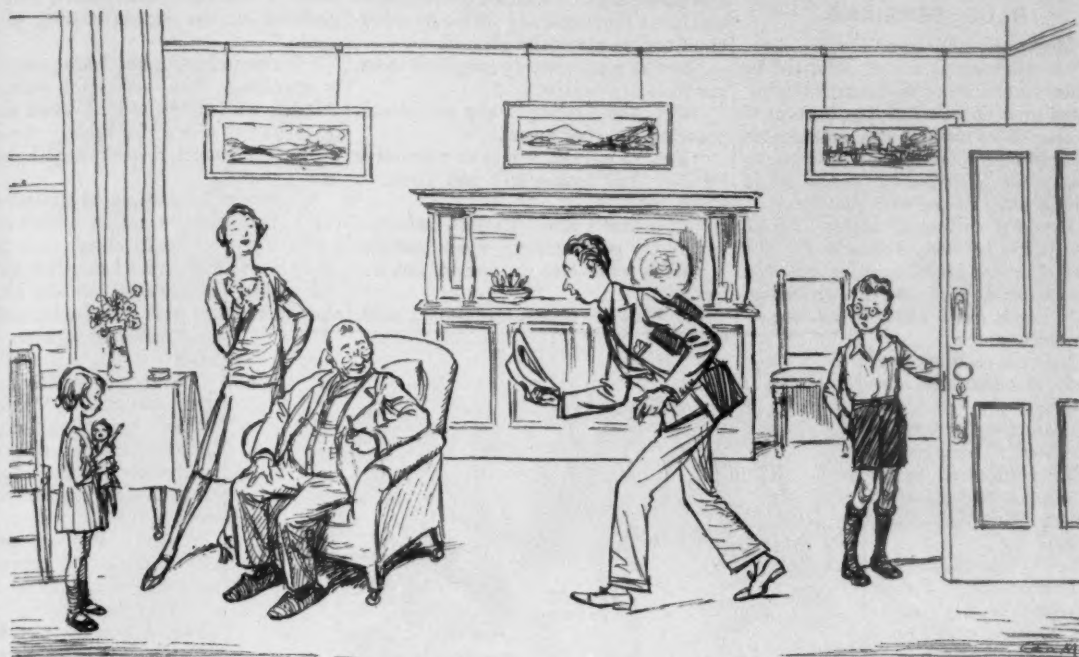
Nothing happened. We waited a few minutes and then, leaving the E.P. at his post, rode off to make inquiries. We soon came across the tiger, not trotting lively through the undergrowth as a well-behaved tiger should, but crawling unsteadily and swaying from side to side. Close behind him followed the Director of Public Works and his band, lamenting volubly and cursing the tiger, who at that moment fell over on his side, groaned and went to sleep. It appeared that the Director, not wanting to waste an expensive tiger, had given him a stiff dose of opium before starting. Unfortunately the dose had been miscalculated by a grain or two, so that we now had two tigers on the ground and nothing moving for the E.P. to shoot at.

The Resident swallowed his rage. "Bring out Abdul!" he roared, and we on our elephant returned to the E.P. to tell



THE HAPPY HARRIERS.

THERE WAS AN OLD HAND WHO SAID, "PACE
IS NOT ALL THAT YOU WANT IN THIS RACE:
I SHALL START OFF ALONE
WHEN THE OTHERS ARE BLOWN;"
AND HE PUT BACK THE PIPE IN HIS FACE.



THE ART OF BEING PREPARED.

JOURNALIST INTERVIEWING A POSSIBLE WINNER OF CALCUTTA SWEEP.

him the tiger might be expected any moment now.

There was another delay, so we signalled to the mahout to revolve the State elephant on its axis, to keep the E.P. amused during the recess. The E.P. was still revolving, with one hand to his head and the other gripping the side of the howdah, when a strange sight appeared. It was the urchin, running at full speed, followed rather reluctantly by Abdul. A keen observer might have noted a length of string leading from the urchin's hand to Abdul's neck. We yelled to the E.P. to shoot, praying that in his excitement he would overlook the string.

The E.P. steadied himself as well as his gyroscopic mount would allow and fired just as Abdul disappeared behind a bush. We quickly gave the E.P.'s mahout the bolting-signal and the whole outfit left the scene with a noise of thunder. Meanwhile we hurried on to get Abdul out of the way or, in the worst event, to cut the string.

Fortunately Abdul and the urchin were unharmed; we sent them back by secret ways. By-and-by the State elephant returned, bringing back a shaken but still enthusiastic E.P. The Resident, who is a wonderful actor, told him breathlessly that he had scored a hit and that we must now follow up the wounded beast.

Slowly the elephants wound through the jungle, following imaginary pugs discovered by our shikaris, who know their business thoroughly. Then a cry as we came upon the dead tiger. The whole party dismounted and approached.

"I congratulate Your—" began the Resident.

"He's very wet, isn't he?" inquired the E.P.—a very natural question, since the tiger was lying in a pool of the liquid which had thawed out of him.

"Er—tigers—er—sweat a good deal," replied the Resident, who in his excitement was doing the same thing himself.

The E.P. assumed a sceptical expression and in the mind's eye I already saw him signing our orders of transfer. But I had not counted on the foresight and resource of the Resident. At a sign from him the urchin's father rushed forward and fell at the E.P.'s feet. From that position he could not be dislodged until he had for fifteen solid minutes invoked blessings upon the head of the Protector of the Poor who had saved his son from a cruel death. The E.P. failed to grasp the substance of his remarks, so the Resident interpreted, pausing from time to time—a rare touch—to wipe a manly tear from his eyes.

During this performance the shikaris were enabled to begin their dissection of the tiger, so that, after one glance at the nasty mess they were making, the

E.P. decided not to examine his trophy in detail.

The Resident and I are safe to remain here another couple of years, especially as we still have a tiger in stock—besides Abdul. E. P. W.

Another Inevitable Apology.

ROME, Saturday.

The examination of the results of the Italian elections held on March 24 has now been concluded and all the candidates on the Government list have been proclaimed duly elected. —*Reuter.*—*Evening Paper.*

All Fools' Day in Fleet Street.

"Old Spanish Masterpieces.—No. 1 'Primavera' (Spring Allegory), by Sandro Botticelli." *Daily Paper, 1st April.*

"Without warning, and apparently on a prearranged signal, two two men dashed out of the door."—*Daily Paper.*

Plus Two men, no doubt.

"The famous amateur snashpot which showed the King in his bathchair in the grounds of Craigwell House . . ."

East-county Paper.

We should like very much to be Amateur Snashpot Champion.

It is proposed that the Bodleian should discontinue its practice of taking in Railway Time-tables. It is felt that the valuable space of the library should be devoted to works of reference rather than of romance.

BLUE PERSIANS.

"Molly-olly-olly-oo-oh!"

This unexpected sound, followed by further variations on the theme "Molly," floated over the wall at the bottom of the garden where I was engaged in the back-aching occupation of tying up sweet-peas. I looked up as the origin of the sounds looked over and down.

"If you're calling my sister," I said, "you would be well advised to try the effect of Pame-lame-lame-leo, or even plain Pamela without any yodelling. She's much more likely to answer to her own name."

"I'm not calling your sister," she answered very decisively.

"Then perhaps you are calling me?" I suggested.

"No; unless of course you happen to be a Blue Persian. But you aren't, are you?"

"No," I replied. "I am an Englishman. Public School and Varsity; energetic, capable and versatile. Highest refs. . ."

She seemed pleased to hear it. "Splendid!" she exclaimed. "Just the man. You are seeking employment in any capacity, home or abroad, aren't you?"

"My services are yours to command. Within reason, of course," I amended. "I've bought one pup already to-day. My sister recommended a Saturday morning with the sweet-peas as the ideal week-end occupation. I believed her. Now what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to find Molly and tell her that, if she returns home, all will be forgiven."

"When did she leave home?" I asked.

"I don't know exactly. We've all been away for the last month; just got back last night. We left Molly in the Rector's charge, but the dear old man seems to have forgotten all about her. I thought she might be hanging around your place. So do have a good look. Better sing out for me to come and catch her if you do happen to see her lurking anywhere, for I don't think you mentioned either intelligence or tact in the summary of your qualifications."

She saved me the trouble of thinking of some biting rejoinder by jumping down.

Some ten minutes later I climbed up on the wall and triumphantly waved a Blue Persian kitten that I had met on

the threshold of a disused potting-shed and lured into captivity with a handkerchief trailed along the ground.

She was satisfactorily surprised to see me with my captive.

"Ooh, the darling!" she exclaimed, pressing it to her cheek.

"Yes," I agreed, "it is an attractive kitten. And now aren't you going to thank me?"

"Of course I am. Thanks awfully."

"Pretty perfunctory," I commented.

"Well, what else do you expect me to say?"

"It would be churlish of me," I said,

cause I feel sure that you're only too grateful for the excuse to talk to me again."

"Perhaps I am; but I am not going to encourage this—er—this pertness. So you will oblige me," I went on in my severest tone, "by taking steps to prevent this animal from climbing over here again."

"I wonder," she stage-whispered into the kitten's ear, "whether a tiny little pussy like you could climb over that great big wall without being helped?"

I looked thoughtfully at the kitten and then at the wall. There seemed to be something in what she said.

"Am I to gather from your remark," I asked, "that you deliberately lifted that kitten over the wall with the idea of getting into conversation with me again?"

"Shh!" she cautioned the kitten. "Someone's listening to us."

"Very well, then," I replied; "I'm going back to talk to the sweet-peas, and don't you listen to us either."

Instead I found a more congenial occupation sauntering slowly round the long neglected garden. An ingratiating "Miaow!" interrupted my musing on the folly of expecting unpruned apple-trees to bear fruit.

"Your messenger of love arrived safely," I said when I had climbed up on the wall once again.

"And you have come back to talk to me?"

"Yes; but before we go any further would you mind telling me whether

you have or have not conceived a violent and unreasoning love for me at first sight? I can't help wondering."

"I have not." She seemed quite certain about it.

"No? Well, then, as I'm far too busy to spend the whole morning playing with you, throwing your confounded kitten back to you every time you throw it over, may I have your assurance that this won't happen again?"

"For my own part," she said, "I would gladly give you the assurance; but the matter is out of my hands, I'm afraid. Father said—"

"You can tell your father," I interrupted, "that it is his duty to keep his children amused, and that the little boy next-door will not play with you."



THE TOMAHAWK-PIPE.

Red-Chief MAXTON (at the Carlisle Pow-wow). "AND NOW, MY BRAVES, LET US JOIN IN SMOKING THE GREAT UNIVERSAL PEACE-PIPE, RESERVING FOR OURSELVES, OF COURSE, THE RIGHT TO USE THE BUSINESS END OF IT WHENEVER CIRCUMSTANCES SO REQUIRE."

"to take advantage of the intimacy necessarily bred of this little service I have done you to force my acquaintance on you. Still, I don't think it would be out of place for you to express a hope that you will see more of me now that I'm down in these parts."

"Well, you know," she said with a curious smile, "I haven't much doubt that I shall."

She was right. I had reached the fourth sweet-pea from the left of the second row when I heard a "Miaow" directly behind me. I turned round and grabbed the kitten before it had time to repeat its observation.

"I'm not going to apologise for all the trouble I'm giving you," she said when I handed it over the wall, "be-



Parent (irritated beyond endurance by his thoughtless offspring). "GOOD HEAVENS! DON'T ANY OF YOU EVER THINK?" Son. "DON'T WE EVER WHAT?"

"I asked Father," she went on, "and he said that—er—bogey was either four or five."

"No doubt, no doubt. But, if it is not too sensible a question, four or five what?"

"Kittens," she answered with an impish grin.

"But what——?"

"Perhaps I should have made it quite clear in the beginning," she explained, "that it was our cat that strayed while we were away."

Cabbages and Kings.

"Two Duchesses and some Linoleum. Make an offer."—*Advt. in Australian Paper.*

The time, we know, has been contemplated when Dukes might be three a penny, but then no linoleum was thrown in.

An Imminent Amende.

"EXCELSIOR
THEATRE

STORK presents
THE SUPREME GENIUS
OF THE PIANO BENNO
NOISEIWITSCH."

Bangoon Paper.

We suggest a collaboration between him and Mr. ALFRED NOYES in the production of some songs for the Piano Benno.

MY LADY WALKS THE GARDEN.

[N.B.—The lines which follow have been adapted, in accordance with the simple manly custom of the author, so as to combine the romance of a more sentimental age with the hard realism of the present.]

My lady walks the garden
That flames with fires of Spring;
The tulips and aubretias
Have blessed her gardening.

She sees the double daisies
About her beds a-bloom,
Muscari racemosum
And ornithogalum.

Puschkinia scilloides
Her punctual care hath crowned,
The wallflower and the primrose
Their perfume spread around.

But even now while pyrus
Is bursting into bud
My lady's hands are busy
With basket and with spud.

She soweth the eschscholtzia,
And here and there she sets,
Raking the soil with mortar,
The seeds of mignonettes.

Nasturtiums and godetias,
And larkspurs' lovely blue,
Linaria macrocana
And coreopsis too.

And now in shady corners
She puts the hardy fern,
She trims the straggling ivy,
And leaves the bits to burn.

Her eyes are as the violet,
Whose growth she doth ensure
With grit and with burnt refuse,
Leaf-mould and cow-manure.

She plants the rock-plant early,
And kills at break of dawn
With sulphate of ammonia
The plantains on the lawn.

From the cold frames of winter
She lifts the seedling's pot,
And lightly forks the border
Of each herbaceous plot.

And still she guards the phloxes—
A care which never fails—
With cordons of fine ashes
From injury by snails.

In saucer-like depressions
She gives young shrubs their baths,
Restrains the climbing roses
And renovates the paths.

My lady walks the garden
That flames with fires of Spring,
And oh! she is so dirty
With endless gardening!

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

"WAKE UP AND DREAM!" (PAVILION).

If there was just a very faint flavour of disappointment about this last of Mr. COCHRAN's revues, that is chiefly because that ingenious entrepreneur sets himself so high a standard. Is *Wake Up and Dream*! quite as good as *This Year of Grace* or, to go much further back, *The League of Nations*? I don't think so. Clearly, so long as the show is good, the answer to the question doesn't very much matter. And in fact much of it was brilliant. For myself, I am predisposed to agree that a relative failure by Mr. COCHRAN would be sufficient to make a signal success for anyone else—a dangerously uncritical state of mind, no doubt, but not come by lightly.

I thought that perhaps there might be some clue to the origin of our shadowy misgivings about the treatment of the early scenes. After a somewhat obscure parable about *The Man of Money* (in a dress-suit of shiny black mackintosh and an OLIVER MESSEL mask) and an invitation by that romantic tenor, GEORGE METAXA, to "Wake up and Dream," "The Dream" is presented to us—a hurried procession of arbitrarily-selected figures, among them *Columbine*, *Venus*, the *Eighteenth-Century Lady*, the *Earl of Essex* and *QUEEN ELIZABETH*, *Pelleas* and *Mélisande*, *Love*, *Art*, *Poetry*, *Music*, *Carmen*, *Bluebeard*, *Sister Anne*, *The Lady of the Moon* and *The Blue Bird*, against an effective background by MARC HENRI and LAVERDET. But so fast was the pace of entry and movements that you saw a medley rather than a design, a confusion, not a pattern; and as this was an obvious effect it was clearly intentional. Is our prince of entertainers then going to decline upon a formula of battering us into a state of insensibility, so that we are unable to discriminate between first-rate stuff and second-rate, or to see the wood for the trees? And shall we be left murmuring distractedly, always a little behind the merry rout, "This is a jolly thing, wasn't it?" The showman and the artist in Mr. COCHRAN may be battling for the poor man's soul. I hope the showman won't have too easy a victory.

Hearing, by the way, a succession of deep sighs from the stall beside me I took a glance at my unhappy colleague, who had no sooner put three rapid

ating the other, when the pair were promptly whisked off the stage and a team of breakneck dancers trod upon their hurrying heels, to be in their turn promptly flung away by the Master-Hand. However, let us abandon this carping for the pleasanter business of cataloguing—no more is possible—the best things.

Of the dancers there is the graceful TILLY LOSCH, especially effective in an ingenious revival of an old Empire ballet of GENÉE's—"Coppelia," presented to us as from the wings, with her admirable athletic partner, TONI BIRKMAYER. There were the BEKKOFFS, brother and two sisters, to give us startling variants of Russian dance technique. There is TINA MELLER, fierce and compelling, in her traditional Spanish dances to the soft guitar of ANTONIO RODRIGUEZ; there are Miss MARGIE FINLEY and Mr. CHESTER FREDERICKS, with thews of steel and bones of rubber, hurtling fearlessly through space, and Miss JUNE ROPER and Mr. JACK KINNEY dancing the graver measures of tango and waltz, and honourably trying to compensate us for the loss of

Miss JEAN BARRY and her partner. And among the players of course there was Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS, with her roguish lines, made specially piquant by contrast with her exaggerated air of innocence. Perhaps the book-maker, Mr. JOHN HASTINGS TURNER, was a little hampered by having to write so much of his book round this clever, attractive, but perhaps now rather stereotyped personality. But Miss MATTHEWS does not grow perfunctory in her methods. Her lithe body keeps in perfect training, her high-kicking is higher than ever and she wears her adorable frocks with distinction. The ungodly will appreciate her in "The Decline of Sin," where the lover is discovered by a husband returning from a shoot, who, however, is so preoccupied by his own prowess in the coverts that he notices nothing odd in the situation; in "Only a Schoolgirl," in which she helps two week-enders to elude a questing wife; and in the pleasantly outrageous *dénouement* of the "Bedtime Story" of 1923.

Mr. SONNIE HALE scored his chief successes in a malicious impersonation



GOING THE PACE.

OUR ARTIST OFFERS HIS APOLOGIES TO ANY OF THE ABOVE WHO FEEL THAT HE HAS FAILED TO REPRODUCE THEIR FEATURES.

strokes to paper to indicate one lover and had made two more towards indi-



LOW BROWS IN HIGH PLACES.

Charlie (Mr. FRED GROVES). "I'M ALL FOR PEACE; BUT, IF YOU WANT A ROW, I'M 'ERE."

of Sir THOMAS BEECHAM and as a very sinful and worldly lady, the keeper of a fashionable night-club. Mr. WILLIAM STEPHENS was admirable in the pathetic song of the poor gigolo in the same scene.

Mr. FRED GROVES was vastly entertaining in a transcript from the French of "Rip"—"The Man in the Red Tie," in which the disintegrating effect of the march past of the old regiment upon the worthy man's internationalism is amusingly shown.

The decorators have always their chance with Mr. COCHRAN, MARC HENRI and LAVERDET with their gay, naïvely-drawn and brightly-coloured scenes, particularly that of "The Gold Rush, 1849," an excellent piece of highly-mannered reconstruction; NORMAN WILKINSON of Four Oaks, with a Chinese scene and settings for three "Bedtime Stories," 1740, 1860 and 1929; OLIVER MESSEL with his masks, costumes and backgrounds—all did their work well.

As to Mr. COCHRAN's young ladies, I was relieved to see that feeding them exclusively on ultra-violet rays had produced no serious modification of their authentic 1928 model, which was as near perfection as we are likely to get, and which, I think, might be well set up by Act of Parliament as a standard. What particular jolly things they did I missed in the general rush. T.

"BIG FLEAS—" (COMEDY).

The author of this light-hearted, not to say feather-brained affair never condescends to explain why the too affable young man who had stolen the famous pearl necklace from the American millionaire should assume his victim's name and put up at a conspicuous south-coast hotel. To this hotel, warned by advices from America, come *Chicago Kate*, posing as the fashionable *Hélène Fricourt*; "*Fanlight Fanny*," passing herself off as a charitable old lady with a home for confirmed criminals; "*Gentleman Jack*," entered in the hotel books as the *Hon. John St. Clair*; and an ex-fence, *Horace Leon Goodstein*. *St. Clair* and *Goodstein* are in partnership, the two ladies are working independently—all against all.

It is but the work of a noisy half-hour

or so in the supposed millionaire's bedroom for "*Gentleman Jack*," and, thereafter, *Chicago Kate* and "*Fanlight Fanny*," to search thoroughly every conceivable nook and cranny except the bed in which were reposing the Big Flea and his accomplice, who,



A COMEDY PAGE.
MR. DAVID DILWORTH.

disclosing themselves at the appropriate moment, relieve the lesser fleas of the assortment of jewellery which they have assiduously collected from the guests in one of the least plausibly managed hotels of stageland. The baffled four are left handcuffed in the bedroom.

Thus far—to the end of Act II.—we

have had a certain liveliness and, if you ignore the fundamental imbecility of the plot, some ingenious and amusing surprises; though I am afraid I have passed the age when the sight of a Jewish gentleman attired for a fancy-dress dance in spats, tights, kilts, brass cuirass and hat after the pattern worn by the Elder Brethren of the Trinity, moves me to excess of mirth. It seemed to me moreover that Mr. REGINALD PURDELL was a clever enough comedian to dispense with these adventitious aids to merriment.

The Third Act dragged its slow length along without any pretence at plausible invention or any but the dreariest fun. What this piece lacks, in fact, is standard. And all the efforts of Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, who made quite a jolly thing of *Mrs. Entwistle*, of Mr. G. H. MULCASTER (*St. Clair*), Mr. BASIL FORTER the supposititious millionaire, and Mr. ARTHUR FINN as his accomplice, failed to keep it on its feet. I thought that Miss MARGARET DELAMERE played the part of the hotel reception-clerk, with whom the chief criminal was in love, with a very charming ease and in just the right key. Much of the acting was of a deplorably unsubtle nature. But, I freely own, the piece called for and deserved little better. T.

A special performance of *The Queen was in the Parlour*, a three-act play by Mr. NOEL COWARD, will be given at the New Scala Theatre on Tuesday, April 23rd (St. George's Day), at 8.30 p.m., in aid of the Kensington Red Cross Physical Treatment Centre. Application for tickets should be made to Miss N. CUMBERLAND, 21, Bramham Gardens, S.W.5 (Ken. 3178).



BEDSIDE MANNERS.

George Burton . . . MR. ARTHUR FINN.
Richard van Dyrn . . MR. BASIL FORTER.
Mrs. Entwistle . . . MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

Hélène Fricourt . MISS DIANA WILSON.
Horace Goodstein . MR. R. PURDELL.
Hon. John . . .
St. Clair . MR. G. H. MULCASTER.

"For being drunk in charge of a car 63 years old Lincoln motorist was disqualified from driving for life."—*News Telegram*.

He can console himself with the thought that the car might have worn out some day.

"The following appears in the Barnsley Borough Police Orders issued this week:—

'Constables off duty must not wear their trousers either in the house or in the street.'

Daily Paper.

Another Report on Police Procedure seems indicated.

AT THE PICTURES.

TWO SILENT FILMS.

AGAIN the clown with the broken heart, but, happily, pieced together just before the National Anthem arrives. Will, I ask myself, poor self-deprecating *Botto*, of *Looping the Loop*, be the last of these self-torturing buffoons, or will the Talkies carry on the hoary tradition? We shall soon know, for every moment brings the Talkies nearer in all their formidable resonance; the big firms are to concentrate on nothing else; DOUGLAS and MARY have plumped for them across seven thousand miles of telephone; and sound-distributors



Botto (Mr. WERNER KRAUSS). "WILL YOU NEVER LEARN THAT NO WOMAN EVER LOVES A CLOWN?"

The One Who Won't Learn. "BUT ISN'T THERE ANOTHER SCHOOL OF THOUGHT WHICH SINGS THAT 'EVERYBODY'S LOVED BY SOMEONE'?"

are being installed on every side. Alas, for that sweet lenitive, the Theatre of the Deaf!

Meanwhile there is one stalwart who refuses to bow the knee to bawl, and that is CHARLIE, who has vowed for ever to hold his peace; and I, for one, applaud him. Whatever developments may occur, the art of the cinema is, basically, the art of pantomime, and our ears ought never to be strained there.

In watching, at the Capitol, *Looping the Loop*, another story of circus life, I could not see how in any moment it could be strengthened by talk. Even without the captions we should have known what was happening; that is to say, that *André* the trapezist (Mr. WARWICK WARD) was a seducer with dishonourable intentions towards *Blanche* (Miss JENNY JUGO), and that *Botto* the clown

(Mr. WERNER KRAUSS) had a heart of gold under his inferiority complex, and would behave pathetically as a gentle-



Botto. "TOTO, WE'VE FOUND SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T LAUGH AT US."

Toto. "WHY DRAG ME INTO THIS SILLY STUFF?"

man. And so it turned out. For an hour-and-a-half, according to the accepted plan, *Botto* did all that he could both to prevent *Blanche* from knowing he was a clown and from allowing him-



IF ONLY CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LEGS, IN ADDITION TO THE ALLEGED MURDERER'S HANDS, COULD HAVE BEEN GRAFTED (AS ABOVE) ON TO THE INJURED PIANIST, ORLAC (Mr. CONRAD VEIDT), SO AS TO COUNTERACT THE GLOOM!

self to agree that clowns could either be lovable or loved; and then, time being up, he capitulated. Meanwhile

André—having chosen to perform with *Blanche* and his new partner after only one rehearsal and without a net—had very naturally fallen from mid-air and was out of the running. According to the programme story, he was killed; but, as this might be thought rather extreme by audiences, or so I imagine, in the film itself he is shown as having been only slightly hurt, and already fixing his roving eye on his nurse as his next victim. When the Talkies are really with us, one wonders if they, among their other benefactions, will at last arrange for perfect harmony between programme and picture?

In private life *Botto* might have been

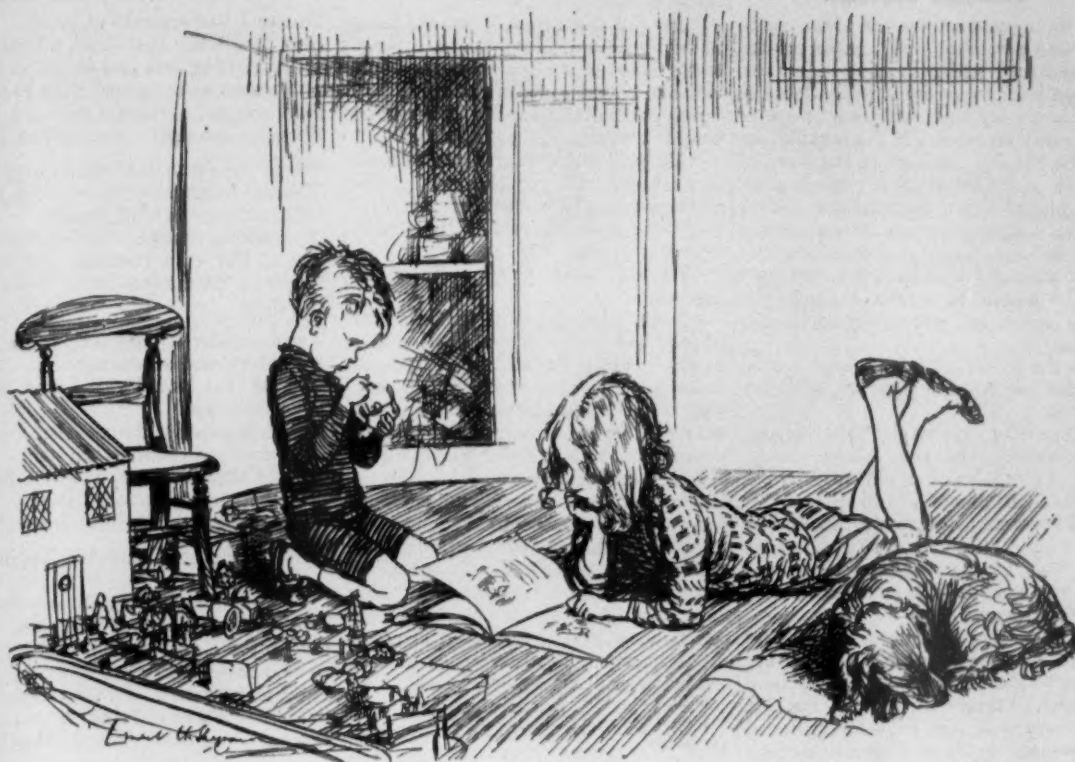


SOME SLEUTH.

Detective (after hasty inspection). "VASEUR'S FINGER-PRINTS!"

more amusing, although the rôle of quixotic protector is always rather a dejected one; and since, as injured innocence, *Blanche* dared not do more than wanly smile, the film as a whole was not exhilarating. An additional source of melancholy to me was the ease with which, without any attempt at concealment, *Botto* was able to convey his fox-terrier in his arms from Paris to London, in defiance of all our quarantine regulations: a thing that every dog-lover who travels to the Continent and back longs to accomplish.

Looping the Loop is merely wistful, whereas the Austrian film, *The Hands of Orlac*, at the Avenue Pavilion, is, until the last moment, gloomy and sinister throughout. The tragedy, however, being based upon a surgical impossibility, our feelings are not so harrowed as they might be. I say "impossibility" out of my own head, not having had the chance of discussing the matter with



He. "WHERE DO ANIMALS GO WHEN THEY DIE?"

She. "ALL GOOD ANIMALS GO TO HEAVEN, BUT THE BAD ONES GO TO THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM."

my old friend Sir Hewatt Wunce or any other Master of the Knife; but it is very unlikely, isn't it, that when a pianist loses his hands in a railway accident and the body of a guillotined criminal happens at the moment to be lying in the surgery waiting for dissection, the hands of the murderer can successfully be grafted upon the wrists of the musician? But that is what we are asked to believe! This macabre idea being accepted—together with the corollary that if you have a murderer's hands you won't be able to play Chopin any more, but will continually be fumbling with daggers—all goes as merrily as a funeral knell. The pianist loses his livelihood, terrifies his wife and is nearly arrested for killing his father; but the discovery that the guillotined man had been blameless and was executed by mistake then puts everything right, although I suppose that the famous Nocturne will still elude him. EDGAR ALLAN POE run mad!

The acting under such improbable conditions cannot matter much, but Herr CONRAD VEIDT as the fated *Orlac* is distraught enough, and Fräulein ALEXANDRA SORINA as his wife is sufficiently

wide-eyed and panting, while Herr FRITZ KORTNER as a villain of really glorious turpitude, both in face and char-



Sympathetic Maid (to Orlac). "PER'APS IT'S THE FURNITURE, SIR; I ALWAYS COME OVER FUNNY MESELF IN 'ERE."

acter, provides moments of excitement. The only amusement to be obtained is from a detective with a magnifying-glass—always a fruitful figure. E. V. L.

WESTERLY WEATHER.

NORTHERLY weather's not nice to a thing;

Easterly weather is daggers a-wing;
Southerly weather is lovely and good,
But Westerly weather is wine through the wood.

Northerly's icebergs and bullets to chew;
Easterly's bitter—Siberia's brew;
Southerly's sugar, and spice that belongs,
But Westerly weather's a singing of songs.

Northerly's narwhals and polar-bear claws;
Easterly's wolf—oh, the fangs in his jaws!
Southerly's colibris' breasts and blue mails,
But Westerly weather it fills the rooks' tails.

Northerly weather suits bold Esquimaux;

Easterly's suited to TROTSKY and Co.;
Southerly's Eden and EVE to a T,
But Westerly weather for ADAM and me!

P. R. C.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

I HAVE just been sent an invitation to Richard's wedding. His name, printed on the card which is lying before me, brings back to my mind every detail of him as he lay that afternoon in one of the shiny armchairs in the best parlour of the "Lamb," radiant in the glory of a five and four victory. All day we had played errant but exultant golf on a quiet course by the sea, and afterwards through the magic of the Sussex twilight we had driven back over the crest of the downs to where, cupped in a little wood, lay our newly-discovered village.

In the glow that follows soon upon a log-fire and brimming pewter, we began to talk.

"Yes, it's pretty tragic," said Richard, "the way all these poor fellows are going. First John, then old Billy, who'd never looked at a girl in his life——"

"They were the extremes, those two," I broke in. "John looked at so many girls that I'd have backed him for a long run, and Billy was so absolutely bored by them that——"

"That when he met the witching widow at Menton she had him at her mercy! But I suppose it'll only be a question of time with you and me. It goes very well, this bachelor business, but sometimes it seems almost too good to last."

"Yes," I agreed sadly, "we'll struggle, but we'll go under, I'm afraid. *C'est la guerre*; but there may be consolations."

"Yes, I suppose so." Then, turning to me suddenly—"If you mean that a marriage might be a commercial success, I agree." He waved his hand. "No, no; I'm all agin marrying for money, unless it happens to be incidental. No, I mean the wedding itself. *Presents*." And he gave me a look full of meaning.

"The difference to the individual donor," he went on, "between a silver-plated egg-whisk and something a trifle better is negligible, whereas in the mass it may mean everything to the happy couple. The question is to what extent one is justified in encouraging a costlier type of gift."

"But how," I asked, "do you propose to do it? There have been five weddings in my family in the last three years, and spotted bowls and sets of pink-handled tea-knives have led the field at each of them."

"The whole question of presents," said Richard with the air of one who knew, "is governed by a simple piece of psychology. Between you and me, I've investigated no fewer than fifty-seven weddings, and the circumstances of each bear out my thesis, which is *that the*

present varies according to the scale of the reception."

"Do you mean that, if you are going to be married in Mayfair and arrange for a deuce of a blind after it, people will feel bound to be rather generous? Surely, with all that expense, the balance wouldn't be much in your favour."

"I know," Richard agreed; "but there is a simple rider to the rule. '*The wedding-present arrives before the wedding*'—Chinese proverb." He nodded sapiently at me.

"I don't follow you," I said. "If the——"

"I don't suppose you do," Richard interrupted. "I seem to be the first person to grasp the full significance of those two laws; but really it's all very simple." He leaned forward and pointed his pipe at me as though covering me with a gun. "Mr. A and Miss B agree to marry on such and such a day. Miss B's mother sends out an invitation on sumptuous cardboard to a church of fashion and a hotel of world-wide repute. And what happens? The prospective guests, pleasantly impressed by the thought of what they feel will be rather a good show, give just that little extra which makes such a difference in the total returns. *Such a difference!*"

"And then?" I demanded.

"Oh, then the unexpected happens. Miss B is suddenly indisposed on the morning of the wedding, and the guests are notified by telegram, with suitable regrets. The arrangement with the management of the hotel is cancelled the day before at a relatively small cost. Mr. A and Miss B have a peaceful little ceremony in a registrar's office and disappear to Crete, or wherever they are going, leaving a few trusty relations to guard the spoil."

"It seems safe enough," I said; "but I suppose one might develop qualms afterwards."

"And I imagine it depends rather on the lady herself—and on her mother," Richard added thoughtfully.

And then I remember that old Billing, who owned the "Lamb" in those days, came in to lay the table.

* * * * *

As I said, I have just been sent an invitation to Richard's wedding. Printed on luscious parchment, exquisitely worded, it requests my presence at the best-known church in London, and afterwards at a hotel which so far I have only visited in my dreams.

I've written to Richard wishing him the best of luck and regretting that as my present has to come all the way from the East it won't arrive until after the wedding.

And it won't arrive at all unless the show comes off.

EPPING FOREST THEN AND NOW.

TO-DAY I had a stroke of luck: Near Baldwin's Hill I met a Puck. When circling talk had veered at last To Present as compared with Past, Puck wagged a reminiscent head, Waved a descriptive arm and said:

"Here once your mediæval kings,
Released from governmental things,
Like carucage (a kind of tax)
Or checking treason with an axe,
Left all the staid historian knows
To please themselves with bucks or does.

'Twas simple; twenty serfs or so
As beaters, and a hunting-bow,
Hounds that would yell, horns that
would wind,

And lords that would get left behind.
They rode with jubilee and noise
From Walthamstow to Theydon Bois,
Leaving some quiet forest rides
Messy with umbles (deer's insides).

"The Sovereign found his Epping
pleasant;

The beasts did not, nor did the peasant.
The peevish villain's rye was laid
Flat in the clearing; no one paid.
In Middle English, terse if crude,
The peevish villain and his brood
Composed a sort of fugue thereat,
Embroidering the theme of '*Drat!*'

"WILLIAM and HENRY, RICHARD, JOHN
Rode gloriously and are gone;
By Jack's Hill or by Honey Lane
The native and the deer remain.

"To-day we rightly make a fuss
When fools arrive by car or bus
Or walking—fools of all sorts come—
To hint at Pandemonium;
And mark the litter where they lay
On a sunshine Bank Holiday.
Yet their barbarian revel brings
No more disturbance than the King's;
The deer detest the motor's hoot,
Yet find that motors do not shoot;
The cottage earns substantial fees
Supplying chocolate and teas;
Nor do I find the quiet rides
Messy with umbles (deer's insides).
Even upon Bank Holiday
The rides are quiet rides, I say;
Your modern devotees of din
Keep to the edge and don't come in.

"Therefore the cotter and the buck
Think that the Forest is in luck,
As I do." I agreed with Puck.

"HEAVY WEIGHT SPUN SHEIK.
36in. wide. In Sky, Pink, Primrose, Peach,
Helio, Nil Green, Ivory, and Natural."

Advt. in Glasgow Paper.

When a sheik looks Nil Green you
know that it's high time to make for
the nearest oasis.



MR. GEORGE DUNCAN.

May his team be as tigers and all on the spot,
And, having recovered the Ryder Cup,
Fill it high with the choice of their captain (a Scott)—
More probably whisky than cider-cup!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCII.



Butler. "THE NUMBER'S ENGAGED, MADAM."

Lady. "NONSENSE! TELL THEM AT THE EXCHANGE YOU WERE 'PHONING THE DUCHESS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS's Cambridge lectures on *Aspects of Biography* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS) have now resumed something very like their original form. Delivered in English, they were subsequently published in French, and this French edition has now been translated into English by Mr. S. C. ROBERTS. Concluding that there is no such thing as "progress" in literature, the lecturer discerns two immortal fashions of biography: the dignified record of ages of social and religious certitude and the intimate *exposé* of periods of "doubt and despair." All human institutions are equally admirable and ridiculous; a LOCKHART copes satisfactorily with the former aspect, a STRACHEY with the latter. The ideal biographer works on the same lines as the ideal portrait or landscape painter. His picture resembles its subject while remaining an "artistic transference of reality." "*Ars est homo additus naturæ*," and art the biography must be; for the more it is science the less it is literature. Unique and unrepeatable experiences have no relation to the material of physical experiments. True, HERBERT SPENCER tried to write "a natural history of myself," but the necessary objectivity was lacking even here. Remaining a work of art the biography may become an emotional deliverance for both writer and reader, and in this connection the lecturer is unaffectedly and happily revealing as to his own methods. Finally biography is compared with the novel as imposing bonds welcome and indeed inspiring to those who have felt the weight of too

much liberty. Perhaps this spirited little book starts more hares than it can deal with: the same obstinate questionings pop up in one lecture, lope off undisposed of, and reappear in the next *battue*; but there is something both stimulating and flattering to the reflective reader in a treatment so much more deferential than dogmatic.

Mr. A. P. NICHOLSON makes no attempt to deny that his volume of some thirty quick character-sketches, *The Real Men in Public Life* (COLLINS), is exempt from those errors of judgment that commonly impair the work of ordinary observers. It is pleasant and satisfactory to read—as indeed it must be pleasant and satisfactory to write—of our leading politicians in terms of this assurance, and for those who would fain think well of human nature the satisfaction is increased by the discovery that in very fact and almost without exception our statesmen are much wiser and less self-seeking than might at times have appeared. The outstanding figures in all our Parties, indeed, on the author's showing, would seem to be so richly accomplished in a certain statesmanlike erudition, escaping pedantry only by virtue of an inherent instinct for chivalrous adventure, so nurtured in a kind of altruistic idealism saved from a suspicion of priggishness only by a savour of sound business training, that no occasion remains for the maintenance of the present three-shift Party system but such as arises from the superabundance of ability and integrity solicitous to take its unrewarded turn at driving the machinery of State. While there will presumably never be any lack of writers well-equipped to exploit shortcomings at Westminster, it is

undeniably useful to find someone who refuses to crab our democratic institutions and is prepared to back his opinion with chapter and verse, regardless of Party and prejudice. It is even possible, of course, that "A. P. N." is right, and certainly the present author is of opinion that "A. P. N." ought to know.

Although Miss PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE is "new" and "in her earliest twenties"

(If I may quote the fly-leaf note Which MARTIN SECKER doubtless wrote),

She's not in any sort of way What one might call a raw apprentice.

Vivandière tells the tale again Of Moscow and NAPOLEON's heroes, And makes it new by giving you The unfamiliar point of view Of one, the humblest in the train Of supernumary zeros.

The army's proud advance we trace And its retreat and degradation, And through the whole that pleasant soul,

The damsel of the title rôle, Moves with a rare unpolished grace Which I find full of fascination.

Characteristic to the highest degree, and that not only on their more celebrated side, *The Letters of Tolstoy and his Cousin, Countess Alexandra Tolstoy* (METHUEN), form one of the best examples of epistolary give and take I have encountered. TOLSTOY himself maintained that his own share of the letters was his best autobiography, and from the psychological point of view I should say the contention was a just one. Three Tolstoy's appear in the correspondence between 1857 and 1903: a perfervid youth to whom "tranquillity is meanness of soul"; "a happy and peaceful husband and father" who is at the same time "an author with all my soul" and able to "write and meditate as never before"; finally, a chaotic idealist uttering inconclusive oracles and displaying an extraordinary insensitiveness to

the interests of his wife and small children. The letters of Countess ALEXANDRA are practically all of a piece. This "dear protector of my soul," as her cousin called her, was eleven years older than her correspondent, a woman well-read in many tongues, a thinker, a friend of TOURGENIEV and DOSTOYEVSKY, but a convinced aristocrat and devoutly religious. For four reigns she dwelt at Court, educating young princesses and grand-duchesses whom she saw married off with a mother's anguish. In the intervals of not wholly congenial duties she found time to write "LEO" the "friendly clever, nice, edifying letters" he craved for. From both observers you learn a certain amount about the Russia of their day. The most interesting note is their perception of the decay of personal liberty as the proletariat get more power. Twice TOLSTOY, infuriated by local officialdom, suggests emigrating to England "for freedom and dignity"



Old Lady. "NOW TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF MY NEW PICTURE. I'VE JUST HAD IT FRAMED."

Intellectual Nephew. "CANDIDLY, AUNT, THAT KIND OF THING DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME. TOO LIKE THE LID OF A CHOCOLATE-BOX."

Old Lady. "BUT IT IS THE LID OF A CHOCOLATE-BOX."

"once for all." But his spiritual wrestling with his courtly good angel is the fine flower of their correspondence.

It has been said that it is impossible to make a perfectly good woman interesting in a novel. The dogma savours of cynicism, and for its refutation I would point to *Marty South*, who shines like a candle in the (at any rate sometimes) naughty world of HARDY's Wessex. *Marty* is like the very best sort of poem. But Mrs. WINIFRED F. PECK is not a HARDY, and I am not sure that the heroine of *A Change of Master* (SKEFFINGTON) is so interesting a young woman as she might have been if she had had a few blemishes. For *Nannie Fraser* is indeed perfect. We meet her first in charge of her own little brothers and sisters, children of an occasionally intoxicated father, and victims, but for *Nannie's* tender care, of a chronically intoxicated stepmother. Then

she becomes nurse to the children of a very "modern" young woman, discontented, neurotic and none too faithful to an extraordinarily colourless husband. Nannie on more than one occasion shows a skill beyond her years in warding off domestic crises; but even she cannot for ever avert the inevitable rupture, and, *Gay Rivers* having eloped, Nannie accompanies the deserted husband and his children to Canada, where (as in a ballad) she meets her own true love, from whom she had parted on an early page. The satisfaction of many readers in this happy consummation will, I fear, be double-edged; but to those who like their fiction drawn very mild this artless chronicle may be commended.

There is something in *The Mirror in the Dusk* (SAMPSON Low) which reminds me irresistibly of MILLET's "Angelus"; there is the same sadness in book and picture, the same sense of the mystery and cruel power of the land expressed in the bowed human figures which appear in both. But Mr. BRINSLEY MACNAMARA's country is Ireland and his people Irish peasants in the days before the War. His whole method, in a far more subtle sense than that inherent in the division of the book into three "Reflections," is that of giving his readers such pictures as a mirror in the dusk might show. First there are the four children, Delia Growney, Fanny Kelloghan, Oliver Kiernan and Jamesey Darcey, adventuring into the old crab-apple orchard, and, chased out by Colonel Marlay's man and dog, tasting faintly the disappointment and bitterness that colour all the lives about them and become the colour of their own. These four children are Mr. MACNAMARA's concern, the utter failure of their

lives the tragedy he has to tell, with frequent glances from them to the histories of the countryside. Now and then he strikes the same note too often; now and then the dusk darkens the mirror so much that the picture is blurred. But how ungrateful it seems to mention such drawbacks, even in the course of one's professional duties, since this novel has so much more tragic and poetical beauty than is often found in a work of fiction. A difficult book to forget—even for a reviewer.

People who not unnaturally expect Miss MARGARET PETERSON's story, called *Like a Rose* (BENN), to be in the vein of rather mild domestic sentiment, suggested by the popular song from which its title is drawn, will do well to prepare for a shock. The only sort of rose which *Jennifer Postle*, her heroine, can be said to resemble in the least is the kind alliteratively coupled with "raptures" in the familiar Swinburnian line. The theme of the tale—the psychology of the "fille de joie"—cannot in the nature of things be a pleasant one, however handled; but it is on the whole less repellent when treated with the starkest realism than when plastered over with the sort of sticky emotionalism in which Miss PETERSON (usually a capable writer) here runs riot.

The book contains some good African chapters, and there are one or two cleverly-drawn characters; it is written, on the whole, fluently and with vigour, though I cannot imagine how Miss PETERSON ever managed to reconcile with her conscience the perpetration of such an appalling phrase as "a slight almost to scragginess elderly woman."

After reading *The Diary of a Rum-Runner* (PHILIP ALLAN), I do not advise anyone in search of a quiet sea-voyage to sign on as supercargo in a schooner whose owners are "arranging to send about twenty thousand cases of the best out to the coast of America." For the life of a supercargo, under the conditions described by Mr. ALASTAIR MORAY in his informing book, is several degrees too strenuous for ordinary mortals. The schooner, not inappropriately named *The Cask*, met with tremendous difficulties in reaching her destination, and when she had reached it the trouble of selling her thousands of cases was acute and prolonged. Quite apart from its story of adventure this diary contains keen observation and introduces its readers to as queer an assortment of people as even a rum-running schooner can have ever contained. I was quite sorry when *The Cask* was at last empty, as far as her cases were concerned, and returned to a country where whisky is not prohibited. But what a life!



Brown (who takes no active part in the annual spring-cleaning). "HAVE YOU NOTICED, DEAR, HOW THE SPRINGS IN THIS CHAIR HAVE STARTED TO GO?"

young man than *Mark* never lived, but after his rooms had been burgled two or three times and his head had come into violent contact with a sandbag it began to dawn upon him that someone was on his track. So Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON's famous pair, *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims*, get a fine opportunity to solve yet another problem. It is a sound tale, and especially do I commend one perfectly fair and excellent bamboozle.

We regret that in *Punch* of April 3rd, the publisher of Mr. R. LOWE THOMPSON's book, *The History of the Devil*, was inadvertently given as BENN. It should have been KEGAN PAUL.

"Now listen to some music about rain. Play 'April Showers' (Leo Livens), Jardin's 'Sous la pluie' (Debussy)." —*Teacher's Paper*. M. Jardin is of course one of those men who are continually under the weather.

"CONTROL OF MENTAL CASES."

'Contract bridge,' which is superseding auction bridge on the Continent and in America, has taken a strong hold in Britain."

New Zealand Paper.

We know too well how difficult it is to control this form of mania.

CHARIVARIA.

"PIPE-SMOKING among young peers is increasing," says a gossip-writer. It is noticed too that they are getting very slack about wearing their coronets, even on Sundays.

Interest attaches to the fact that a paragraphist has seen Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD in a beige hat, because it differs slightly in shade from any the Socialist leader has yet talked through.

"Why do dogs run after cats?" asks a woman, writing to a daily paper. We can only suppose that it is because walking would be futile.

According to an evening paper one-hundred-and-ninety persons applied for the post of mortuary-keeper at Edmonton. It was good of our contemporary to spread the glad tidings like that.

Of a certain film a critic writes: "This mighty spectacle renders one speechless." Couldn't somebody arrange a special Matinée for politicians?

The latest fashion is for women to have dogs to match their frocks. The French poodle is indicated.

Curiosity is expressed as to why so many comedians come from Lancashire. It is felt that there must be some other reason than the depression in the cotton industry.

In artistic circles it is understood that the Epsom authorities are resolved upon the exclusion of gypsies from the Royal Academy. Mr. MUNNINGS, we are informed, has registered a protest.

Legally, a contemporary points out, there is but one Secretary of State—the Home Secretary. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, however, takes a tolerant view of this.

Glasgow gangsters are said to be transferred, as professional footballers are, and it is feared that Clydeside hooliganism has become tainted with the commercial spirit.

In view of Mr. GEORGE ROBEY'S reported intention to perform for the

"talkies," it is hoped that the faulty reproduction of sibilants will be rectified so that a satisfactory rendering may be given of the word "Desist."

The increasing use of stolen cars by crooks, to which attention is drawn, would seem to indicate that cars are generally stolen from motives of dishonesty.

As a bricklayer, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is said to dislike stooping. This may be due to the feeling that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN is constantly on the watch for a chance to catch him bending.

"What should a political Candidate eat?" is a question discussed in a newspaper. In our opinion there is nothing

craft. In our country they never imprison people for believing in Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

With reference to the discussion as to whether the "talkies" have come to stay, there is a pessimistic idea abroad that they are likely to become stoppies.

A contract for a million tins of "bully" beef has been placed by the War Office. It seems a pity that with all this talk of peace we should go on piling up armaments like that.

Of the new automatic traffic-control system just established in Brighton it is said that even women-drivers cannot fail to understand the signals. It is rather dangerous to put women-motorists on their mettle like that.

Scientists are trying to devise a way to make edible fish grow larger. The average angler never has any difficulty in doing this.

"Many members of Lord BALFOUR's Government of 1905 are still living," says a gossip-writer. "Time has made most of them peers." Is this quite fair to the gentleman with the scythe?

That the Harrow bookshop is much smaller than the tuckshop has aroused unfavourable comment. It should be remembered,

however, that the accommodation provided by Harrow boys for the respective contents of these shops varies in a similar manner.

A psychologist advocates punishing a child by boredom instead of spanking. This is easily effected by a little psychology.

The Labour Party's Ambitions.

"... If the Labour Party is to attain power... it must make converts among all classes, but particularly among 7 artisans and middle-class people."—*Glasgow Paper*.

A correspondent has answered our query, "Does Monaco need a Mussolini?" by suggesting that it might be enough to have a PRIMO DE RIVIERA.

A collection of hunting pictures in water-colour and black-and-white by G. D. ARMOUR opens to-day at the Rembrandt Gallery, 5, Vigo Street, W.



"WELL, YOU'VE GOT ONE OF THEM EAR THINGS FOR YOUR DEAFNESS AT LAST. THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU TO DO FOR FIVE YEARS."
"OH! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME FOR FIVE YEARS, IS IT?"

better than raw meat with an occasional bone.

Diplomatic representations are likely to be made to the Angora Government with reference to the law that children born in Turkey of foreign parents become Turkish subjects. Parents are apt to resent the description of their children as little Turks.

A gossip-writer boasts that he could point to three M.P.'s who will soon be Cabinet Ministers. It's bad manners to point.

Wireless announcers are only human, says a technical writer. It is feared that he will have great difficulty in convincing listeners of that.

A family of farmers living in the village of Vasles, near Paris, have been arrested because they believed in witch-

THE NEW HUMOUR.

"THE main essentials of the New Humour," I announced didactically, "are irresponsibility, irrelevancy and obscurity of motive, if any. The following is an essay in it."

"The following?" repeated my friend apprehensively.

"What I am about to read to you," I explained.

My friend winced slightly but made no attempt to get away.

"Proceed," he said, "if you must."

"It is a simple, touching tale of friendship," I went on. "Indeed, were it not for the fact that the plot differs in various important particulars, it might be considered a modern version of the story of Damon and Pythias. I have called it

'GEORGE AND HENRY;

OR, FRIENDSHIP TRIUMPHANT.'

"At 11.43 p.m. on the 9th of March, 1929, George hit Henry on the head with a cigar. This annoyed Henry a good deal at the time, and when he regained consciousness he taxed George with not playing fair.

"That was un-English, George," said Henry, rubbing his head.

"It is a Continental practice, no doubt," replied George, sneering, "to go about hitting people on the head with cigars," and, getting a firmer grip on the cigar, he endeavoured to hit Henry on the head with it again. This time, however, Henry dodged and got in a shrewd hack on George's shin, so that he dropped the cigar and hopped about for some time, groaning.

"That was a good one," said Henry, laughing heartily.

"It is typical of you, Henry," said George, between clenched teeth, "to be so infernally obvious. I doubt whether you have ever been stunned with a cigar before, but the best retaliation you can think of is to give me a common hack and then say, 'That was a good one,' which is what ninety-nine people out of a hundred would say."

"George then filled his pipe with a low moan. Henry, on the other hand, was stung to the quick.

"Even you, George," he retorted bitterly, chewing outlying portions of his moustache, "are unable, it seems, to shake off the habit of the decimal system." So saying, he thrust his tie-pin into George and left the room superciliously.

"Next day, on calling to ask for the pin back, Henry was surprised to receive a bullet in the fleshy part of the leg.

"What did you do that for, you hound?" he inquired angrily, falling down. "Is nothing sacred to you?"

he added in a great rage, exhibiting the hole in his new trousers.

"Your trousers," replied George, shooting Henry coldly in the fleshy part of the other leg, "have no effect whatever upon my susceptibilities."

"He then rang for the butler and had Henry shown out.

"As he walked home Henry realised with growing resentment that George had no intention of giving back the pin; and from that day there sprang up a coolness between the two. Every now and then Henry would send George a box of poisoned chocolates, and frequently George would refuse to notice Henry in the street. On one occasion, too, George introduced Henry to a Mrs. Dobbs as 'Mr. J. Sparrow,' and then went away and left Henry to explain the imposture as best he might.

"I have an urgent appointment," said George, and, raising his bowler-hat to Mrs. Dobbs, he walked off hastily.

Mrs. Dobbs fixed Henry with a piercing eye.

"I do not believe," she said icily, "that you are Mr. J. Sparrow at all."

"Madam," replied Henry, drawing himself up haughtily, "I should think not, indeed. As for George," he added, gritting his teeth, "he is a tick."

"Henry then bowed stiffly to Mrs. Dobbs and passed right out of her life.

"After this incident the rumour began to spread that George had quarrelled with Henry. When this came to the ears of George he was at first very angry, but, on thinking for a moment, he realised that there was some foundation for it and was smitten with remorse. Taking the cigar under one arm, he went to call on Henry, who immediately placed himself in an attitude of defence.

"No, no," said George, laying the cigar tenderly upon the sofa; "I am not really bad at heart. I have brought the cigar as a peace-offering. Come," he went on, holding out his hand in a frank and open manner, "let us shake hands upon it, Henry."

"After a moment's hesitation Henry complied.

"George," he said, dashing his free hand across his eyes, "I am more glad than I can tell. Can you lend me five pounds till Friday?"

"As it happened George could. And the cigar, as it hangs suspended from Henry's watch-chain, is now the symbol of Reconciliation."

"John Bunyan's house in Gough-square, Fleet-street, is closed for redecoration."

Evening Paper.

Perhaps they are taking the opportunity to renovate Dr. Johnson's statue at Bedford at the same time.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

STRANGE is the case of AUGUSTE FINCK (No kin of our harmonious HERMAN); He is a Frenchman, Germans think; The French consider him a German; Himself, he does not know, *au juste*, If he is AUGUST or AUGUSTE.

But on one point both States agree, That, for the sake of public order, He is a person who should be Sent speedily across the border; His record, it appears, is such That no one wants him very much.

The French police began the game, And sent him Eastward Ho, escorted; The Germans shortly did the same, And Westward Ho he was deported, And lurked there, out of sight and mind, Till lately he was found and fined.

To solve the doubt there seemed to be About AUGUSTE'S (or AUGUST'S) nation,

They followed back his family Unto the second generation, Yet could not tell if they should call The man a Teuton or a Gaul.

But, since his undistinguished line Has clearly from Bavaria risen, They send him back across the Rhine, After the proper month in prison Due to his contumacious act (Though it was not his fault, in fact).

And Germany, whom AUGUST'S woe Can hardly move to even one tear, Will rigorously bid him go Across the French forbidden frontier, Soon to be bandied back once more, Exactly as he was before.

How will this end? Will hapless FINCK Cross and recross the river valley, Lobbed endlessly from brink to brink, As in some weary tennis rally (Excepting that he often sits A month in jail between the hits)?

We know not; but before his fate Leads to more serious disputations Perhaps we might investigate The question through the League of Nations,

And find the complicated plot's key Of what to do with FINCK—and TROTSKY.

A Night Out.

"Blue Bell Hotel, —. Ladies and Gentlemen attending the much sought 'Shooters' Ball' can be accommodated if unable to return home."—*Newcastle Paper*.

"The sinking of the I'm Alone (writes our diplomatic representative) is regarded by the British Government as more than a rum-run-ginecident."—*Evening Paper*.

Before she sank it is understood that she had a distinct leaning to port.



THE CURSE AND THE CURE.

THE LADY. "MAY I INQUIRE WHAT YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?"

THE KNIGHT. "MADAM, I AM PROPOSING TO SMOKE OUT YON NOISOME DRAGON WHOSE NOXIOUS FUMES OFFEND YOU."

THE LADY. "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

[The electricity generated by the proposed Power Station at Battersea will no doubt diminish the volume of smoke from the chimneys of houses where coal is now freely used. But the process of generation will entail the combustion of coal—involving the discharge of noxious fumes and gases—"on a scale unprecedented in this country."]



Late Arrival. "FULL UP! BUT THERE'S A SPACE THERE QUITE BIG ENOUGH FOR A TABLE FOR TWO."

Head Waiter. "SORRY, SIR—THAT IS THE DANCE FLOOR."

PETER.

I.—PETER VISITS.

I FOUND myself the other day in quite a bad dilemma. My dog Peter, who is of a friendly and inquisitive disposition, has a habit when out walking of looking in an airy manner over every house on our route of which the garden gate has inadvertently been left open. This in itself is nothing; I either pass on, conscientiously unconscious, or else wait aloofly till he reappears. But the other day, having strolled into the garden of a palatial house belonging to a well-known public man, he pattered up the front steps and, finding the hall door also by chance open, disappeared without shame or hesitation into the interior.

This of course made an awkward situation at once. There are lengths to which one cannot very well follow one's dog. The most peaceful-minded of householders would be justifiably annoyed were he to find an unannounced stranger whistling winningly in his hall or making persuasive noises in the direction of the recess behind the dining-room sideboard. On the other hand, I hardly like to ring the bell and, in the manner of the small boy from

next-door retrieving his cricket-ball, say to the butler, "Please can I have my dog back!" Moreover, Peter is the kind of dog one thinks twice about claiming in front of aristocratic butlers. Were he a thoroughbred—even a thoroughbred Newfoundland—I should not hesitate, but he is not. He looks like a wire-haired terrier, except that he is quite black; he might be a black retriever, except that he has a decided smack of lurcher; he might be a lurcher, except that he looks like a wire-haired terrier. You see my difficulty. Nor did I like to compromise by waiting while Peter committed all sorts of depredations, such as killing boots and driving that rabbit out from under the carpet, for which I might be held responsible.

With hesitating step, therefore, I moved cautiously up to the open front-door. I had a vague hope, I think, that Peter might re-emerge more or less guiltless or, at any rate, unobserved. But nothing stirred in the large hall. It was as still as death.

I ventured inside—just two paces—and heard a loud thudding noise which, after some tentative sound-ranging, I discovered to proceed from my own heart. I withdrew the two paces again, sighed, and at last put my finger on the

bell. Medals, I may say, have been won for less.

I heard nothing and no one came. All that happened was that after a minute a large blue Persian cat descended the stairs in stately fashion, looked at me, decided that it couldn't really be expected to know people like that, and passed on into a room on the right.

I listened with my heart in my mouth in case Peter should be also in that room. Peter doesn't understand cats. Unless restrained he tries to play with them. His whole attitude towards a cat is that of a man who takes the pin out of a Mills bomb because he likes to hear it fizz. But luckily he was not there; not a single alarm or excursion sounded off.

I was just contemplating a second medal-earner when a door on the O.P. side of the hall opened and there appeared the well-known public man himself. I recognised him at once, though he looked much less smudged about the face than his photos in the paper.

"Hullo!" he said courteously. "Can I do anything for you?"

"My dog," I explained, "ran in here. By mistake, of course. I don't think he knows anyone. And I was wondering if—"

"Certainly. Come in and whistle if you like."

I came in and whistled. Not as winningly as I should have liked, because I was too nervous. Nothing happened except that the blue Persian ran out with an eager smile, saw who it was and went back again.

"Perhaps he's gone through and out at the back-door?" suggested my new friend. "I'll ask."

"Oh, please don't," I said; "I'll leave it. No doubt he's home by now, after finding himself in a strange house—"

I stopped suddenly at a peculiar expression on his face and looked over my shoulder.

There in the middle of the front drive sat Peter. Part of his rough coat was wet as though an infuriated cook had just caught him with a bowl of dish-water, part was sticky with soap-suds, or damp flour, or meringue-cream, and part had acquired a sort of mosaic of egg-shell. From his mouth depended a very old, very much worn banana-skin.

I had forgotten that no house is so strange to Peter that he can't find his way unerringly to the kitchen and dust-bin, an instinct due, no doubt, to some pariah strain. Had I but waited unobtrusively in the neighbourhood of the back-door I should doubtless have seen him shot forth with vituperation and could have gathered him up unseen.

As it was there was only one thing to be done. Before my host could say, "Is that the animal?" or even, "There he is!" I snapped out viciously, "G-r-r-away, you brute!" and as Peter, who at least knows when he is in disgrace, streaked off in terror, I turned and said, "Oh, I am so sorry! Was that *your* dog by any chance?"

He shuddered slightly. "No," he said; "just some mongrel."

"Tut, tut!" I replied, taking my leave with dignity. "Well, I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"Not at all. I hope you'll find your dog at home when you get back."

"Oh, I expect he's there by now," I said airily. Knowing Peter's turn of speed when thoroughly scared I had no doubt that I was right. A. A.

Why Gas isn't Made.

"Nevertheless, the inquiry is, presumably, to be, not as to why in one year nearly 1000 persons should deliberately end their lives by inhaling gas which is manufactured and sold for other purposes."—*Gas Paper*.

This reassurance is very comforting.

"For sale—Baker's business. Good trade, large oven, owner has been in it for seventeen years."—*Advt. in Australian Paper*.

No one can accuse him of being half-baked.



J.H. DOWD-29

Boy. "PLEASE, TEACHER, WHAT DID I LEARN TO-DAY?"

Teacher. "THAT'S A PECULIAR QUESTION."

Boy. "WELL, THEY'LL ASK ME WHEN I GET HOME."

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY.

MADAM, I pray whatever Muse is
Proper for help in this my need;
Yet, if and when the jade refuses,
My home-spun verse shall still proceed;
My song at this especial season
Is primarily meant for you,
But may I also sing my reason
For having other folk in view?

The day returns with earth's gyrations
When, blest by sun and cloudless skies,
We entered into close relations
Contractually and otherwise;
Year after year serenely passes
And I must tell the world, or burst,
How hard I scored off sundry asses
Who might perhaps have done it first.

Madam, our mutual undertaking
Incredible success has earned,

And all, moreover, of your making;
I have but watched your ways and
learned;
Whether in my part of the task you
Find your first hopes fulfilled as well
It would be vain, I know, to ask you;
O Loyalty, you would not tell.

But let these lines, if I can sell 'em
(Though, if I can't, you will not
mind),
Reach the unknowing crowd and tell 'em
Partners like you are hard to find.
I found you; you are ever brightening
Dark places, making bad roads good;
A pebble white beyond all whitening
Shall mark the day you said you
would.

"ISLANDS FOR PED-ESTRIANS."

Motoring Paper.

Britain doesn't seem to be one of them.

FASCINATING WOMANHOOD.

A DANGEROUS publication has been brought to my notice, and I hasten to give this warning to my fellow-men.

Answering an advertisement, I received from the PSYCHOLOGY PRESS a nice long letter and a little booklet describing in general terms a series of books called *Fascinating Womanhood*, which I can procure for the sum of twenty-five shillings. The purpose of these books is to give our girls exact and scientific instruction in the catching and keeping of the numerous varieties of the animal Man. And if these books are as effective as they are claimed to be they are a menace, my brothers. No man is safe. "Do you know," says the letter, "that there are one-hundred-and-one tested ways of winning a man? Do you know that there are one-hundred-and-one different types of men, each requiring a different method to be attracted? Do you know that the vast majority of girls do not even know of ONE METHOD of fascinating men? . . . Other girls know of one method, or two or three at the most, and with this limited knowledge they find themselves unable to attract the KIND OF MAN THEY WANT Suppose you meet your ideal to-day. . . . Be frank with yourself. Would you know of one practical PLAN OF ACTION to follow?"

"Not one woman in a thousand does. Yet in our course of books are described hundreds of plans, each of which has been tested and proved to be successful. Even if you know of one plan, that won't do for all types of man. There is a different plan for winning each of a hundred-and-one types of men. Think of the power, the ability to FASCINATE WHOMSOEVER YOU CHOOSE, which the knowledge of all these plans will give you."

A ghastly thought, brother.

And the letter goes on to say that there are "300,000 readers of this wonderful course"; 300,000 girls, each armed with a hundred-and-one plans for the fascination of you and me; 300,000 girls who, like neglected little *Christine* in the story in the booklet, will ultimately "win the man of their choice." *And he may be you!*

"See how simple men are, how easily influenced, how easily won by anyone who understands them." The more I read these plausible sentences the more I feel like a performing bear, a jelly, a sponge, or a clock-work goat. The book is ruthless. Never for a moment is it suggested, brother, that you may have the power or the right to make your own choice in this matter. You are mere fascination-fodder. You are Type of Man Number 85. Also you happen to be Edna's ideal, the man of her choice. Edna may suit you or not. You may loathe the sight of Edna. But, if Edna has read as far as Plan 85, you are for it, my boy. And, mind you, "only one out of every ten married women is

Good heavens !

In the third chapter you learn something which has baffled a great number of poets and philosophers. "The girl who knows exactly what love is has a tremendous advantage, and this chapter reveals just that—THE EXACT NATURE OF A MAN'S LOVE FOR A WOMAN." Apparently, though there are a hundred-and-one types of us, we are uniform in one respect.

"There is only one QUALITY THAT
INSPIRES LOVE. What is it?"

"The seventh chapter contains the amazing revelation of this remarkable quality in women. . . . You will find it to be something you never before thought of."

What can it be?

But what I am long-
ing to see is Chapter
VIII,—“Fourteen Stra-
tagems of Fascination
to Use.”

Fourteen of the most effective stratagems by which women fascinate men are here described in detail, so that the reader can use them on the different men she meets. These fourteen stratagems alone are worth many times the cost of the course. Any girl who is mistress of them can just about do with men as she pleases. They have nothing to do with dress or appearance. They are in reality just fourteen little "acts" which any girl anywhere can go through, and which have a



HITHERTO UNSUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR CHOOSES FOR HIS SUBJECT THIS YEAR "THE ARTIST PLEADING FOR ACCEPTANCE."

[No attempt has here been made to reproduce the features of the Hanging Committee.]

really pretty." What we mutts marry is twenty-five-shilling bundles of "fascination."

But forewarned is forearmed, perhaps. You and I will have to buy these books, for, if only you know Plan 85, you may be able to vamp up a Counter-Plan.

Section 2, for example, "pictures in detail the five psychological stages of winning a man."

The first stage is ATTENTION.

The second stage is AROUSING INTEREST.

The third stage is CHANGING INTEREST INTO DESIRE.

The fourth stage is SUSTAINING JUDGMENT; and, lastly—

The fifth stage is **TURNING JUDGMENT INTO ACTION (THE PROPOSAL)**.

As one of the many thousands of girl readers of this course wrote, "It's just like a pleasant game to be played."

marvellous effect on men.

"You can try them the very day you receive the books."

Tremble, brothers, tremble! Emigrate while you may. But first read about Chapter XVII., Stage 5, Inspiring the Proposal (I hope you are clear about this—there are 101 plans, 14 detailed stratagems and 5 stages). Well, "thirty pages of *Fascinating Womanhood* are devoted to different methods of getting a man to propose. This is the most vital part in the course. Many girls can actually bring a man to this stage, but then they fail. Somehow or other he hesitates at the last moment, becomes discouraged or puts off the matter until another time. . . . How to prevent delay when in the proper mood, how to create romantic situations, how to make it practically impossible for the man not to speak out at the proper time, constitute



"AUNTIE, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT TEN-SHILLING NOTE YOU GAVE ME ON MY BIRTHDAY?"

"YES, DEAR, I REMEMBER. WHAT ABOUT IT?"

"WELL, I'VE ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT."

the most amazing revelation of feminine fascination ever published. Page after page you read the absorbing details showing how clever women have handled different types of men at this delicate stage."

Well, brothers, I repeat, there are 300,000 women going about with this barbarous information in their heads and 14 stratagems up their fascinating sleeves, 300,000 men-catching engines supercharged with synthetic allure. Keep your weather eye lifting, brothers, for you may never know whether the little thing next to you at dinner or opposite to you in the Tube has had twenty-five shillings' worth or not. And, if the *PSYCHOLOGY PRESS* do not produce another course for men—*How to Resist Fascinating Womanhood*—I shall. The thing is unfair. A. P. H.

Reviews and Reprints.

In the graveyard which is Letters
Sexton-critics plant their betters;
For another generation
They contrive their exhumation.

E. P. W.

THE HAT TRICK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am little addicted to the gentle art of letter-writing—indeed, the last time I addressed a letter to the Press was in 1868, when I wrote to refute the ridiculous claim that COBB was a faster bowler than BAFFIN. But I cannot forbear to write to you now, Sir, in defence of that time-honoured expression, "The Hat Trick."

This expression, as you know well, Sir, belongs to the glorious game of cricket. The Hat Trick is performed by a bowler who takes three wickets in three consecutive balls, and is so called because it was customary for the captain of the side to present such a hero with a new hat. I say "was," for in these days, when tall hats are no longer worn for cricket, this practice has fallen, I think, into disuse. But "The Hat Trick" remains a cricket expression, and it is with growing indignation and alarm that I see it applied quite often now to the kicking of three goals in one match by a player of Association football.

That is not the Hat Trick, Sir. It is nothing like the Hat Trick.

And there is worse to follow. Only the other day I saw in one of your contemporaries the question, "Will Portsmouth perform the Hat Trick against West Ham?" meaning, "Will Portsmouth beat West Ham for the third time this season?" Hat Trick, indeed! Preposterous!

And where, Mr. Punch, is this to end? Is any and every successive three of any and every sort to be the Hat Trick now? Are three cheers to be the Hat Trick? Are three No Trumps to be the Hat Trick? Are we to learn that Mrs. Jones of Darwen has presented her husband with the Hat Trick, all doing well?

Never, Sir, never while my old legs will take me up the Pavilion steps at Lord's!

I am thinking of starting a Society for the Protection of the Hat Trick. Will you, Sir, give it your sympathy and support?

I am, dear Mr. Punch,

Your humble obedient Servant,
HAMBLEDON LONGFIELD.

TOWN-PLANNING IN 1929

(Continued).

PROGRESS in architecture is still being hampered by red tape.

I think I told you about the wooden play-room which I am trying to build in my garden.

A man from the L.C.C. came up and looked at the flower-bed where the tortoise had been interred, and then, just as I had feared, my plans were rejected. I don't know why, but I suppose because



FIG. 1.

FRONT ELEVATION OF TYPICAL MEMBER OF L.C.C.

Circumference of head (starting from top).	37".
Diameter	11½".
Contents	nil.

it is forbidden by the L.C.C. to build any building upon a disused burying-ground.

I was not in the house when the man called, otherwise I should have tried to smooth away the difficulty by making the burying-ground more recent, and then appealing again. As it was the man got away.

My builder now informed me that there was nothing to do but to go back to the Borough Council again.

"Of course," he said, "you might try pretending it wasn't a shed you were building but a caravan."

"How so?"

"Quite a lot of people do that," he informed me, "when they want to put up a wooden building. They have dummy wheels fastened to the sides and say it is a caravan."

"Let us build a caravan," I said.

"It isn't safe," he replied. "The L.C.C. have a rule that, if it is called a caravan, you must move it once in six months, even if it's only an inch, just to prove that it is a caravan."

"Surely that would be quite easy," I said. "We could hire a couple of elephants from the Zoo."

"You'd have a bit of a job getting them into the garden, wouldn't you, over these walls?"

"They could be swung up," I said, "by cranes from the street."

I spoke quite seriously.

I am not the kind of man who is lightly deterred by little difficulties from building a garden shed. After going into the estimate, however, with the Royal Zoological Society and a firm of derrick contractors, I found that this method of dodging the scruples of the L.C.C. would be beyond my means.

"We will fall back, then," I told the builder, "on the Borough Council."

For it seems that, if a wooden building is not more than seven feet up to the eaves, and not more than two hundred square feet over all, it may be erected without the permission of the L.C.C. Only the favour and fair hand of the Borough Council has to be wooed and won. I determined that it should be no fault of mine if the Borough Council turned me down. My first magnificent project for a pleasure-dome had failed, but this fine local body of men and women should be led to smile upon my secondary dream of an edifice measuring two hundred feet over all. They should show that they were above the pettifoggish notions about tortoises (or whatever it was) which affected the L.C.C.

I therefore submitted a new set of plans, drawn up by the builder, and sent with it a letter drawn up in part by myself and in part by the proposed tenants of the proposed shed. The letter runs as follows, and now resumes, awaiting reply, in the Town Hall:—

DEAR SIRS AND MESDAMES,—I have the less hesitation in appealing to the enlightened and progressive municipal body representing this Borough in the matter of the small wooden cabin, two hundred feet over all, which I desired to



FIG. 2.

ROUGH SKETCH OF PROPOSED ARCHITECTURAL EXTENSION OF MESSAGE.
(For further details see plans.)

erect in my garden (plans in triplicate on blue linen tracing paper enclosed herewith) in that the obscurantist and tyrannous policy of a larger representative tribunal—I refer to the London County Council—has autocratically booted out my proposals for the erection of a more ambitious and imposing shanty comprising a total area of two-hundred-and-twenty feet over all.

The reasons given by the L.C.C. for pursuing this repressive and reactionary programme and showing themselves to be little better than bally cads are not

such, I feel certain, as will arouse any sympathetic response in the sturdy bosoms of you, the chosen representatives of my fellow-townsmen and fellow-townswomen in this Borough. On your kindness and zeal for my welfare I have always been able, and shall always, I hope, be able, to rely.

I need perhaps scarcely remind you of the lines I wrote as long ago, I fancy, as 1912, on your benevolent activities with regard to the supply of a patent electric cooker to No. 14, Acacia Grove, in which I compared you not un-



FIG. 3.

SIDE ELEVATION, SHOWING HEAD OF TYPICAL MEMBER OF BOROUGH COUNCIL OF THIS BOROUGH.

favourably with the pagan conception of Phœbus Apollo.

"Very godlike and fair are the ways of the Borough,

They lave not in ocean their westering feet,
But the bard is dependent on them for a thorough

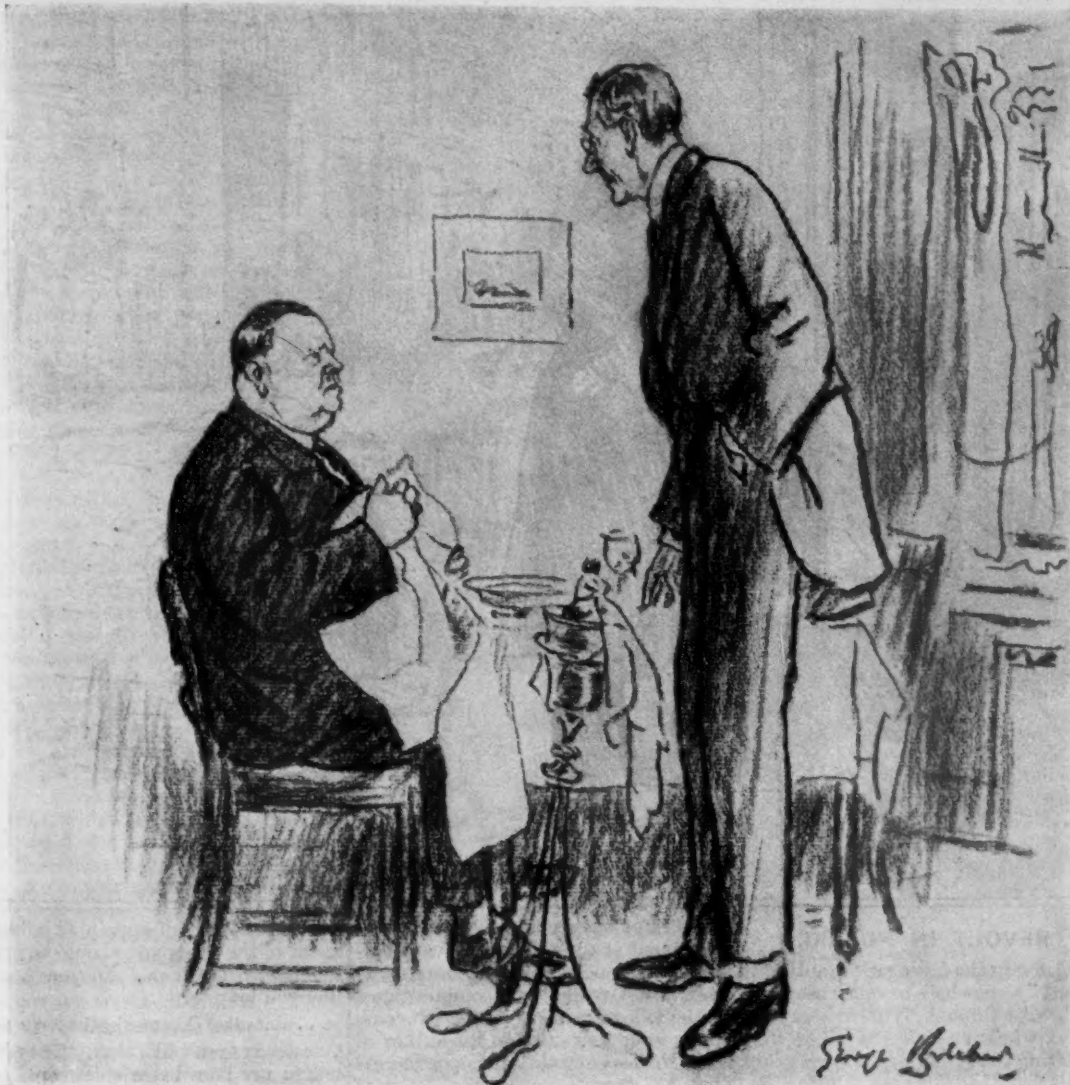
Supply of illuminant; also of heat."

These words will be fresh in your memory.

To turn now to the construction, or erection, of the hereinbefore mentioned wooden hut or shed. This is required for play. It is a palestra. It is desired to afford opportunities for the game called table-tennis, for the running of a model railway system, for the storage of stuffed animals, and in general for the making of a confounded hullabaloo in some place where I am not obliged to hear it.

It is desired, in fact, for the little ones. Many of you must be fathers, and are well aware what it is to need ampler facilities for the recreation and amusement of those who are destined to carry on the torch of Civic responsibility in the after years. Still more of you must be mothers, and to these the glad eyes and happy laughter of romping children are familiar in your own homes. You know, in fact, what a nuisance the little blighters are.

To you mothers, then, especially I appeal on the grounds alike of justice and of compassion. And to the whole Borough Council, and in particular the Borough Surveyor, do I submit my claim in the confident anticipation that no mere love of routine, no misplaced reverence for dead reptiles, no temptation, in short, to behave like a herd of



Friend. "HULLO, JONES—YOU GROWING A MOUSTACHE?"

Jones (fed up with answering same question). "No, I'M JUST BREAKING IT IN FOR MY SON."

fat-headed asses, will prevent you from adding to our suburb a structure not only of dignity but of social service and recreational use. (See Figs. 1 and 2.)

Nor can I fail to remind you all once more that in sanctioning my scheme for the erection of a wooden shed you will have an opportunity, within the limited statutory powers at your disposal (viz., two hundred feet over-all and a height not exceeding seven feet to the eaves) of flouting tyranny, of supporting the cause of local self-government, and generally swatting the eye of a superior administrative authority.

I am, Yours faithfully,

3 encl.

EVOE.

THE SEAT OF MEMORY.

[It is suggested that forgetfulness may be due to indigestion.]

No longer, my Mary, upbraid me,
No symptoms of petulance show,
On finding the letter you bade me
To post seven mornings ago;
It pains me to hear you declaring
This fault you can never forgive
And harshly (if tritely) comparing
My head with a sieve.

Pause rather and ponder the question
Of whether such lapses are due
To a partially ruined digestion
And so indirectly to you;

Their cure will be certain and easy as,
Amending your cookery's flaws,
You'll thereby remove my amnesia's
Original cause.

Osculation in Ohio.

"CLEVELAND PROVIDES PETTING PARK
FOR LOVERS.

Laura Spellman Rockefeller
Benevolences Hugs."

Vancouver Paper.

"Mr. —'s great grandfather, James —, was the first colonial secretary of Newfoundland, holding that post in 1920-1925."

Canadian Paper.

One wonders how his grandfather will turn out.



P.C. "YOUR 'USBAND WON'T BE 'OME TO-NIGHT, MISSUS. WE 'VE JUST RUN 'IM IN."
 Lady. "WELL, YOU KNOWS YOUR OWN BUSINESS BEST. I 'VE JUST RUN 'IM AHT."

REVOLT IN HULAKI.

ALTHOUGH the feeling of "wanting to go back" somewhere or other occasionally breaks through, lyric-writers have on the whole stoically refrained from exhibiting the symptom for some years. This is doubtless due in part to their exhaustion of suitable localities. Rhymeable names of the coon-moon-lagoon type have, of course, been used up long ago, and even those capable of developing the blue-hoo complex are becoming increasingly rare. The difficulty is further enhanced by geographical considerations, all places to "want to go back to" being traditionally limited to an area between the Equator and Lat. 35° N. approximately. No lyric-writer of repute so far forgets himself as to want to go back to his kiosk at Omsk, or to the Hardanger Fjord, say.

Of course there always remains the method of sticking a pin into an atlas, aiming roughly at equatorial regions, and relying on chance to provide one with a name of the required rhyming qualities which does not subsequently

prove to be notorious either as a penal settlement or the seat of frequent volcanic eruptions. This procedure, however, is not without its complications, as the following letter shows. It came to me to be forwarded to the author of *Take Me Back to Hulaki* (a Super Success that has been Sweeping the Country) from a man I once knew, who, I gather, has for some years been the sole white population of that almost fictitious island.

"Hulaki.

DEAR SIR (it ran).—Two weary months have passed since I first heard that you were

... on the trail
 'That's leading back to Hulaki,'

and your non-appearance now, alas, leads me to the belief that you used the phrase in a purely impersonal and insincere sort of way; indeed I suspected from the first that anyone who had ever visited this inhospitable island would not only keep clear of all trails leading to within a hundred miles of it, but further avoid publishing any personal knowledge of the wretched atoll.

I feel that as self-appointed publicity agent of the place you should be put in touch with the facts. In your second line you long for

'... sands that shimmer by the tropic sea.'

Our sands aren't like that. They have not to my knowledge shimmered once in the last twelve years. Hardly a glimmer even. The peculiarly malevolent tides of the local 'tropic seas' take care of that by covering every available inch of beach with a uniform layer of rapidly-decomposing seaweed. (Cf. the 'spicy breezes' of your verse.)

The thing you can hear

'... humming beside the lagoon'

isn't a maiden. 'Humming,' moreover, I consider a distinctly mild term for the battle-ery of our local anopheles; it is really something between a boom and a rasp.

Then the next lines about

'... a love-song strumming
 Under the moon'

strike me as being equally inept. We have no musician in Hulaki, unless you count old Swoloh-Moa, who looks after

the fishing-boats. On certain nights, it is true, he can be heard at the water's edge in an unequal contest with an instrument of the cigar-box-cum-piano-wire pattern, but that, I think, is due more to the combined effect of strong moonlight and the local 'brew' than to any deep-seated erotic urge.

The only point I will concede is the bit about the 'palm-trees swaying'; they and the native employees of W. I. Copras, Ltd., on pay-day are about the only moving things (macroscopically speaking) in the place."

Then follow some rather vituperative passages which I think are safer given in a diluted form. He objects to the "unwanted publicity conferred by a meddlesome writer on an island that has hitherto been saved solely by its comparative obscurity from being acclaimed as a local Wigan." He further entertains grave fears "that as a result of all this boosting some enterprising steamship company will make Hulaki the objective of a luxury cruise," leaving him to "confront the infuriated passengers and explain away the natural inadequacies of the place"; and ends, after a critical survey of lyricists in general, by claiming, under threats of mild blackmail, a percentage of the royalties.

I decided after some deliberation to send on the letter. Whether it has affected the lyrist to any degree I do not know. I think perhaps it has, for in his next song, which exploits the humorous possibilities of a "kohl-black-rabi," his Muse has evidently turned precipitately from geography to the ever-popular greengrocer's stall as a less exacting source of inspiration. Also I like to think that his Very Latest Hit—"I'm Sorry You're Lonely"—was intended for the writer in far-off Hulaki.

ODE FROM THE SKYLARK.

[Suggested by a writer in *The Times* who recently compared the blackbird to an operatic tenor.]

HAVE at thee, stout mortal,
Wingless chanticleer,
Never to Heaven's portal
Hast thou come anear,
Earth-rooted hireling singer of the mundane sphere.

Lavish of the thrilling
Largess they bestow,
Liquid rapture spilling
On the world below,
Birds ask no guerdon for their priceless overflow.

In the radiance hoary
Of the limelight's gleam,
Garbed in robes of glory
Thou dost strut and scream,
Rotund, with leathern lungs, short-necked and broad of beam.



New Maid. "ARE THESE THE TWO YOU WERE EXPECTING, M'M?"

Sounds acute, appalling,
Issue from thy throat—
Sounds at times recalling
The gorilla's note

Or the ferocious bleating of the mountain goat.

As when, charged with trinitro-toluene,
Shells convulse the sky
Or the depths marine;
Such is the impact of the hoot or Ut of thy *poitrine*.

Little do I grudge thee
Thy tremendous fees,
When shrewd critics judge thee
Impotent to please
And call a tenor "not a man but a disease."

Blackbirds peradventure
May regard as praise
What is really censure
Of their jocund lays;
Larks, hymned by SHELLEY, view it with a fierce amaze.

Smith Minor's Career Settled.

"Wanted. Lads used to ice-cream."
North-Country Paper.

When Discretion . . .

"The bomb was constructed to explode when the lid of the box was opened. The porter had the presence of mind to hand it to his superiors."—*Evening Paper.*

What a Name can Do.

"S.S. — arrived at Halifax from New York at 10 a.m. yesterday. The ship is bringing many passengers, including fifty-eight round trippers."—*Newfoundland Paper.*

Clearly the effect of New York.

Catarrh in Canada.

"A Toronto message yesterday says that inquiries revealed the fact that the schooner I'b Alone is of Canadian Registry."

Bristol Paper.

"About twenty gasts who arrived in bathing costumes were received by the Host in the drawing-room."—*Harbin Paper.*

They just blew in.

"WE CAN IMPROVE THE WEATHER."

WHETHER MR. LLOYD GEORGE can conquer unemployment or not he is certain to bring about great changes in the slogan market. There are only two courses open now to other statesmen and parties in search of a battle-cry—one, to shout louder, and, two, not to shout at all: the clanging cymbal or the stage-whisper. Which is it to be?

It is difficult to see how anyone can go one better than "We Can Conquer Unemployment." The only retort left to Mr. BALDWIN is perhaps, "We Can Improve the Weather." To be worked out on these lines:—

WE CAN IMPROVE THE WEATHER.
VOTE FOR CONSERVATIVES AND FINE SUMMERS.
NO MORE RAINY BANK HOLIDAYS.

VOTE FOR BALDWIN AND A
TWELVE-MONTH SPRING.

The Conservative Party have a definite plan for the elimination of rain. Our first act will be to abolish the old-fashioned British winter and autumn, with the load of ill-health and depression they impose upon our people. Spring and summer will be merged together on modern scientific lines; and with sunshine all the year round Unemployment will be a positive joy.

Other promises which might easily capture the imagination of the people are:—

WE CAN ABOLISH THE TIDES.
WE CAN MAKE YOUR MARRIAGE
A SUCCESS.
WE SHALL REDUCE THE AGES
OF WOMEN.

NO MORE THICK ANKLES.
END OF OBESITY.

But it is probable that both Tories and Socialists

will prefer, for the sake of contrast, to make an impression with the soft pedal down. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has already confessed that he for one can not conquer Unemployment in two years, and the modest note may yet turn out to be most effective. In this case we may expect to see a new technique in electioneering.

"It is with diffidence," the typical Candidate will tell us, "that I venture to invite your suffrages. I am not of those rash men who make large and plentiful promises. Do not be misled by any vague undertakings or aspirations which I may express in the course of the campaign. Such is the uncertainty of fortune, the frailty of man, that they are most unlikely to be fulfilled. As for myself and my

Party, do not suppose that we are super-men. On the contrary we are only poor erring mortals like yourselves—if anything, perhaps, a little below the average in intelligence and capacity.

We do not offer you the Millennium. It would not be honest to promise you even a small improvement in the nation's affairs. No, no, we shall not be a bit surprised if things go from bad to worse during our term of office. Frankly, there are moments when I wonder whether we ought to undertake the responsibility of governing you at all. But we should awfully like to have a try. And if one or two of you would vote for me (I don't say more than that) it would be great fun."

And if these methods were successful politically they might spread (who

committed yesterday at Surbiton. We hesitate to draw our readers' attention to an event so trivial and fatiguing, but as a matter of record we are bound to say that last night the bodies of a mother and four children were found dead in a barn. There is no mystery about the case, the motive is obvious, and no further developments are expected. We hope we shall not have to refer to this tiresome homicide again."

And then the purveyors of patent medicines—

"WHO SAYS THEY CAN CURE INDIGESTION?"

NOT WE.

But many a sufferer has taken Pepo for years and been none the worse. We are no wizards, but plain people like yourself, striving to do our best in this difficult world. Somehow we felt it was up to us to tackle this baffling matter of indigestion. Indigestion, mind you, and nothing else. Pepo will not cure lassitude, anæmia, debility, giddiness, goitre or gout. It is just a despairing effort to solve this one terrible problem. If we can give you relief, that is all we want; say no more about it. We want no publicity out of this. And if we fail, well, we have done our best, and no man can say more, can he?"

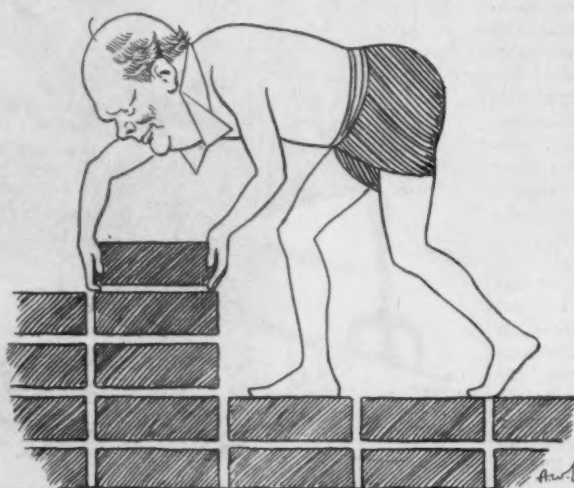
A. P. H.

Science Supplants Pink Mice.

"As we travel down the scale of wavelengths in the ether we come down to ultra-violet rays . . ."

—Wireless Paper.

These should have an extremely sobering effect on listeners-in.



THE TALE OF THE BRICKS.

AND HE WENT FORTH AND GATHERED STRAW FOR HIMSELF THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND; AND, HAVING MADE BRICKS THEREOF, LO! HE LAYETH THEM.

(After a wall-painting in the British Museum.)

knows?) to the journalistic and advertising worlds. I never see a cinema these days which is not a "super-cinema," and obviously this cannot go on indefinitely. The next man who builds a monstrous picture-palace might try a new and sensational line of appeal:—

"Come and see our humble little house. The lighting is poor, the seating inadequate: we have only two organs, but you can go out when you like."

And then what a sensation a newspaper might make by avoiding the sensational! Instead of "Startling Death Drama," "Amazing Revelations," and so on, we should have:—

"SMALL MURDER.
UNINTERESTING CRIME.

A very ordinary little murder was

"The collection grew by leaps and bounds. A year after the charter William IV. presented the Society with his menagerie from Windsor Park, consisting of sixty-one mammals—including, oddly enough, thirteen kangaroos and eighty-seven birds."—Sunday Paper.

We ourselves never could add up, but we do know the difference between humming-birds and hippos.

"There was also a man on a horse who rode backward and forward all the time I was there, till I hated the sight of him because of his belief that he was riding his horse properly. At every turn he patted the poor creature as if between he and it there was a perfect understanding. I know now why some of the hired horses that are ridden in the Row have expressions that no other horses in the world have."

Daily Paper.

What we don't know is why some paragraphists use expressions that no other grammarians use.

Toc H. and "The First Hundred Thousand."

Toc H., which carries on those traditions of fellowship and service which were created by the founders of Talbot House at Poperinghe, has developed into a great National Movement that combines the spirit of the Crusades with that of the age of Chivalry, when men "rode abroad redressing human wrongs." Its knighthood is at the command of a very wide range of existing organisations that serve the community. To its hostels, or "Marks," it brings together young men in unfriendly cities over half the world and trains them to almost every conceivable form of spare-time helpfulness. In a word it provides man-power for all needs.

The great mass of its workers give voluntary service; but it is essential that for its leaders and trainers it should have the best brains of the country—men that would be capable of being captains of industry, but are prepared to adopt the Cause as a mission and a career. They will never receive the wage to which they are entitled, but they will be paid enough to free them from financial anxieties.

To provide for such all-time service is the primary object of the Endowment Fund, which was launched in December, 1927, by the PRINCE OF WALES, who from the early days of Toc H. has given to the movement not only the power of his name but the inspiration of his unflinching sympathy. The years that followed—though the work itself advanced rapidly—were full of unforeseen difficulties for those who set themselves to raise the £250,000 for which the PRINCE had asked; and to-day the sum of only £64,000 has been subscribed, and that mainly by a small body of old supporters

of Toc H., and through the sacrifices made, in small sums, by a fine proportion of its junior members. It is now for the public to show its readiness to give permanent assurance to the future of a cause that undergirds the great fabric of social service.

On April 27th the PRINCE will light, from the original "Lamp of Maintenance"—his own gift—the Lamps of more than fifty new groups. This traditional ceremony will take place at Church House, Westminster, at 6 P.M. It would be the truest form of tribute to the enthusiasm which HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS has shown for the interests of Toc H. if on that occasion it could be announced that the first £100,000 of the fund for which he appealed has been raised.

To this end Mr. Punch, who from long ago has been among the keen advocates of this good work, and had the privilege of association with its membership, begs that his readers will send gifts, large and early, to the Hon. Treasurer of Toc H., 83, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

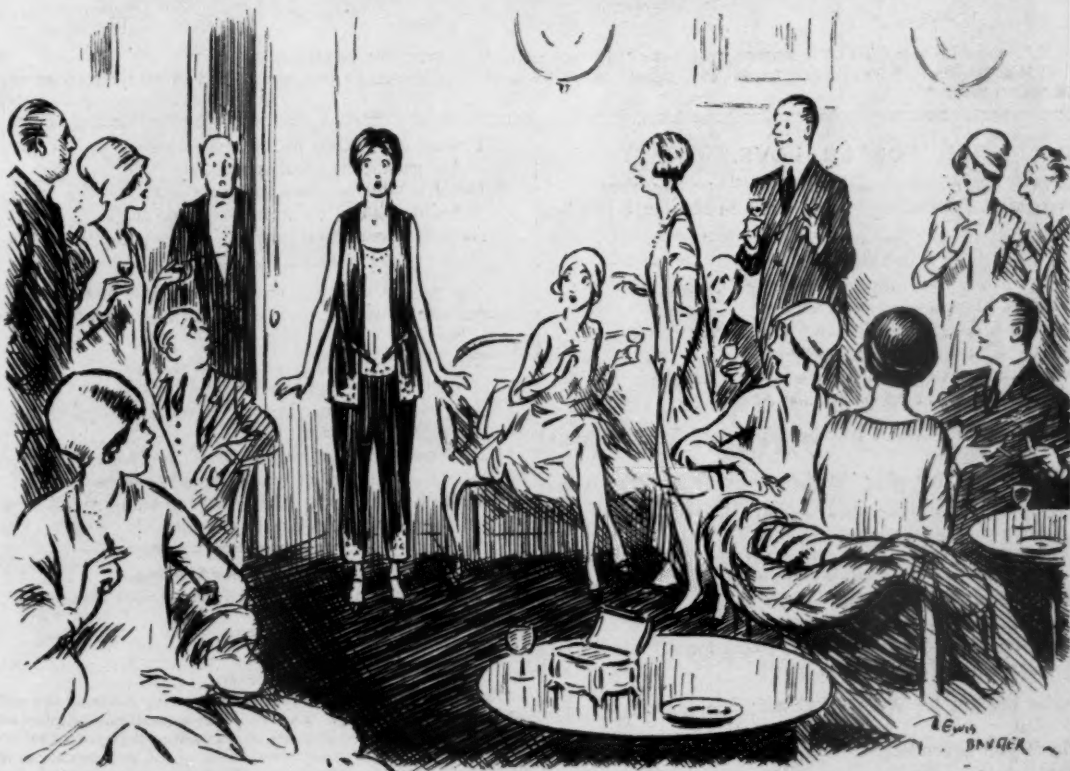
Should the Dermatologists be Told?

From a Schoolgirl's Essay on the Leopard:—

"The Leopard has on its body black spots which looks like round black soars. The people who catches the soars on them keep very ill it is called lepardsy."

"There will be much support for an ecclesiastical court, such as Dean Inge suggests, to consider the wrongs and miseries of the unhappily married, and to rant dispensations for re-marriage during the lifetime of a previous partner."—*Evening Paper.*

Undoubtedly very obscure, though the problem is, we feel, that it should be possible to keep it free from unseemly "ranting."



THE COUNTRY COUSIN (A STUDENT OF THE FASHION-PAPERS) WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS CORRECTLY ATTIRED FOR A COCKTAIL PARTY.



Manager (to new Clerk). "I NOTICE YOU MAKE MISTAKES OCCASIONALLY, MISS SHEDLOCK."
Miss Shedlock. "WELL, REALLY, IF ONE DIDN'T MAKE AN OCCASIONAL MISTAKE ONE WOULD NEVER BE NOTICED AT ALL IN THIS OFFICE."

POSTER LOVE.

I WONDER 'ow 'e met 'er first, and 'oo 'is people were,
 For you ain't nothing up to 'im, an' I'm not much like 'er.

Why don't you love me like that, Bill,
 Why don't you kiss wiv a kiek?
 Why don't you 'aunt me an' spurn me an' taunt me
 Just like they do on the flick?
 Wiv a nice Council flat and insurance an' that,
 An' fifty-five shilling a week,
 Oh, I know very well I'm a lucky young gel,
 But you ain't no *Son of the Sheik*!

They'd RONALD COLMAN on last night, an' VILMA BANKY
 too—

'E threw 'er to the raging 'ounds because 'e loved 'er true.

Why don't you love me like that, Bill,
 Why don't you spit in me face?
 Why don't you take me and smuvver an' shake me,
 Crushed in your 'eadlong embrace?
 At the gallows I'd stand 'olding fast to your hand,
 Disguised as a beautiful boy,
 In velvet an' socks, wiv long flowing locks,
 Like *Little Lord Fauntleroy*!

You take me out to 'Ampton Court; I'm sure it's very
 nice,

But don't you never long to tread the gilded 'alls of vice?

Why don't you love me like that, Bill,
 Why don't you lead me astray?

I'm all for beanos in foreign casinos

An' gamberling fortunes away.

Oh, I'd simply adore to break 'earts by the score

An' drink dry champagne to me tea,

As wiv passion and crime I'd fill up me time,

A *Woman of Paris*—that's me!

You met me walking out wiv 'Erb a night or two ago,
 'Is arm was 'alfway round me waist, but did you sock 'im?
 No.

Why don't you love me like that, Bill,

Why don't you never see red?

Why don't you dog 'im an' catch 'im an' slog 'im

An' fling 'im away well-nigh dead?

You just mumbled "Goo'-day" in a soft sorter way.

As though you were frightened to speak,

An' left that young 'Erb grinning there on the kerb—
 Oh, you ain't no *Son of the Sheik*!

The Commodious Herring.

"I have lived for 15 hours on a bloater."—A man at Croydon
 court."—*Evening Paper*.

We prefer our house-boats uncured.

G Fever.

"The blackbirds were screaming in the ivy covering the wall of
 rock rising from the river. Then suddenly a small hawk flashed across
 the water to turn a startling out of its gliding flight to the roof of
 an old barn. . . . The interesting thing about this merlin is that
 during the past ten days it has killed five racing pigeons from a
 loft at the riverside."—*Manchester Paper*.

As *Wilfred* would remark, "Gug! Gug!"



FORE-CASTS.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE HOPEFUL ANGLERS."



Betty. "BOBBY, DON'T PULL YOUR CAP SO FAR OVER YOUR EYES; WE DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO TAKE YOU FOR A CROOK."

THE SHAMELESS DOVE.

For alliterative purposes he was generally known in the hotel as Percy the pigeon, but actually he was a dove.

I first made his acquaintance on the afternoon of my arrival here. I was resting on my bed, the glass-doors wide open to the Mediterranean and the Italian sky. Now and then a shadow flitted across the floor of my balcony, and there was a flash of white against the illimitable blue.

Then suddenly a dove was sitting on the railing, quietly appraising me.

I sat up. He was gone.

The next morning he came again while I was drinking my coffee.

By making gentle approaches to the window I contrived the scattering of a few morsels of bread without flustering him, and presently, when he had seen me safely back into bed again, he descended from his perch and, throwing shy glances at me, toyed daintily with the crumbs.

Gradually his confidence increased a little, and by a restrained and patient process of dealing a crumb at a time from my bed, with as little gesture as possible, I persuaded him foot by foot into the room.

But it was a severe nervous strain

on us both. Every time I relaxed my muscles a little and drew a natural breath he made a sensational exit in panicky disorder, and he could not have made me jump more had he been a swan or an eagle.

And then Madame Paganini, the proprietress, came and begged me to be good enough to discourage him. She said he must either be discouraged or slaughtered.

So when, at an early hour next morning, he came strutting into my room without knocking, as if the place belonged to him, I hastily set about discouraging him.

"Hist!" I said softly. "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed. You will be caught, and the customers filled, if you don't look out!"

He paused a moment, with one claw uplifted inquiringly, and then settled down to his toilet in front of the wardrobe looking-glass.

"Avanti!" I shouted menacingly, waving my arms. "Don't you understand plain Italian, bird? Fly for your life!"

He continued placidly to preen his feathers.

I got out of bed and coaxed him on to the balcony. He followed me back into the room like a dog.

I drove him forth with execrations, pressing him so hard that he slid all across the boards on to the balcony, where he stood at bay, regarding me balefully, then scrambled past my legs and preceded me back into the room.

You could have knocked me down with one of his feathers!

I snatched a few minutes to dress and then shut him out. He hurled himself passionately against the window.

Presently I looked out. He was gone. With a sigh of relief I opened the balcony window again and sank exhausted on the sofa. I had saved him from death, from burial in a Percy pie.

Immediately the savage beast was back in my room again, bearing no olive branch.

Never speak to me again of the gentleness of this bird, that stands for an emblem of peace. The impudence of a dove, the defiance of a dove, the iron resolve of a dove, if you like, but the gentleness—No!

"Porgy"

(The "g" is hard).

A poet, in rhyming to *Porgy*,

Finds none but the Persian Simorg—he

(Or she) is the word

For a mythical bird—

In Hades or Ouranos or Ge.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DUSTMAN.

ONCE there was a dustman called Jim Block, and one day when he was emptying waste-paper and cinders and old tins and all those things into his cart he saw something that looked very bright, and it was a diamond necklace.

Well he wasn't sure whether it was real or not, so he put it in his pocket. And then he told the head dustman that he wasn't feeling very well and thought he was going to have the flu. And the head dustman, whose name was Elijah Pricklebank, said well then I think you had better go home and go to bed, and tell your wife to put a hot-water-bottle in your bed, and I will come round and see how you are to-morrow morning.

Well this was just what Jim Block wanted, because he was in a hurry to show the diamond necklace to his wife, and he knew she would be able to say whether it was real or not because she had served in a jeweller's shop before he had married her and knew all about those things.

And Elijah Pricklebank, who was a very kind and honest man, said to him I will pay for you to have a taxi home, but you must tell the driver that you think you have got the flu, because he may want to have his taxi disinfected after you have ridden in it.

So the dustman did that, and the taxi-driver said oh I don't mind, I am riding outside myself and if anybody gets the flu from riding inside it won't matter to me.

Well this wasn't very honest, but Jim Block wasn't at all honest himself so he only laughed and said I wish I could see their faces when they get the flu from riding in your taxi. And the taxi-driver said ah we can't have everything we want in this world or it would be a better place than it is.

Well directly Mrs. Block saw the diamond necklace she said it was quite real and worth about ten thousand pounds, and she said what are you going to do about it?

And Jim Block said well I am going to sell it, we shall be quite rich if we have ten thousand pounds and I shan't have to go on being a dustman, they pay you good wages but you get very dirty at it and I would much rather never do any more work at all and be able to afford to drink as much beer as I want to.

Well Jim Block drank too much beer already, and his wife was always trying to break him of it. She was not really his wife because he had another one who had had to go to prison for stealing dress-lengths out of shops, but she didn't know that and when Jim Block had asked her to marry him she had quite thought he was a bachelor or she wouldn't have done it.

And she said well if you sell the diamond necklace you will get into trouble, what you really ought to do is to take it back to the house where it belongs.

And Jim Block said well I have never

what they are told, and if I had thought you wouldn't do that I shouldn't have married you.

Well of course he wasn't really married to her, but he was so wicked that he didn't even think of that when he said it, and he hadn't thought of what he was going to do when his real wife came out of prison either. And it was really his fault that she had gone to prison, because he had made her steal the dress-lengths and sell them so that he could have more money to buy beer with.

So Mrs. Block had to go out and buy him some beer, and she didn't buy him as much as he wanted but he said it would do to go on with, and he said when we have got the money for the diamond necklace I shall be able to afford to buy myself wine to drink, but I like beer better and it is cheaper, so I can save more money for my old age.

Well Mrs. Block went to the shop and they said they would buy the diamond necklace for five thousand pounds if she liked, but they said where ever did you get it from?

And she said well my husband gave it me, and they said we didn't know he was rich, we thought he was a dustman.

And she said well he was, but he isn't going to be a dustman any longer, I can't tell you exactly why because it is a secret between us.

And they said oh we don't want to be inquisitive, we can't give you the five thousand pounds now, but we will keep the necklace and give you one pound to go on with, and we will let you have the other four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine pounds in a day or two, if you will give us the

address where to send.

So she gave them the address, and she took the pound, and was rather glad to get away without having any more questions asked her about how her husband had got the necklace, because she didn't want to tell lies and she might have had to if they hadn't been so accommodating.

Well Jim Block was pleased to get the pound, and he sent her out to buy some more beer for him to drink, and he gave her a shilling to spend on herself, because he said we shall be quite well off now and I believe in people being generous to their wives especially when they are obedient, and I am glad I have not had to bash you over the head.

Well the next morning Elijah Prickle-



"WELL I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED MUCH IN DOING WHAT I OUGHT."

believed much in doing what I ought, and findings are keepings, so you must go to that shop where you used to serve and sell them the diamond necklace, and I will go to bed with a hot-water-bottle because I promised Elijah Pricklebank that I would do that, he is an old fool but he is kind-hearted so I don't want to disappoint him, and when you have filled the hot-water-bottle you can go out and buy me a lot of beer so that I can drink it while I am lying in bed and the time won't be all wasted.

Well Mrs. Block didn't want to do either of those things, but he said he would bash her over the head if she didn't, and she cried and said he was very unkind. And he said no I'm not really, but I believe in wives doing



ON THE CORNISH "RIVIERA."

AN ANCIENT BRITON ATTEMPTS TO DISSUADE HIS WIFE, ON PATRIOTIC GROUNDS, FROM ATTENDING A SALE OF PHENICIAN DRESS MATERIALS.

bank came round to see how Jim Block was getting on, and after he had inquired he said I suppose you didn't see anything of a diamond necklace yesterday did you? It was in one of those houses where we collected rubbish, and they can't think what has become of it.

And Jim Block said oh no, because he didn't mind telling a lie, but directly he had said it two policemen knocked at the door, and when Mrs. Block let them in they said to her your husband will have to go to prison for stealing a diamond necklace, we know he did it because it was bought at the shop where you sold it yesterday, and when we asked them they told us where you lived.

So Jim Block had to give back the pound and go to prison for stealing the diamond necklace besides. And he happened to be sent to the same prison where his proper wife was, so the judge made him give up the other one, but she didn't mind at all, because she didn't love him any more, and she married Elijah Pricklebank and was very happy with him. And she often used to say it is funny that I have married two dustmen, because I always used to think I should like to marry an admiral, but of course the first one doesn't count, especially because he was so wicked.

A. M.

THE KNIGHTS IN SCALES.

ERE you're out and about
By the water that swishes,
Here's Sir Salmon, Sir Trout,
Two most knightly of fishes;
You will meet none to match them
From the Esk to the Itchen;
They are good when you catch them,
They are good in the kitchen.

Mailed in *argent* and *or*
(Which, as heralds have told, is
Good heraldry for
What is silver, what gold is),
Where the bright bubbles eddy
And the river runs fretting,
They are ready, aye ready,
For a courtly on-setting.

So you'll fight them the same
As one Sahib would another;
They are Knights of the Game—
Be their very good brother;
He who *worms*, he, be sure, is,
To blush for—blush scarlet;
He who *prawns* but a boor is,
He who *minnows* a varlet.

Be the year at the Spring
Or in Autumn's wanchancy lot,
Oh! the *fly-rod*'s the thing.
The true beam of a *Lancelot*;
Its method to garble
Is hateful to Heaven;

Is Sir Salmon a barbel?

Is Sir Trout a fat cheven?

And consider Sir Trout,
Freshly fried and unsparingly
Girt about, girt about
With fresh butter and parsley;
Here, Sirs, if you please, are
In this last noble status
Both the food of a Caesar
And a poet's afflatus.

And Sir Salmon—oh! dream
Of boiled steaks, language foiling,
Oh! delectable theme,
Oh! the *bree* of the boiling,
Oh! the course that suffices
The king that partakes of it,
Oh! the cucumber slices,
The curd in the flakes of it.

So, Sir Knights, ere we're out
With the light lance and supple,
Here's Sir Salmon, Sir Trout,
Here's the kingliest couple
That, errant, we're able
To meet on our journey—
They are Pleasure at Table,
They are Triumph in Tourney!

P. R. C.

The Great Adventure.

"Mr. James Maxton, M.P., is probably the most-travelled man in the Labour Party. He left Glasgow on Saturday for Wigan."

Glasgow Paper.

THE "SOUNDIES" AS I FORESEE THEM.

A GREAT brazen bellow, in which it was almost impossible to distinguish any articulated word, resounded through the spectatorium, and after a few moments the puzzled optience became aware that Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was reciting some lines of verse.

That at least was my impression. I feel certain that the cinema people are making a mistake in trying to introduce "talkies" to the world. The fact that you can synchronise a voice, or something which is supposed to be a voice, with a moving picture does not mean that this is an advantage. With a certain amount of ingenuity you could synchronise slipping on a banana skin with being knocked down by a costermonger, but nothing would be gained by the double effect.

Nobody has suggested, and quite rightly, I think, that gramophone records of the voices of sitters should be placed by the principal portraits in the Royal Academy this year, nor would any



A SPEAKING PORTRAIT.

poem be more lovely to read if the publishers provided a photomaton picture of the poet reciting it down the margin of the printed page. (Quite certainly not.)

I say then that by going in for this "talkie" business, by attempting to turn every cinema into a clamatorium, the film stars are selling the pass. They are removing from the cinema that quality of restfulness which is one of the advantages which it has over the ordinary stage, and they might almost as well introduce uncomfortable seats and cloak-rooms from which it takes you twenty minutes to get your hat.

But if they must put pandemonium into the movies, and some peoples say they

must, they might at least go all the way. We have long been familiar with certain sound effects: the dropping of plates, the smacking of faces, the thunderstorm, the firing of guns, the cries of animals, the roaring of railway-trains, the wrecking of motor-cars, and the sudden fierce slap of the custard-pie. These no doubt were significant noises. But the cinema aims, it would seem, not at significant detail but at realism. Where formerly we had circumstantial evidence, through the accurate working of facial muscles, that the words used were the same as those printed in the sub-title, we are now to have further corroboration through a sound of mighty voices filling the hall whenever a close-up occurs. I should have thought a sworn guarantee on the programme that he really roared, "I love you!" and that she yelled, "Darling!" back to him would have been enough.

But no matter. Let us, if our picture-life is really to begin turning in mazes not only of heat but of sound—let us at least do the thing thoroughly. There are scenes where hero and heroine stroll through woods or gardens, where they ramble about the country-side on a beautiful morning in spring or at night beneath the moon. Let us not be content with the hero's shouts of adoration and the heroine's shrieks of reciprocated love. Let us have also the loud rustle of leaves, the terrific plash of waters, the roar of munching kine, the shrill yip of the weazel, the deafening jug-jug of the nightingale.

There are also street scenes. The noise of a New York street scene, properly exaggerated on the Hollywood scale, should be a pleasant relief to an audience which has just come in from the comparative quietude of Piccadilly or the Strand.

I anticipate the film effects of the future somewhat after this wise—

MEANWHILE, ON BROADWAY—

Rhoda is shown on Broadway.

THE NOISE OF A CITY'S COMMOTION
RAGES ABOUT RHODA'S EARS.

It does.

Cotton-wool is supplied to the audience by chocolate-sellers dressed as hospital nurses.

BLAKE HOPKINS WAS ALSO ON
BROADWAY.

The detonations are prolonged.



"COTTON-WOOL IS SUPPLIED TO THE AUDIENCE."

"IS THAT YOU, RHODA?"

You can't hear Blake Hopkins saying "Is that you, Rhoda?" on account of the repercussions. You can only see his face moving. In this particular case the "talkies," or "soundies" rather, have defeated their own object. But not for long.

SUDDENLY, FOR THESE TWO, THE
TUMULT OF THE NOISY METROPOLIS
WAS STILLED.

It is stilled.

FOR A WHILE THERE WAS A SINGING
IN BLAKE'S EARS.

Somebody sings a song, say, "Ol' Man River."

COMES A MEMORY OF THE JUNE
MORNING WHEN FIRST THEY MET.

It comes; any amount of it.

THE MOAN OF DOVES IN IMMEMORIAL
ELMS AND MURMUR OF INNUMER-
ABLE BEES.

Stentorian coos resound throughout the auditorium. There is a buzzing like a circular saw. Birds whistle; young rose-buds open with a pop. The audience is transported back to the Arcadian meadows of love's first dream.

"DO YOU REMEMBER, RHODA, THE
SCENT OF NEW-MOWN HAY?"

A steady scent of new-mown hay is squirted from giant sprays into every part of the building.



MODERN MANNERS IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

IF A MAN HAS DISMOUNTED TO OPEN A CHAINED GATE, DO NOT WAIT UNTIL HE REMOUNTS. HE MIGHT FEEL THAT HE WAS MAKING YOU LOSE YOUR PLACE IN A GOOD HUNT.

"AND THE OLD FARMYARD?"

This is a little more difficult. To get the whole of the noises as well as the smells synchronised in such a way that the audience can really wallow in them requires a lot of machinery. But there is no doubt that it can be done.

And so it goes on until suddenly—

PARTED, THE SURGING UPROAR OF
THE CITY SURROUNDS THEM
ONCE AGAIN.

Broadway as before. I don't know anything about the smells of Broadway. Motor exhausts, tar, dust, whatever it is that they have over there to make a big city smell . . .

Meanwhile, as the "movies" say, these reboant voices seem to be a mere impediment to the action of the screen. There is either too much of them or else not enough. They don't make the patient live in the picture, they jerk him out of it. Allowing for a fantastic exaggeration, Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS makes rather a good D'Artagnan. He stands—I should say, he leaps—somewhere be-

tween the music-hall acrobat and the musketeer of DUMAS, but the flourish and gaiety are there. Why then interrupt



"A STEADY SCENT OF NEW-MOWN HAY IS
SQUIRTED."

this impression by declaiming verses in the voice of one encouraging a boat-race crew through a megaphone?

It is by no means the first effort of this kind that I have heard on the "talkie" screen, and I am inclined to think that, even though actors talked with the tongues of men and angels, the result is going to be more like a Chinese gong or a deplorable accident with a trombone so far as the audience is concerned.

But the thing may improve. The method may expand. On the day that I can go into the strepitarium of a cinema and listen to all the volume of sound, and smell all the multiplicity of smells, that made up a mediæval city, tuned and amplified to the quick tempo of the screen, I shall very likely change my mind. EVOE.

"Twickenham schoolboys are to visit Brentford gasworks to see how gas is made."
Evening Paper.

And not, as one might have supposed, to witness a display of high-diving.

"The Prince or Wales flew to Bognor to-day in a Royal Air Force two-seater aeroplane."
Gloucestershire Paper.

Probably it was the PRINCE, as Wales is more easily carried away by flights of eloquence.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE STAG" (GLOBE).

WE start, in a deer forest of all places, with the topic of belated birth-control. *Marion Temple*, daughter of the house, engaged to, and apparently in love with, *Alan Cameron*, has incidentally had relations with *Keith Stainer* which necessitate, in that gentleman's opinion, a clandestine visit to a professor of abortion. We proceed to the murder of *Keith*, deliberately done by *Alan*, and ascribed to a third party's inadvertence. We end with the prospect of marriage between *Marion* and *Alan*, she being cognisant of his guilt and he of hers, and both finding themselves "necessary to one another."

A jolly scheme, if only it had not been laid in a Scottish shooting-lodge (or "box," as the programme calls it), where the rules of stalking offer pitfalls to the imaginative playwright. Of this I shall have more to say. Meanwhile let me take the liberty of probing our author's motives.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS has a pretty humour, and he wasn't going to sacrifice it for melodrama pure and crude. So into this atmosphere stuffily redolent of stags and salmon he imports, for the purpose of humorous contrast, a popular actor from London, *Victor Conway* (né George William Dobbs).

And how does he get into this galley? Well, it appears that *Marion*, not content with two lovers, had invited a third on her own initiative. And how do you expect him to conduct himself? "He will do his best," you say, "to slough his professional skin, conceal his ignorance of sport and affect familiarity with a society of which he knows nothing."

Then you are wrong. He kept on talking shop, and showed a blatant and frivolous contempt for the sporting interests of his hosts and all their kind. To do the author justice, *Victor* says some extremely funny things; and if we get good fun we ought not perhaps to inquire too narrowly whether the man who makes it for us is true to type. But it is certain that, if he hadn't forced his profession upon us, we should have taken him not for an English actor, but for an American layman, half naïve,

half cynical, who was passing exotic reflections, in what Mr. NICHOLS would call the "star-spangled manner," on the curiously barbaric customs of "Britishers." There was a strong American quality too in the fluency which he brought to all themes (including that of silence).

He has to drop his banter towards the end, where, for the sake of *Marion's* happiness (if any), he assumes the blame for *Keith's* death, giving out that in consequence of poor visibility he had shot him in mistake for a stag (not so bad a feat for a man who had never handled

coivable that the gillie who accompanied him, knowing, as he must have done, the position of the other party's ground, would have allowed him to get within a couple of miles of it).

MR. REGINALD OWEN, as *Victor Conway*, could not be held responsible for the inherent improbability of his character, but he shared with the author—and very bravely he did it—the responsibility for keeping us amused under the most harrowing conditions. Miss ELISSA LANDI (*Marion*), a very charming figure, has a nice command of facial expression, and made us feel the real sincerity both of her distress and of her pale attempts to disguise it from the general eye. Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS's sketch of the lady of the house had the natural ease that one expects of all her work. She was supposed to have no sense of humour, but in missing one of the jokes—about "bells" and "beaux"—she didn't lose much. Still, both she and the host (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART), who suffered, with a fine indifference, from the same defect, ought to have appreciated the actor's humour when he wrote under his own photograph, "What bloody man is this?" The audience easily saw that one.

The rest of the cast contrived to cope well enough with the embarrassments of stage-tragedy in the unusual and discouraging environment of a shooting-lodge.

The details of technique were not perfect. There may have been sound reason why *Keith* should mark so much time in per-

functory efforts to readjust a fishing-rod that had been brutalised; but there was no excuse for the protracted period which he spent in fiddling with the mechanism of his rifle, which in a decent *ménage* must have been cleaned and oiled after his last use of it.

Whatever the fate of his first essay, I look forward to a really good play from Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS, if only he can be persuaded to keep clear of melodrama and deer forests. O. S.

"LITTLE ACCIDENT" (APOLLO).

This new comedy by FLOYD DELL and THOMAS MITCHELL attempts the difficult task of imposing slabs of serious sentiment on a flimsy substructure



Lady Emily Temple (Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS) to Victor Conway (Mr. REGINALD OWEN). "YOU'LL BE SHOOTING ONE OF US IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL. POINT IT AT THE STALLS."

a rifle in his life). To those who knew the facts this had a chivalrous air, but actually it entailed very little inconvenience beyond a temporary unpopularity in the house; and, if it ever became known in London, would no doubt have its publicity value.

I have hinted at the snares that lie in the path of those who treat without sufficient instruction the subject of stalking. Thus, a lady visitor, after *Keith* had gone out on the hill, talks casually of "joining" him in the middle of his stalk, as if he were walking up grouse. Again, when *Alan* went out to kill *Keith* on the hill, it was natural for him to want to get within easy range of his object; but it is incon-

of almost too flippant comment upon what, after all, is an essentially serious subject—the unexpected and unwanted child; and I think the authors owe to Mr. LYNNE OVERMAN more than it is quite safe for authors to owe their players for the concealing of the rough joints in their handiwork. Mr. OVERMAN is a comedian with an attractive personality, a Hawtreyish capacity of embroidering a situation without giving any unwelcome impression of too sedulously working up his effects; while his delicate tact removed all but completely the offence inherent in the subject matter.

The scene is set in the desirable residence of J. J. Beckwith, one of the most prominent citizens of Vickley, Ill. His son Norman, who has been heard singing salient extracts from *The Maid of Athens* in the shrubbery at dawn, has come down so late for a breakfast which he cannot eat that he is likely to delay the rehearsal of his wedding ceremony, for which minister, best man, clucking mother, bored father and excited bridesmaids have assembled. Moreover, the mail has brought him an odd letter from a maternity home in Chicago. He is requested, as father

of a child about to be delivered in that frigidly hygienic institution, to present himself there at the earliest possible moment. He did, he confesses to his best man, lightly philander with an art student in Chicago a significant number of months ago. He is unaware of any consequence of his flirtation. He had indeed proposed marriage to the young person in question, but she had resolutely refused him, preferring to paint and looking on matrimony as a trap. But he cannot go through with his impending marriage to a beautiful girl until he has seen this inconveniently independent and careless young woman—and his unexpected and ill-timed child.

Arrived at the austere efficient institution the unmarried father is seized upon by a pretty and entirely inhuman nurse and put through a disquieting inquisition and inspection, out of which Mr. OVERMAN extracted all the latent humour. It would appear that the mother had arranged for the babe to be adopted, and that this examination was a necessary formality, the institution guaranteeing the pedigrees and satisfactory physical antecedents of their little patients before sending them to their new homes. And then uprisings in the breast of our distracted Norman a

wave of intense American paternal pride and possessiveness. After an unsuccessful attempt to induce the young mother to see reason and give up paint in Paris for domesticity in Vickley, Ill., he kidnaps his babe, abandons his friends and his business career, hides

A satisfactory sentimental conclusion is contrived by the almost too noble understanding and forbearance of his father, his fiancée and the landlady's daughter, and the belated recognition on the part of the art-student that all this bickering between her and the father of her child was only a sign of true love.

Mr. LYNNE OVERMAN's tactful handling almost persuaded us to believe that our casual young Norman's exaggerated sense of paternity was not ridiculous, and that his imperturbable good-humour might possibly turn the young spitfire of an art-student into a tolerable house-mate. Two excellent little sketches of the voluble wop, *Rudolpho Amendelaro*, full of pride in his new little *Rudolpho*, after a long succession of girls, and the free-born American mechanic, *Hicks*, consumed with anxious fears as to the result of his wife's first confinement, were contributed by Mr. RALPH SIMONE and Mr. BEN WELDEN. T.

At the Palace Theatre at 2.30 on Tuesday, April 23rd, there will be a Matinée in aid of the ELLEN TERRY Memorial. The programme will consist of *Shall we join the Ladies?*, the last Act of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a scene from *Funny Face* and Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL's *Ile* (with the Gate Theatre Company). The brilliant list of performers includes some forty names of popular actors and actresses.

Tickets may be obtained from Miss J. M. HARVEY (Hon. Organiser for the Memorial), 56, Manchester Street, W.1 (Tel. Welbeck 2171), or from the Box Office, the Palace Theatre.

Those who loved ELLEN TERRY's art will perhaps, if they cannot attend this performance, send some contribution to the Hon. Treasurer of the ELLEN TERRY Memorial Fund (Lady MAUD WARREN-DEK), at 56, Manchester Street, W.1.

Our Predatory Peers.

"The Duke of — holds one of the most ancient and illustrious titles in the pillage of Scotland."—*Trinidad Paper*.

Scorching Commercial Candour.

"— Waterfinding Expert, Roscrea—"Mrs. — found never failing supplies of good water at our three creameries, saving us a considerable sum by her advice."—*Irish Paper*.

"Giving details of the Boy Scouts' rally to be opened at Birkenhead in July, Sir Alfred Pickford said that at a meal the boys would consume nearly three-quarters of a mile of jam rolls."—*Daily Paper*.

No wonder they call it a jamboree.



A TICKLISH AFFAIR.

Miss Hemingway Miss BIBI DELABERE.
Norman Beckwith Mr. LYNNE OVERMAN.

himself in a Chicago lodging-house, devotes himself to the study of the most modern methods of rearing offspring out of brightly advertised tins and cartons, and is even prepared to marry his landlady's pretty daughter by way of acquiring authority over his own offspring, having as a mere bachelor no status in the matter.



WAITING FOR THE EVENT.

Rudolpho Amendelaro . . Mr. RALPH SIMONE.

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE FINALS.

At Wyndham's Theatre last week the Cup-tie of the British Drama League was played off without untoward exhibitions of emotion by the League fans assembled from all over the country. The referees were Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, Sir BARRY JACKSON and "T." "T," heroic fellow, had previously had played at him in Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham and London (chosen centres of the five English B.D.L. areas) twenty plays, grave, gay and mystical, and is happy to testify to the high quality of the work and the excellence of the team spirit displayed. The Scottish group would have no mere Southerner for this business, and firmly insisted on a judge acquainted with their native tongue.

The audience at Wyndham's, then, saw six plays by the six teams who had survived the preliminary trials—St. Luke's Dramatic Society, of Wolverhampton, in *Joe*, by JANE DRANSFIELD, a sombre tragedy of Midland slum-life; the Bristol Drama Club, in *Scissors for Luck*, a charming little idyll of Somersetshire farm life, by DOROTHY HOWARD ROWLANDS; the Edinburgh Elocution Club (Group D), in *The Woin' o' 't*, by W. D. COCKEN, an agreeable comedy of awkward courtship; the Birdwell (Barnsley) Workers' Educational Association Players, in a comedy with a semi-tragic thread, *The Black Dogs*, by MACHON INNOTSON—which four plays, if I mistake not, were all the work of amateur playwrights of the areas in question, and very creditable work too. The Liverpool Playgoers' Club presented *The Devil Among the Skins*, by ERNEST GOODWIN—a merry Rabelaisian affair without offence; and the Beethoven Street Old Scholars' Club (London) one of HAROLD CHAPIN's well-observed little one-act comedies, *The Autocrat of the Coffee-Stall*.

The referees had the wit to select as winners the team presenting that play (*The Devil Among the Skins*) which had received the heartiest applause from the assembled critics in the audience, thereby shelving the impossible problem of adjudicating between players competing on entirely different planes.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, formally delivering the referees' adjudication in a speech of impassioned kindness, successfully conveyed the impression that her own occupation was irrevocably gone, that the future of the theatre lay with intelligent amateurs, though there might be a faint hope that, if the professionals would only come humbly and study intensively the amateurs' spontaneous and jolly methods, they might obtain a reprieve for a year or two.

The associated adjudicators tactfully smiled their complete agreement. There was this much of truth in it all—that the acting was of a sound standard; that it represented keen and intelligent work done in a spirit of unsnobbish fellowship; that there were individual performances of great merit (notably that of Mr. W. SHORE as the Tanner in the winning team; of Mr. JOHN H. DONALDSON in the Chapin comedy; of Miss NETTIE MILNE in *The Woin' o' 't*; of Mr. HEDLEY GOODALL, Miss MARY MARTIN BROWN and Miss ESMÉ BRITTON in *Scissors for Luck*; of Mr. FRANK MATTHEWMAN in *The Black Dog*; and of Miss NELLY GILL of the Wolverhampton team.

And there certainly is no question but that the work of these groups—two-hundred-and-thirty-three in all had competed in this interesting adventure—will make easier the labour of those who dream that the theatre may yet again serve Art as well as business. T.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Piccadilly Circus,

As soon as it is dark,
Is better than the Underground,
Better than the Park;
Full of coloured pictures
All made up of light,
Changing every minute,
Moving all the night.

Like a bit of Fairyland,
Brighter than the day,
Nobody who saw it

Would want to go away.
London's full of lovely things,
But don't you think you'd call
Piccadilly Circus

The very best of all? R. F.

THE BEST PEOPLE.

(After A.D.C.'s Nightly News in "The Daily Mail.")

It is amusing and perhaps not unprofitable to speculate on what would have been the effect on some of the great figures of the past had they enjoyed our smart dancing-restaurant and night-club privileges. I admit that only by a very determined effort can one even faintly conceive of how life was made tolerable before this era set in; but the conjecture is worth making.

RUSKIN, for example. How would RUSKIN have developed had he as a young man—or even as a middle-aged man, for the super habit by no means dies out with youth, as a very casual glance round the rooms at the Chancery or Nero's will convince—been a regular frequenter of, say, Auntie's,

the new resort where my friend Belli, from the Gastronome, is doing such wonderful things. Would he have spent all that time writing about the Stones of Architecture and the Seven Lamps of Venice? RUSKIN, by the way, had side-whiskers.

* * *

And RUSKIN's friend, THOMAS CARLYLE, who wore a short beard, might it not have been all to the good had he had the beguilement of jazz to take him now and then from his dreary tasks and possibly suggest others more agreeable? Sartor De-sartus, for example. A propos of clothes, there is a superb mannequin parade every midnight at the Taxi Cabaret, the new and very exclusive restaurant which the famous Formaggio, from the Royal Regal at Monte, has just opened.

* * *

Not the least interesting thing about these parades is that among the show-girls are many well-known titled heires, doing it purely for cigarette-money. To identify them is a new Society rage. Formaggio has a small black moustache.

* * *

It is perhaps idle to spend time in conjecturing as to the effect of night-club life on the great Romans, as they probably had as many advantages as ourselves. Electric light would be missing, but otherwise everything needful was to hand: food, drink, music, company. Most of the great Romans were clean-shaven, and JULIUS CAESAR, of course, was practically bald too.

* * *

I am not maintaining that too steady indulgence in supping and dancing is of immediate benefit to everyone; but the exceptions must be very few. W. G. GRACE, for example, may have had a better average without it, although such was his genius that it would need many bottles of champagne to put him off his game. The Doctor was a fully-bearded man. So was SOCRATES, who, it is possible, might have disapproved of some of our nocturnal high spirits; but I am sure that Lord CARDIGAN, the Crimean hero, who also was hirsute, would have been at the Chancery every night. E. V. L.

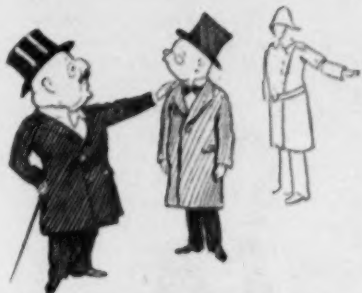
The Diversions of Purley.

"Why is Botley, Hants, called Botley?"
Purley Correspondent in Sunday Paper.
Probably because Botley is the name of the place.

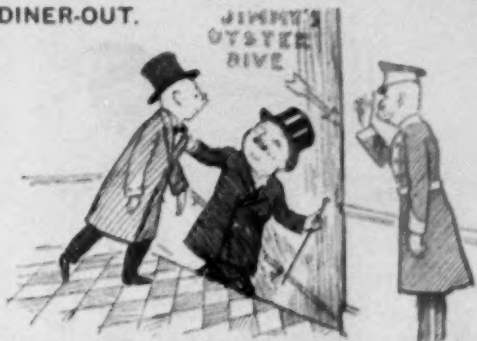
"CARS BANNED FROM EPSOM DOWNS
Surprise Fiat."
Daily Paper.

MUSSOLINI may have something to say about this treatment of an Italian car.

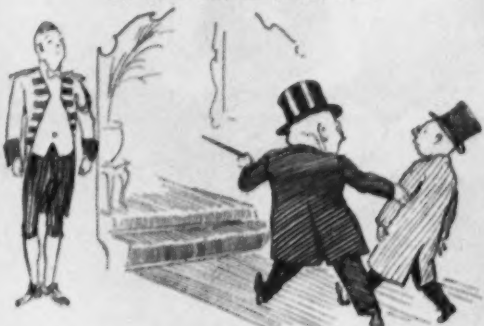
THE PERFECT DINER-OUT.



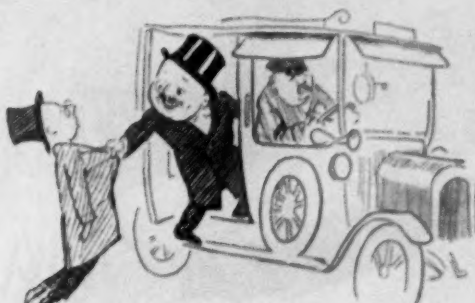
YOU'D LIKE THE BEST DINNER IN TOWN?
MY DEAR BOY, LEAVE IT TO ME.



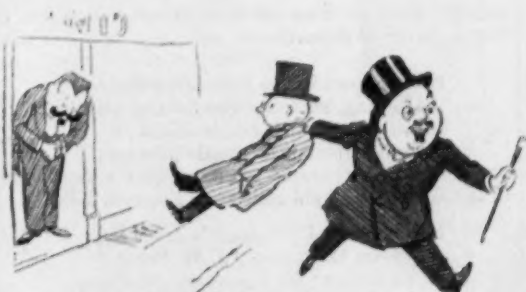
WE START, OF COURSE, WITH SOME OF THE FAMOUS
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THE SOUP OBVIOUSLY MUST BE THE BORTCH
POLONAIS AT THE SPLENDIDEBOUS.



AND NOW I KNOW A LITTLE PLACE IN SOHO WHERE
THE FILET DE SOLE MURAT IS THE ONLY EATABLE
FISH IN TOWN.



THE FOWL NATURALLY MUST BE POULARDE
EDOUARD VII. AT THE EPICURE.



AND NOW UNDOUBTEDLY THE ENORMITY FOR
CARDONS À LA MOELLE—



ENDING WITH SOME OF PATRIQUE'S NOTEWORTHY
FOIR FLAMBÉE ARMAGNAC AT DUBWIDDY'S.



AND NOW, MY BOY, YOU CAN TRULY SAY, "FATE
CANNOT TOUCH ME; I HAVE DINED TO-DAY!"

THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE FINALS.

At Wyndham's Theatre last week the Cup-tie of the British Drama League was played off without untoward exhibitions of emotion by the League fans assembled from all over the country. The referees were Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, Sir BARRY JACKSON and "T." "T," heroic fellow, had previously had played at him in Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham and London (chosen centres of the five English B.D.L. areas) twenty plays, grave, gay and mystical, and is happy to testify to the high quality of the work and the excellence of the team spirit displayed. The Scottish group would have no mere Southerner for this business, and firmly insisted on a judge acquainted with their native tongue.

The audience at Wyndham's, then, saw six plays by the six teams who had survived the preliminary trials—St. Luke's Dramatic Society, of Wolverhampton, in *Joe*, by JANE DRANSFIELD, a sombre tragedy of Midland slum-life; the Bristol Drama Club, in *Scissors for Luck*, a charming little idyll of Somersetshire farm life, by DOROTHY HOWARD ROWLANDS; the Edinburgh Elocution Club (Group D), in *The Woo'in' o' 't*, by W. D. COCKER, an agreeable comedy of awkward courtship; the Birdwell (Barnsley) Workers' Educational Association Players, in a comedy with a semi-tragic thread, *The Black Dogs*, by MACHON IBBOTSON—which four plays, if I mistake not, were all the work of amateur playwrights of the areas in question, and very creditable work too. The Liverpool Playgoers' Club presented *The Devil Among the Skins*, by ERNEST GOODWIN—a merry Rabelaisian affair without offence; and the Beethoven Street Old Scholars' Club (London) one of HAROLD CHAPIN's well-observed little one-act comedies, *The Autocrat of the Coffee-Stall*.

The referees had the wit to select as winners the team presenting that play (*The Devil Among the Skins*) which had received the heartiest applause from the assembled critics in the audience, thereby shelving the impossible problem of adjudicating between players competing on entirely different planes.

Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE, formally delivering the referees' adjudication in a speech of impassioned kindness, successfully conveyed the impression that her own occupation was irrevocably gone, that the future of the theatre lay with intelligent amateurs, though there might be a faint hope that, if the professionals would only come humbly and study intensively the amateurs' spontaneous and jolly methods, they might obtain a reprieve for a year or two.

The associated adjudicators tactfully smiled their complete agreement. There was this much of truth in it all—that the acting was of a sound standard; that it represented keen and intelligent work done in a spirit of unsnobbish fellowship; that there were individual performances of great merit (notably that of Mr. W. SHORE as the *Tanner* in the winning team; of Mr. JOHN H. DONALDSON in the CHAPIN comedy; of Miss NETTIE MILNE in *The Woo'in' o' 't*; of Mr. HEDLEY GOODALL, Miss MARY MARTIN BROWN and Miss ESMÉ BRITTON in *Scissors for Luck*; of Mr. FRANK MATTHEWMAN in *The Black Dog*; and of Miss NELLY GILL of the Wolverhampton team.

And there certainly is no question but that the work of these groups—two-hundred-and-thirty-three in all had competed in this interesting adventure—will make easier the labour of those who dream that the theatre may yet again serve Art as well as business. T.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Piccadilly Circus,

As soon as it is dark,
Is better than the Underground,
Better than the Park;
Full of coloured pictures
All made up of light,
Changing every minute,
Moving all the night.

Like a bit of Fairyland,
Brighter than the day,
Nobody who saw it
Would want to go away.
London's full of lovely things,
But don't you think you'd call
Piccadilly Circus
The very best of all? R. F.

THE BEST PEOPLE.

(After A.D.C.'s *Nightly News* in "The Daily Mail.")

It is amusing and perhaps not unprofitable to speculate on what would have been the effect on some of the great figures of the past had they enjoyed our smart dancing-restaurant and night-club privileges. I admit that only by a very determined effort can one even faintly conceive of how life was made tolerable before this era set in; but the conjecture is worth making.

RUSKIN, for example. How would RUSKIN have developed had he as a young man—or even as a middle-aged man, for the supper habit by no means dies out with youth, as a very casual glance round the rooms at the Chancery or Nero's will convince—been a regular frequenter of, say, Auntie's,

the new resort where my friend Belli, from the *Gastronome*, is doing such wonderful things. Would he have spent all that time writing about the Stones of Architecture and the Seven Lamps of Venice? RUSKIN, by the way, had side-whiskers.

And RUSKIN's friend, THOMAS CARLYLE, who wore a short beard, might it not have been all to the good had he had the beguilement of jazz to take him now and then from his dreary tasks and possibly suggest others more agreeable? *Sartor De-sartus*, for example. *A propos* of clothes, there is a superb mannequin parade every midnight at the Taxi Cabaret, the new and very exclusive restaurant which the famous Formaggio, from the Royal Regal at Monte, has just opened.

Not the least interesting thing about these parades is that among the show-girls are many well-known titled heiresses, doing it purely for cigarette-money. To identify them is a new Society rage. Formaggio has a small black moustache.

It is perhaps idle to spend time in conjecturing as to the effect of night-club life on the great Romans, as they probably had as many advantages as ourselves. Electric light would be missing, but otherwise everything needful was to hand: food, drink, music, company. Most of the great Romans were clean-shaven, and JULIUS CÆSAR, of course, was practically bald too.

I am not maintaining that too steady indulgence in supping and dancing is of immediate benefit to everyone; but the exceptions must be very few. W. G. GRACE, for example, may have had a better average without it, although such was his genius that it would need many bottles of champagne to put him off his game. The Doctor was a fully-bearded man. So was SOCRATES, who, it is possible, might have disapproved of some of our nocturnal high spirits; but I am sure that Lord CARDIGAN, the Crimean hero, who also was hirsute, would have been at the Chancery every night. E. V. L.

The Diversions of Purley.

"Why is Botley, Hants, called Botley?"
Purley Correspondent in Sunday Paper.

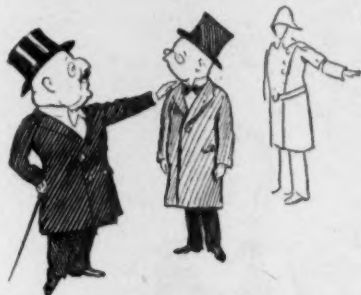
Probably because Botley is the name of the place.

"CARS BANNED FROM EPSOM DOWNS
Surprise Fiat."

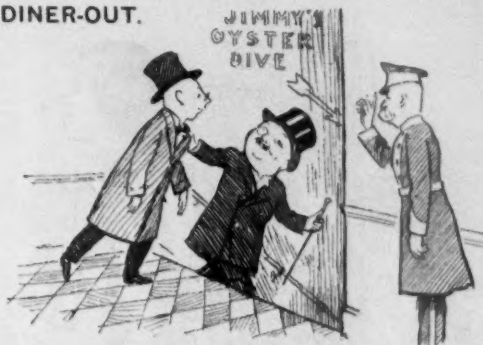
Daily Paper.

MUSSOLINI may have something to say about this treatment of an Italian car.

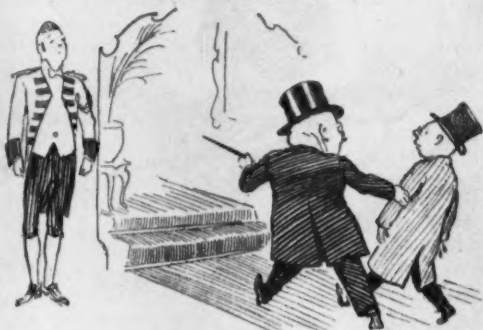
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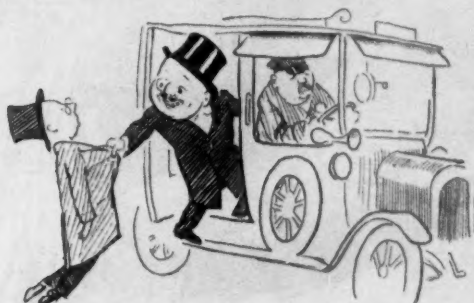
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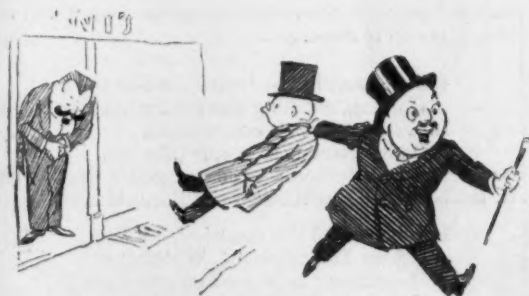
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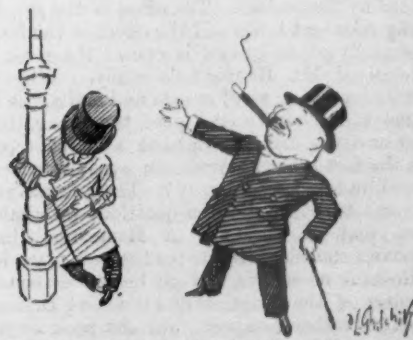
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"DARLING, DO TELL ME—ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a sympathetic vagrancy about *The Story of the Gypsies* (CAPE), a chronicle which, after a brief account of Romany origins, goes wandering about wherever the species occurs, picking up the gold and silver of local custom and legend. According to the chronicler, Mr. KONRAD BERCOVICI, there appears to be a scholarly consensus of opinion that the gypsies hailed in the first place from India. The theory here is that they were a pre-Hindu people, oppressed by the Hindus, and that their first great migration took place under ALEXANDER THE GREAT. In any case they penetrated Europe *via* Persia and the Balkans, and the only foundation for their mediæval sobriquet of "Egyptians" was a pious legend of more than dubious authenticity propagated by themselves. The effect of the gypsies on their usually reluctant hosts and the effect of the hosts on their vocationally pliant guests is one of the most fascinating branches of Mr. BERCOVICI's study. Why should the Macedonian gypsy excel in arts and crafts, the Roumanian become a bear-tamer or a poet, the Hungarian a horse-dealer or a violinist, the Spanish a matador or a dancer? Does the fact that the American gypsy wanders in a Ford render him any less a gypsy? There is an answer or an apt conjecture for all these questions and half-a-hundred others just as curious. A Roumanian himself, Mr. BERCOVICI considers the States the best place for studying the Romany nowadays, though he records equally striking memories of the Tziganes of his native Braila. England is treated rather scrappily, but the book as a whole admirably justifies its desultory manner. In considering so close and so illiterate a corporation as the gypsies, an

ounce of personal observation takes you a good deal further than a pound of research.

Here's sport in the Irish Free State—
Hunting, shooting and fishing, all three,
In a volume that's out to dilate

On how penniless people (like me)
Can get their fun cheaply—and fun that's worth while—
In the land that is still called the Emerald Isle.

This book, and the name's *Irish Bogs*,
Is from LONGMANS; J. W. SEIGNE
Is the author; he's good on gun-dogs,

He's famous on rod and on line;
And I'd have you consult him before you take stock
Of wild Irish pheasants, wild geese or wild 'cock.

Is it ride to the hounds that you'd do?
Here's a list of the packs you can use;
And you'd pick a red grouse from the blue?
Well, it's Galway or Kerry you'll choose;

Oh, a guide of the best Mr. SEIGNE is an' all
And "the kindest creature in ould Donegal."

In short, here's the stuff you must take,
The stuff you must study with care,
Ere you make for your mountain or lake,

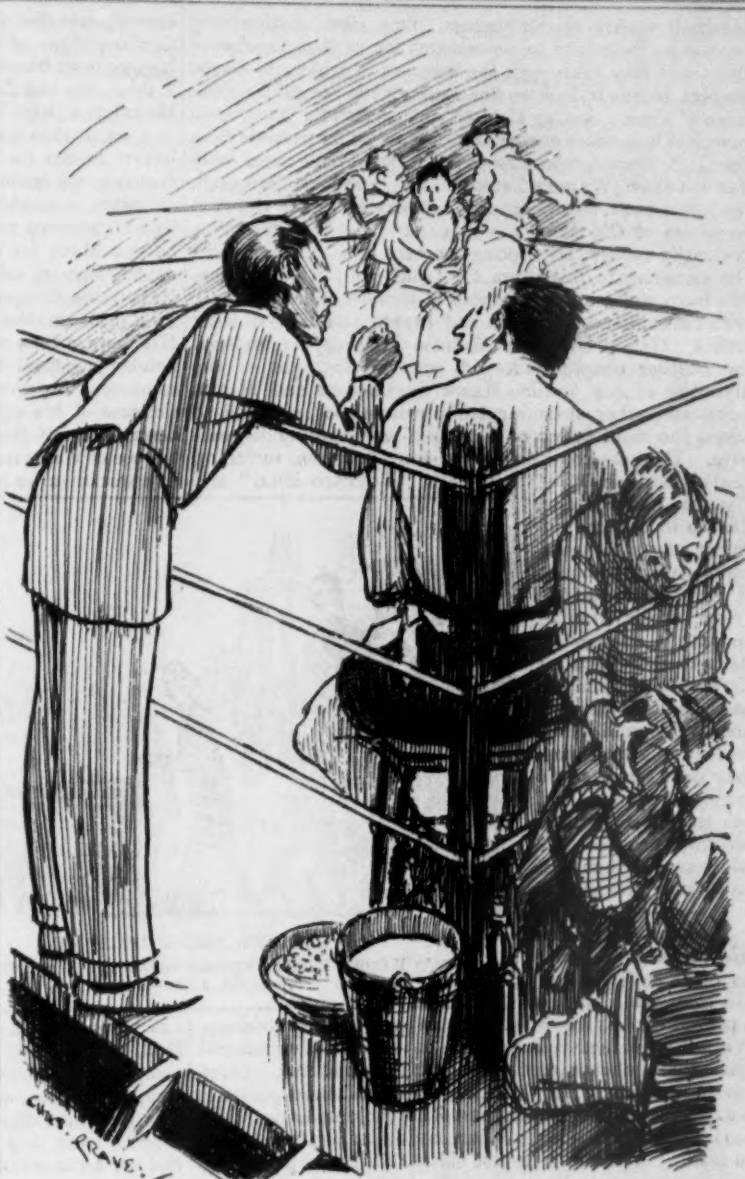
And, to show that you'll mix, when you're there,
With the best English blood that your Burke can afford,
Here's a photographed Duke and a photographed Lord.

One of the two monarchs commonly supposed to have set the world ablaze is now made to appear, in *The Emperor Francis Joseph* (SKEFFINGTON), on the testimony of his

valet-de-chambre, EUGEN KETTERL, as a kindly and rather simple old gentleman, who hated telephones and motors, lived on the plainest of plain fare and worked sixteen hours a day to rule an empire. True, he may have loved a good battle, but he liked it to be an affair of jingling squadrons and a cloud of dust, with nobody much the worse and all better friends after; and he would any time rather go after a stag than meet a royal neighbour. If he failed to keep on good terms with most of his relatives, that, his biographer implies, was rather to his credit than otherwise; and, if he was unpopular with some of his subjects, that must have been the fault of his Ministers, since all his servants loved him. The writer mixed not at all in affairs of State, his first introduction of the grievously-neglected Imperial trousers to a trouser-press, or his master's forgiving attitude towards the baker who cremated a cockroach in the Imperial breakfast-roll, being his concern, rather than the annexation of Bosnia or the ultimatum to Belgrade; yet his light innocent prattle—a host of small intimate details—attains at times something of dignity and pathos from his untiring zest in faithful service to one who was so often unkindly regarded; while his belief that Austria would soon have withdrawn from the War had the old Emperor lived a little longer is of more than passing interest. Not long ago the late Empress of RUSSIA was redeemed from familiar war-time charges. Now it seems that FRANCIS JOSEPH has at least one champion. If this sort of thing goes on the position of the villain-hunters will be getting serious.

Mr. GEOFFREY WEST, who produced, two years ago, what Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT described as a "quite model short biography" of Mrs. ANNIE BESANT, has now compiled a more or less full-dress history of the same subject. Though a well-arranged, lucid and intelligent piece of work, the longer *Life* seems to me a little inclined to scamp understanding where its subject's activities are unsympathetic, and to show itself more condoling than is perhaps equitable

where the chronicler happens to see eye to eye. This is a natural and obviously involuntary defect; but it is particularly dangerous in handling a theme like *The Life of Annie Besant* (Howe), a life that is all heart and comparatively little head, a life whose quest for philosophic truth, inadequately equipped for one solitary woman, is worked out to meet a large popular demand. Mrs. BESANT'S career divides itself into three clear-cut parts: a distressed and distressing prelude to her public work, the Secularist and Socialist phase of that work and its diversion to Theosophy and Indian Home Rule. Mr. WEST is chiefly attuned to the Secularist phase; and indeed the transformation of the Rev. FRANK BESANT'S wife into the comrade-in-arms of BRADLAUGH is his heroine's most interesting conversion.



Modern Second. "AS HE IS OBVIOUSLY SUFFERING FROM AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX, WORK ON THAT TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY."
Old-Timer Pugilist. "WOULDN'T IT BE QUICKER TO GIVE 'IM A ZONK ON THE JAW?"

Her biographer is, I think, somewhat unfair to the BESANTS. His astonishment when the Rev. FRANK gives up "a beautiful and accomplished wife" for the sake of a creed is a little naïve, and it was not necessarily unkindly in Sir WALTER to wish to keep his sister-in-law's name out of the papers. Mr. WEST, however, shares my own estimate of the criticism which was supposed to overthrow the bases of religion in the 'eighties, and does his best, even when dealing with Theosophy, to avoid a similar technique.

If the general public remains uninstructed as to the life of a "man about town" in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, it will not be the fault of the young men who then composed the staff of *The Sporting Times*, that faintly

blushing weekly of our nonage. One after another they have done their best to reconstruct for us that London of forty and fifty years ago, the memory of which, to us old stagers, begins to look so fine through the beautiful golden haze of Time. Among the late Mr. CORLETT's young men none has been more energetic in this engaging pastime than Mr. J. B. BOOTH, who now comes forward once again with *London Town* (WERNER LAURIE). I enjoyed looking through his latest work, though perhaps it may not have the first freshness of *Old Pink 'Un Days* or "*Master*" and *Men*. Naturally enough, Mr. BOOTH concerns himself chiefly with the amusements of that era, the London of the hansom cab. We have stories and anecdotes of theatre and music-hall, with reminiscences of TREE and IRVING and some of their critics. Gaiety Girls and Matinée Idols supply material for another chapter, adorned with photographs of the divinities of our youth—MARIE STUDHOLME and MABEL LOVE and other charming ladies whose pictures used to adorn the mantelpiece of every self-respecting undergraduate. Then we come to Shows and Showmen, including Earl's Court and the White City, "*BUFFALO BILL*" and BARNUM and SANGER. Thence to dinners and diners, supper clubs and night clubs, memories of Fleet Street and the Press; finally winding up with a chapter on strange characters of the streets and another on the ancient and dishonourable guild of dog-stealers. Young men may read this book to gratify their curiosity, but its appeal will be pre-eminently to those who have left their first half-century behind.

If *Humours Unreconciled* (WISHART) is a first novel—I have heard of Mr. SHERARD VINES as a poet but not as a novelist—it is an exceptionally good one. It is a story of modern Japan, told in the spirit of embittered disillusion that characterises four-fifths of the better-written novels of to-day. Mr. VINES, however, has a more plausible excuse for his outlook than most of his contemporaries. He has lived for some years in Japan; and Japan, I gather, is hard on ideals. There is a reverse side to the pretty picture, so well-known to us in England, of almond-blossom and geisha-girls, and distant prospects of Fujiyama. There are, for example, the horrors of a cheap American civilisation, over-hastily acquired, and the discomforts of a climate that, in summer at least, is "all water-vapour and no oxygen." The characters of this story are members of a small colony of white people, all of them sharply differentiated and only alike in that their nerves are generally frayed out as the result of the climate, and that they all heartily dislike each other as the result of their exile. They are in fact an odd nightmarish sort of crowd, but, in the setting in which Mr. VINES has placed them, astonishingly real. The climax of the story too, in which the injured husband murders the lover while intending up to the last moment to commit suicide, is odd and yet satisfying. In short, an odd but thoroughly satisfying book.

The real tragedy of the Gulf of Spezzia seems to have

been the fact that only towards 1822 was SHELLEY beginning to show signs of developing that stability which was so lacking from his early character. This point is borne out, I think, by the *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (BODLEY HEAD), the latter half of which indicate the growth in him of a much stronger and more rational strain. His earlier letters, except for a few delightful little notes to EDWARD GRAHAM, are made tedious by his constant anxiety for the salvation of mankind, and by the rather pompous vindication of his own relations with HARRIET. But as soon as he and MARY are established in Italy a new and settled note creeps in, and the letters in which he describes the Italian beauty-spots to PEACOCK contain passages which must rank in the forefront of English descriptive prose. His impressions savour little of the rapturous poet on holiday; instead they give one the idea of a mature and competent observer whose imagination only adds to the richness of his style. Indeed one or two of his detailed descriptions of Italian farms might well have come from the pen of WILLIAM COBBETT. The letters have been selected in a workmanlike manner by Mr. R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, who also contributes an able preface.



GETTING AHEAD OF FAME.

THAT'S HAROLD PETER SMITHSON BEING TAKEN OUT IN HIS PERAMBULATOR BY HIS MAMMA.

Snapshots on Life's Highway (LONGMANS) is, in spite of occasional platitudes, pleasant to read, and it has a very definite value. In a preface MAUDE SPEED writes, "We have seen changes and revolutions in the order of things, which have altered the aspect of life far more in half (or even a quarter) of a century than did the passage of three hundred years backwards from mid-Victorian days." That is a truth which none but the most cantankerous

will challenge; and it seems to me wholly to the good that, before those old days are forgotten, writers should compare them with the times in which we are living. Such comparisons you will find here, and if they are not remarkable for profundity of thought they do show considerable sagacity; and they are excellently illustrated by the author and her brother-in-law, LANCELOT SPEED.

If it is true that with *Good Gestes* (MURRAY) Mr. P. C. WREN is bidding farewell to his famous family, I cannot help thinking that he is wise. These stories are well enough, but the glamour that surrounded *Beau Geste* when he first appeared has vanished, and the brotherly badinage is too often facetious. From these dozen tales I choose "*The Mule*," "*Low Finance*," and "*The Devil and Digby Geste*" as the most ingeniously devised, and "*If Wishes were Horses*" as the most horrifying. But in some of the others I seem to find evidence that Mr. WREN is himself a little weary of creating situations in which the *Gestes* can exploit their remarkable qualities.

A fuller version of the statement issued by the Treasury regarding the singing of the *I'm Alone* is now available.—*Daily Paper*.

Is this a counterblast to "*The More We Are Together*"?

"Washington.

CHARIVARIA.

A GOSSIP-WRITER recalls that, as a small boy, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER butted a schoolmaster in the stomach. We deplore these attempts on the eve of the Election to rake up Mr. CHURCHILL's past.

A bricklayer charged with assaulting his wife declared that when he saw her with her hair shingled his mind became a blank. This, of course, is an unusual condition for a bricklayer's mind.

A letter posted in Plumstead in January has just been delivered at Eltham, three miles away, after having been to South Africa and back. It is said that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is being asked to what address in South Africa letters should be addressed to ensure their delivery in Eltham.

The allegation that gypsies in Czecho-Slovakia have been holding cannibal feasts is regarded as a further vindication of the action of the Epsom authorities.

On reading that a "talkie" has been made of Professor J. M. KEYNES discussing the subject of reparations with four undergraduates, we can only express the hope that the limit of sensationalism has now been reached.

Sex equality is still in its infancy, we are told. Until it attains maturity men can still be regarded as women's equals.

Arrangements are now complete for the Anglo-American Music Conference at Lausanne in August, when it is hoped that an agreement will be reached on the question of limitation of instruments.

It is feared that many Londoners born during the silence of Bow Bells, which are stated to be out of repair for lack of funds, may have difficulty in establishing their claims to be regarded as Cockneys.

The suggestion is made that cricket umpires should undergo eyesight tests. Among cricketers the belief seems prevalent that umpires are also hard of hearing.

Our theory with reference to the much-criticised sculptured figures on the new Underground building at St. James's Park is that they are intended to encourage birds to regard St. James's Park as a sanctuary.

More than one woman M.P. is said to be writing a novel in her spare time, just like any ordinary woman.

In North Wales, where the reservoirs have not been so low for fifty years, confidence is felt that, whatever else may dry up, it won't be Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

A dietist advocates that at least one article of the daily fare should be eaten

A difficulty about the humorous "talkie," a playwright points out, is that the actor cannot pause, as he can on the stage, if there is an unexpected laugh. There seems no reason, however, why he shouldn't make the customary pause when a laugh is expected.

A gossip-writer remarks that quite a number of the children of our leading players can be seen in the theatre on first-nights. It would be interesting to know what they think of the way their parents spend their evenings.

We read in a daily paper of a Missouri man who recently walked two miles to pay a three-halfpenny school tax because the journey would have used two pennyworth of petrol by car. This is believed to be a non-Scot record.

Boredom, Dean INGE thinks, drives people to gambling and the sporting columns. A grave responsibility rests upon those who contribute other columns to the evening papers.

According to an evening paper there are three thousand Welsh people in Croydon. Nothing is ever said about the number living in Wales.

One firm of charabanc-owners in London now provides each passenger with a bell, so that they can stop the vehicle at any point. This is much better

than the trippers' method of throwing a banana at the driver.

With reference to the fifty pounds sports cup taken by burglars from Edenbridge School, it is only fair to point out to them that it must be stolen three times before it becomes their own property.

"You cannot run the Empire on trivialities like kippers," declares Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS. Most music-hall comedians rely upon mothers-in-law as an alternative.

With reference to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Orange Book, containing his scheme of employment for men, the question is asked, "What about the women?" It is anticipated that the answer will be a Lemon Book.



DISILLUSIONMENT OF CANDIDATE WHO IS A STRONG ADVOCATE OF THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

raw. Our cook's theory is that this applies to the meat.

New devices for concealing the telephone instrument are advertised, but we doubt the real efficiency of anything short of having it removed altogether.

A veteran comedian is to attempt to walk from London to Blackpool. No Lancashire comedian seems to have thought of that one.

It is suggested that postmen should have trousers of a different material. The reason is believed to be that dogs do not like the taste of the present stuff.

We read of a Hollywood film-actress who has made a contract to act in six films, weddings permitting.

TELEPHONING AT OUR HOUSE.

WE have two telephones at our house, the principal instrument in Mrs. Yapping's bedroom and an extension on the bathroom landing upstairs. As Mrs. Yapping, who, I should explain, is our landlady, rises late and the telephone is beside her bed, it is usually she who answers matutinal calls.

Mrs. Yapping has what I may call the grand or Early-Edwardian telephone manner. That is to say, when a call comes through, she allows the bell to ring for a little while, just to learn a vulgar intruder its place, before lifting the receiver with deliberation and saying, "Are you theah?"

Just like that. No query mark. There is no interrogatory inflection, only a slight condescension in her voice.

I tremble to think what would happen if the answer were "No." Mrs. Yapping would certainly demand the infliction of the severest penalties upon the delinquent subscriber. What actually occurs, one may surmise, is that the caller, possibly not without a faint touch of asperity, riposts with "Who are you?"

Now this is a fatal move; for the Yapping telephone complex exhibits one marked repression. On the telephone Mrs. Yapping regards her name very much as she regards her income-tax return, that is to say, as a strictly private matter. She is therefore apt to repel this attempt to pry into her affairs by repeating in a glacial tone, "Are you theah?" or to seek to rout such impertinent curiosity by echoing in slightly sarcastic accents, "Who are you?"

Make no mistake about it, Mrs. Yapping is undefeatable on the telephone. She is impregnable against every effort to worm her secret from her until such time as the caller's business be revealed. If the call is not for her but for one of her lodgers, she will delicately place the receiver, mouthpiece downwards, upon the table at her side, press the electric bell-push dependent above her couch, and relapse into slumber upon her pillow.

The electric bell summons Mrs. Ripe, the charlady, from the basement. That is, if she hears its asthmatic tinkle. If she does not, in the fulness of time an indignant Mrs. Yapping is disturbed from her slumbers afresh by the crisp announcement from the exchange: "I-am-getting-your-signal-kindly-replace-your-receiver." On which a furious argument is likely to break out, Mrs. Yapping being little versed in the mechanics of telephony and prone to regard such observations of authority as personal reflections; and it may be some time before the last echoes of her ruffled

"No-I-did-not's" and "Yes-you-did's" have died away in the morning hush of her bedchamber.

Assuming that the sound of the bell has penetrated to the inner consciousness of Mrs. Yapping's troglodyte, that dejected female will in due course deliver a prolonged succession of muted taps upon her employer's bedroom door. Then, through the door, the following dialogue will ensue:—

"Did you ring 'm?"

"Yes. Tell Miss Blank she's wanted on the 'phone."

"'Oo?"

"Miss Blank. They're waiting."

"Very good 'm."

Unless, as sometimes happens, Mrs. Yapping's shrill falsetto has already broadcast the summons through the house, Mrs. Ripe will now laboriously mount to the upper regions and beat her dispirited tattoo upon Miss Blank's door. A sleepy voice issues forth from behind the barred portals.

"Oomph?"

"S me 'm."

"What is it, Mrs. Ripe?"

"Mrs. Yapping sez as 'ow you're wanted on the 'phone."

"Who is it, do you know?"

"She didn't say."

The door is plucked open. An indignant young woman in a wrapper is there.

"How many times must I tell you, Mrs. Ripe, always to ask the name? Go and find out who it is."

"Oh, all right . . ."

With a resigned air Mrs. Ripe repairs to the half-landing where the extension and the coin-box are. Her attitude towards that useful instrument of modern progress, the telephone, is a blend of reverence and awe, resembling that of a West African native in the presence of some potent juju. Rather gingerly she wipes her grimy hands on her sacking apron, then, plucking up her courage, seizes the receiver and, standing on tiptoe, bellows into the transmitter in a stentorian and lugubrious voice, "'Ullo-oh!"

If the caller has not already been cut off or has not abandoned the vigil in despair, when his ear-drum has recovered from the shattering broadside from Mrs. Ripe's raucous alto, he will probably burst out with an eager "Is that you?" To which Mrs. Ripe will reply, "'Oo is it, please?" and, failing an immediate answer (and very often in spite of it), will continue to bawl the phrase at regular intervals, after the manner of the rhythmic ringing of the exchange.

With Mrs. Ripe, I may here remark, the interpretation by ear of the vibrations set up by the human epiglottis is not an exact science. If her notions

of spelling, purely phonetic, are picturesque, in the recording of names her imagination touches the highest flights of fantastic imagery. Her mind is, as it were, a distorting mirror which receives a horrifying and almost macabre reflection of any, even the simplest, proper name spoken over the telephone. As percolated *via* Mrs. Ripe, Brown has been known to emerge as Gorm, Smith as Muth, and Harrison as Borsom. From the backs of dusty circulars in the hall, which serve Mrs. Ripe as tablets for noting down telephone calls received during our absence from home, I have discovered to my bewilderment that I number among my acquaintances individuals boasting such exotic-sounding and intriguing names as Miss Irish de Barka, Lord Sally, Mr. Humbum, and Mrs. Walljar. At our house a summons on the part of Mrs. Ripe to the telephone has all the savour of the unknown and the unexpected, like the first chapter of a thriller.

But, as Mrs. Yapping is fond of saying to her friends, "the telephone is such a convenience. I wouldn't be in the house without it. You see, dear, it saves so much time."

A WARNING TO CANDIDATES.

[At a recent Council election a Candidate, who held the babies of mothers while they went into the polling-station to vote, caught measles from one of the children.]

WHEN *Slumkey's* political workers

Brought off an electoral ruse,

Impressing (a notion of *Perker's*)

Six infants in arms for the Blues,

Their Candidate's passport to favour

And Eatanswill's suffrage was this—

To pat each diminutive shaver

And greet one at least with a kiss.

They may have induced him to handle

One baby in passing—no more;

They did not expect him to dandle

All six at the polling-room door,

With risk of diseases zymotic

And other unclassified germs;

No agent however Quixotic

Demanded such exigent terms.

But, now every mother's a voter,

The plight of the Candidate's worse,

For *Slumkey* is in for a floater

Unless he's a competent nurse;

And, if he's to win his election

By "ride-a-cock-horses" and jumps,

Needs Safeguards and even Protection

From whooping-cough, measles and mumps.

"The stipendiary spoke for the first time. 'I see from the record,' he said dryly, 'that the defendant in December, 1298, was fined for a similar offence at Liverpool. He ought to be old enough to know better.'"

Daily Paper.

Perhaps he forgot about it.



CENTENARY BANQUET AT THE ZOO.

(APRIL 29, 1929.)

KING OF BEASTS. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU THE TOAST OF OUR OLDEST MEMBER—THE TORTOISE."



THE GIPSIES DECIDE TO RUN A RIVAL DERBY.

THE DULL YOUNG PEOPLE.

A STUDY AT A STUNT-PARTY.

"It was terribly difficult to get you a card," said Lady Gaga as she steered me dexterously in her pink two-seater through the mazes of the after-theatre traffic: "but, my dear, I got away with it. I told them you wrote for the papers."

"It's awfully good of you," I protested, "but I didn't ask—"

"You're still in the thirties," she went on severely, "yet you're so Victorian! And I'm determined you shall meet some of the Bright Young People. But Bobo and Bats are simply adamant about gate-crashers, and nobody's to be let in to-night who hasn't brought a card."

Intent on her accelerator, she didn't see my smile, for I couldn't help remembering that the names of the Honourable Batsine Belfrage and her husband, "Bobo," whose sobriquet has since attained the dignity of recognition by all the smartest paragraphists of the

dance-club Press, had figured rather prominently in an incident of the near past when a hostess had dared to be so rococo in her ideas as to expel uninvited strangers from her own party.

"I admit," I replied, "that I'm still fairly young and impressionable. Show me bright Youth and save my soul alive. 'Giovanezza! Giovanezza!' as the Fascists sing—Ah-h-h!"

This cry was wrung from me by Gaga's impulsive braking, which jerked us to a standstill in front of a little house in Bloomsbury which was ablaze with lights. We fought our way into the hall, where our cards were carefully scrutinized by a quite middle-aged gentleman in a monocle and the uniform of a Vine Street police-sergeant. Over the dining-room door hung a notice with the legend, WE'RE ALONE. RUN IN FOR YOUR RUN; and here was a cocktail-bar, from behind which "Bobo" in person, attired as a merchant skipper, dispensed refreshment to a perspiring mob of boys and girls in rather too elab-

orate fancy-dress, most of the latter showing a curiously unimaginative preference for trousers. On the counter sat a massive maiden in a cavalry officer's mess-kit, whom everybody addressed as "Colonel," and next her a fresh-faced lad dressed as a bride, complete with veil and orange-blossom. He was just down, so Gaga informed me, from the University, but had already won distinction in the most brightly youthful circles as a dress-designer whose creations in satin pyjamas were "simply super"!

The conversation made up in shrillness for what it lacked in wit and seemed chiefly to consist of emphatic repetitions of such formulae of mutual admiration as "My dear, too marvellous! Perfectly priceless! Definitely brilliant!" varied by simpering reiterations of the adjective with which Mr. BENARD SHAW startled a first-night audience some seventeen years ago. Gaga presented me to several men of about the same indiscretion in years as myself, who, however, noticing in a sort of

vacantly supercilious way that I looked unlikely to conform to their standard of brightness, abruptly turned their backs on me. If they were disappointed, so was I; for my youthful eagerness had so far not observed any indication of brilliance or originality. The old familiar features of din and drink, of mild daredevilry and self-conscious dissipation, were such as may be met with nightly in many quite middle-class haunts.

Upstairs there were "gambling machines," presided over by a youthful absentee member of the Upper House, who combined the face and manner of an anæmic parlourmaid with the dress of a cowpuncher.

"Look!" whispered Gaga rapturously, "there's Bobby de Bootlace; he's 'Mask' of *The Morning Headline*. And there's Dodo d'Organdie; she's 'Flâneuse' of *The Evening Eavesdropper*. That's Bunloafe she's talking to; he does that priceless page every week in *The Sunday Shocker*! How glorious! They're sure to put us in!" And she nodded ecstatically to these celebrities.

In the drawing-room a jazz-band, led by an obese American, droned in a corner, while some forty couples of ages varying from four-and-twenty to forty were wriggling round, cigarette in mouth, in a space about the size of a billiard-table. This was cleared from time to time for a "star turn" by a flabby fellow wearing a leopard's skin and a gold bracelet, and assisted by an immensely tall emaciated girl with her lips painted black. "That's Babs Barbican and Prince Peter Popin," explained Gaga; "she breeds pocket-Pekinese—such lambs!—and he did the decorations at the 'Dead Dog,' that marvellous little dance-place that's just been opened. Aren't they too ultra-super?"

An exquisite in exaggerated dress-clothes and a crash-helmet then minced up and was introduced to me by Gaga as "Toto." I offered Toto a cigarette. "Thanks," he giggled, "but I only smoke my own. They're Russian, you see; I find all the others so gauche."

After that I lost Gaga for half-an-hour, until I spied her sitting on the floor (strewn with cigarette-ends), her arm round the waist of a young heavy-weight in horn-rims, dressed as a baby. They were listening to a hollow-eyed girl in a ballet-skirt and a man's opera hat who was singing a mournful song with the refrain, "It's terribly thrilling to be wicked"—which moved me to find my hat and my way out of it all. Frankly, I had discovered nothing conspicuously bright or youthful at this much-advertised party. I didn't even observe any particular "stunt." It was just rather dull, artificially raffish and altogether too self-conscious.



Hairdresser. "A PERMANENT WAVE WOULD BE FIVE GUINEAS, MADAM; OR OF COURSE YOU COULD HAVE A TEMPORARY ONE FOR A GUINEA."

Flapper. "I SAY, COULDN'T YOU GIVE ME JUST A MOMENTARY ONE FOR ABOUT FIVE SHILLINGS?"

Round the street corner I happened on a Guardsman philandering noisily with a hoydenish housemaid. And the sight of vulgarity so unaffectedly Victorian was quite refreshing.

A bright schoolboy, after reading Lord MACAULAY'S *Armada*, informs us that "DRAKE was warned about the

coming of the *Armada* by a bark from the English Channel."

One of those Elizabethan Sea-Dogs.

"He retired from the Navy in 1883 with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and settled down to the life of a county gentleman."—*Irish Paper*. This is surely worth trying on the Marines.

THE YOUNG IDEA IN 1929.

THE boy-scout, as I see him, does not take his responsibilities seriously in holiday-time. He is far too like a boy of the unregenerate pre-scout days. He wants to play golf or tennis, to ride a pony or perforate a rabbit at impossible ranges with an air-gun. He spends his spare moments with Mr. EDGAR WALLACE or Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE, or putting "All by Yerself in the Moonlight" yet again on to the gramophone.

His mental state may be judged by the fact that I picked up a Latin grammar belonging to one of his species quite recently and found to my horror that the words—

THE

SHORTER

LATIN PRIMER

had been altered, with no little pains, so as to read—

THE

SHORTER WAY

OF EATING PRIMER.

BEEF.

Though what shorter (and noisier) way there could be than that adopted by the ordinary boy-scout I do not know.

There is much need of reform if the children of to-day are to become the men of a brighter and more beautiful morrow. Parents generally, therefore, will welcome the timely appearance of a small yellow booklet which has just been sent to me, entitled

SUGGESTIONS FOR PRACTICAL WORK IN WORLD HISTORY.

It is written by Mr. I. O. EVANS, who, although to my shame I was unaware of it, is known among wood-crafters as "BLUE SWIFT." He is something more. Besides being known among woodcrafters as "BLUE SWIFT," he is also, with an exquisite sense of rhyming harmony, an Ex-Kinsman of the Kibbo Kift. And he speaks, I can well believe, as one having authority.

The inspiration behind his pamphlet is to put the boy-scout in touch, by a series of short sharp instructions, with *The Outline of History*, by Mr. H. G. WELLS, and thereby to keep his leisure time occupied. It seems to me that he succeeds. The scout who carries out these directions during the remainder of the school holidays should be a better and a wiser scout.

I select a few of the commands at random:—

"Try to make an eolith by chipping one flint with another.

Sleep one night in a cave, and another sheltered from the wind by a rough screen of boughs. If possible, make your bed of skin rugs.

Go into a lonely place and dress by wrapping yourself in a skin rug, held together by sharpened twigs. It may

and going barefoot. Do not read or talk—if there are others with you, communicate with them only by pointing, gestures and grunting. Try not to think of anything modern, but make yourself as primitive in thought as possible.

Amuse yourself by running, swimming, tree-climbing and chipping flints.

Paint your face and body and dance a savage dance round the fire.

Make a rough loom and use it for weaving.

(There is no sense, of course, in using your rough loom for a catapult.)

Learn how to milk a cow or goat, and make butter and cheese.

Light a blazing fire in the country, and think how strange it must have seemed when fire was first discovered.

Mix up with amateur nomads, tourists on cycles or on foot, motorists, campers and scouts. Find out what they think of their stay-at-home friends, and what the latter think of them.

Make a journey on a canal barge.

If possible, go to Spain and see a bull-fight.

Try to carry out a system of bartering with your friends, and see how clumsy it is compared with the use of money.

Copy inscriptions in Egyptian hieroglyphic or hieratic script.

Make simple musical instruments of the wind, percussion and string types.

(What are you doing, my boy, down in the reeds by the river?)

(Merely constructing a simple ukulele, Mamma.)

Make an ornament of bronze.

Plough a furrow with a bent bough drawn by an ox.
(I like that one.)

Act the part of a "fool" before your group.

Go to the Zoo and ride on a camel. Do a long trek across sand country, living on dates, bread and water, and carrying your supplies with you.

Make a drinking vessel from a cow's horn, decorate it, and make a leathern sling to carry it over the shoulder.

Learn folk-dancing.



Mrs. Wopple to Vicar (as husband attends to grandfather clock). "THAT 'ERE CLOCK KEPT WUNNERFUL TIME, ZUR, TILL US 'AD THE WIRELESS, AN' NOW JARGE 'AS TO PUT 'UN ON A HOUR OR BACK TWO EVERY TIME BIG BEN STRIKES."

be better to wear a bathing-suit underneath.

(Mr. EVANS, you see, is nothing if not thoughtful. He does not even forget the HOME SECRETARY.)

Snare a rabbit with a home-made snare, and catch a trout by tickling. Clean them yourself. Grill them over a camp-fire on a grid of green stick, and eat them without salt or condiment or any other food.

Spend twenty-four hours as much like Neanderthal man as possible, eating wild foods that you find yourself . . . sleeping in a cave on rugs,



Barber (with hair-restorer). "YOU WANT TO BE VERY CAREFUL WITH THIS, SIR. YOU DON'T WANT YOUR 'AIR TO GO PUSHIN' YOUR 'AT OFF IN THE STREET."

Compare outbreaks of influenza, etc., with the Black Death.

Make a design in wampum.

Attend a horserace, if possible, at Newmarket.

Try to find folk who remember the distress and dismay caused by the theories of DARWIN.

Talk to Americans about their Civil War and the Colour question.

Visit a jazz dance-hall.

To get a very slight idea of war conditions, lie in a ditch containing mud and water for some time; eat hard biscuit, tinned bully, and plum-and-apple jam, and drink tea made with water tasting of chloride of lime. Every now and then get a friend to throw stones at you.

('Bigger stones than that, Billy, far bigger stones than that.')

Be psycho-analysed, or try to develop your mind on psycho-analysis lines.

Do your best to work out, and spread, ideas of what is needed for human progress.

Try to live as a citizen of the next stage in history."

These are a few, only a very few, of the hints contained in this little manual. But they ought, I think, to keep the boy busy, at any rate until next term. It will take a load off the mind of every mother at her wits' end to keep the dear lads amused.

I could even, if Mr. Evans would pardon me, supplement the curriculum. As for instance—

Blow up a paper-bag and burst it, listening carefully to the noise it makes.

Hang by your tail from a tree, and remember that we were lemurs before we were men.

Learn *The Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart.

Fetch one of your friends a wallop over the shins with a cricket-stump, and notice his reaction to pain.

Try to eat as many cakes as possible, and consider the results of distension on the gastric organs of man.

Imitate the Tibetan lama by sitting silent for a whole day in a cave.

Study Chinese.

Make a home-made motor-lorry and fill it with home-made pieces of coke. Drive it about the garden-paths, and have an accident with it by running it into a tree.

Take a wireless-set to pieces and build an aeroplane with it.

Crawl about in the mud and observe the effect on the knees of your trousers. When you have finished read PLOTINUS, and go and brush your hair.

Master the three-card trick.

I may not be a Blue Swift, but when it comes to helpful suggestions to parents and schoolmasters I am own brother to the Athenian Owl. EVOE.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

IN KEW GARDENS.

Some of the trees and the flowers in Kew

Have names written up for me and for you,

Because they have come from ever so far—

But everyone knows what the bluebells are.

I like to look at the flowers and the trees

That people have brought from over the seas,

From North and from South, from East and from West—

Oh, but I love the bluebells best! R. F.

THE HAPPYENDERS.

[Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, the author of *Brother Jonathan*, declares that American readers "simply cannot bear an unhappy ending" to novels.]

OFT I grow weary of the type of story
Which at the finis hits you in the face
By sending the young heroine to glory
Or hero to perpetual disgrace,
Saying, "This tale too crude is:
Why do they stock such morbid stuff at MUDIE'S?"

Give me the pleasant ways of good Sir WALTER,
Who through the darkest plot will rarely fail
To lead his lovers safely to the altar
And leave the villain well outside the pale;
Give me a man like TROLLOPE,
Who doesn't let you down, Sirs, with a wallop.

True life, I know, is not all beer and skittles;
There's bitter gall at times within our cup;
But, though your novelist who'd earn his victuals
To nature's self must hold the mirror up,
Art's not the only question;
Unhappy endings give me indigestion.

Thus in my choice of tale—romance or mystery—
I am at one with cousins o'er the Pond.
So may our statesmen as they weave our history
Seal our relations too with such a bond—
A happy ending too essay
In the last chapter of our "words" with U.S.A.! A. K.

FAMILY BRIDGE.

If you were to ask any editor what is the most popular feature in his newspaper, he would probably tell you that it is the article on bridge. Why, then, should this be written for those who are apparently expert at the game? After all, it is people like Aunt Jane (she will over-call), Henry (he never remembers to return his partner's lead), and Miss Simpson, companion to Aunt Jane (she constantly revokes) that stand in need of advice and guidance.

The following dialogue will illustrate my meaning. The scene took place at Aunt Jane's house, where Henry and I had gone to spend the evening. Miss Simpson and I were playing against Henry, Aunt Jane and Boodles. True, Boodles, the pug, who is regarded by his mistress as an infallible mascot, took only an unconscious part in the game.

Aunt Jane. Let's see, it's my turn to deal; I know, because I always have the marked cards . . . Oh, dear, I ought not to have ended at you, Miss Simpson. Is that a mis-deal?

Henry (ironically). I almost have my suspicions that it is.

Aunt Jane. You'd better all count your cards . . . It was a mis-deal. I've only got twelve.

Me. And I have fourteen.

Aunt Jane. Then I'll take one of yours, Netta. (Does so.) Well, what's the matter? It's only a small one—a six of—

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Aunt Jane. It can't be helped now. (Loudly) I'm going two hearts. (Pause.) Do hurry, Netta! I always know at a glance what I can call.

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Miss Simpson (a little tremulous). Three spades.

Aunt Jane (openly exasperated). I doubt if you'll get them. You know you're a very weak player, Miss Simpson.

Miss Simpson. But I hold such good cards. I feel that I am justified in calling three spades.

Me. Of course you are. Aunt Jane, I must protest. To discuss a call like that is against all the rules of bridge.

Henry (getting impatient). Well, what about it?

Aunt Jane. For two pins I'd go four hearts—yes, I would. I wonder if you could support me, Henry. It's all right, Netta, I'm not asking anything—only wondering. Well, I suppose I shall have to pass.

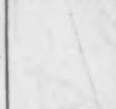
We now proceeded to play. The cards dealt by Aunt Jane were as follows:—

♠ King, Queen,
Jack, 10, 9, 8
♥ Ace
♦ King, Jack
♣ King, Jack, 3, 2

Miss Simpson.

♠ 7, 5, 2
♥ 5
♦ 10, 9, 5, 4, 3
♣ 10, 7, 5, 4

Henry.



4
♥ Queen, 10
9, 7, 6, 2
♦ Ace, Queen
♣ Queen 9, 8, 6

Me.

♠ Ace, 6, 8
♥ King, Jack, 8, 4, 3
♦ 8, 7, 6, 2
♣ Ace

It does not need a bridge expert to see that Miss Simpson would make her contract. Yet she failed to do so. Why? I will tell you. As she led out trumps, Boodles, rising from the doubtful security of Aunt Jane's knees, knocked over the card-table. Henry alone remembered what he had held in his hand. Aunt Jane's only recollection was that she held "a superb hand of hearts."

This, I say, is the sort of problem that needs arbitration. Although *Punch* does not commonly deal with bridge problems, I should be glad of the Editor's opinion on the matter. If he openly censures Aunt Jane I shall certainly take his decision as final.

F. A. K.

[He reserves his censure for the author of this article, which is wanting in respect for Aunt Jane. Also she might have doubled three hearts.—Ed.]

Jolly Days in Ludgate Circus.

"It is expected that a scheme for practically doubling the roadway area of Ludgate Circus, and introducing there a system of one-day traffic, will shortly come before the City Corporation."

This will be a great improvement on the present system, in which two or three days in a traffic jam are nothing.

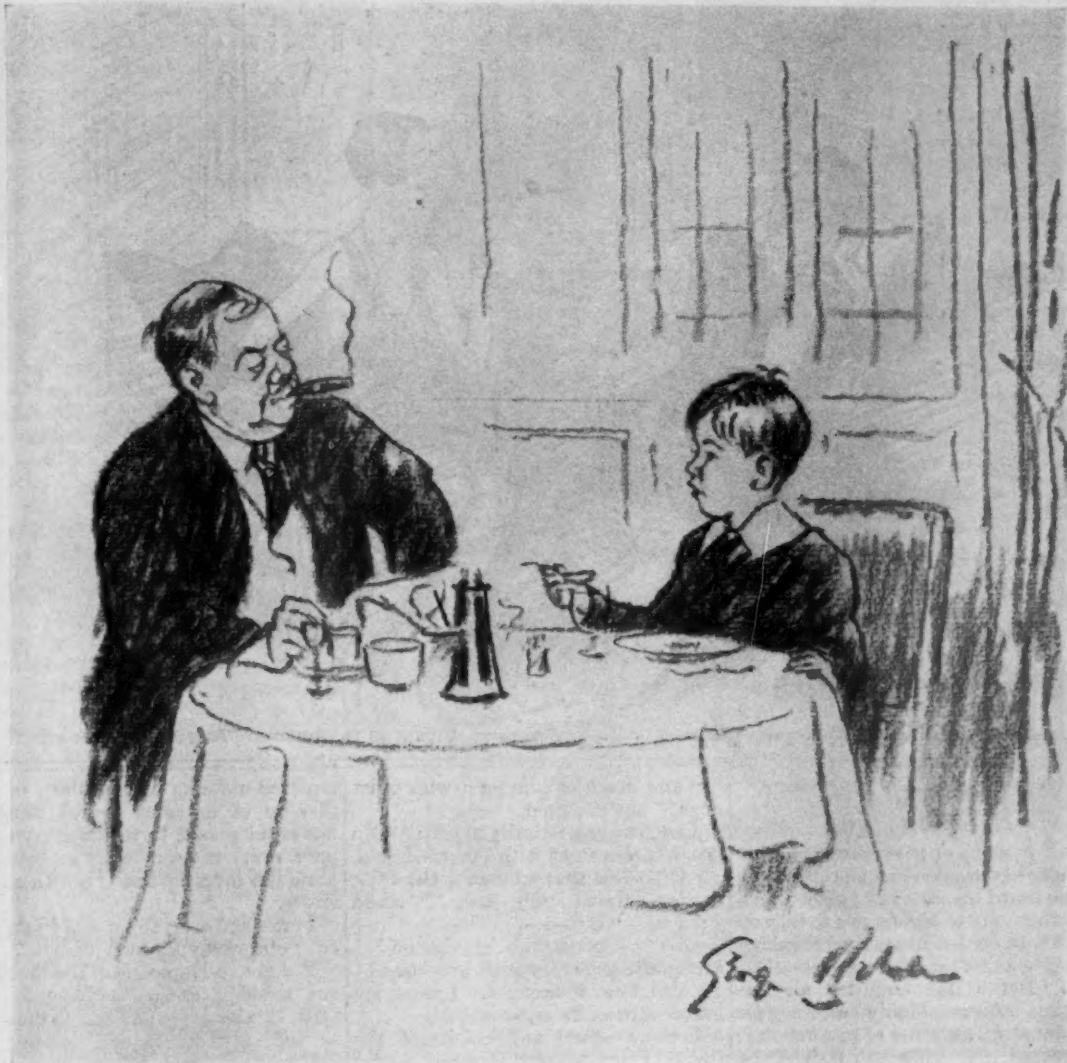
Mumbles is so Rejuvenating.

"Although within four years of attaining his century, Mr. —, who lives at Mumbles, near Swansea, is still agile enough to climb trees. His son-in-law, who is 67, was bles, near Swansea, is still agile recently to the nonagenarian to find him astride the branch of a tree loping off another branch."—*Derbyshire Paper*.

Mr. Punch's Spotlights on History.

"Here is the spot where, on New Year's night, 1813-14, Blücher crossed on his way towards Wellington at Waterloo, fulfilling his promise in the teeth of deadly fatigue and adversity."—*Daily Paper*.

Blücher: "Buck up, lads; we've only eighteen months to get there!"



Tommy (who has been allowed to choose his sweet from the menu). "DADDY, DO THEY REALLY MAKE PEOPLE PAY FOR RICE-PUDDING?"

LOVE IN SEASON.

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a misty morn in spring,
When cobwebs gemmed with star-dust to all the hedgerows
cling;
When woods are bluebell-carpeted and meadows cowslip-
bright—
"Oh, tarry with me, Springtime, my love and heart's
delight!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a drowsy summer noon,
The lazy hum of honey-bees, the cushat's sleepy croon,
A sea of lapis flecked with gold, a sapphire sky above—
"Oh, linger with me, Summer, my one and only love!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for the gallant autumn days,
The maples' flaming crimson, the beeches' fiery blaze,

The burnish on the pheasant's breast, the orange harvest
moon—

"O Autumn, stay a little, you leave me all too soon!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a frosty winter night,
When every blade's a-glitter and stars are crystal-white;
When all the trees, like Northern queens, in ermine robes
are drest—

"Oh, don't forsake me, Winter; 'tis you I love the
best!"

Sing nay! and sing no! to the claims of constancy;
I'm never out of love, though I'm ever fancy free;
With a heart for every season, if one should go astray,
I'll waste no time in grieving; a new love's on the way!

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♣ 10, 7, 5, 4

Henry.

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♥ Queen, 10

9, 7, 6, 2

♦ Ace, Queen

♣ Queen 9, 8, 6

Me.

♠ Ace, 6, 8

♥ King, Jack, 8, 4, 3

♦ 8, 7, 6, 2

♣ Ace

It does not need a bridge expert to see that Miss Simpson would make her contract. Yet she failed to do so. Why? I will tell you. As she led out trumps, Boodles, rising from the doubtful security of Aunt Jane's knees, knocked over the card-table. Henry alone remembered what he had held in his hand. Aunt Jane's only recollection was that she held "a superb hand of hearts."

This, I say, is the sort of problem that needs arbitration. Although *Punch* does not commonly deal with bridge problems, I should be glad of the Editor's opinion on the matter. If he openly censures Aunt Jane I shall certainly take his decision as final.

F. A. K.

[He reserves his censure for the author of this article, which is wanting in respect for Aunt Jane. Also she might have doubled three hearts.—Ed.]

Jolly Days in Ludgate Circus.

"It is expected that a scheme for practically doubling the roadway area of Ludgate Circus, and introducing there a system of one-day traffic, will shortly come before the City Corporation."

This will be a great improvement on the present system, in which two or three days in a traffic jam are nothing.

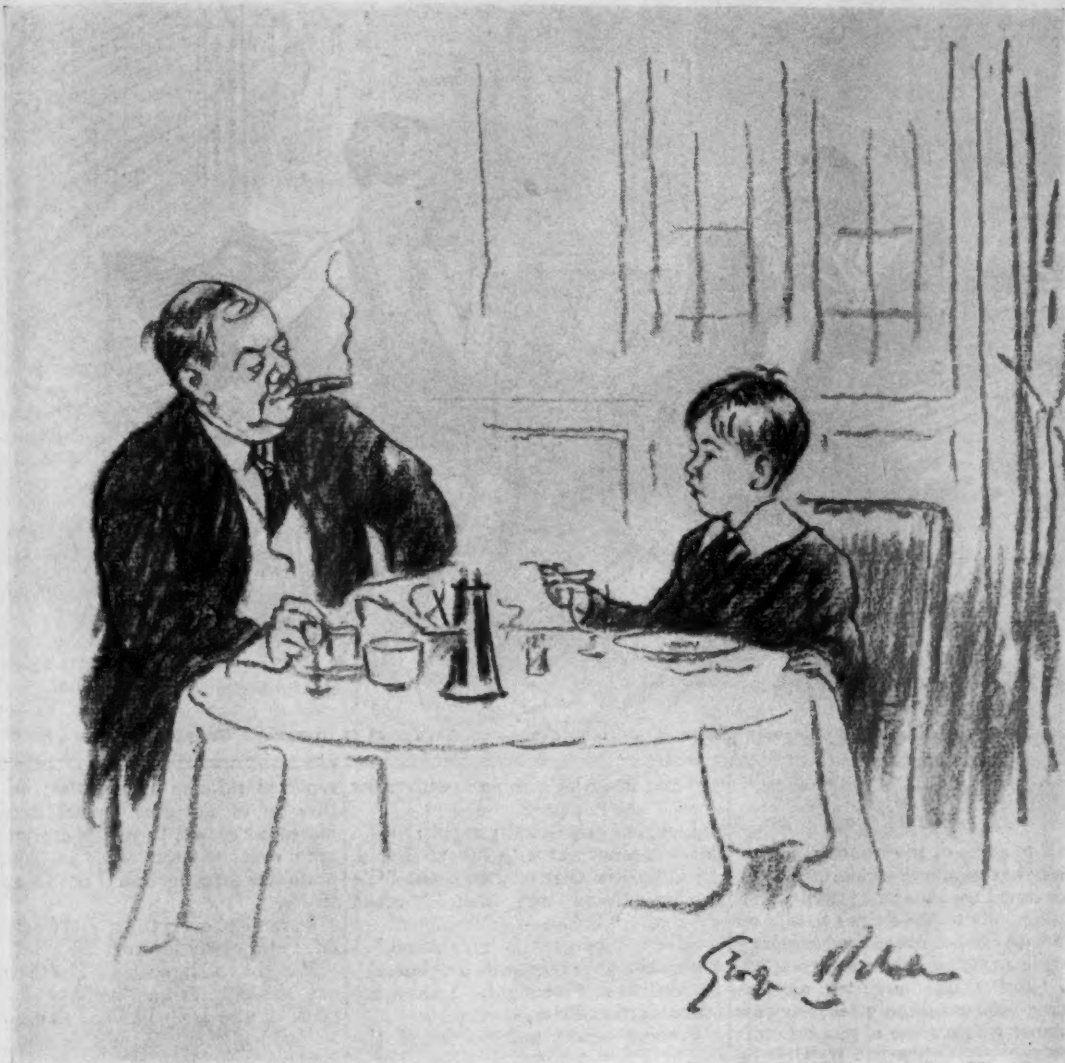
Mumbles is so Rejuvenating.

"Although within four years of attaining his century, Mr. —, who lives at Mumbles, near Swansea, is still agile enough to climb trees. His son-in-law, who is 67, was bles, near Swansea, is still agile recently to the nonogenarian to find him astride the branch of a tree loping off another branch."—*Derbyshire Paper*.

Mr. Punch's Spotlights on History.

"Here is the spot where, on New Year's night, 1813-14, Blücher crossed on his way towards Wellington at Waterloo, fulfilling his promise in the teeth of deadly fatigue and adversity."—*Daily Paper*.

Blücher: "Buck up, lads; we've only eighteen months to get there!"



Tommy (who has been allowed to choose his sweet from the menu). "DADDY, DO THEY REALLY MAKE PEOPLE PAY FOR RICE-PUDDING?"

LOVE IN SEASON.

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a misty morn in spring,
When cobwebs gemmed with star-dust to all the hedgerows
cling;
When woods are bluebell-carpeted and meadows cowslip-
bright—
"Oh, tarry with me, Springtime, my love and heart's
delight!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a drowsy summer noon,
The lazy hum of honey-bees, the cushat's sleepy croon,
A sea of lapis flecked with gold, a sapphire sky above—
"Oh, linger with me, Summer, my one and only love!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for the gallant autumn days,
The maples' flaming crimson, the beeches' fiery blaze,

The burnish on the pheasant's breast, the orange harvest moon—

"O Autumn, stay a little, you leave me all too soon!"

Sing hey! and sing ho! for a frosty winter night,
When every blade's a-glitter and stars are crystal-white;
When all the trees, like Northern queens, in ermine robes
are drest—

"Oh, don't forsake me, Winter; 'tis you I love the best!"

Sing nay! and sing no! to the claims of constancy;
I'm never out of love, though I'm ever fancy free;
With a heart for every season, if one should go astray,
I'll waste no time in grieving; a new love's on the way!



Partner (to rather celebrated young man who has a habit of precious poses). "WHAT IS IT, DARLING? TOOFACHE OR BYE-BYES?"

PETER.

II.—PETER PLAYS.

THE problem of the correct training of Peter has assumed an alarming size. At one time I used to think that it would be rather jolly to have a dog to take on walks with one—quite as good company as a wife and a far better conversationalist. But I had forgotten all this training business, highly necessary for an animal whose sense of proportion is so warped that when out walking he will fawn on errand-boys, growl at valuable business-friends, knock chips off expensive thoroughbreds, and tangle his lead inextricably in the legs of perfectly strange young ladies who obviously suspect you of having taught him to do it.

Take last Friday, for instance. I reached down my hat from the peg, and Peter, twenty inches of live wire, at once began jumping up and down and remarking at the top of his voice that he considered this idea of a walk too wizardly for words. Above the crescendo of barks and before I could get away, Frances immediately delivered a string of orders about Peter's care and maintenance when out, most of which would never really have been found in "Hints for Light Dog Owners."

"And don't let him fight with other dogs!" she implored.

I laughed sarcastically at this. "No dog will ever fight with Peter," I said.

"Of course they wouldn't, the little darling, would they then?" cooed Frances. "But—"

"Except perhaps a greyhound," I explained. "A very swift greyhound," I added, after a thought. I know my brave warrior, Peter.

Frances seized and comforted the frantic Peter, who at this was loudly demanding to be shown any hound, whether grey, fox, wolf or tripe, and he would learn it.

"If Peter gets bitten by another dog," she began, fixing me with an eye.

"It will be in the extreme end of the tail," I cut in, and made for the door in a fresh haze of injunctions.

"Don't let him make friends with strangers, and don't let him pick up bones in the street, and don't let him jump up at anyone—down, Peter, down!—and above all don't let him sniff in the turn-ups of anyone's trousers? You remember what Colonel Trevelyan said about that."

I remembered. Colonel Trevelyan has the gift of expressive simile which stays in the mind. But then Peter, ever since he once found a bit of toast,

reported missing at breakfast, in the turn-up of my grey flannel trousers, has never ceased to regard every turn-up of every trouser leg as an object of profitable investigation if not an actual larder.

I promised everything, and we started off, Peter easily leading.

We got to Hampstead Heath without mishap, except perhaps to the tyres of the taxi that had to draw up so suddenly on Peter's deciding he didn't like the look of a passing Aberdeen. But soon after we arrived there Peter got into a running fight with two dogs of considerably higher gross tonnage than himself. Luckily they had a lower turn of speed (which was what made the fight a running one), and Peter proved himself the better fighter by three lengths.

After this, being, I suppose, out of breath, he was so good that I put his lead in my trouser-pocket, though not without a premonition of approaching evil. It drew level with us on our way home. We met Lady Bicuspid of Denture Cottage, Byron Grove, and her stout fox-terrier, James. This encounter, Peter decided, offered an opportunity for play.

Nothing could have worried me more, because when Peter plays he gets ex-

cited, and when he gets excited he is deaf to all commands. He began, before I could stop him, by dashing into the middle of the road and crouching in an intent stalking attitude. This time two taxis were involved.

Headless of the drivers' combined inductive, Peter suddenly rose and charged straight at the unsuspecting James at thirty miles an hour. When three inches away he swerved magnificently, eluding James by a mongrel hair, but entirely omitting from his calculation of speed and distance Lady Bicuspid's stout star-board ankle. James, a slow mover at the best of times, looked startled, emitted a convulsive hiccup and jerked his leash out of his mistress's hand. Lady Bicuspid, with some self-control, merely looked startled. Then, as Peter cannoned off her other ankle, she began to look indignant as well.

I tried to pull Peter's lead quickly out of my pocket, apologise, raise my hat, catch Peter and soothe James all at once. For your guidance I may tell you it can't be done. I scattered the pavement with small change from my pocket, dropped my hat, told Lady Bicuspid to come to heel, apologised to Peter and trod on James.

There followed a hectic five minutes. James, at last aroused by being trodden on, decided it was Peter's fault. Lady Bicuspid decided it was mine. In a few acid sentences she began to sum up the situation. James also expressed himself freely and ended by making an ugly rush between my legs at Peter. Peter fled in terror into a neighbouring garden. James lumbered after. They took a turn round the chrysanthemums and disappeared into the back premises. Here, if I know anything of my dog, they made it up over the dustbin. There was, however, no dustbin out in the road for Lady Bicuspid and myself to make it up over—not that half-a-dozen dustbins would have been any good.

I picked up my hat from the pavement, placed it on my head, raised it and passed on. At our front-door Peter joined me. Conscious of guilt he kept tactfully behind my back, but I was by then too worried to reprove him. For I had just discovered that when during the *mêlée* I had scattered the contents of my trouser-pocket I had lost my latchkey; and I did not know how to break it to Frances, for in her eyes there is no worse crime. She at once imagines gangs of burglars finding it and gloating over the chance of burgling publicly through the front-door instead of privately through a back window.

"Has he been a good pup?" demanded Frances. "Why didn't you use your key instead of knocking?"



Village Storekeeper (cautiously, to gentleman who has asked for cigarettes after eight).
"ER—YOU AIN'T A POLICEMAN, ARE YER?"

"No," I said, concentrating. "Because I haven't got my key with me."
"Why do you always leave it behind? I knew you'd never look after Peter properly."

"So am I, don't we," I answered, giving it up. One requires an unusual brain to converse with Frances, who often keeps three subjects going at once.

"You're far too indulgent," she continued. "You always let him do just what he wants. Was he pleased to see his missus?" she added, encouraging, mark you, the dog to jump up at her.

I pointed out that she herself was letting him do a forbidden thing, and just as I was making my point the treacherous hound started his other forbidden game of exploring in the turn-ups of my trousers.

Frances was triumphant, and I scolded Peter severely. But not too severely; for Frances was so busy being triumphant that she did not notice me take from Peter's inquisitive mouth the missing latchkey. There is something to be said for the fashion of turned-up trousers after all.

A. A.

Where We Take Off our Hat to the Linotype.

"The seriousness of the incident binges on whether the Imalone was inside or outside the treaty area when sunk."—*Japan Paper*.

"Ur of the Chaldees was next inspected and here numerous places of great interest were visited, including the expedition house, the Ladder of Jacob's Dream, the marvellous golden treasure in Situ . . ."—*Jersey Paper*.
Just where you'd expect to find that sort of thing.

AN EGYPTIAN AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

It was suggested when we were organising an agricultural exhibition that the local Arab lacked the competitive spirit to make the show a success. This proved to be a false prophecy, as any shortcomings were due entirely to his possessing the competitive spirit in too marked a degree, as proved, for instance, by the gunshot wound which laid out the jockey who won the camel race after getting away before the flag dropped.

The idea originally was to run a replica of the ordinary English village show, with the view of improving stock and establishing a friendly feeling amongst the tribes. In the latter respect it unfortunately failed, as is witnessed by the new blood-feud that has started and the crop of assault cases for the next court.

The most popular class was that for She-Camels, but the judging, which was carried out by an old Arab sheikh, was

unfortunate. His ingenuous explanation that the winner was his cousin who owed him £E.6, which he wished to collect, failed to satisfy the losers, and the police had to be called upon to restore order and re-pitch the judges' tent. They had to perform this duty again when the winner of the Riding-Camel class was announced, it being proved amidst much clamour that the fat moneylender who won it with a first-class camel had merely hired the animal for the afternoon for five piastres from its owner, who had not been informed of the agricultural show.

The competition in the Chicken class was stopped owing to the Veterinary Officer finding some cases of chicken cholera amongst the entrants. Anonymous letters have since been received alleging that his diagnosis was swayed by the fact that the owner of the birds was his landlord, with whom he was on bad terms. The Egg class was also unfortunate, as an amateur egg-merchant removed the entries beforehand while

the officials were watching the camel-race.

In the competition for assorted local vegetables the favourite was a merchant who possessed no garden of his own but had purchased a fine selection of the best vegetables from Cairo. His business acumen was generally applauded, and it was a matter for considerable chagrin on his part and that of his supporters when he was beaten by a first-class variety of perfectly fresh vegetables. Although the police officer made the most careful investigations he was unable to obtain a conviction against the winner for abstracting the vegetables from the Governor's garden on the morning of the show.

If the exhibition is to be made an annual affair it will have to be run on different lines, and the legal clerk is at present at work on a new set of rules, which he is sanguine enough to regard as covering all eventualities. It remains to be seen whether he or the local Arab has the more inventive mind.



Foreman. "HOW DID YOU GET IN?"

Loafer. "THROUGH THE DOOR."

Foreman. "DIDN'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE, 'NO ENTRANCE'?"

Loafer. "YUS; BUT IT AIN'T TRUE."

THE WELLS OF THOUGHT.

My Aunt Georgina was an excellent woman, but she never appreciated the truths of biology, although I tried to interest her in my especial subject while I was at Windover. I would come home from the Free Library, full of unfledged enthusiasm, to find her seated, as always, knitting by the window. She had an unaccountable fancy for purple socks.

"I say, aunt," I would burst out, "did you know that sugar is catalyzed by the symbiotic membranes into starch?"

My aunt would stiffen slightly in a regal fashion whenever anything internal and interesting was mentioned. She would then peer out between the leaves of the dying india-rubber plant to see if uncle was coming back from work.

"No, dear," she would say, "we can't have tea yet," and continue with her knitting.

"But, aunt, it's most interesting. DUGUESCLIN explains..."

I could never persuade her even to pretend to be interested. She never asked a question. I was just learning something of the amazing chiaroscuro of our own details, and I had to tell someone. There would I stand, on the four-colour fadeless Turkey rug, trying, even with diagrams, to make my aunt realise that life was more than knitting. I think that sometimes she didn't even hear what I was saying. I remember telling her that we had seven coats to our stomachs—the mesembrythum, the desmogarch, the—

All she said was, "Then I dare say you're hungry. Have a bull's-eye."

I do not think I was a greedy boy, but aunt's bull's-eyes were amazingly good.

Somehow, though of course she was the staunchest of Protestants, I always remember my aunt when I meet BELLOC. She simply would not be convinced.

But she was a good woman. She had seventeen children. I dream of her bull's-eyes even now.

* * * * *

In those days I was satisfied with a merely superficial view of the biological necessities of mankind. I have a villa in the South of France now. In my last ten surveys of Humanity I have shown how, nebulous as the picture may be, we can yet see, on the shadow-graph of the reconstructed past, Man beaten but triumphant in spite of his leucocytes. By lucid scientific thought and the strict verification of references, one can, from the light of the past, cast forward a Brocken spectre on the mists of the future. I have done this ten



"I HOPE NEXT TIME I COME, OLD MAN, I SHALL FIND YOU DOWN AND OUT."

times. Each time it was exactly like myself, though different in each case.

The history of Man has been infinitely confused. In the future it will be still more so. In place of the mediæval sophistries and classical limitations of my aunt, who was purely Victorian, will be a vaster outlook. The government of Man by chance or birth-selected rulers, often suffering from weak digestions, will imperceptibly cease to be. Under a wise control Man will be free to develop his inherent potentialities to the utmost. Absolute freedom and perfect discipline will be the characters of the new world-state. No doubt the guidance of a few especial spirits, whose American sales are beyond dispute, will be needed at first. But can any sane person doubt that our children's children, free in all their apperceptions, will make the world more lovely than is possible under the narrow system of government by the rod and by bull's-

eyes, however fragrant? It is certain, in any case, that fully-developed man will have no teeth. (Plate CCXXa.) Bull's-eyes, indeed! Still, aunt's were very good.

The great expansion of new knowledge has now become too complicated and technical for the ordinary man. The immense unwieldy mass of facts collected by innumerable scientists of every race and language is inextricably mixed with elaborate hypotheses, and often made more difficult of comprehension by the jargon of deliberate obscurantists.

In one of my new works, *The Outline of Outlines*, which will contain 2,050,052 words, I shall clarify and co-ordinate the whole realm of human knowledge into one simple statement for the benefit and guidance of the business man. In my next book I and my gallant helpers will proceed to reconsider the Universe.



First Youth. "HULLO, CONGENITAL IDIOT!"

Second Youth. "HULLO, YOU PRICELESS OLD ASS!"

The Damsel. "I'D NO IDEA YOU TWO KNEW EACH OTHER SO WELL."

URBAN.

I TRYSTED with Phyllis,
I bought her a bunch
Of daffydowndillies
Before we had lunch;
Then, these to adorn her,
We rode on a bus;
It was, "Two Hyde Park Corner,"
At tuppence, for us.

She ran down the stairway,
Alit like a lark;
Our way was the fair way
Of flowers and the Park;
The traffic suspending,
Point constable viewed
A sunbeam descending,
A boy who pursued.

Like Spring through the weather
She slipped through the crowd;
With heads close together
We chuckled—out loud;
I couldn't be knowing
For sure what about,
But April was blowing
And tulips were out.

"To-day we shall follow
Adventure," said I;
"The silver winds holloa,
The trumpets blow high;
To-day is intended
For you and for me!"
"Oh, isn't that splendid!"
Says Phyllis, says she.
So West we steered after
Those Isles called "The Blest,"
Light-loaded in laughter,
Rose spees and the rest;
But, begging your pardons,
Soft Eden isles, we
Found Kensington Gardens
More blessed for tea.

Though, graceful as arrows,
No halcyon comes,
The jolly cock-sparrows
Plagued Phyllis for crumbs;
With scufflings they sought her,
And, when they had done,
We sat by grey water
That winked in the sun.

Till shadows came, seeming
Like giants—they can,

Till lawns fell a-dreaming
Of Peter or Pan,
Till ogres came stalking
(Loud park-keepers strode)
And set us both walking
To Bayswater Road.

And I, as we waited
The bus on the hill,
Said something, belated
But venturing still
(No moments embolden
Like last ones and late);
Then sunset was golden
At Lancaster Gate. P. R. C.

Another Mot Juste.

"Pickles, who was fined twice, ran a big risk of losing his license, but there were extenuating circumstances in one case."

Midland Paper.

There very often are.

"MARKET NOTES.

Kilmarnock, Friday.

HOME CHEESE.—No change. Old cheese move slowly into consumption, and a few late new season's make now coming forward."

Weekly Paper.

Two to one on the old stagers.



THE RECONCILIATION.

BOOKMAKER (*in response to advances*). "THE FAULT WAS YOURS, YOU KNOW, WINNIE."
WINNIE CHURCHILL. "WELL, PERHAPS IT WAS. BUT THERE—THAT'S ALL OVER NOW. HAVE A NICE CUP OF CHEAP TEA."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 15th.—Fourpence is a favourite figure with statesmen. Fourpence, at the instance of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, bought ninepenn'orth of insurance. Fourpence on petrol, at the instance of Mr. CHURCHILL, is reviving derated industry. Now fourpence off the price of tea is to cheer the housewife's heart (which it will) and catch her vote (which it may).

This was the kernel of Mr. CHURCHILL's fifth Budget, a Budget less replete with thrills than its predecessors, but delivered with all the CHANCELLOR's wit and eloquence, his unequalled sense of the *not juste*, his ingenious assaults and disarming frankness in defence.

As becomes a steward who may perforce relinquish a stewardship which, it is rumoured, he desires to resign, the CHANCELLOR, traditionally inhibited from getting to the meat of his matter before Stock Exchange closing time, permitted himself to replace the usual comparison of this year with last year by a survey of the Government's five-year financial record.

In spite of the "deep gash across the statistical record of our national life," cut by the general strike of 1926, everything had improved, from Post-Office Savings Bank deposits to the patronage of excursion trains and silk-hose.

Turning to the present, Mr. CHURCHILL said he approached the question of national economy with hesitation, being assured on all sides that the only way to win an election nowadays was to spend money as fast as possible and on an enormous scale. The lavish promises of expenditure of the Opposition parties differed only in that the Labour Party proposed to get the money by taxation and the Liberals by borrowing. He prophesied "disillusionment in our own time" for Mr. MACDONALD, and congratulated Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on the ground that "Lord ROTHERMERE, chief author of the anti-waste campaign, had enlisted under the Happy Warrior of Squandermania."

Having dealt with the economies effected in the fighting forces by the "thrifty geniuses" thereunto appointed

and explained the steady growth of Civil Service expenditure, the CHANCELLOR passed to an earnest defence of that "hard rock of British financial integrity," the gold standard. "Better," said Mr. CHURCHILL, with almost Gladstonian gravity, "hard times and a continuing nation than lush and lavish indulgence and an irrevocable degradation and decline." (Derisive applause from the lush, but still undegraded, capitalists present!)

Mr. CHURCHILL passed to detailed finance, and, having explained how he had "provided £18,000,000 more than his predecessor to the extinction of debt"—not in order to plume or preen himself over Mr. SNOWDEN but to pro-

CHANCELLOR to abolish the betting-tax forthwith while decreasing that the higher licences and forty-pound telephones to be imposed on bookmakers in lieu thereof shall not come into operation until October 1. Anyway, the "parasites on damnation" approach the General Election and the flat-racing season free of all carking imposts.

Into the mouths of the farmer and the housewife fell the two ripest plums from the surplus tree. This may have justified Mr. SNOWDEN in calling Mr. CHURCHILL's effort an electioneering Budget, but he would have called it that in any event. Free tea has always been a pet scheme of the Socialists, and to have the enemy brewing that cheer-

ing beverage under one's nose, as it were, was most annoying.

Tuesday, April 16th.—Mr. SNOWDEN was radiant when he rose to deliver his considered criticisms of the Budget, but it was radiant heat rather than light that he gave off. If his thunders had been stolen, his lightnings most emphatically had not. His mood was early indicated by his acidulous objection to the CHANCELLOR whispering to the SECRETARY FOR WAR when he should have been listening to him (Mr. SNOWDEN), but there was no previous indication of the bombshell he was preparing to explode under the astonished nose of the House when, in words at once measured and intemperate,

he accused France of "bilking" her creditors, characterised our settlement with our Continental debtors as a "scandalous transaction," and declared that the Labour Party "held itself open, if the circumstances arose, to repudiate the conditions of the BALFOUR Note."

Mr. CHURCHILL promptly rose and demanded a more explicit declaration. It was very dangerous for a potential Chancellor of the Exchequer to talk of repudiating "engagements which had been definitely entered into between this country and foreign countries." Mr. SNOWDEN had in fact said nothing about engagements, but he retorted rather feebly that "he did not subscribe to the doctrine that an agreement made by a Government having the temporary support of a majority in the House of Commons committed every other Party



FIDGETY PHILIP.
"Philip! We are getting cross."
(After STRUWWELPETER.)

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN.

teet himself against his future unkindnesses—got down to the real business of the Budget. There was a rustling of blue papers, thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, and the CHANCELLOR plunged headlong into the magnificent business of raising and spending £822,000,000.

The House observed with mixed emotion the dropping of tit-bits into the mouths of railways, owners of two-ton lorries, on-licence-holders and other small beneficiaries, and of quite a juicy morsel into the maw of the "volatile and elusive" bookmaker. "If I cannot have reform without injustice I will not have reform," quoted the CHANCELLOR, and proceeded to abolish the betting-tax. Presumably the same high motive—or could it conceivably be the moral of the Battersea by-election?—impelled the

in the State to confirm and accept that agreement in the future."

Having thus, by intemperate prejudice and (which is much worse in a politician) the incautious misuse of words, dropped a brick of international magnitude—a brick that the Conservatives will lose no time in bouncing on the skull that deserves it—Mr. SNOWDEN passed to other matters. But the debate flagged.

Sir ROBERT HORNE praised the Budget, prophesied a slow but sure return to prosperity and likened Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to one of those witch-doctors in parched lands who, by keeping a sharp eye on the weather, acquire a great reputation for making rain. Mr. RUNCIMAN praised Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as the author of the scheme for relieving unemployment with work of a national character, but reiterated that he was not in favour of any large-scale loan being raised for that purpose. The liquor trade, he said, was getting a million pounds out of the Budget, "and the Liberal Party would not forget to remind the country of the fact."

Wednesday, April 17th.—Lord MOYNIHAN took his seat in the Upper Chamber where he will play *Podalirius* to Lord Dawson's *Machon*. Thereafter their lordships put in some useful work on the Scottish Local Government Bill.

With twenty-four hours to prepare for the spectacular encounter that the Conservatives clearly intended to wage over Mr. SNOWDEN's BALFOUR Note bombshell the Socialists should have been able to put up a better show. As it was their tactics were bad and their team-work worse. The Conservatives, on the other hand, put up a fine game. Their halves were nippy and their three-quarter line-up fast. Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS, Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. CHURCHILL passed the ball of righteous indignation to one another with unerring skill. Mr. SNOWDEN was left to defend the Socialist goal line as best he could, Mr. MACDONALD only intervening to call Mr. CHURCHILL a tub-thumper—an accusation that in the face of Mr. SNOWDEN's original burst of adjective-slinging fell a bit flat.

Mr. MACDONALD did, after an interim but belated conference of his henchmen, deny that the Labour Party had any idea of repudiating any agreement with anybody—thus appearing to cast Mr. SNOWDEN to the wolves—but this "solid wad of about three-quarters-of-an hour's verbiage" came too late and was too involved to save the situation. The Conservatives emerged defi-

nately on top, their pockets bulging with electoral ammunition. Perhaps the unkindest cut was Mr. RUNCIMAN's state-



Mr. Baldwin. "GENTLEMEN, I DON'T OFFER YOU ANY PIG IN A POKE, AND THIS ONE PERFORMS NO TRICKS. IT MAY BE AN EXPENSIVE ANIMAL, BUT IT'S A PRIME PORKER."

ment on behalf of the Liberals that they would not depart from the doctrine of the continuity of contractual international obligations entered into by the Government of the day.



The Derby Peacock. "I WISH IT TO BE GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD THAT THIS PLUMAGE IS MY VERY OWN—NOT BORROWED."

MR. J. H. THOMAS.

Thursday, April 18th.—"Borax," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, replying to a question by Captain STREATFEILD, "is a cumulative and insidious chemical substance, the continued ingestion of which cannot fail to be injurious in a greater or less degree to the tissues of the body." Equally unkind things have been said about the House of Commons' doughnuts.

Members who fear that the hour has come when London "to sulphurous and tormenting fumes must 'liver up' itself were not greatly reassured when Colonel ASHLEY explained that the new Battersea power-station will be required to prevent the evolution of oxides of sulphur "as far as reasonably practical." They remained unconvinced even when Mr. SAKLATVALA, fuming sulphurously, declared that the new power-station would be distinctly less fummy than the existing gas-works.

It may be that the leal, true cat,

"whens'er compelled to roam,
Still flies, when let out of the bag, incontinently home;"

but the same volatile and elusive animal, as Mr. CHURCHILL would describe it, flies, when let out of the ship's caboose, incontinently ashore, in defiance of Article 8 of the Importation of Dogs and Cats Order of 1928. Dr. DAVIES, on behalf of Sir THOMAS WATTS (in whose family it is a tradition to let dogs delight to bark and bite) urged that some latitude should be allowed our sea-going mousers. Mr. GUINNESS said he was seeing what could be done.

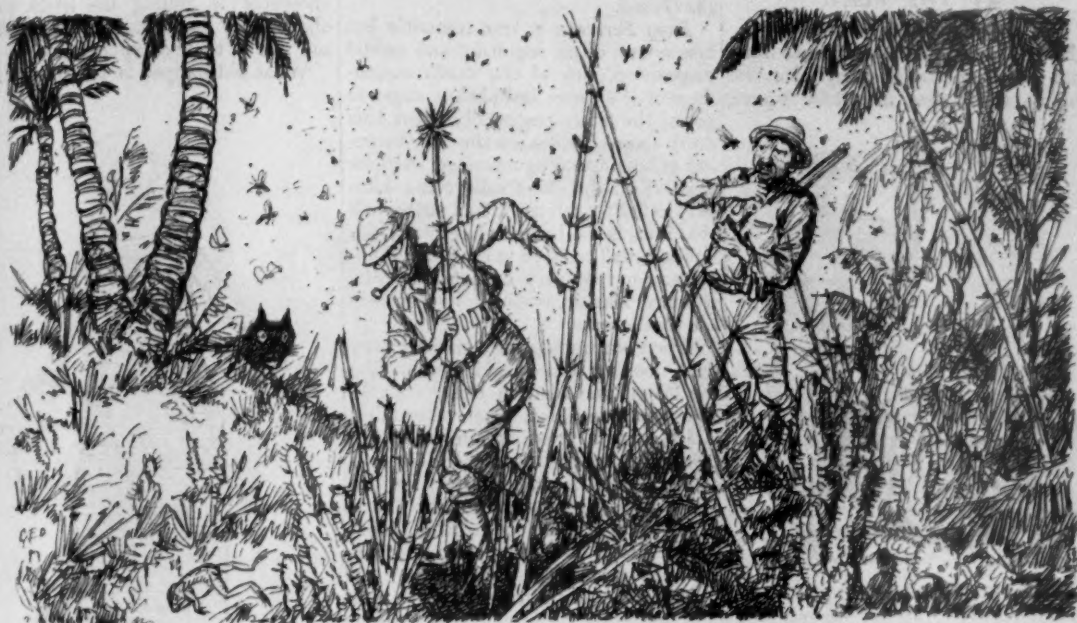
In debate on the Dominions Office Vote, Mr. J. H. THOMAS elected—and in view of the imminence of the Election was quite justified in so doing—to give the House a *résumé* of what the Labour Party did when in office to uphold and advance the honour, glory and integrity of the Empire. The House has of course never failed to recognize the Ex-Colonial Secretary's record in office, and uttered only mild dissent when he modestly handed on the credit to the Labour Party as a whole.

By way of showing that it is an Imperial Party, in the broadest sense, the Labour Party contributed, through Dr. SHIELDS and Mr. MACKINDER, the two soundest speeches of the day. And Mr. THOMAS was sound, too; but there are not one-hundred-and-fifty million people in the United States.

Fashion Notes.

"SUIT OVER FUR COAT."
Legal Notes in Daily Paper.

We prefer the old way of wearing the fur coat outside.



The Settler (to his friend—a new-comer). "I BROUGHT YOU ROUND THIS WAY BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN MY LITTLE EXPERIMENT IN THE WAY OF A SANCTUARY FOR PESTILENTIAL INSECTS."

MUNGO.

ROUGHLY fourteen centuries ago, St. Mungo preached on this village green. No one remembers a word of the sermon, but his name must once have been a commonplace in every household. Mungo, or Munghu, means "dear and lovable man." The Celtic monosyllable "ghu" is still employed by very small children to signify an object or a person regarded with admiration.

A long and varied career laid many noble achievements to his credit, while on the other hand he was virtually the founder of the city of Glasgow. For a short period after the founding of this city the name of Mungo ("dear man") appears to have fallen into desuetude, and the saint was more generally known as Kentigern ("good lord").

Mungo was guided to the site of Glasgow—so the legend runs—by two untamed bulls. It was in a less spectacular fashion that I was lately guided to this, another of his parishes. Indeed I cannot recollect ever being led anywhere by an untamed bull. On the contrary. In many other respects, however, I am anxious to emulate my illustrious predecessor. To name only one of them—could a more beautiful end to one's days be imagined than that of this dear saint, who died in a hot-water bath at the age of one-hundred-and-eighty-seven? Untamed horses will not drag me away.

Quite insignificant, compared with the ripe old age of the saint, are the putative years of our oldest inhabitant. Nevertheless, judged by the standards of the time, longevity is prevalent in the parish. It is attributed to the step-motherly nature of the soil we have to cultivate and the spirit of stubborn yeomen, not consenting to die till they have gained the victory. Those who have watched me at work on my own little holding of the soil, the manse garden, assure me that a like defiance on my part would make me practically immortal.

I cannot dig. Mungo apparently was little better, for we read that he "yoked wolves to his plough." One does not wonder at that from a man who could saunter along in the wake of two untamed bulls. But in the matter of the wilder animals his mantle has not fallen on his successor, and besides there are very few really suitable wolves to be had in the village.

I am at a further disadvantage. It is a well-known fact that weeds on a gravel path grow far more rapidly, if the climate is wet, than the gravel itself. The climate of this parish is wet. There are perhaps three dry days in every month, and they are usually Sundays. Hoeing therefore must frequently be done in the rain. Did Mungo succeed? He did. Wild growths were as docile with him as untamed bulls. And he succeeded in comfort, for "in the heaviest

rainfall no drop fell on Kentigern." Modern civilisation (and a happy couple whom I recently united in wedlock) have made it possible for me also to achieve this insulation. But the miracle has lost its potency. At the sight of a clergyman using a Dutch-hoe with one hand and carrying a silver-mounted umbrella in the other I notice that even the demurest weeds simply mock.

Lastly, there is the question of technical knowledge. I have the advantage of numerous seed-catalogues, with advice gratis. Mungo did better than that. "When seed failed" (and that has been known to happen) "he scattered sand on the ground, and the sand brought forth abundantly." In living memory the village nurseryman has never dealt in sand of this description. Nevertheless I have fastened gratefully on the suggestions of the word. Next year I shall lay out my garden in concrete.

Ghu! Dear and lovable man!

Off-the-Road Hogs.

"Right off the Beaten Track.—Unique House on South Devon Coast available; private cove; motor and rowing boats included in rent."—*Daily Paper.*

Commercial Cynicism.

"Traders can stand, with confidence, behind — BUSES and LORRIES."

Irish Motor Paper.

But we advise them strongly to place no confidence in the front.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE IVORY DOOR" (HAYMARKET).

MR. A. A. MILNE has chosen to illustrate with an artful fairy tale the familiar truth that men and women



THE PROFESSIONAL KING-PLAYER.

The Mummer (Mr. TOM REYNOLDS) to King Perivale (Mr. FRANCIS LISTER). "LEARN TO PLAY THE KING! IMPROVE YOUR GAME!"

will cling to their cherished legends, tend to believe always what it pleases them to believe, and rule out inconvenient evidence for reasons sometimes plausible, sometimes merely fanciful and foolish.

There is an ivory door behind the arras in the throne-room of the Kings of—of Amilnia, and it is universally believed that whosoever passes through that door will never be heard of again—as good King Stephen and his friend have never been heard of again. It is not clear whether the adventurers are carried off by evil spirits, as the more conservative and religious-minded maintain, or merely fall into a very deep hole, as those with slight leanings to modernism are driven to assert. It also pleases these legend-mongers to romance about the behaviour and accomplishments of their princes—a sport they share with other peoples before and since. There was, for example, a rigid ordinance in the land that the bride of the King should never be seen by him until the very day of their marriage—and this was duly observed. But circumstantial accounts of the pre-nuptial friendship of King Perivale and Princess Lilia were circulated with winks and wreathed smiles not only by the populace but, rather oddly, by

the King's Chancellor and Captain of the Guard.

King Perivale, a true romantic but also a man of an inquiring and candid disposition, sick of the wordy camouflage of the Court and always eager to get at the truth—especially about this Ivory Door—decides, on the very morning of his impending marriage, to know what is on the other side of the door, only to find, much as he had suspected, that it leads not to death but by a rough underground passage to the startlingly-picturesque country designed by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND which lies outside the castle walls.

When therefore a personable young man, looking and speaking very like the King, and clad in clothes soiled and torn indeed, but much resembling His Majesty's, presents himself at the castle-gate he is arrested by the Captain of the Guard as an impostor, for the King, having gone through the Ivory Door, is *ex-hypothesi* clearly dead. This is the King's murderer maybe, or an evil spirit assuming his shape.

And when the Princess arrives and does not recognise him, this is further proof of the imposture—in view of the current romantic but in fact quite false belief in their long acquaintance.

The Princess also goes scathless through the Ivory Door—with much less damage to her garments than the clumsier King. She too then must quite clearly be an impostor. So the persecuted pair, who have meanwhile fallen deep in love, pass finally out through the Ivory Door and leave the people to

their legend. And years after Perivale's successor is telling his little son a charmingly embroidered version of the sad tale of their disappearance.

What did happen to them? we curi-



HER ROYAL HAUGHTINESS.

Princess Lilia. . . MISS ANGELA BADDELEY.

ously inquire. Did they go back to the Princess's country and live comfortably ever after, or die like babes in the wood? And what, in fact, happened to King Stephen? Very wisely the author does not condescend to explain these and other insistent if trivial questions.

The fantasy holds its own with many characteristic flashes of the author's happy wit and freakish imagination as long as we retain the mood of make-believe inspired in the charming prologue and the earlier scenes. This deserted me in the last Act, owing perhaps to the unrelieved stupidity of the Chancellor (Mr. C. M. LOWNE) and Captain of the Guard (Mr. SAM LIVESLEY), who became mere figures of comic opera, on whose vagaries of conduct no serious arguments or reproofs could be based. Even King Perivale (played with a gay tact by Mr. FRANCIS LISTER) seemed to lose point amid the exaggerated assumptions of the later scenes. The character of Brand, the King's gently cynical body-servant, was delightfully invented by the author and admirably played by Mr. FRANK ALLENBY. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS as a strolling mummer, and Miss ROSINA



A GENERAL ATMOSPHERE OF SUSPICION.

Bruno (Mr. SAM LIVESLEY) and Brand (Mr. FRANK ALLENBY) to the Chancellor (Mr. C. M. LOWNE). "ARE YOU QUITE SURE THAT YOU'RE THE CHANCELLOR?"



Jockey (at provincial meeting, seeing for the first time the little rat-like animal he is engaged to ride). "CRIPES! WHERE DID YOU PICK THAT UP? DID SOMEBODY SHOVE IT IN YOUR STOCKING AT CHRISTMAS?"

FILIPPI as old *Anna*, the *King's* nurse, played two well-written parts most capably. T.

A special *Matinée*, on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children, will take place at 2.30 P.M. on Tuesday, May 7th, at the Haymarket Theatre. The programme will contain items by Mdlle. KARSAVINA, Miss MARIE DAINTON, Mr. NELSON KEYS, Mr. OWEN NARES and Lady NEWNES; and two plays, *Henry's Girl*, by LADY HORNE, and *A Hypothetical Case*, by Mr. CHRISTOPHER SANDHAM. The casts will include Miss DOROTHY DICKSON, Miss LAURA COWIE and Miss MARIE HEMINGWAY. Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea, S.W., from the Haymarket Theatre Box Office, and from the usual agents.

Out of the Mouths of Babies . . .

"There will soon be a general election to see who is to be a member of parliament." *From a Child's Essay.*

"HIGH JUMP.—Clements, 1; Green, 2 (5min. 10.3-4sec.)."—*Report of School Sports.*

This must be a record time for the high jump.

THE ORGANIST.

[It is denied that Church organists are migrating in a body to Hollywood. But, as their average income is at most eighty pounds a year, it is not surprising to learn that many of them are quitting the service of the Church for that of the cinema.]

In quires and places where they sing
And praise is heightened by emotion,
The organ is enthroned as king
Of instruments that aid devotion;
And poets, through the ages, awed
By accents that awake their wonder,
Have shown a readiness to laud
Its clarion tones, its peals of thunder.

We glorify the organ still,
Yet, inconsistent and ungenial,
Fail to reward the player's skill,
And treat him mostly as a menial;
And when the generous T. E. BROWN
Made WESLEY "Organist in Heaven,"
I fear his homage drew a frown
From ten Victorians in eleven.

The tender salcionals complain;
The trumpet threatens or rejoices;
Yet we o'erlook the human brain
And touch that loose or hush these
voices;
We honour magnates of the mart,
We lavish crosses, stars and medals,

But rarely recognise the art
Controlling stops and keys and
pedals.

Ere then we censure men grown lean
By drudging on a meagre salary,
Who join the service of the screen
Or play for profit to the gallery,
Let us recall the noble flow
Of sacred song from Beauty's chalice
Which for three centuries we owe
To those who followed Father TALLIS.

So, having kept alive the soul
Of music on a modest pittance,
They claim to Britain's golden roll
Of worthies generous admittance.
They passed unsung, unhonoured; yet
How many earned this *In Memoriam*:
Vixit non ut diti sceret,
Sed in majorem Dei gloriam!

The Liberty of the Golfer Endangered.

"TIGHTENING THE GRIP ON CLUBS.
Glasgow Authority Want Greater Powers,
Police Inspection Proposal."
Headlines in Scots Paper.

"A man sued under Queen Anne's Bounty
for tithe said, 'I know nothing about her.'"
Evening Paper.

For all he knows QUEEN ANNE might
be dead.

AT THE PICTURES.

A RUSSIAN FREEBOOTER.

ASKING oneself at *Volga Volga*, the German-Russian film at the Tivoli—as one now asks oneself at all silent movies—"Would this be the better for talk?" one's answer is very definitely "No." Nor indeed could it be a Talky, for there are moments in the story when *Stenka Rasin* himself, that magnificent desperado, has to employ an intermediary: and at the thought of a Russian-directed Talky, with German and Russian characters, a Persian princess played by an English actress and a Chinese interpreter, one becomes dizzy. It is easy, with the assistance of the old honest captions, to follow the trend of events;



A HAIRY AFFAIR.

but how, one wonders, are the Talkies going to deal with foreigners? If *Volga Volga* had been made as a Talky, and that superlatively romantic giant, HANS SCHLETTOW, retained as the Pirate King, someone else would have had to speak for him, and the poor fellow, in endeavouring to mould his German lips to the American vocables, would have forgotten about his acting altogether.

As it is, without any such distractions, he is colossal, a real sea-ravener and a master of his men, all richly bearded, until there enters into this male paradise ("No women admitted" is the rule of the ship) the usual female serpent: *Princess Zaineb* (Miss LILIAN HALL-DAVIS). Her arrival in a roll of carpet in *Stenka Rasin's* boudoir-like cabin is the beginning of his downfall and end; as it is the beginning also of the film's decline into mediocrity, because in real life the great marauder would have made some inquiries as to how she came on board. *Kolka*, the runaway boy (GUSTL STARK-GSTETTENBAUER) and *Stenka's* adoring acolyte,

would have told him that *Ivasha* (BORIS DE FAS), his chief officer, had brought her, *Ivasha* would have been summarily executed and all would have gone well.



VULGAR, VULGAR!

But for film purposes—or what are considered as such—the question is not asked, and *Ivasha*, whom everyone else on the boat and in the audience spotted instantly as a wrong 'un, is left free to continue his treacheries—first to open the water-barrels so that the parched crew may mutiny, and then to give the signal to the Boyars (a band of intensely hairy old noblemen) that the time is ripe to capture their foe.

Thus is the life of *Stenka Rasin*, a ROBIN HOOD of the Volga, whom we all adore, the befriender of the poor and harasser and despoiler only of the oppressive rich, fooled away.

Personally I cannot believe that that was the original intention. I cannot



THINGS WE LIKE TO GET CLOSE UP TO.

believe that *Kolka*, the waif with the wire-haired terrier, was accepted as a follower for no other purpose than to die of thirst, particularly as we actually see

him spying upon *Ivasha's* wickedness. I believe that at the right moment he saved his and our beloved outlaw, and all ended happily for everyone but the villain of the piece; and I believe this the more because the death of *Stenka Rasin* is such a muddle, in the midst of a confusion of cannon and musketry.

We are to have some authentic Russian films soon, released by the Soviet Government; and as, according to report, they are exceedingly good, I am anticipating them with eagerness. Meanwhile German Russia, as in *Volga Volga*, must suffice, and it is difficult to believe that anything more Russian could exist—such beards, such broad



A PIRATE'S PASTIME.

PUTTING THE LADY.

Princess Zaineb . . . MISS LILIAN HALL-DAVIS.

Stenka Rasin . . . MR. HANS SCHLETTOW.

noses, such high cheek-bones, such addiction to the same clothes, the same frenzied dancing, and the same chanty. Years ago, when the *Volga* boatmen's song was new, it certainly had its fascination. But now? E. V. L.

Good News for Chinese Mushrooms.

"LATEST FROM CHINA."

All is quiet on the Fungi sector."
Daily Paper.

Bedsitting-room, good at., good loc., Bath (h. and c.) now on.—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*
We strongly advise that it should be turned off.

"His drawl hides a quick brain, however, and when sometime ago he grew a moustache it did not take him long to realise that it did not suit him."—*Gossip Column in Daily Paper.*
It is men like this, able to make swift decisions, who have made England what she is.

A BALEFUL BUDGET.

(Sent in from the Dormy House, Wallop-on-the-Wold.)

As I darkly feared, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has removed the tax from tea. Tea!

By doing so he has no doubt helped to ruin the physique of English men and English women for generations to come.

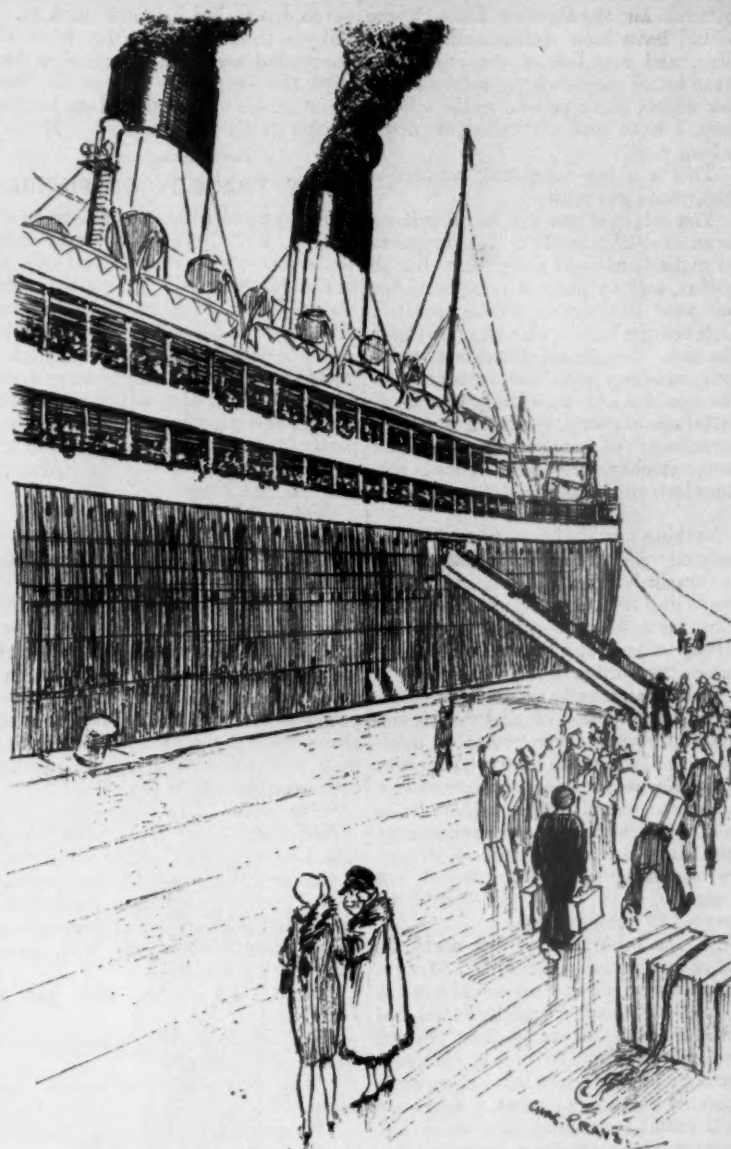
I have been told—I believe it is true—that by pouring boiling water on to tea-leaves and pouring it off again not more than two minutes later a harmless beverage may be produced. But that is not the way in which tea is drunk throughout Great Britain and Ireland, throughout Australia, and in other parts of the self-governing Dominions. By every hearth, in every home, a poison worse than hellebore is being distilled, which has been causing, for a matter of two hundred years, rheumatism, gout, rickets, nervous exhaustion, lack of ambition, baldness, sciatica, socialism, tonsillitis and loss of faith.

You have only to look at the countries where tea is not drunk to learn that this is so. The wealth and prosperity of America consequent on the affair at Boston in seventeen-hundred-and-sixty-something-or-other shine out as a standing memorial against the use of this vile Oriental herb. In France, where tea is not taken by the masses, there is no unemployment at all. Italy, under the beneficent rule of MUSSOLINI, is likewise free of the bane. Germany, most music-loving of the nations, has never weltered in this hell-broth; the Turk and the noble Arab, scouring the desert on his dromedary, are alike contented with coffee when they cannot get wine.

Turn then from these magnificent pictures and contemplate for a shuddering moment the tea-drinking lands. We have read *Mother India*. We know where China stands to-day. And what of Russia? Is it too much to say that the samovar is the mother of the Soviets? Tannin is worse than LENIN, and Trotsky was notoriously a five-cup man.

The effect of tea is doubtless insidious. It produces no pleasant conviviality like alcohol. It does not minister to vice like cocaine. But it has wrecked the nerves of the nation, ruined its stomach, associated itself with gossip and tale-bearing, induced hysteria and doubt; and I do not care for it myself, unless it is very weak, with about five lumps of sugar.

It is this stuff, never tasted by the Elizabethans, that is now to go duty-free. Nor do I suppose that any patriot will be found bold enough to rise in the House of Commons and utter the few



Old Lady (seeing friends off). "THEY'LL SOON BE STARTING NOW, MY DEAR. BOTH FUNNELS ARE SMOKING AND THEY WOULDN'T WANT TWO FIRES JUST TO COOK LUNCH."

convincing truths which I have stated here.

Far better would it have been to have removed the entertainment-tax and doubled the tax on tea. For, whereas it is not provable that modern entertainments poison the soul, it is quite beyond doubt that tea poisons the body.

Let us leave this grim topic for a moment. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, introducing his Budget a

few weeks before an Election, is bound to play to the gallery, and the gallery wallows in tea. Half-maddened by its toxic properties, there is no doubt that many of them will register their approval at the polls.

But this approval might have been gained in other ways. We might have had a penny post. We might have helped petrol, a liquid far less deleterious than tea and, if taken internally, actually beneficial, I believe, to the

pancreas and the digestive ducts. These would have been statesmanlike measures, and any loss of revenue would have found ample compensation in the tax which, like a pelican in the wilderness, I have been advocating for many a long year.

This is a tax on golfing handicaps. Yes, yours and mine.

You call it, if you will, an *ad valorem* or an *ad debilitatem* tax. It is proposed to make handicaps compulsory for all golfers, and to place a one-pound tax per year on every unit below scratch. Golf being a luxury, this will not annoy the mob. Amongst eighteen or twenty-four handicap men are thousands of the wealthy and the elderly who have little hope of reducing their figure, either corporeally or numerically—business men, stockbrokers, best sellers, and American millionaires. But they would try.

Nothing would give more zest to the daily or weekly round of a financier as he thrashed through the fairway than the feeling that, if he returned a lower score, he would not only enhance his golfing status but at the same time reduce the burden of his taxation.

There is an affinity between the superfluous horse-power of motor-cars and the superfluous horse-power of indifferent golfers which every Chancellor of the Exchequer has so far overlooked. And even those of us who, without being rich, go down into the sand and occupy our business in great bunkers, though we might suffer unduly, would not complain. At least we should be spurred to nobler things.

At the other end of the scale the benefit would be incalculable. Many a six or four handicap man would so work throughout the year that he would find himself at the end exempt from the tax, and able to stimulate trade and employment by buying a new baffle or an extra spoon. Finally, so great a degree of skill would be reached that we should, I am confident, wrest the championships from America and give to those who achieved the triumph a civic recognition not unworthy of their deserts. For the plus-two golfer would be in receipt of a small annual salary from the State.

As it is, what consolation does it give to the fooler to know that on returning to the club-house he can now corrode his entrails and ruin his approach shots with an inexpensive debauch of tea? Tea, that very venomous essence which caused you to overrun the fifteenth green and me to slice my brassie at the sixteenth!

A decadent Budget, I call it—a Budget of despair. I may be influenced slightly by the fact that I have topped my last

seven drives, but I do not think so. I tell you that I foresee a day when the tea-soaked masses of England, sodden with the drug, will trample on these beautiful fairways and level our lordliest bunkers with the ground. EVOE.

THE TRAGEDY OF PIERRE.

Jocelyn and I have something on our minds. I don't think it's very much to bother about really, but still we are a bit worried. It started some weeks ago on that walk by the still ice-bound but rapidly-thawing lake. Jocelyn, doing a hop-and-skip counterpoint to my more adult measure, struck a small toecap with unexpected violence against the upper portion of a large and partly buried stone. One glance at the straining floodgates as I picked her up told me that I must be quick.

"Oh, poor stone!" I said.

The floodgates held.

"Why?" said Jocelyn. "Can stones feel?"

"Dreadfully," I replied, as I brushed a bruised knee, "but, like you, they don't cry. Stones feel things frightfully sometimes, but they just don't say anything. A tremendous lot of people must have kicked this poor old stone while he's been sitting in this path, and I don't suppose anyone has ever heard him even say 'Oh!'"

"Poor stone!" said Jocelyn.

And there I ought to have left it. But I didn't. "This poor old stone," I went on, "has probably been sitting in this path for a hundred years, being kicked and trodden on and never grumbling, never being played with, never going for a walk or—"

"Or a slide on the ice," put in Jocelyn.

"No," I agreed with a plausible sigh.

"Poor old Pierre!"

"Why do you call him Pierre?" she asked.

"Because that's his name, old lady. Come along."

Ten minutes later and we were once more at Pierre's side—his other side. I confess I had forgotten him, and it was only the sudden application of the furry little brake which rested in my left hand that stopped my story and my stride.

"I'm so sorry, Pierre," whispered Jocelyn as she bent down; "I do hope it's better now."

Pierre made no audible reply. I don't think we either of us expected him to—he wasn't the communicative sort. At any rate we could do no more. Apology had been made and his silence might be taken for acceptance.

But youth is over-generous.

"Pierre," said Jocelyn, "would you

like a slide on the ice? Oh, I know you would! Uncle Henry, can you dig him—help him up?"

The helping up of Pierre, with the aid of my not too robust pocket-knife, was a long process. But at last he began to wobble, and in a few moments more he was resting heavily in my grimed and drooping hands. Jocelyn clapped hers. "Now, Uncle Henry, give him a *really* good slide—*right* across the lake. Oh, won't he *love* it!"

With a mighty effort I hurled Pierre low across the slushy ice. As he sped on, Jocelyn danced and waved and uttered cries of encouragement.

"Oh, I do hope he'll reach the other side, and then we'll go round and give him another. Go on, Pierre! Go on! Oh, he's stopping!"

It was true. Pierre was stopping—right in the middle of the lake. In vain we shooed and willed him on. It was no good; he had stopped. There he lay marooned and lonely, far from the reach of any rescuing hand on that bare melting ice. Realization of Pierre's fate came to me very suddenly. I looked anxiously at Jocelyn. She looked anxiously at me.

"Can we—" she began.

"No," I said firmly, "I'm afraid we can't this evening. We are heavier than Pierre. We must just leave him to enjoy himself—er—skating, and tomorrow, perhaps—I mean probably—we'll be able to skate too, and then we'll ask him if he'd like to go home again. Come on—tea!"

I heard a small and rather tremulous "Good-night, Pierre," and we resumed our homeward way. Conversation flagged. If Jocelyn said anything I didn't hear. My own thoughts were enough for me, for how was I to satisfy her in twenty-four hours' time that Pierre was not drowned but married happily for ever after to a mermaid at the bottom of the deep blue sea, I mean the shallow muddy lake? It was not till seven o'clock that I knew that she knew. As she gave me her usual wet good-night kiss she said bravely, "I expect it's going to freeze to-night, don't you?" And I replied that I expected it was. And there we have really left it. We neither of us mention Pierre now, and when we go for walks in this lovely spring weather and I say, "Don't let's go by the lake to-day, we've been that way so often," Jocelyn replies, "No, don't let's."

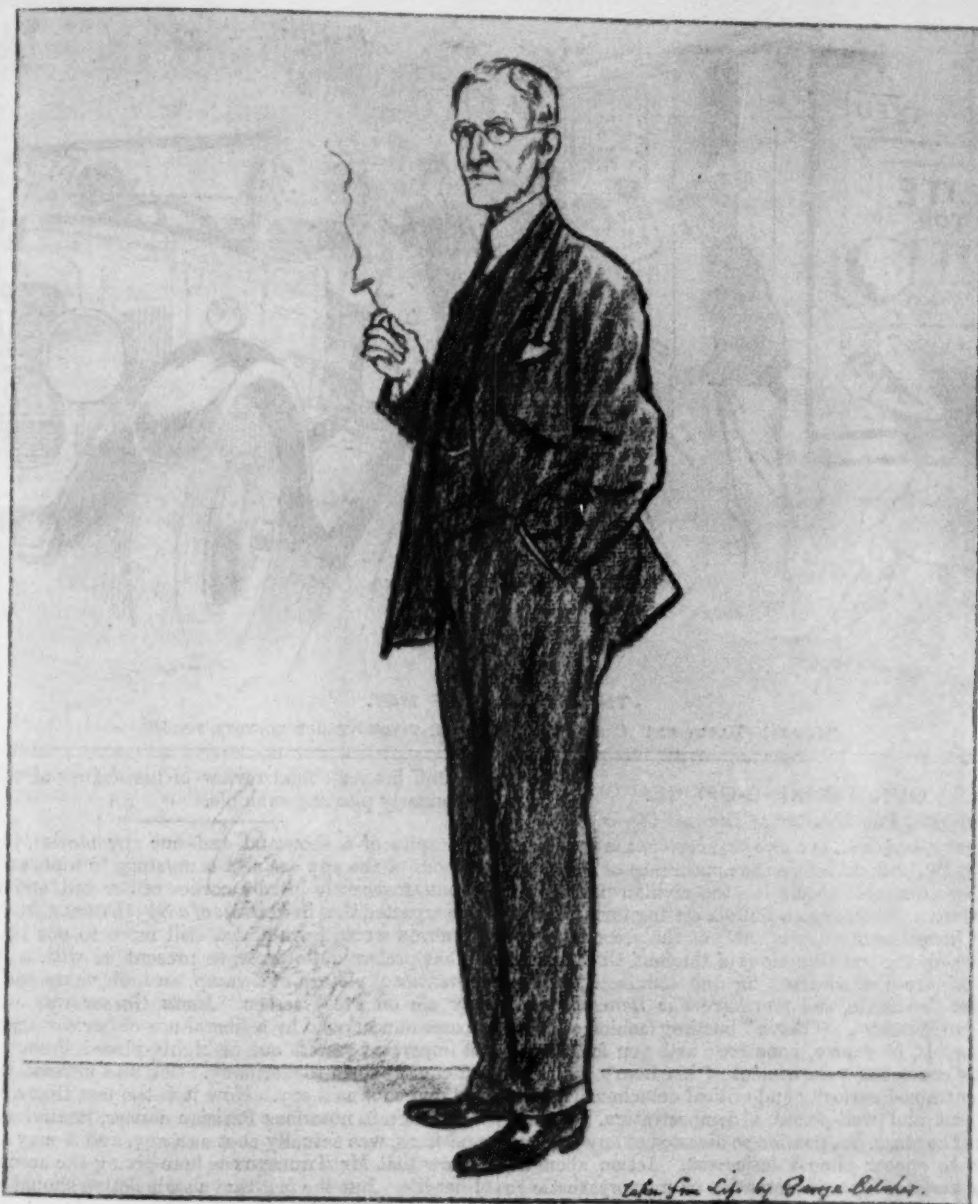
Commercial Candour.

"TENNIS COURTS HARD TO LET."

Notice at Sports-ground.

The New Uniquity.

"The case is unique in its kind in that it has only one precedent. . . ."—Indian Paper.



DR. CHALMERS MITCHELL, C.B.E., F.R.S.

*The animals that live in Regent's Park
Are much the best collection since the Ark,
To make them feel at home as honoured guests
And (when required) to soothe their savage breasts,
This learned Fellow tends them, two by two—
At once the Noah and Orpheus of the Zoo.*



THE PROMISE OF MAY.

"DORIS! HURRY UP! COME AN' LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO VOTE FOR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EATANSWILL revisited, but two years before the passing of the Reform Bill and six before the appearance of *Pickwick*, provides an admirable theme for the civilian pen of Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM. Exchange a Suffolk setting for a Norfolk one, the "honest and independent" of the second half of the 'thirties for the venial minions of the first, the assumed Blueness of the Pickwickians for the convinced Buffery of a puppet-Candidate, and you have *The Boroughmonger* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). "Boz's" bustling fashion of doing the honours is, of course, gone too; and you follow Mr. MOTTRAM's courteous presentment of his hero's reactions with the sustained curiosity and critical detachment due to so intelligent and well-poised a demonstration. Passion enters into the story, but passion so divested of any contagious air as to appear almost desiccated. Action abounds, but action arrested by a preservative as unsympathetic as Pompeian lava. There is no trace of the cathartic element so magnificently present in Mr. MOTTRAM's war-books, but there is—and I for one find it sufficient—a memorable series of rather monumental portraits. There is *Lord Carstone* in his library meditating a career for his graceful bastard. There is young *Theodore*, "fertile, unsoured youth," fresh from the Grand Tour and ready to contest Easthampton. There is the parson, his tutor, "with the habit of a travelled house-cat and the outlook of a piece of well-treated old furniture." There is the parson's lovely niece and the lovely niece's Goldsmithian mother—the only character to step clean out of the canvas. The Easthampton electorate and mob are drawn with historical exactitude as two actually, if capriciously, differentiated entities; and the election is full of idiom and episode, of which

the Buff lawyer's final review of his *dossier* of voters is a particularly pleasing example.

In spite of a thousand-and-one spy stories, the actual methods of the spy are still a mystery to most of us. Mr. MAUGHAM recently lifted a corner of the veil, and I should have expected that in *Portrait of a Spy* (PUTNAM) Mr. TEMPLE THURSTON would have added still more to our knowledge. He has preferred, however, to present us with a lurid and conventional picture of a vamp, an arch vamp such as one may see on every screen. *Mada Garass* was a Parisian cabaret dancer who by a liberal use of her sex was able to get important secrets out of highly-placed French officials and convey them to Germany. She was ultimately discovered and shot as a spy. Now it is the fact that during the War a certain notorious Parisian dancer, justifying a thousand films, was actually shot as a spy, and it may be for all I know that Mr. THURSTON is here giving the actual record of her life. But the fact that a stale fiction should suddenly prove true does not justify the redressing of the truth in the clothes of the old fiction. *Mada Garass* is first introduced to us on the stage of a Paris cabaret, where she dances, or rather makes the usual sinuous movements, dressed in the conventional habit of a live python. We take leave of her on the parade-ground at Vincennes, where she almost creates havoc among the firing party by throwing back her magnificent fur cloak to reveal the fact that there was nothing but her "gleaming" self beneath it. The only chapters of the book which I thoroughly enjoyed were those in which the spy is brought to England, to be cross-examined by Scotland Yard and the Admiralty. These chapters are Mr. THURSTON at very nearly his best, but they cannot redeem the book. It is strange indeed that Mr. THURSTON should have sat down to it fresh from writing *Jane Carroll*.

A yacht or, strictly, a private ship
Is well away on a pleasure-trip
When a wireless-message is handed out
Telling the captain to put about,
Since someone on board, it's not known
who,
One of the guests or one of the crew,
Is a crook and gunman, fierce and grim,
And New York's sleuths are all out for
him.

This, in the briefest terms, is what,
In *The Phantom Passenger*, MANSFIELD
SCOTT

Presents (with the help of the BODLEY
HEAD).

And it's one of the puzzlingest tales
I've read.

For just as the ship is about to sail
The owner's decoyed on a faked-up
trail,

And his guests, though most of them
seem all right,

Hardly know each other by sight;
So that each, for all that the rest can tell,
May be really booked for the convict's
cell,

Or else a detective drawing a fee
From a private inquiry agency.
The same with the crew—not a soul
can state

Whether they're crooked or whether
they're straight;

And I'm bound to mention that now
I've read it

I think it's much to the author's credit
That he at least is never in doubt,
And finally straightens the tangle out.

There is a French proverb that bids you regard your mother-in-law "*comme une étoile au ciel—du loin*," and the trouble with *Hester Willmott* was that she deliberately brought her husband's sole remaining and fiercely solicitous parent into the already sufficiently difficult orbit of her own married life. *Monica Willmott* detested her daughter-in-law, and with reason. She, *Monica*, had reared and educated *Clive* single-handed, had got him back safe, if shattered, from the War, and was just preparing to share him with a fair helpmate of her own tradition when *Dark Hester* (CONSTABLE) claimed him not only for herself but for her set. *Hester* was not only a daughter-in-law, and therefore a classic source of embarrassment, she was crudely of her war-emancipated period and stood for all the free-lances of the world as against all its institutions—the family in particular. Her mother-in-law was "gracefully obsolete" in a peculiarly annoying way; and, where *Hester* was indiscriminately destructive, *Monica* was bent on observing forms whose spirit had largely departed. The history of their campaign, with their respective sons, *Clive* and little *Robin*, as its *tertain* and miserable trophies, is told with triumphant discernment and impartiality by Miss ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Miss SEDGWICK has obviously had more inside information concerning the soul of *Monica*. Yet *Hester*, with her brutal candour, a candour even more brutal to herself than her



Lady (engaging servant for country cottage). "OF COURSE THERE ARE NO LAMPS TO DO. YOU SEE, I HAVE THE ELECTRIC LIGHT."

Mother. "WELL, MUM, SHE'S A BRIGHT GIRL, AND SHE'LL SOON MASTER THE ELECTRIC LIGHT."

associates, is finely imagined and projected; and *Hester's* set, when it invades the Victorian sanctities of *Monica's* Essex home, is handled with delightful malice. The men of the cast are a little dimmed by the women; but *Captain Ingpen*, a middle-aged apparition from *Hester's* past, almost justifies the prominent part he plays in the dénouement.

Mr. Punch has always had a kindly feeling for his old friend, "T. P.," but it would be no kindness to the "Father of the House" not to let his readers know what is contained in his two imposing volumes, published at two guineas the set, and entitled *Memoirs of an Old Parliamentarian* (BEN'S). The first of these massive volumes covers a period of five years, from 1880 to 1885, and the second does not advance its subject beyond the year 1891. In fact these memoirs

deal solely with the rise and fall of PARNELL, a theme, now become historical, which has been dealt with by many pens, prominent among them being Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR's itself. Considering that he has remained a Parliamentarian for thirty-eight years since PARNELL's death, it may possibly be that with him

"Memory stopped short
In the desolated Court
Of the fair Queen Katherine."

Otherwise what memories this old Parliamentarian could have given us! He has watched from his seat on the Benches tremendous happenings all over the world, and, even if his heart was fixed on Ireland, surely he has seen enough there to give his readers his views on a country far more interesting now than it ever was in the days of the Land League. Two splendidly presented volumes, containing the life and death of an historical character who died thirty-eight years ago. At two guineas the set.

One of those curious but, in fiction, convenient human beings who grow to years of discretion and beyond them without making for themselves any emotional or spiritual history is *The Village Doctor* (CASSELL), hero of Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's new novel. I would be the last to insist on knowing the details of a hero's infancy and school-days before taking him to my heart, but *Dr. Philip Green's* unique inexperience of life at the time when, already a medical man of some years' standing, he buys a practice in a Sussex village, needs further explanation. Apart from thus springing full-grown but without a past from his creator's head, *Dr. Philip* is an attractive figure in his simple kindness and sincerity and his devotion to the interests of his poorest patients. His story is the common one of a lonely man's surrender, almost unawares, to the pursuit of a determined and ambitious woman. There is no romance in it and little passion before marriage, but afterwards, when his shallow selfish *Laura* nearly wrecks their lives, the man's love and loyalty make it beautiful. It is perhaps this approach to love—an uncommon one to find in a novel—which is the most outstanding thing in the book. Beyond that there are country men and women, fields and farms, lightly touched in with Miss KAYE-SMITH's accustomed fidelity and with an effective quietness; but, on the whole, the book does not live. There is in it none of that sense of contact with breathing flesh and blood which she, in common with all the greatest novelists, has sometimes been able to achieve. And would *Laura*, in the eighteen-seventies, have thought so cheerfully of a divorce? I doubt it.

The ten stories which make up Mr. F. BRITTEN AUSTIN's

volume, called *A Saga of the Sea* (BENN), are in each case intended to illustrate some outstanding phase of the maritime history of the world, beginning with an unrecorded early voyage of the young *Odysseus* and finishing up with the engagement between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* during the American Civil War. The theme is a sufficiently inspiring one, and in some of his chapters—notably that on the Battle of Trafalgar—the author has evidently found it so. But he has not always been so happy, and the treatment sometimes falls far below the level of the argument. Such promising subjects as the adventures of the Northmen, the sea power of the Venetian Republic, and the heyday of the Dutch in the East Indies, might well have been put to a better use than as pegs upon which to hang a rather banal "love interest."



Waiter. "SHALL I TAKE YOUR HAT, SIR?"
True Bohemian. "NO, THANKS; I EAT OUT OF IT."

The Polar Adventure (GOLLANCZ), with its sub-title "The 'Italia' Tragedy Seen at Close Quarters," is written by Odd ARNESEN, a Norwegian journalist deputed to report upon General NOBILE's airship expedition. Ably translated by ASTA and ROWLAND KENNEY, the story left mesad and sorry. I feel, indeed, that the end of this adventure, courageous enough in itself, might have been so very different had those in control of it possessed more foresight and knowledge of Polar conditions. That is the impression which Odd ARNESEN's story has made upon me, but I am not prepared to say that it will remain. General NOBILE's book is in preparation, and before arriving at a definite decision on this vexed question fair-minded people will want to read it. Let me add that the illustrations of this volume are admirably chosen and produced.

The girl whose early history Mr. EDEN PHILLIPPS tells in *Tryphena* (HUTCHINSON) started life under distinct disadvantages, for her father was unknown, and no one knew

anything about her mother except that, having handed *Tryphena* to a small boy, she had committed suicide. Happily for the abandoned baby she was adopted by the boy's parents, Devonian farmers of the class which is so familiar to readers of Mr. PHILLIPPS' West-country tales. How *Tryphena* fell in and out of love, and how she discovered her father, who was more sinned against than sinning, will be found in this long but delightful romance. If once or twice I caught myself wishing that these Devonians would restrict their conversational powers, I nevertheless enjoyed the chance of making friends with such kindly folk.

Another Impending Apology.

"... This represents five years of careful and resolute work, which is, naturally, much against the grain of naval men."—*Daily Paper*.
Naval men will take this with a pinch of tar.

CHARIVARIA.

"I NEVER walk the streets of London," writes a provincial visitor, "without feeling I may run up against BERNARD SHAW or H. G. WELLS, or some famous actor, painter or politician." This peril of our streets has been exaggerated by gossip-writers. * *

In certain quarters some surprise is expressed that the M.C.C., in connection with its scheme to help the bowlers, does not propose to introduce a rule that a batsman shall be out if his bat intercepts a ball which, in the opinion of the umpire, would otherwise have hit the wicket. * *

It is now disclosed that, during the War, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE read so many detective stories that his secretaries had difficulty in finding him fresh ones. The possibility of a shortage of thrillers was one of the best-kept secrets of Downing Street. * *

In progressive military circles the feeling with reference to the recent incident in Whitehall, when a sentry's horse fell asleep and collapsed, is that this wouldn't have happened to a tank. * *

Mr. GENE TUNNEY is reported as saying that it would be bad taste to talk about Mr. G. B. SHAW. Yet this is not a topic that Mr. SHAW avoids very punctiliously. * *

A Chicago woman has sued for divorce on the ground of her husband's petal-plucking complex. It must be trying to have to live with a man who can't even eat an artichoke without saying "She loves me, she loves me not." * *

An American designer of golf-courses who is now in England is to take back with him plans and models of some of the best holes in this country. It is feared that these may include some nineteenth. * *

Mechanised music, according to a song publisher, is ousting the amateur vocalist. But not from the bathroom. * *

A clergyman has written to *The Times* explaining that he always takes off his hat in a bank, out of courtesy. We

ourselves have felt impelled to uncover in the presence of an overdraft. * *

The proposal to establish a *crèche* on Brighton Beach is of course the outcome of a feeling that visitors would be glad to park the baby on the shore, "a thing they have never done before." * *

The attention of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL has been drawn to the fact that London business men who want to telephone to Argentina have to go to Paris to do so, and our feeling is that it would be uncharitable to doubt that they really do want to telephone to Argentina. * *

With reference to the controversy as to whether schoolboys should smoke cigarettes, we can only say that it sets

Now that it has been pointed out that Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS has spent twenty-one years in Parliament, surprise is felt that as Home Secretary he hasn't let himself off a bit of his time for good behaviour. * *

A witness at Willesden Police Court mentioned the case of a man who gave up a six-pound-a-week job to play the saxophone in the streets. No doubt he thought he could earn more by collecting hush-money. * *

At an anglers' club dinner one of the members declared that he had never hooked a fish weighing more than one pound. Blackleg! * *

A racing pigeon bought by a Yorkshire fancier whilst in France escaped and returned to Havre last week. Nothing is said about its vaccination. * *

A *Daily News* writer has suggested the establishment of clubs for the express purpose of encouraging conversation. This is enough to make some of the older members of exclusive clubs turn in their arm-chairs. * *

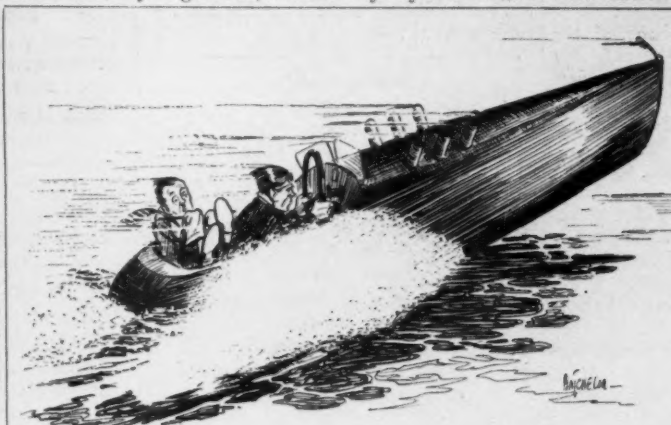
Clwyd is the name of a new daffodil. This is pronounced Clwyd—but not by many. * *

Expert cracksmen who recently broke into a warehouse used the electric power installed there to work their safe-breaking tools. This, of course, was dishonest. * *

Although a collection of extracts from the speeches of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has been published under the title of *Slings and Arrows*, it is not to be inferred that he considers the fortune he has made out of American journalism to be an outrageous one. * *

It is suggested that Mr. Justice Eve's avowed indifference to the attractions of our national buildings is a bit of the old Eve coming out in him. * *

"Chinese girls care more for face-powder than they do for the welfare of their country," says General FENG YUHSIANG. We believe some of them are so ignorant that they don't even know who won last week's Chinese war. * *



Passenger (in exceptionally fast motor-boat). "WHY DID YOU TURN ROUND IN A CIRCLE JUST THEN?"
Boat-owner. "I UNDERSTOOD YOU WANTED TO GO ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT."

their masters and parents a bad example. * *

"Tolley extended," said a recent golf headline. Not in circumference, we trust. * *

A correspondent has written to *The Daily News* to say that during the past fifty years not one really fat man has been hanged. The legal view is that fat men ought not to be hanged unless they have committed a murder. * *

The fact that fat men hardly ever commit murder seems to support the theory that a man with a double chin seldom lives a double life. * *

Crime is unknown among a tribe, the Karagus, inhabiting a part of Siberia, and they have never even heard of murder. Here is an absolutely untapped field for Mr. EDGAR WALLACE. * *

THE EMU.

No doubt you have noticed this bird at the Zoo

And considered him over the netting
And heard that his home was at Woolloomooloo,

For which he seems ceaselessly fretting;

But you who know better the teal and the tit,

The robin, the gull and the seamew
Have never—I'm pretty well certain of it—

Been in intimate touch with the emu.

I happen to know this most comic of birds

As I know neither sparrow nor starling;

I've chased him alone and I've chased him in herds

On the plains at the back of the Darling,

Where freely he shows you his wonderful speed

And loves to out-pace and out-scheme you,

And your mud-covered hack must be more than a weed

If you hope to catch up to the emu.

I have eaten his eggs—I had better say *hers*—

And have found them with rather much body;

I have taken a rip from his dangerous spurs

And have flattened him out with a "waddy";

For I knew him in lands where your virtues are nought

And your casual cobblers esteem you

By the number of buckers you've faithfully fought

And the way you ride after an emu.

W. H. O.

ENGLAND FROM THE AIR;

OR,

THE NEW POLYOLBION.

AMERICA this year will be able to see England in three days. Plans have been completed (I am told) for air-trips to all districts associated with GEORGE WASHINGTON, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PENN. SHAKESPEARE, BURNS and the Pilgrim Fathers. The shortest of these trips will allow the hungry sightseer from the Middle West to catch an air-liner for the Continent after a delay of considerably less than a hundred hours.

This is sure quick.

In order, however, to reduce fatigue still further an arrangement has just been made between the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland, the local authorities concerned and myself,

by which short graphic sentences descriptive of all spots passed *en route* will be clearly picked out in large white stones on the surrounding fields, so that passengers in a low-flying aeroplane will be able to gather impressions without coming to earth and without the aid of a guide. By this means it is hoped that even voyagers who can only spend one day in England will be able to glean all that is necessary from their trip to our historic shores and then (possibly) some. I call this the Zenith Cruise.

To give a faint idea of the work we have undertaken I have been permitted to quote in advance a few of the subtitles with which we intend to emblazon the countryside and make this lil country intelligible at a rapid glance from the sky.

In a field (for instance) outside Stratford-on-Avon:—

I SHOULD WORRY!

RIGHT HERE

WILLIAM P. SHAKESPEARE
WROTE HIS *HAMLET* PLAY.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

On the golf-course at Stoke Poges—

TU-WHIT—TU-WHOO!

MEANWHILE IN A HICK BONEYARD
TOM H. GRAY

WAS PUTTING YOU WISE TO THIS—

"Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

WHERE DO YOU GET OFF ON THE
PASSING TRIBUTE OF A SIGH?

About the flat lands of the Nen and the Greater Ouse—

HEAR ME!

MEET NORTHAMPTONSHIRE!

GEO. WASHINGTON'S UNCLE WAS A
MAGNATE IN THIS SECTION
A WHILE AGO.

And further south—

HUNTINGDON!

OL CROMWELL ROOMED HERE!
HOME TOWN OF THE MAN WHO PACKED
THE BIG PUNCH AGAINST
CHARLES ONE.

And further south again—

SAY, CAN YOU BEAT IT?

IN THIS LITTLE BEDFORD BURG
DOC BUNYAN MADE HIS BIG NOISE
ABOUT THE NEW JERUSALEM.

Crossing the Vale of White Horse,

which I think we shall freshen up by cutting out on the chalk down some lively inscription such as—

GIVE THIS THE ONCE-OVER.

ALFRED, THE OTHER MAN WHO COULD
NOT TELL A LIE, PUT THE DANES
IN BAD NEAR THIS GEE.

and passing on to the Cotswolds we shall have dealt very faithfully with the heart of England, or as much of the heart of England as the middle-westerner wants to know.

I do not myself count Broadway as the most beautiful village in England, but only as the tidiest. If, however, a title is necessary, somewhere on the slopes of Broadway Hill we might set out—

BROADWAY, ENG.

LET THE QUIANT OLD-WORLD CHARM
OF THIS QUIET LOCATION GET RIGHT
IN AMONGST YOU AS YOU FLIP.

TELL MAMIE HOW YOU SAW THE
COTSWOLD RUBES!

Yes, I think that would fix Broadway. Of other titles which we have ready I cannot forbear to mention—

PLYMOUTH (OH, BOY!).

MAYFLOWER ROTARIANS LEFT THIS
JOINT FOR HOME IN THE BACKALONG.

DRAKE'S BALL-GAME TOWN STILL
RETURNS A DRY REPRESENTATIVE
TO CONGRESS FROM HERE.

Nor—

WHERE HENRY FORD'S GREAT RIVAL
MADE GOOD—

OXFORD!

THE EUROPEAN YALE.

WATCH OUT FOR THE SOPHOMORES
IN THEIR FRATS!

Nor yet, and most of all, for there is plenty of room on the Heath—

HAMPSTEAD!

GO-GETTER ROMNEY.

THE AMERICAN COLOUR-KING,
SQUATTED ON THESE HILLS!

I ought to say, finally, that the labour of collecting stones for this new territorial annotation will form part of those new schemes for the relief of unemployment on which any party which happens to be in power after the thirtieth of May is bound to get busy. I hope the air-pilgrims will like our little scheme. It looks good to me.

EVOE.



CAPITAL-AND-LABOUR DAY, MAY 1ST

WITH MR. PUNCH'S BEST WISHES FOR THE SUCCESS OF THE CONFERENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF TRADE UNIONS AND EMPLOYERS WHICH OPENED ON ST. GEORGE'S DAY.



Country Flapper (just arrived at London terminus). "So THIS IS 2-LO!"

BACK CHAT.

["A revolution is occurring in jewellery fashions. . . Jewellery is now being made to adorn women's backbones, instead of their corsages. Diamond necklaces are fastened around the neck in such a way that the long loop or ends hang down the spine between the shoulder-blades. Large diamond brooches studded with rubies, sapphires or emeralds are pinned so that they hold the deep "V" décolletage together at the back very near the waist-line. Also imitation jewellery is being used to edge the back décolletage in many of this season's evening dresses."—*Daily Paper.*]

It is not perhaps altogether easy to foresee the full effects of this new fashion (which our contemporary might have described with more accuracy as half a revolution) on the social customs of our day, but they are bound at any rate to be interesting.

It is possible of course that the new mode will not be followed at Court functions, and in that event the necessity for evolving a new technique of the curtsy designed to give due prominence to the spinal adornments of debutantes will not arise. For less formal receptions it is thought that the habit of entering a room backwards will become general, the head being thrown over the left shoulder or the hand-mirror brought into play, with the view of controlling direction and balance. Hostesses, if following the new fashion,

will of course receive their guests, male and female, back to front and back to back respectively. Ladies may experience a little stiffness of the neck at first, but this will soon pass off with practice.

At the dinner-table somewhat sweeping changes will be necessary. At the moment the most popular plan seems to be that of Lady X., who proposes to seat her guests at narrow tables set in column formation, one behind the other. In this way all the diners (except those in the front row, about whom unfortunately it does not appear possible to do anything) will have an uninterrupted back view of the diners in front.

What is going to happen in the ball-room is not at present very clear. Will the present method of progression be dropped in favour of a system by which the gentleman will clasp—and steer—his lady from behind? Most modern dances could, of course, be performed just as well in this way, and dancing men are hoping that it will be adopted as the ultimate solution of the new difficulty. For they appreciate the dangers to which they would be exposed, if the present method of holding the lady remained unaltered, from diamond necklaces hanging down the spine between the shoulder-blades and large diamond brooches studded with rubies,

sapphires or emeralds pinned to hold the deep "V" décolletage together at the back very near the waist-line.

A point which must not be overlooked, by the way, is the ease with which jewellery adorning the spinal column may be feloniously removed. In these days of gate-crashing, when one may at any moment find oneself dancing with a professional thief, this is a matter of some importance. Many well-known hostesses are already making arrangements to exhibit a notice in their ballrooms:—

BEWARE OF PICK-BACKS.

On the stage it is unlikely that the effects of the change in fashion will be very marked. So far as revue and musical comedy are concerned, we are already broken in to a posterior view of the Chorus, and as regards the legitimate drama one supposes that a little more insistence on the habit of turning up-stage and mumbling to the back-scene, as already favoured by so many modern actresses, will scarcely call for comment.

"Surtees, Robert Smith, and Jorrocks, John. Thoughts on Hunting and other Matters." *Bookseller's List.*

We are delighted to find that our beloved John, as we had sometimes imagined, is a "real live hauthor."

THE CHAIN

(As linked together by a paragraphist in the Daily Press).

COMPARATIVELY few people realise that Sir John Blurge spent his early manhood on a rubber plantation in Ceylon. He happened to mention the fact at Lady Doughbury's dinner-party the night before last, and before I could express a word of surprise—for I had always had a vague impression that he spent his early manhood on an ostrich farm in Africa—he proceeded to talk rapidly about etchings and Diesel engines, in both of which subjects he is keenly interested.

* * *

Lady Doughbury's house must be just about two-and-a-half miles from the Imperial Theatre, where I saw young Mr. Cecil Scroot at the first night of his elder brother's new play, *Sewer Rats*. Mr. Cecil Scroot is just down from Oxford and told me he was looking about for something to do. Unlike his brother he finds no relief in writing plays.

* * *

Going to see a play like *Sewer Rats* is a rather different way of spending the evening from that which is regularly chosen by Lord Dascherly, who delights in pottering about among the roses at dusk in his garden in Hampshire. I met him at one of his exclusive clubs yesterday afternoon, and he mentioned to me in the course of our conversation that his head gardener, although now one of the most painstaking rose-growers in the country, was a sergeant-major in an infantry regiment in Egypt during the War.

* * *

The lot of a sergeant-major in Egypt during the War was nothing, I suppose, compared with the life of an officer in the Scottish army at Bannockburn. This forms the interesting subject of a new historical novel which Miss Daphne Grampian, the talented daughter of Sir Norval and Lady Grampian, and one of the most engaging of our younger writers, is on the point of finishing. In a letter to me she remarks that the things which an officer had to put up with in the Scottish army at Bannockburn have never been adequately described. Miss Grampian adds that her first novel, *Jam To-morrow*, which was published last year, is still on sale.

* * *

The field of Bannockburn of course is not far from Stirling, in Scotland. Only when one looks at a map of the world, however, does one realise how far it is from Peru, where Sir George Wolverine has been engaged for the



Wife (to Boltonite, just returned from Wembley). "I SUPPOSE LONDON 'S A WONDERFUL PLACE?"

Boltonite. "AH, IT IS AN' ALL. BELIEVE ME, THERE 'S FOLKS IN LONDON TO 'OOM T' COOP MEANS NOWT."

past two months in studying the economic conditions of life among the Peruvians. I happened to meet his sister, Mrs. "Billy" Slithers, at the private view of Mr. Vladimir Rupert's drawings the other afternoon. I gathered from what she told me that Sir George and the Peruvians get on very well together.

* * *

Another man who keeps his temper with foreigners is Commander J. J. Jollyboy, who is planning to join an expedition to the Arctic next year. He discussed the project with me yesterday while we were lunching together and was full of enthusiasm. Few men, I imagine, are more passionately interested in whales, seals, walrus and polar bears, and he is looking forward

eagerly to the great majestic silence of the northern wastelands.

* * *

It is of course the occasional disturbing presence of animals such as walrus and polar bears which makes the great majestic silence of the Arctic so essentially different from that of the Athenaeum Club, where I happened to meet Sir Willoughby de Beaune the other day—(and where you would almost certainly be blackballed—Ed.).

The New Candour.

"WHERE TO FIND ROMANCE.

Sir,—I find as much romance, humour and information in my 'Daily Express' as in any number of short-story magazines put together. London, E.4.

H. —."

Daily Express.

THE CHARITY MATINÉE.

"THE Charity Matinée season is approaching," said my pessimistic friend, Poker. "Well, I am all for charity, but I cannot recommend any young dramatist to offer up his first play as a sacrifice to the most deserving charity. The temptation is strong, and I fell to it myself. My first play—a masterpiece, of course—stirred no enthusiasm among the various managers who read the first few pages.

"And then someone suggested that it might be performed at a special matinée in aid of the So-and-so Hostel for the Care of Unwanted Parents or something of that sort. A Princess was a patron of the Hostel and had promised to be present at the matinée. There would therefore be spacious publicity; all the managers in London would flock to the performance and, having once seen the drama in being, would thereafter frantically bid against each other for the right to produce it. Apart from these high hopes the thought of seeing my play actually performed by real live professional actors was too much for me, and I eagerly placed it at the disposal of the Unwanted Parents.

"The matinée was to be in May, during the fresh youth of the Season. In February we began to have committee meetings about it. Energetic ladies of noble birth gathered together at tea-time, introduced the embarrassed author to each other and compiled long lists of the wealthy people who were to be forced to attend the matinée. Elaborate arrangements were made for the printing and selling of the programmes. The organisation of the refreshments was very soon perfect.

"The only thing that hung fire a little was the actual casting and rehearsal of the play. In my own mind I had decided that the principal parts were admirably suited to Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, Miss GLADYS COOPER, Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE and one or two other stars of the first magnitude. The committee agreed that it would be a good thing to have people like these; but, unaccountably, none of them was to be secured.

"The weeks flew by; the matinée was

postponed from May till June, from June to July. At last a producer was engaged and a company of actors, mysteriously willing, as usual, to do a great deal of work for nothing. Rehearsals began.

"The actors, though willing, were busy people (one of them was rehearsing for two other plays at the same time); there were always one or two absent and generally three or four. Miss A. would rehearse her love-scene on Thursday without her lover, and on Friday her lover would turn up and rehearse it with-

find out where the doors were and which way they opened.

"A great deal of the 'business' which had been effective on the small stage was inappropriate or impossible on the large one. Where the heroine had slipped out with one graceful skip at the Y she had to take a long run at the X and so on.

"Meanwhile, however, the matinée committee had done their work energetically and well. Every seat in the house was sold. Everybody in Society had bought seats. Looking down the dazzling list of ticket-holders I pictured a gathering as brilliant as the audience at the opening of Covent Garden. There were Duchesses in the stalls and Countesses in the Upper Circle.

"The actual audience was rather different. It was a very hot afternoon in the second week of July. The performance began at three, to accommodate the titled ladies who were coming and would doubtless prefer to lunch late. Very few of the titled ladies, however, who had nobly come to the rescue of the Unwanted Parents actually came to the matinée. Many of them sent their maids, cooks, nurses and charwomen; and at three o'clock the stalls were about a quarter full of maids, cooks, nurses and charwomen.

"The Princess was ill. The bulk of the audience drifted in during the First Act; quite a knot of people arrived at half-past three, after the theme of the play had been stated, and by the middle of the Second Act the house was about half full. So far as I could see no managers were present. The drama was of

a satirical character and did not, I thought, greatly amuse the Duchesses' maids. The actors, retaining the confidential whisper with which they had got their effects at the little Y Theatre, were mostly inaudible at the X. The many pretty débutantes, however, who had kindly consented to sell programmes and rustled about during the dialogue like large silken birds, attracted a lot of favourable attention.

"The curtain fell on the Second Act at about a quarter to five—much too late. I thought that with a nice short interval the matinée might be over at a reasonable hour. Many of the audience



Village Storekeeper (to small girl who has asked for dog-biscuits).
"HOW MUCH MONEY HAVE YOU GOT?"
Small Girl. "SIXPENCE."
Storekeeper. "THEN I EXPECT MUMMY WANTS A POUND OF THEM."
Small Girl. "THEY'RE NOT FOR MUMMY; THEY'RE FOR THE DOG."

out her. Each of them embraced the stage-manager and hoped for the best. I don't think they ever did their love-scene together till the dress-rehearsal, and I don't think all the cast were ever present at the same time until the actual performance.

"Moreover, though the matinée was to take place at the X Theatre, which has a huge stage, the rehearsals for some reason had to take place at the Y Theatre, which has a tiny one. The play was never rehearsed at the X Theatre at all, but on the morning of the matinée we were allowed the use of the stage for about an hour in order to



Little Man (at Election meeting, proudly to neighbour). "THIS MAKES THE SEVENTH CONSECUTIVE MEETING AT WHICH I'VE CALLED OUT 'SHAME!' TWICE."

departed. The rest comforted themselves with tea for five or six minutes, and then Lord — came before the curtain and made a speech; and he spoke for ten minutes.

"He said that the matinée had been a brilliant success. Remembering gloomily the many brilliant lines which had passed over the stalls without ruffling them to so much as a gentle smile, I applauded this remark tepidly. He said that a record sum had been raised for the Unwanted Parents, and he thanked all concerned—the General Committee and the Executive Committee and the Matinée Committee (nearly all of whom he mentioned by name), the people who had bought tickets and the people who had sold tickets, the people who had designed and printed the programmes, the ladies who had sold the programmes, the actors, the producer, the various lessees of the theatre, Messrs. — and —, who had kindly lent the refreshment-bars, and (an afterthought, whis-

pered into his notes) Mr. Poker, the author of the play.

"He gave a careful account of the history, conduct, finances, and requirements of the Hostel, and he concluded with an eloquent appeal to the stalls not to weary in well-doing. 'You who have more than you need,' he said, fixing with his eye the few remaining cooks and charwomen before him, 'do not think that in attending this matinée you have done enough.' (It sounded like 'suffered enough.') 'What will it cost you to give an annual donation to this good cause? One day's shooting, one day in your motor-car, one day at the South of France, one box of cigars. Make this small sacrifice, my fortunate friends, and enjoy one of the fairest gifts that Heaven can bestow—the gratitude of an Unwanted Parent.'

"The charwomen looked at each other guiltily. Lord — retired through the curtains, and my funny Third Act began. The young hero had never known many

of his lines in this Act, and during Lord —'s speech he had been refreshing himself but not his memory. Some very curious dialogue was heard. The audience departed in small detachments. The curtain fell at last, about six. No managers competed for the play next day; indeed, it was never heard of again.

"And so, without wishing to clog the stream of charity, I must repeat that I do not advise a young author to present his first play to the Unwanted Parents." A. P. H.

"Swallow Sidecar: £5."—*Manchester Paper.*
For this feat our fee, controlled by the Circus Union, is £20.

"Mr. J. C. — will offer for sale to-morrow at his Auction Grounds 100 acres of land planted with Wattles, Trek Oxen, Merino Ewes, Mixed Cattle and Furniture."

South African Paper.

We were just too late with a bid for an acre of Louis-Seize.

THE ONSLAUGHT OF SPRING.

In Spring, the merry season,
Men rushed into my house
For some infernal reason
And made a noise like STRAUSS.

In Spring, the time of gladness,
Men came into my home
And filled it, in their madness,
With noise and fume and foam.

They came with pail and hammer;
Wherever I might go
Some man with faulty grammar
Was there from Potts and Co.

They did not spare my feelings;
They rushed about like boors;
They whitewashed all the ceilings;
They even stained the floors.

I sought to flee the terror
Beneath some milder sun,
But I returned in error
When only part was done.

A pestilence had tainted
This haunt of holy peace;
The front was being painted
Because it's in the lease.

And once, while I was leaning
Over my bedroom sill
To muse on life, its meaning,
Creation and free-will,

Suddenly from the creepers
A large and monstrous face,
As of a man whom keepers
Incontinently chase,

Rose on a hidden ladder
And fixed its eyes on mine,
And a huge pot of madder
Was offered me, like wine.

(So close we were—two creatures
Without one thought akin—
He could have daubed my features,
I could have shaved his chin.)

No one can go on musing
Eight inches from the head
Of a fat party using
A paint-brush, and I fled.

But shall a man be master
In his own house, or not?
Is he the slave of plaster?
The captive to a pot?

Their own redecorating
In leaf-embowered abodes
Is done by warblers mating
(And none at all by toads);

No rude invader rushes
With careless shouts of mirth
To irritate with brushes
The badger in his earth.

Man only introduces
Into his sacred lair
These Bacchantes stained with juices,
With whitewash on their hair.

Fury within me rumbled;
They bullied me like brutes,

And on the stairs I stumbled
Over the foreman's boots.

They told me Mr. Simpson
Had sent a different red.
"Then paint the front-door crimson
And the roof green," I said.

"Paint and paint on, stout fellows!
Let all the rainbow loose!
Stripe the odd bricks with yellows
And paint the windows puce."

In Spring, the month of gladness,
The startled street shall know
How I defied the madness
Of men from Potts and Co. *EVOR.*

"CROSSING THE STRIPLING THAMES."

I WAS under the impression that, owing to the machinations of Dr. NORWOOD and other educational sports, Poetry was coming to be regarded, even in the scholastic world, as its own end and object. So I was much relieved to discover, on being recalled from obscurity to examine for the Common Entrance, that Poetry is still a "subject," and that the ancient and honourable sport of "Showing the Poetic Force" is still going strong.

The "passage set" was (as you may possibly have guessed):—

"For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground.
Thou at the ferry Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met

Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,

Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the slow punt swings round;

And, leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers,
Plucked in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,

And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream."

"Showing the Poetic Force" consists of course, in making the reader "almost see" (or "smell") the "passage" in his mind's eye."

For instance (Paper 24): "The second line in this passage is very glorious in its description of people riding near Oxford ('Oxford riders'); you feel in your mind's eye that you can almost see them riding, and they have come to a ferry ('at the ferry') on their ride. They greet the man in the poem, which is well described, so that you can almost hear them."

They "blithe" him, presumably.

Again (Paper 46):—"The fourth line—'Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe'—is particularly clever in its accurate description; it describes very carefully people crossing the Thames ('crossing the . . . Thames'), so that you can almost see them crossing it in your mind's eye. Then there is 'at Bablock-hithe'; this is also very good, because it shows you *where*

it was that they crossed, which is quite clearly put ('at Bablock-hithe'). You can picture it all so well, and you can almost hear the Thames stripling between its green banks ('the stripling Thames'). This shows that MATTHEW ARNOLD was very beautiful as well as clever."

It is a good clean sport. The poet himself could hardly have found fault with the conclusions drawn, and it makes one quite ecstatic to think what an Adonis SHAKESPEARE must have been.

In the following, and final, example, the "Poetic Force" is undoubtedly strong enough to raise the reader to a condition of almost overwhelming rapture. (Paper 61):—"The man in the poem was in a punt, going slowly, which is described in magnificent language ('the slow punt'), and he had been picking (or 'plucking') flowers that day; the lines about the flowers are very well fitted in so that you feel you can almost smell them in your mind's eye. Then there is 'shy fields': this does not sound right at first sight, because a field cannot be shy, but it is an example of transferred epithet (or poetic licence), because it was the man in the poem who was shy really; which shows even more that MATTHEW ARNOLD was very clever as well as good. Then, lastly, as you come to the end, you get the last line with 'moonlit stream' fitted in so that it rhymes with 'dream' earlier on. It is a very fitting close, the words 'moonlit stream' being a wonderfully fine description of a stream with the moon on it."

Personally I think that "Poetic Force" is one of the best games to play on wet afternoons, and should be instituted forthwith in all families in which a fuller understanding of our great English poets has been a long-felt want. For instance, one might try it with *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. In order to obtain full marks one would have to write, I imagine, something like this:—

"This is a very fine description of six hundred men ('the six hundred'), with cannons on their right ('cannon to right of them'); they also had some cannons on their left, which is quite clearly put ('cannon to left of them'), and there were some more cannons in front of them which are very finely described by the words 'cannon in front of them.' You feel that you can almost hear the cannons in your mind's eye. The men were riding ('rode'), probably on horses (though TENNYSON does not say so, which proves that he was very imaginative), and they had ridden for a league and a half ('half a league, half a league') . . ."



Mistress. "HAVE YOU PACKED IT UP SECURELY, MARY?"

Mary. "YES, MUM; AND I'VE WRITTEN THE ADDRESS ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LABEL IN CASE IT COMES OFF."

POOR OLD SHIP

(Regent's Canal Dock).

Tune—"Poor Old Horse."

HER rigging it was once of the best a man could find;
With canvas of the stoutest her lockers they were lined;
But now from truck to keelson she's stinted shamefully,
For want of tar and seizing, a sight she is to see—
Poor old ship!

Her planking was like snow and her brasses they did shine,
Likewise with sand and canvas they kept her bulwarks fine,
But now her seams are gaping, her brass a fair disgrace,
And her teak is daubed and plastered like a painted woman's
face—
Poor old ship!

Her freights were mostly clean ones, her charters they were
good,
She picked them and she chose them and went just where
she would,

But those good times are over and she has had her day,
And firewood and scrap-iron are all that come her way—
Poor old ship!

She had shellbacks four-and-twenty that hauled and reefed
and furlled,
And shantied up her mud-hook and worked her round the
world,
But now a scant half-dozen are all the chaps she's got,
And hardly one's a seaman in all the blinkin' lot—
Poor old ship!

She's sailed the round world over here and there and
everywhere,
She's served her masters faithfully in weather foul and
fair,
And now old age is on her it's a shame to see her so;
She has nothing left to live for; to the breaker let her go—
Poor old ship!

C. F. S.

PETER.

III.—PETER EATS.

THE feeding of Peter attains at times in our household the importance of a national problem. You see, he has certain food and at certain times, and should eat that food at those times, and not other food at any old times, which is *his* idea of the nourishment question.

When he was a puppy of course the bother did not arise. To be precise, it did not have time to arise. For he had four meals a day, just as we did, and milk at eleven, and in between an occasional "oh-but-you-must-let-the-little-darling-have-this-he-is-such-a-puppy." Any leisure, therefore, he had over from all this he spent in sleeping it off. But now that he is a dog and is promoted to two square meals of meat and brown-bread and biscuit per diem, he has spare time perpetually on his paws and food perpetually on his mind, and it is rather difficult to keep him from seeking distraction in one long illicit meal-hunt.

The trouble is that, unless we watch over him all day, we don't know till his meal-time whether he has been

successful or not. Twice a day, at breakfast and dinner (Peter's, not ours), do we look at him anxiously as he approaches his plate and say to one another, "Has he had anything, do you think?" and then, more important, "Where *has* he got it this time?"

For there are days when he rushes at the plate and is polishing its empty whiteness before we can look round. And there are days when he eats the meat rapidly, looks pathetic and half-starved on the vague chance of there being more in the offing and finally wades unenthusiastically through half the biscuit. And there are days when he eats the meat with an air of one doing what is expected of him and takes one piece of biscuit off into a dark corner, where he directs at it the most blood-curdling threats, accompanied by short sharp rushes and even an occasional snap, without, however, so far committing himself as to take it in his mouth in case he might by accident swallow it.

On the first occasions we breathe happily. Peter has not eaten extraneous food. On the second occasions we are puzzled and make inquiries at next-

door's kitchen and our own and in other places where food lurks. And on the last occasions we frankly spend a lot of time trying to woo him to eat *some* of his biscuit, because the Vet says it is very good for him.

The question of "Where does he get it?" has, however, at last been solved. We used to suspect the cook of giving him things till we learnt more about Peter's pedigree. Bought as a puppy in Club Row, Bethnal Green, it does not come natural to him to be given things. He prefers to steal them. If they are on the floor in a dirty corner so much the better. And if he can steal them from the neighbourhood of a dustbin that is even better still. In any strange house he goes unerringly to the kitchen, but, though other dogs are equally good at this, because they know kitchens mean cooks and cooks mean food, in Peter's case it is because he knows kitchens mean back-doors and back-doors mean dustbins. It is all very regrettable.

Moreover, it is particularly awkward when we are staying away, because one always has to impress on strange maids the real meaning of "not feeding" a



Wife (to husband who has come for the fourth time to fetch her). "NEARLY DONE NOW, OLD THING. WE'VE THINNED IT DOWN TO THESE."

dog. They seem to think that, if they don't actually give him a full plate of meat, it is all right, and that occasional snacks, at the rate of one every ten minutes, are not "food." We sometimes find it difficult to reconcile the cook's fervidly expressed statement that of course she hasn't fed the little dear because you told her not to (and her equally fervid meaning that you are a callous brute to issue such an order) with Peter's reluctant entrance into the dining-room from the back premises scarcely able to drag one leg after the other and resounding like a drum if he bumps against the furniture.

Under all these circumstances, as you see, it was almost impossible to get him to eat that amount of biscuit which the Vet said he ought to eat. We tried every method we could think of. At one time we used to put biscuit alone on his plate and not give him meat till he had eaten it. The first time we did this he fell for it. He sniffed all over the plate, bent a reproachful gaze on us, and finally began to eat the biscuit in the manner of a wrongfully-condemned man tackling a dish of skilly. The pathos of it all was so great that it went to Frances' heart, and before he had done the third mouthful she weakened on the job and hauled out the meat from the window-sill. Peter's rapture was unbounded, but the trick was exploded. At the next meal he ignored the biscuit completely and sat hopefully pointing at the window-sill. So we tried concealing it about the room, and Peter took it for a game of hide-and-seek, in which he so consistently ignored the biscuit and so often discovered the meat that our only triumph was on the day when we hid it actually on his plate.

Next we tried not bringing it into the room at all, and were unable to keep Peter in the room either. After that we conceded a point and poured gravy over the biscuit fragments. Peter inadvertently ate one piece under the impression it was gravy all through; then he laboriously licked the gravy off each morsel and left the ground-work in unexpected corners of the room.

Once, I remember, I took a firm line and refused him meat at all till he should have eaten one biscuit. Against this starvation policy he held out for three successive meals. Had I not yielded to the prayers of the sympathetic Frances I think he would have been holding out still; for it simply meant that he intensified his dustbin researches and thus stultified any internal pressure I might have brought to bear.

But at last we have discovered the secret, and every day Peter eats his ration of biscuit like a good little boy. It has all been done by an application



Applicant. "DOES THE FLAT OVERLOOK THE ALBERT MEMORIAL?"
Porter. "No, Sir; NOT FOR THAT RENT."

of the laws of psychology. Peter is given his meat by itself on a plate, and there is no mention of biscuit, nor is any visible. But directly after each meal his biscuit allowance, together with three or four dead tea-leaves and a broken egg-shell to lend an air of verisimilitude, is placed surreptitiously by the side of the dust-bin, as if it had fallen out. True to type, Peter eats it all up with gusto. A. A.

Things which could not have been Expressed more Brightly.

"VICTORIA WEST'S FINANCES.

The figures show a sound state of affairs, and if the Government could only be persuaded to write off the dam debt entirely the profits would be considerably bettered."

Colonial Paper.

That's the spirit.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR.

(Lines to a Legislator on a near prospect
of Dissolution.)

"Who goes home?" O warrior, dear
Oft to your war-wearied ear
Once those words of rest and cheer;

But ere long, alack!
As the sterner fight draws nigh
And the final echoes die,
Counter-echoes may reply,

"Who comes back?" A. K.

"JOURNALIST IN DIVORCE SUIT."

Headline in Morning Paper.

From our own co-respondent?

"ROSE LEAVES TO GREET THE BRIDE."

Headline in Evening Paper.

Probably Rose was one of the bridesmaids.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MAGIC CLOAK.

Mrs. Worpel was a charwoman who made her living by cleaning out offices, but she didn't earn very much by it, so when she wanted to buy some clothes she generally bought them second-hand because they were cheaper than new ones, and she didn't much mind what she looked like as long as she could keep warm.

Well when the winter was coming on Mrs. Worpel went into a shop to buy a second-hand cloak, because the one she had on was so old that it was nearly dropping off her back, and the gentleman in the shop, whose name was Moses Levi, because his ancestors had once lived in Palestine, showed her a very nice cloak, but it was more than she could afford. And he said well it is really very cheap and I should buy it if I were you because it is a magic cloak, and anybody who puts it on is invisible, so you would be able to go to theatres and cinemas without paying anything, because they wouldn't know you were there. And Mrs. Worpel didn't believe him, but she put on the cloak just to try what it felt like, and directly she had done that Mr. Levi said where are you? so then she knew that he had told the truth and she really was invisible, because of the cloak.

So then she walked out of the shop without paying for the cloak, and it wasn't very honest of her, but Mr. Levi had put it into her head by saying that about theatres and cinemas, so he couldn't grumble.

Well Mrs. Worpel was very poor but she had always been honest, and the people whose offices she cleaned out didn't mind what they left lying about because they knew she would never take it, and once when she had seen a lady drop a purse she had picked it up and given it back to her instead of keeping it for herself, and the lady had given her a shilling for doing that, so she knew that honesty was the best policy, and she never minded how often she passed policemen in the streets because there was nothing they could take her up for.

Well some magic cloaks are all right, but this was one that made whoever wore it dishonest at once, so directly Mrs. Worpel had put it on she began

to think of all the things she could do because of people not seeing her when she did them, and she thought she would get on very well and not have to work so hard for her living. And the first thing she did was to take an apple off a barrow, because she was rather hungry. And there was a policeman standing quite near, but she knew he couldn't see her, so she made a long nose at him and went on eating her apple which was a nice sweet one.

And the next thing she did was to go into a shop and take a pair of gold ear-

she had hooked the earrings into her ears that the next policeman she passed she did a little dance in front of him. And of course he heard the noise her nails made on the pavement but he couldn't make it out because he couldn't see anything. And he looked so puzzled that she burst out laughing at him, and then she gave him a little slap on the face, but not so as to hurt him, and ran away.

Well this policeman happened to have been reading about magic cloaks only the evening before, when he was off duty, so he knew that it must be something like that and he ran after Mrs. Worpel and tried to grab hold of her though he couldn't see her. And he did just touch the cloak, and if he had held it and pulled it off her of course she wouldn't have been invisible any more, and she might have had to go to prison for stealing a pair of gold earrings. But he just missed taking hold of the cloak and she had the sense to slip into the doorway of an ironmonger's shop and stand there until he had run past. But she had so nearly been caught that she was frightened and thought she had better be more careful what she did. And she knew that the nails in her shoes made too much noise, so she went into the shop and took a pair of pincers off the counter, and then she went into a cemetery and took out the nails with it.

Well by this time Mrs. Worpel ought to have been cleaning out an office, but she thought she might as well take a holiday instead, and it was a very fine day, so she got into a bus that was

going near some tea-gardens, and the bus wasn't full at first but presently it began to fill up, and it looked as if there was a place empty where she was sitting, so the conductor of the bus said room for one more, and a clergyman came in and was just going to sit down on her, but she jumped up and pushed her way out of the bus, and plenty of people felt her doing it, but they thought they must have made a mistake, so she jumped off the bus as it was going and fell down and got covered with mud. So then she thought it wasn't worth being invisible inside buses, and she had better take off the cloak and carry it over her arm, and then she could get into another bus and pay her fare, and



"THIS GAVE MRS. WORPEL QUITE A TURN."

rings which she had seen hanging in the window and thought she would like, because she had had her ears pierced but had never been able to afford to buy herself earrings to hook into them.

Well there were two men in the shop and they thought they heard somebody come in, because Mrs. Worpel was wearing an old pair of golfing shoes which one of the gentlemen whose offices she cleaned out had given her as they hurt his corns, and she couldn't help the nails in them making a noise, but when the two men didn't see anybody they thought they were mistaken and went on talking about horse-racing. And Mrs. Worpel was so pleased when



Young Woman. "THERE'S CLARA. SHE'S ALWAYS SO AT THE MERCY OF HER CLOTHES!"

she could put the cloak on again when she got to the tea-gardens and get her tea for nothing.

Well directly she had taken off the cloak she became honest again and was quite shocked at all the things she had done. And she knew that if she didn't go and clean out the office she would lose one of her jobs, so instead of taking the bus she ran back to the office and started cleaning it out as hard as she could. And she put the cloak down on a chair, but she hadn't noticed that the office cat was asleep on the chair.

Well directly the cloak was on the cat they both of them became invisible, and the cat jumped off the chair and wriggled about until it had got rid of the cloak, and then it rushed out of the room and left the cloak on the floor. And this gave Mrs. Worple quite a turn.

And then she began to think of all the dishonest things she had done that afternoon, and she was quite shocked at herself, and she said I wonder if it has anything to do with the magic cloak, because I am quite honest really.

So she put it on again and directly she did that she said oh I must take that silver inkstand, I am sure it is valuable and I can sell it for plenty of money.

Well she had often seen the silver inkstand before and had never wanted to take it, so she was quite sure now that it was because of the magic cloak. And she took it off, and then she was quite shocked at herself again for wanting to steal.

So she said to herself I shan't have anything more to do with this cloak, I shall take it back to Mr. Moses Levi and he can sell it to somebody else if he likes.

So she did that, and Mr. Moses Levi was quite pleased to have the cloak again and he sold her a good ordinary one cheap.

And Mrs. Worple took back the gold earrings to the shop where she had taken them from and said she had picked them up in the street, and this wasn't telling a lie because she had dropped them outside on purpose. She didn't do anything about the apple and the pair of pincers because she didn't know how to without telling about the magic cloak. She didn't feel quite comfortable about this but she said to herself well you can't expect to have everything your own way and I must put up with it, and I did have some fun with the magic cloak which I shall always remember.

A. M.

MY HOUSE.

I'd like a house with gables
That lift among the leaves,
A house as full of fables
As barns are full of sheaves;
I'd like a garden with great lots
Of pansies and forget-me-nots,
White pigeons on red chimney-pots
And swallows in the eaves.

Oh! there would I awaken
In days of daffodil
To peace and eggs and bacon
And sunshine on the sill;
And oh, the early postman, he
A whistling Mercury would be
And bring, from those I love, to me
Word that they love me still.

P. R. C.

A Wholesale Apology which Impends.

"BRITISH FAMILIES OF SAXON ORIGIN
Pedigree as Old and Vulnerable
as Any in World."

Montreal Paper.

"The first Finance Bill would therefore contain only those clauses necessary to the protection of the revenue—namely, the continuance of the income tax and its very small companion the duty on hope."—Manchester Paper.

We are claiming repayment of our duty on hope deferred.



Hostess. "GOOD HEAVENS! HERE COMES MY HEAD-GARDENER. WHAT SHALL I DO? I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO COME INTO THIS HOT-HOUSE."

A Thank-Offering for the King's Recovery.

TO-NIGHT (May 1st), at the annual dinner in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools for Cripples, an appeal is to be made for a very special purpose.

By the Windmill of Chailey—a notable Sussex landmark, itself now crippled by a great gale—stand the KITCHENER Huts, which the boys of this Public School of Crippledom built at the beginning of the War under the direction of craft-masters, so as to set free their own more comfortable quarters for the use of wounded soldiers. These huts, like all such buildings put up during the War, were meant to serve only a temporary necessity. Some sections are now in urgent need of repair, others of replacement by modern and hygienic buildings—the whole to be capable of housing more than a hundred crippled boys. At the lowest estimate the work, if it is to be worthy of the achievements of Chailey, will cost £25,000. But this is a small sum in comparison with the magnitude of an enterprise on which £400,000 has been raised and spent since its inception twenty-five years ago.

If corroboration of Mr. Punch's repeated testimony to the value of the work done at Chailey is needed, he invites his readers to send for the very attractive pamphlet, just issued, in which that work is set forth, and to note especially the tribute paid to the Heritage Craft Schools by the War Office for their service to wounded soldiers. That service was long ago accomplished, but the task for which these schools were founded—the care and cure of crippled children and their training for active vocations—is a task that never ceases.

The appeal which now comes from the Heritage Crafts Schools is addressed in particular to their own county of Sussex, within whose borders the KING is passing the

days of convalescence. But it goes beyond Sussex to ask the nation at large to help in raising the new buildings as a thank-offering for HIS MAJESTY'S recovery.

Cheques should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

THE FOOTBALL MARKET.

END OF THE SEASON CLEARANCE SALE.

(From an announcement in "The Blankley Advertiser.")

Messrs. Mallet and Rostrum have been favoured with instructions from the Directors of the Blankley United Football Club, Limited, to sell by auction at the Football Mart, absolutely without reserve, on Monday, 12th May, a quantity of useful second-hand players, including the following attractive lots:—

(1) A remarkably fine pair of full-backs with cabriole legs and beautifully-splayed feet. Recently re-upholstered in green and beige stripes. In perfect condition.

(2) A genuine antique bow-fronted centre-forward. Slightly damaged by rough usage. Otherwise in good order. A strong well-made piece.

(3) A magnificent 6-ft. 6-in. centre half-back with twisted legs and artistic top-piece. Exceedingly scarce in this size. One knee-cap a trifle loose; the rest in excellent condition. A very attractive lot.

(4) Cup and League medallist goal-keeper with telescopic arms and legs and gracefully-fluted shins. An exceptionally fine specimen.

How to Keep the Troops Jolly.

"The 1st Battalion Welsh Guards, who sailed from Southampton yesterday for Egypt in the transport *Neuralgia* . . ."—*Yorkshire Paper*.



"LONG TO REIGN OVER US!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 22nd.—"British wireless for the British West Indies" is Viscount SANDON's motto. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE admitted that it was practically impossible to cut out American stations in the Caribbean area, and declared that any project for establishing a British broadcast transmitting station there would be "most sympathetically considered." Viscount SANDON intimated that what the Anglo-Caribbees wanted was not the sympathetic consideration of non-existent projects but a transmitting station.

In answer to Sir WALTER DE FRECE the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR THE COLONIES read out a list of the places where the Empire Marketing Board had given culinary displays. There is evidently an idea abroad that the Kitchen Committee should try to give one.

What are the "three top qualities" of home-killed beef, for which a voluntary system of grading and marking has, according to the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, been prepared? The three grades of meat normally recognised are of course (a) what the country inns and London grill-rooms serve, (b) what the butcher sends you the day after you have blown him up, and (c) what he sends you at other times. No amount of maps stamped on the meat will alter this age-old category. They will no doubt enable the butcher to distinguish at a glance between prime Scotch and best Santos chilled—and act accordingly.

Mr. GUINNESS rather surprised the House by intimating that an increase in the scale of heavy-horse-breeding grants was under consideration. The next thing we know we shall be subsidising A***** Sevens at the rate of so much a litter.

Committee on Ways and Means put Mr. SNOWDEN in the way of saying all sorts of mean things about the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's abandonment of the Betting Tax. Nobody minds that. It does Mr. SNOWDEN good and gives the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER a chance to pep up a "tranquil and even lifeless debate." What the House did stretch its eyes at was Mr. SNOWDEN's veiled threat to abolish the Totalisator if he got a chance. The rôle of iconoclast suits the

ex-Chancellor and doubtless the graven images he has already menaced, Safeguarding, the BALFOUR Note, the Totalisator, and other objects of his fanatical fury, will in due course be added to.

On this slightly acidulated note the House adjourned at half-past five—none too soon under the circumstances.

Tuesday, April 23rd.—The Lords gave a Second Reading to the Savings Banks Bill. Lord READING wondered if it really encouraged thrift to pay two-and-a-half per cent interest—the pre-War rate—when a rate so much better could be got elsewhere. Lord LONDON-

nocent of intentions in that connection, Lord PLYMOUTH explained that they were waiting for the considered opinion of the Governor on the recommendations. The Governor was fully aware of Lord PARMOOR's anxiety to hear from him at the earliest opportunity, but was having some difficulty in ascertaining what was Cingalese opinion on the matter. It is just possible that the natives, who, like great ANNA, do sometimes hubbubs make and sometimes tay, have no opinion at all.

There have been breaches of the peace, Mr. HURD explained in the Commons, owing to the public having left pieces of its breeches on the barbed wire which some ill-disposed persons have erected on Roundway Down, near Devizes. Was the MINISTER aware of it? The MINISTER was, but, like Bishop BERKELEY, "intimated darkly" that there was litigation afoot.

Mr. CHURCHILL showed no willingness to accede to Mr. BATEY's request that polling-day should be made a general holiday. Spenny-moor's sturdy coal-miners are presumably so prosperous that another day off would do them a world of good. Mr. CHURCHILL also informed Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that to date we have paid the United States £246,600,000 of our War Debt and have received £33,700,000 ourselves from our Allies. The figures were presumably extracted in order to justify the rigour of Mr. SNOWDEN's assault on the BALFOUR Note.

Lord EUSTACE PERCY on the Board of Education Vote explained at length how that Department is being administered in the best of all possible ways. He revealed nothing of very poignant interest unless one so describes a hint (already dropped by the PRIME MINISTER at Drury Lane) that, if it returns to power, the Government will fling itself upon the hitherto neglected question of nursery schools.

Sir MARTIN CONWAY, in what was the most stimulating speech of the debate, repeated his assault upon the present system of education, which fits every child to be a clerk and none to be a farmer. He would have children taught the rudiments of soil chemistry, the botany of seeds and crops and the geography of the parish.

A meritorious idea, but it might be



Mr. SNOWDEN. "NOW, GENTS, PLAY UP AT 'EM—ROLL, BOWL OR PITCH!"

DERRY replied that people could buy National Savings Certificates, which paid more, an answer that recalls the case of the North-Country farmer who in a fashionable West-End restaurant complained about the size of his portion of tripe. The head-waiter endeavoured to explain that this was a high-class establishment, where the quality of the service and the excellence of the cooking were considered of more importance than mere quantity. "Sithee, lad," retorted the unconvinced farmer, "what dost think tripe 's for?"

Lord PARMOOR derived much satisfaction from asking, at the usual length, what the Government intends to do about the Report of the Special Commission on the Government of Ceylon. The Government being apparently in-

as well to throw in a little Canadian geography and enough arithmetic to enable the children to understand how the modern farmer sells nine penn'orth of wheat for fourpence.

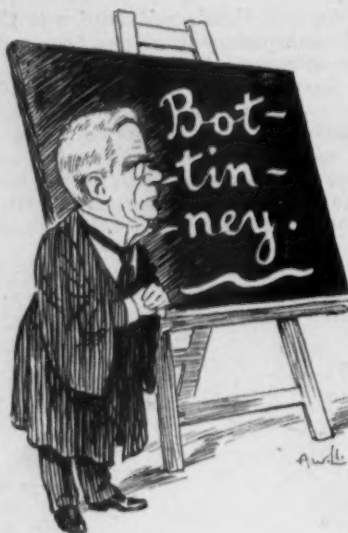
Wednesday, April 24th.—Lord LUCAN assured Lord DENBIGH that the cash-on-delivery system is working well, though not well enough to justify a reduction of the fees. It would not be right, he said, to urge the public to use the cash-on-delivery system in place of other forms of remittance. No taking the cash and letting the postal-order go for the P.M.G.!

The FOREIGN SECRETARY took advantage of a Question in the House to assure the world that this country accepts the suggestion as to the reduction of armaments made by Mr. GIBSON at Geneva in the warm spirit in which it was offered. Subsequent efforts by Opposition Members to "diminish the effect of the substantial importance of the statement" were more eager than successful.

Mr. HACKING, answering Mr. MORRISON, attributed the rise in the price of bacon to a shortage of supplies, adding naively that he thought profiteering had nothing to do with it. What profiteering is, if it is not getting fourpence more for bacon one week than it fetched the week before, it would be interesting to know. Mr. HACKING was on firmer ground when he denied that fourpence on bacon coincided otherwise than by accident with fourpence off tea. But there is evidently an evil genius that shapes our breakfast-tables, detax them how we may.

A debate followed on unemployment with none of the employment wizards to demonstrate what Americans would call their stuff. Old shikaris maintain that there is nothing like the yapping of a small dog to attract the larger carnivores from their lairs. The yappings of Mr. CLYNES had a similar effect on the MINISTER OF LABOUR. Hardly had he given tongue when jungly noises were heard and the Ministerial tiger rushed out with every fang bared. The source of immediate annoyance was a declaration by Mr. CLYNES that there had been "administrative persecution" of persons qualified for unemployment benefit. Sir ARTHUR, interrupting, pointed out that the Courts administering benefit were entirely independent of the Ministry. Mr. CLYNES en-

deavoured to brave it out, but the carnivore's teeth were bared in a nasty way, so he withdrew to the position that the administrative machinery had



"B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When the boy has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system."—Nicholas Nickleby.

SIR MARTIN CONWAY AS MR. SQUEERS.

deprived men of benefits to which they were entitled.

But one does not arouse tigers with impunity. The MINISTER OF LABOUR, not usually the most inspiring of Ministers, proceeded to demolish the unemployment proposals of his adversaries

with a vigour and skill that deserved a better audience than a handful of somnolent M.P.'s.

Thursday, April 25th.—The Lords decently buried Lord CECIL's freak Road Vehicles Bill.

Of more real moment was Lord JESSEL's attack on the proposed Battersea Power Station and its threatened outpouring of sulphurous and tormenting fumes over Westminster. Lord BIRKENHEAD defended the project, not inappropriately, since he is a bit of a smoke producing chimney himself; and Lord LONDONDERRY explained that even if the new power station was going to emit sulphurous fumes, it would only emit seventy per cent of what was now given off by the three power stations that it was going to replace.

Was there just a faint tinge of regret in the HOME SECRETARY's voice as he announced that he had no power to suppress the Stock Exchange Derby sweep? Defenders of our ancient liberties profess to have detected it. Sir ROBERT THOMAS pressed the HOME SECRETARY as to why it was not a public lottery. "I should say," replied Sir WILLIAM cautiously, "that it is a private lottery with certain semi-public characteristics."

A reference by Mr. CHURCHILL to the "chagrin" felt by Mr. SNOWDEN at the remission of the Tea Duty aroused the Labour Party to passionate resentment, not so much, one gathered, at the accusation itself as at the idea of being called something it has never been called before.

Debate on the second reading of the Finance Bill was notable chiefly for the maiden speech of Miss JENNY LEE. It was a courageous first speech for a newcomer of such tender years, but it was more vehement than reasoned—not such a serious fault in a House that has suffered more in the past from old age than from youth that does not know. Sir P. FORD, who had the pleasure of congratulating the North Lanark recruit, might well have congratulated Mr. MAXTON, for it seems that that Pirate King will be able hereafter to rely on the assistance of a "piratical maid-of-all-work."

Vituperation in the Engadine.

"St. MORITZ CAMPEER.

Hotel — Camplér. Comfortable Family and Sporthotel. Regular cus-service to St. Moritz."—Swiss Paper.



OUT AFTER BIG GAME.

MR. CLYNES AND SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND.

**MORE WORLD'S WORKERS.**

IVORY CRAFTSMEN CARVING IMITATION VERTEBRE FOR PUTTING IN OXTAIL SOUP.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THERE is trouble in our tennis club, and I am the innocent cause—I, who have not been a member long enough to know a soul there except Crophorne, who introduced me and gave me a general outline of the incompetence prevailing in high places since he lost his seat on the committee.

The great ambition of every member of our tennis club (he told me) was to get a place in the match team, but in my case that ambition had, as yet, barely dawned, though my coach is of opinion that I shall be all right when I have improved my service, which is at present my two main faults.

As a first step to improvement, I broached the subject of a racket to a cousin of mine whose tennis commands respect wherever he goes.

"You can have one of mine cheap," he said, and produced for inspection some half-dozen specimens which were still, as he patronisingly remarked, good enough for a novice.

"Take them all and try them," he added, "and keep the one you like."

No opportunity of testing those rackets occurred before the opening of our season, and even then, when I put in an appearance on the ground with that end in view, the courts were unfit for play.

I left without striking a ball, and it

was therefore with profound surprise that I learned I had been chosen to play in a match on the following Saturday. If only I had realised how unprecedented was such an honour I might have gracefully refused it at once. If I had even guessed the attitude of the disappointed candidates who assembled to watch the new unknown who had walked straight into the place they had hoped to fill, I should have withdrawn at the last moment.

Over my actual performance I prefer to draw a veil. To the comments of my partner I would fain have fitted a silencer. But to the indignation of my fellow-members I am indifferent. They may allege favouritism and hint at blackmail, but I do not care.

Even though the selection committee has had to resign in a body and is thinking of applying for police protection, I am not going to pretend that I am to blame for the fact that my first visit to the courts, carrying six rackets, led them to assume that I was one of those without whom no picture of a Riviera tournament is complete.

Why shouldn't a rabbit carry six rackets if it wants to? They'll be saying next that the last man in at cricket mustn't have the screen shifted.

"NIGHT TELEPHONE DELAYS ANGER."
Evening Paper Headline.

We doubt it.

THE HAPPY PEDESTRIAN.

[It is said that a diet of sandwiches tends to make one thick-headed.]

WHEN the motor-car came
And it caught me a crack
With unfaltering aim
In the small of the back,
I was loth to complain
Of the way it had sped,
Though I dented the lane
With the side of my head.

There was clearly no need,
Though it ruffled my hair,
To bestow any heed
On so small an affair,
Since armed was my pate
To withstand such a punch
By the sandwiches (eight)
I had eaten for lunch.

In aid of the funds of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital a Loan Exhibition of Old Silver will be held, beginning to-day and lasting till the 25th, at Seaford House, 37, Belgrave Square, S.W. 1, by the kindness of Lord and Lady HOWARD DE WALDEN. Almost all the exhibits belong to dates earlier than 1739, the year of the founding of the Hospital.

A Soft Job.

"Sir George Newman, the chief medical officer to the Healthy Ministry . . ."
Daily Paper.

AT THE PICTURES.

A SERIOUS TALKY.

In choosing Sir JAMES BARRIE's tense and masterly sketch, *Half-an-Hour*—re-entitled *The Doctor's Secret*—with which to introduce their Talky campaign in London, Messrs. ZUKOR and LASKY have acted shrewdly, for the plot is simple and the characters are so few and clearly defined as to be recognisable. But among those who remember the sketch, years ago, at the Hippodrome, only a frantic enthusiast for this new medium could maintain that the drama gains by translation into photography and into what sounds like sore-throated ventriloquism, or indeed that it does not consistently lose. In the Talky all movements are lost save those that can accompany the speech of persons more or less rooted to a given spot; there is no room, for instance, for the galvanic

written afresh, within the strict boundaries of the device, and not be adaptations. Whether this dialogue is Sir JAMES BARRIE's or another's is not made clear on the programme; but often it is strangely unlike him.

Since the half-hour has been extended it is a pity that any reference to the original time-restriction is ever

discussion of her lover's merits with the incomprehensible midget.

The only extra touch of vividness which *The Doctor's Secret* can supply is the actual spectacle of the lover (who in *Half-an-Hour* was run over "off") being run over in reality; and this, of course, is a loan from the despised movies.

Miss RUTH CHATTERTON as *Lady Lillian* is, let me say, admirable. She begins a little monotonously, but warms up into something very true, and makes the part as sympathetic as the author intended. Mr. H. B. WARNER as the husband allows no brutality to be missing, and Mr. ROBERT EDESON, the doctor, once you believe he is a doctor and not an American financial magnate, is real enough and terribly audible, although since the precious minutes are fleeing he might be quicker. He has also an odd way of leaving the room while *Lady Lillian* is speaking to him, and then suddenly reappearing: perhaps another defect of the Talkies quality? As the only medical attendant who has seen the man just run over and killed, he takes his duties lightly. The least successful of the principals is Mr. JOHN LODER as the lover, for he is always in trouble with the letter S.

E. V. L.



ADVANTAGE OF THE "ALL-TALKING PICTURE."

OUR SUSPICION THAT THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER IS CONFIRMED BY THEIR WORDS.

made. It was, in the play itself, so interesting an adjunct to the drama, whereas in the film, where, as a rule, almost too much speed is attained, it is a drawback; for the critical moments are taken with exasperating slowness and are largely occupied by a miniature maid-servant whose voice is beyond the power of the speaking-machine to reproduce.

At the present stage in its evolution the idea in a Talking film seems to be that there must be talk continuously;

made. It was, in the play itself, so interesting an adjunct to the drama, whereas in the film, where, as a rule, almost too much speed is attained, it is a drawback; for the critical moments are taken with exasperating slowness and are largely occupied by a miniature maid-servant whose voice is beyond the power of the speaking-machine to reproduce.



Richard Garson (Mr. H. B. WARNER). "I SHOULD LOVE TO SNARL AT YOU FROM THE FIREPLACE, BUT IF I MOVE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE NOBODY IN THE AUDIENCE WILL HEAR ME."

purposefulness with which Mr. EDMUND GWENN, in the play, emphasised his remarks and drove home his suspicions. Facial expression has full scope, but not gesture. No one can both speak and walk—not if we are to hear him.

These limitations may of course be overcome, just as in the course of progress the whirring buzz of the machinery may be silenced; just now one notices them acutely. It is probable also that in the near future all Talkies will be



Dr. Brodie (Mr. ROBERT EDESON). "I AM NOT ONLY A DOCTOR; I'M THE JUDGE, JURY AND PROSECUTING COUNSEL."

but a time, no doubt, will come when dumb action will intervene. Such dumb action on the part of *Lady Lillian* would have been better at this point than her

AT THE PLAY.

"THESE FEW ASHES" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

MR. LEONARD IDE has strung his scenes—ingeniously cut gems of happy nonsense—upon an ingenious thread. Better still, he has a genuine sense of character. A team without a single rabbit in it played his light fantastic piece brilliantly. Adequate motives for the queer actions of his puppets are no doubt lacking, but to demand adequate motives in so pleasant a medley would betray a serious lack of proportion and of humour.

Oki (Mr. GEORGE CARR), the faithful Japanese servant of the late *Kenneth Vail* (Mr. OWEN NARES)—a more than normally susceptible philanderer and gorgeous spendthrift—is explaining (in the epilogue with which the play eccentrically opens) how he wishes his master's ashes, reverently encased in an antique urn of bronze, to be taken care of by that one of his late lamented employer's fair friends who has the most right to them. Four contestants state their claims before the bland all-knowing Oki, and in the retrospective scenes, sandwiched between the interrupted phases

of the "epilogue," those claims are as it were examined.

Vail was not lucky in his affairs. Olga (Miss STELLA ARBENINA) had simply meant to rob him of his last wad of notes, won by a coup at the tables, to provide a dot where-with to secure an avaricious husband. Her instrument was an unfortunate French shop-keeper (Mr. ALFRED WELLESLEY), whose last franc she had extracted at her own private gaming-table. Olga is dealt with effectively by the smiling Oki.

The idea of *Madame de Seguin* (Miss ATHENE SEYLER) was to use the susceptible young Englishman as a means of renewing the fading zeal of her temperamental lover, Victor Fontana (Mr. DINO GALVANI, rejoiced, I should think, to be released from his accustomed rôles of hotel manager or waiter), and it is *Madame de Seguin's* husband, Pierre (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH), who, interrupting Vail's cunningly-contrived tête-à-tête with his wife, carefully explains her technique to the astonished Vail and shows himself resolute that no rival to the impassioned Victor shall flourish if he, the solicitous husband, can help it. He has, be it understood, his own consolations.

Elsa von Glahn (Miss NELL CARTER), an Austrian countess reduced to debt-collecting for a livelihood, confesses that, while it is true she has been retained in her business capacity by his insistent creditors, yet she does truly love him and is tragically torn between the claims of head and heart. Not unnaturally Vail can do little here but pat her soothingly on the back—and make preparations for a hurried flight.

Only the pretty English girl, Janet Trent, the repressed young thing who has broken out and deliberately let herself go with maidenly indiscretion, has quite simply and genuinely loved him for his own unsatisfactory self's sake. How the problem is finally resolved must be the author's secret.

Mr. GEORGE CARR, condemned to a perpetual course of Orientalism, has seldom been so well served with a part. He can do so much more than make and keep the sinister or bland blank face of the heathen Japanese. Here is a most engaging human

character, delightfully played with subtle variations and skilfully holding the fantastic play together according to the lively author's intentions. Mr. OWEN NARES cleverly made his hero a fool

without losing our sympathy. Miss ATHENE SEYLER, allowed by her perceptive producer (Mr. NARES) to play her *Madame de Seguin* without exaggeration in the interests of getting it across, gave us an admirable study of a spoilt unscrupulous woman. Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH's elaborate portrait of a complacent husband was vastly amusing, and it might so easily have been rather tiresome; Miss GRACE WILSON, quite admirable in the shy passages of her romance, perhaps lost a little of her force in her anger and despair through forcing the note a little.

A most diverting little play, without a dull moment. Fine team-work. Clever production. Mr. LEONARD IDE must give us more of this kind of thing. T.

"LA VIE PARISIENNE" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Those who are attracted to this light opera by the identity of its title with that of a certain organ of the Parisian Press are liable to be disappointed, for they will find too little impropriety and too much humour to suit the appetites of the patrons of that salacious but singularly unfunny paper. Even when the suburban parents of the ingénue Julia, having taken her to Paris to escape the welcome attentions of an ineligible suitor, are introduced to a cabaret and assist at a performance of the *can-can* it is all very harmless and, like the French lyrics, in the purest Hammersmith tradition. To the general air of comparative respectability a large contribution was made by the women's dresses of the period (1863), exposing as they did a good deal of hypocrisy but little else.

The curtain rose on the Calais packet, a very gay scene, full of colour and movement. A great song, "Farewell to Dover," and the imported air of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," gave the right maritime atmosphere. The lover, who has secretly followed his Julia, avoids detection by affecting nausea and hiding his face under a bandana. There is talk of vaccination, a topicality justified by the statue (1865) to JENNER at Boulogne.

We pass through successive scenes at the *douane* of the Gare du Nord, the Louvre (a room remarkable for the crudity of its nudes, which the Directors



HELPFUL HINTS.

THE COMPLACENT HUSBAND AND HIS WIFE'S LOVER.

Kenneth Vail MR. OWEN NARES.

Pierre de Seguin MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.



RIVALS FOR THE ASHES.

Madame de Seguin MISS ATHENE SEYLER.

Janet Trent MISS GRACE WILSON.

Oki MR. GEORGE CARR.

of the gallery have since been well-advised in displacing), and the Café des Étrangers; and we end chez la modiste, Mlle. de Tonac—perhaps the

as Julia, preserved very artfully the note of innocence proper to a *jeune fille* of that ingenuous period, and Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD, very picturesque

or corporeally, to his part. We wanted something more stolidly priggish at the start if we were to savour the contrast when he succumbs to the tempta-



LA VIE ON THE OCEAN WAVE: CROSSING THE CHANNEL IN THE 60's.

Robert Mainwaring (MR. ARTHUR LUCAS); Mlle. de Tonac (MISS KATHLYN HILLIARD); George Farquharson (MR. HERBERT LANGLEY); Gertrude Farquharson (MISS VIVIENNE CHATTERTON); Julia Farquharson (MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS).

best scene of all. Here the young pair, anxious to elude the pursuit of her angry parents, take the disguise of wax-models ("Make yourself a monument," said *Toinette* to Julia), ticketed "*La Mode*" and "*Le Sporting*." (Wasn't the latter label an inadvertent anachronism?). Here too we got some very good fun out of a rigged duel between the lover and his half-brother (posing as a French aristocrat with designs upon Julia's innocence), from which our hero gathers so much glory that the parents are persuaded to smile upon his union with their daughter. So all ends in a pæan of satisfaction, shared by the corpse, who at the worst had never lost his sense of humour, and by the indefatigable *gendarmérie*, whose batons sprouted into flowers, like Aaron's rod that budded.

The women were better than the men. MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS,

and piquante as *Toinette de Tonac*, missed nothing of the fun of dialogue and situation. On the other hand, Mr. HERBERT LANGLEY, as Julia's father, did not seem very well suited, facially

tions of *la vie Parisienne*. Almost from the first he gave evidence of a potentiality for developing the Silenus manner, so that it gave us no shock of pained surprise to see him half drunk in the cabaret,

singing "Forty is my darling," in a state of semi-senility. Also he insisted too much (for a light opera) on showing what could be done with a large and even formidable voice.

Mr. ARTHUR LUCAS, as the lover, was adequate, but a little lacking in levity; and Mr. HENRY CAINE, as his half-brother, was rather amateur in his style, but said and did some very amusing things. When he sang, with no pretence of a voice, he at least succeeded—an exceptional achievement—in making his words intelligible.

The female chorus, whether as Channel passengers, cabaret dancers or milliner's assistants, did excellent work, and we have to thank one of them,



POSTURE AND IMPOSTURE;

OR, LIVE AND DEAD MODELS.

Julia Farquharson MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS.
Geoffrey Mainwaring MR. HENRY CAINE.



First Novice. "DID YOU SEE THAT TOPPING RETURN I GOT IN?"

Second Ditto. "RATHER. YOU MEAN THAT TIME YOU HIT THE BALL, DON'T YOU?"

Miss YOUTH ROSE, for designing some very original and attractive costumes. Of the male chorus, equally adaptable, I must specially applaud Mr. HARRY HILLIARD, both as a boat-steward and the equivalent of a modern gigolo. The smallness of the stage, which is an aid to the intimacy of most performances at the Lyric, tended here to hamper the movements of the choruses, and I hope that the reception given to his joyous entertainment may encourage Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR to shift it to a less congestive sphere.

Mr. DAVIES ADAMS, who adapted the music of OFFENBACH and introduced many happy diversions of his own (ADAMS decorations, may I call them?), carried out his work to everyone's delight and had justice done to it both by singers and orchestra. Mr. A. P. HERBERT was less fortunate. If I had not known what excellent lyrics he can make, I should have got very little indication of his gift from what I was allowed to hear of it. With one or two exceptions—Miss BURGESS has a very clear and bird-like delivery—individual singers were far too much interested in their voices to trouble about anything else; and the words of the concerted songs—notably a patter-turn—were frankly inaudible.

We want more of the GILBERT spirit in a theatre that calls itself "Lyric," and other places where good lyricists are engaged. GILBERT laid down the fixed rule that the first business of a singer in GILBERT-and-SULLIVAN opera (note the order of the names) was not to invite attention to his voice or even to SULLIVAN'S music, but to get his (GILBERT'S) words across the footlights. Mr. HERBERT had the further disadvantage of being required in some cases to write up to music supplied to him, a thing GILBERT would never have tolerated.

In the dialogue A. P. H. was free to do as he liked, and he did it well, as when he made somebody say, "Many a man would be the better for the love of a pure wax model."

"One must suffer to be gay," says *Toinette*, and indeed this has been my bitter experience at many a revue. Even here on the first night there was now and then a suspicion of something like a *longueur*; but this no doubt has by now been corrected. Anyhow you cannot go wrong if you make the dry transit to the Far West and sample (without the inconveniences of preliminary vaccination or a yellow passport) the seductions of the *Life Parisian*, as tempered to the scruples of Hammer-smith, Home and Modesty. O.S.

"BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP" (NEW).

"A comedy of Youth, Love and Adventure" is perhaps a rather ambitious label for the light-headed irresponsibility of *Baa, Baa, Black Sheep*, which is simply a jolly piece of nonsense of the kind to delight the heart of any man or woman not fundamentally cretinous, superior or dyspeptic.

Hugo Bonsor is a flippant *fainéant* in love with the daughter of a kill-joy peer, the *Earl of Tuckleford*. His friend, *Chickie Buff* of the *Frivolity*, in whose dressing-room the first scene is set, has rather surprisingly a passion for one of the most self-important literary cubs of Chelsea, *Osbert Bassington-Bassington*. Hugo, whose sole accomplishment is making a noise plausibly like a barn-door cock heralding the dawn, is in despair at not being able to rise to the heights of *Tuckleford* asceticism, while *Chickie* has just been jilted by the inoffensive *Osbert*, who is seeking "some more plastic material." In a common despondency the two buzz off to a fancy-dress dance in a merry country night-club dangerously near *Tuckleford* territory. The club is raided. Bonneting the sergeant of police, stealing the manager's motor-cycle, skidding violently on the same, with

Chickie on the mudguard cushion—all this is the work of a few moments for the resourceful *Hugo*. The skid lands them in the vicarage of an old friend. They bathe in his bath and borrow what they presume to be his clothes, only to find that the "locum tremens" is no other than the *Rev. Aubrey Tuckleford*, the earl's brother.

The most artful précis-writer would need a couple of columns for the ensuing complications. It is sufficient to say that *Hugo*, affecting the carriage, accent and idiom (with unfortunate lapses) of the curate of the stage tradition (*Chickie* impersonating behind dark spectacles "my friend the Archdeacon of Togo-Togo"), is promptly required to marry the impetuous *Osbert* to an adenoidal local peasant maid, and to christen the twins of the undertaker; escapes sacrilege by ingenious subterfuges; is arrested with his accomplice by the zealous dunderhead, *Sergeant Gannett*; is haled before the beak, none other than *Lord Tuckleford*, founder of the New Curfew Society, whose stark homilies on the iniquities of modern youth are cut short by *Chickie's* recognition of the sanctimonious magnate as that distinctly forthcoming gentleman, disguised as Father Christmas, who had sat out with her on the stairs and smoked her cigarettes just before the police burst in.

The *Hon. Hermia Wyndrum*, having had more than enough of the paternal humbug, is only too willing to join in extorting his consent to her marriage with *Hugo* as the price of silence; while *Osbert*, in a reaction against adenoids, however plastic, again condescends to renew his engagement to the love-lorn *Chickie*.

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"The Zoo came into being in 1829. It was only twelve years later, in 1841, that I entered the world, not, like the ordinary infant, puling and immature, but already alert, I hope, and fairly vigorous. Looking round this notable gathering, although I see many venerable figures I see no one else whose age is eighty-eight. May all of you, when you reach that span, feel as fit as I do!

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SUPPRESSIO PATRIS.

THOUGH Fortune her favours has stinted,

My humour is gay and serene,
And one of my lyrics was printed
In full in my school magazine;
But my wife, who is free with her
censure,

Comes down with the force of a ton
Or a cartload of bricks if I venture,
At meals, on a pun.

In matters of dress I'm eclectic
And hold the most moderate views;
I avoid both the drab and the hectic
In fashions and patterns and hues;
But my sons are for ever abusing
The clothes and the hose that I prize,
And they simply won't hear of my
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My socks or my ties.

At school I was never a dandy;
I never was known as a "blood";
But with tools I was clever and handy,
At riding I wasn't a dud;
So I call it a shame and a scandal,
The cruellest, nastiest jar,
That I'm never permitted to handle
The wheel of my car.

My voice is a baritone, fruity
In tone, though perhaps not so rich
As it was in the days of its beauty,
But rigidly tuneful in pitch;
Yet the Fates are resolved to outwit me,
I cannot perform at my club,
And my daughters won't even permit me
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And yet, while affirming their fitness
To rule in the clearest of tones,
They are not inhuman, as witness
A recent pronouncement of Joan's:
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RIDGEWELL

Chickie on the mudguard cushion—all this is the work of a few moments for the resourceful *Hugo*. The skid lands them in the vicarage of an old friend. They bathe in his bath and borrow what they presume to be his clothes, only to find that the "*locum tremens*" is no other than the *Rev. Aubrey Tuckleford*, the earl's brother.

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(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

So crude and makeshift are the day-to-day activities of most professional politicians, so short-sighted and discrepant their pronouncements, that a novel dealing respectfully with both and entirely uninformed by any large political vision is almost bound to be a dispiriting affair. On this account I was not so much surprised as disappointed to find the first novel of Miss ELLEN WILKINSON rather unimpressive. The proletariat has scored so remarkably well in the past through the efforts of its bourgeois literary supporters that I should have liked so typical a representative of Labour to have knocked up a century during her first innings. However there is nothing much to be done with contemporary politics unless you satirize or sublimate them, and *Clash* (HARRAP) does neither. It does not even present a very memorable picture of its mainstay, the General Strike. Public affairs and the personal fortunes of the heroine come to a head together, and the question is not so much whether Mr. COOK will out-manoeuvre Mr. BALDWIN as whether *Joan Craig* will marry *Tony Dacre* or *Gerry Blain*. "Marry" is not precisely the word for *Tony's* proposition—he is married already, poor fellow. But the trouble with *Joan* is that *Tony* envisages protection or marriage with an equally exclusive eye—either must be a whole-time job for the woman; and *Joan*, with a six years' record of labour organization at twenty-six, has her career to consider. *Gerry*, an ex-airman, would be more accommodating but less attractive. The problem is a knotty one, but *Joan* is equal to solving it. She and her fellow-organizers, being for the most part

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Fishing Ways and Wiles.

By Major H. E. MORRITT,

Is full of sense and smiles

And salmon that were "for it"—

Salmon and shapely trout;

It tells of wands that winnow

And how we set about

The arts of worm and minnow.

An expert on his rounds

(But never too didactic),

Riparianly expounds

Full many a "minor tactic";

You enter, too, as guest

The Houghton Club's proud doorway;

You take a trout in Test;

You rent a boat in Norway.

We fish by night; in luck,

We prove the loch's calm surface;

We kneel, the fly to chuck,

Down where the daisied turf is;

And salmon—here we get,

Where the grey waters wake us,

The soundest reason yet

Why clean and kelt fish take us.

The author says he is

"A general practitioner,"

Nor in the least does his

Aptly all-round admission err;

You'll love his book, you'll go

And get it, that I'll wager;

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were certainly big ones. In *Death in Venice* (SECKER) and the two other stories which accompany it Herr THOMAS MANN shows that he can work with equal distinction on a smaller canvas. The beauty of his writing transpires through the adequate, but not much more than adequate, translation of Mr. (if it is Mr.) H. T. LOWE-PORTER, and his ruthless penetration into the recesses of the human mind—so different in its cold logic from the brilliant and erratic guesswork of our own Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE—is almost frightening. In all these stories it is an artist's mind into which he is peering. "Tristan" is humorous, though in rather a macabre way. It is the story, with a comic *dénouement*, of the flirtation of a ridiculous aesthete, a pseudo-artist, with a perfectly commonplace little married woman dying of consumption in an Alpine sanatorium. "Death in Venice" is a painful and powerful study of a famous writer, who has given his life austere to his art, disintegrated and destroyed in his middle age by passion for a beautiful boy; but in spite of its theme it need not cause the most careful of Home Secretaries a sleepless night, for if ever a moral was sharply pointed it is in this story. In "Tonio Kröger," perhaps the masterpiece of the three, is depicted the nemesis of a poet who, having for the sake of his art given himself to exotic adventure or the detached contemplation of life, discovers that what really attracts him is the normal existence of healthy ordinary people. These stories may not make a book for every man, but there is no denying the insight, the sincerity and the charm with which they are written.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is a writer for whom I have a very consider-

able respect. I believe I have read very nearly all his novels, from *The Countess of Maybury* and *Vivien* down to *We Forget Because We Must*, which appeared only the other day; and I know no other novelist to whom one can so invariably turn with the certainty of being interested. As a short story writer he is perhaps not to be placed in quite the same category. Here he has evolved a technique of his own, and in his latest collection, called *Like Shadows on the Wall* (HUTCHINSON), he pursues the theme and the methods that he employed in *Children of the Night*. He deals, that is to say, almost exclusively with the criminal classes; he is as brief as may be (there are no fewer than twenty-eight stories in a volume of under three hundred pages), and he adopts a curiously detached style in describing scenes which most writers would endeavour to make as emotional as possible. I do not say that it is a bad plan, but it leaves me sometimes with a feeling that the story might have been improved with a little fuller handling. Authors of Mr. MAXWELL's experience are not generally so prodigal of their material. Having said so much, I hasten to add that his little vignettes are excellently done. In a short space he contrives somehow to make his characters stand out convincingly, and, though he is careful to avoid any brutal appeal to the emotions, there are moments

enough of dramatic suspense in each story, not to mention the pleasure afforded by deft construction and the amusement provided by the gentle irony of the narrative.

Miss GERTRUDE ATHERTON's novel, *Vengeful Gods* (MURRAY), should appeal equally to those who, like most of us, have only a general idea of the position of ALCIBIADES in Greek history, and to those who have the whole subject at their fingers' ends. The ordinary reader will be fascinated by her picture of a man who, if he had been living to-day, would have made his mark in any walk of life, from that of a statesman to that of a master-crook, and probably in many of them simultaneously. The more erudite will watch with interest the confidence with which she has woven the accepted facts into a convincing portrait and the ingenuity with which she has invented the necessary embroidery. Her study of ALCIBIADES, together with the rather less successful one of that masterful and puzzling Egyptian, the lady *Tiy*, is the outstanding feature of a story which presents very vividly the social life of the period. With the closely-packed history of Athens as a power in the ancient world Miss ATHERTON

is not quite so happy. But it would take a good deal of really dull stuff—and this is never that—to over-balance the attractiveness of the main theme.

In *A Cricket Bag* (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON) Mr. JAMES THORPE shows himself a real enthusiast for the best of games, with, to my mind, just one bee in his bonnet. Anxious as he is that cricket should be played far and wide by all and sundry, he wants to prevent left-handed batsmen from taking any part in it. "Allow," he says, "the present left-handed



Wife. "THERE'S ONLY ONE APPLICATION FOR THE PLACE OF COOK. SHE'S SENT TWO PHOTOS OF HERSELF—ONE BATHING AT BRIGHTON AND THE OTHER PLAYING TENNIS SOMEWHERE."

batsmen a certain time in which to change their style or retire from the game." I suspect him of having a hockey-mind. Supposing I collected an eleven of left-handers, what harm would they do? Would Mr. THORPE allow them to play? It is a little surprising after this attack to find him paying tribute to F. E. WOOLLEY, who, with possibly one exception, must have batted longer (and so wasted more time) than any living left-hander. But, although Mr. THORPE's suggestion has irritated me, my vote goes eagerly for his book. As regards illustrations, reminiscences and advice to young cricketers it is a notable addition to the literature of the game.

Readers of *The Villa Jane* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) are not asked to spend their time in trying to discover the leading villain of the story. He stands revealed at once as *Claude Fennimore*, and even the greediest of sensation-mongers cannot fail to be satisfied with him. Subtlety is not one of Mrs. JANET LAING's outstanding qualities as a novelist, but she can create atmosphere and conduct a spirited chase. I felt fittingly depressed by the gloom and horror which surrounded this villa in remote Scotland, and was duly excited by the efforts to track down the infamous *Claude*. He, however, lives to continue, if Mrs. LAING consents, his career of crime.

CHARIVARIA.

SPRING is a month late in Switzerland, and little credence has been given to those who claim to have heard the first yodel.

An old lady writes to us pointing out that smaller navies mean a large increase in the number of unemployed sailors.

The first Anglo-American Music Conference is to take place at Lausanne in August. It is understood that the question of a limitation of saxophones and other armaments will be dealt with.

Would a Ministry of Employment achieve its object? asks a contemporary. Anyhow, it would employ a large number of officials.

The growing popularity of Iceland as a holiday-resort, to which attention is drawn, is attributed to curiosity as to the famous depressions.

"Provincial people in increasing numbers make a point of coming to London while the Royal Academy is open," says a gossip-writer. There is of course nothing quite like it in the provinces.

Candidates who have had the new amplifier fixed in their motor-cars speak in a normal voice into a small horn stuck in the waistcoat and can make themselves heard much further than when talking through the hat.

The *Daily Express* offered ten pounds for a criticism of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S broadcast speech. We are asked to deny that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE offered to give them one for nothing just for the love of the thing.

Perpetual broccoli is advertised by a nurseryman. The ordinary sort, however, is considered good enough for present electioneering purposes.

Some of our prominent public men are said to have been exceptionally dull as schoolboys. We find this easily credible.

With reference to the proposal to substitute an electric-lift for the salmon-leap on a Scottish river, curiosity is expressed as to how long it will take the fish to learn to press the bell.

The proposed introduction of the human touch into the telegraph service is all very well, but we warn the Post-Master-General that we shall resent any attempt at familiarity.

Immediately after being dropped from an aeroplane two thousand feet above a ranch a bantam hen laid an egg. In our opinion, however, this is not a practical method of encouraging hens to lay.

A *Daily Mail* reader is unable to discover what causes his house to vibrate

The problem of the revival of Erse, we read, is, broadly speaking, to incorporate in it such words as "railway." But need they be broadly spoken?

The B.B.C. estimates the number of people who listen to its programmes at fourteen million. It has not yet been computed, even in round figures, how many don't.

Windscreens wipers are now being fitted on the captain's bridge of one of the latest battleships. But there is still no aperture through which the Captain can thrust his arm to indicate that he is about to turn a corner.

A doctor has stated that it is possible to get urticaria from just looking at strawberries. You can also get very ill from just looking at the price of them.

In the opinion of a B.B.C. official even grown-ups are becoming very fond of fairy tales. And when the General Election campaign is in full swing they are going to hear a few.

On meeting POLA NEGRI an evening paper representative noticed that her eyes were blue, and was told that they change colour as her moods change. He does not state what colour her eyes were when he left her.

A paragraphist mentions that Dr. HAGBERG WRIGHT, of the London Library, plays ping-pong. We are trying not to let this revelation shake our faith in humanity.

The new hat-brim, it seems, must repeat the line of the eyebrows. Mr. GEORGE ROBEY doesn't care.

No Pickled Pupils, says Lord Chief Justice.

"In his judgment the Lord Chief Justice said the grounds for the rule were that the master had no authority to can the boy. . . ."

Evening Paper.

"The meeting decided that the church should be renovated, and that vicar of the parish, should be painted."—*Provincial Paper.*

We hope they will match.

"The question often arises: What will shrdlu etaoinshrdlu etaoinshrdl etaoin or won't a muskrat eat?"—*Canadian Paper.*

Because of course the etaoiner the shrdluer.



ZOO BROADCASTING.
THE OSTRICH SWALLOWS THE MICROPHONE.

periodically. He might try the effect of changing the newspaper.

What Oxford needs, a paragraphist suggests, is a Chair of Gastronomic History. A home of lost courses is indicated.

With regard to the beautifully-wrought iron gates, described as a feature of the interior of a London hostess's house, our only fear is that they may be regarded as a challenge to crashers.

The prevalence of Lancashire comedians is now ascribed to the large infusion of Irish blood in the county. That is no excuse.

TO AN INTENDING CANDIDATE.

MY DEAR CUTHBERT,—If, as you say, you have given the matter earnest consideration and feel confident of being able to go on living within your wife's income, I see no particular harm in your standing as the Truth and Honesty Candidate for Chickby-Chocumbe. Your aunt wishes me to say she is so glad you have chosen the right side. By the way, you do not say which one it is.

Let me counsel you to get busy as quickly as possible, as the General Election is now within measurable distance and it would be a sad pity if the money you will no doubt have to lavish on Truth and Honesty failed to procure for you the desired political distinction. Politics being what they are to-day, you cannot afford to rely too much upon the righteousness and justice of your cause. It was a different matter in the dear old days of clean straightforward politics. Then, by simply being a bluff, homely country squire, it was possible to enter Parliament without resorting to unworthy guile or even committing yourself to much mental effort. You just took your bluff homely face round the place and threatened to raise the rents or close the skittle-alleys. As a result your faithful tenants touched their forelocks, shouted "Long loife to Squire!" and voted for you *en bloc*.

In these times you will, I fear, find it necessary to put in a lot of fairly hard work. Your aunt and I have had, I regret to say, a somewhat acrimonious discussion as to the advisability of your putting your photograph on a poster. Since you will have to consider the influence of the feminine vote, and having regard to the fact that you strongly resemble me in many features, I cannot but feel that a lavish display of your photograph would be of great assistance to you. Your aunt contends that it would make people laugh. She is ageing very fast and at times is unintelligible.

Whatever you do be sure to be hail-fellow-well-met with your constituents of every class and creed. Take tea with the Guild of Temperance and dine with the Licensed Victuallers' Society. Have breakfast with the League of Puritans and lunch with the Sunday Games Organisation. Lay all the foundation-stones you can find and open anything and everything from a bazaar to a bottle of champagne. There will be time enough to rest when you are in the House.

Some say that the kissing of babies as an aid to electioneering has gone out of fashion. Do not believe it. The old enduring qualities of courage and self-sacrifice are as popular to-day as ever

they were. Therefore, whether you go into cowherd's cottage or corn-merchant's villa, insist upon kissing the baby. You should even be able to tell a baby's face from the back of its head by the knob in the centre. Your aunt suggests that you will be wise not to attempt to take hold of the child, and, though I do not as a rule set any store by her political views, I recognise that on this point her instinct is sound.

Lose no time, my dear boy, in addressing a gathering of prominent citizens. At election-time all citizens are prominent citizens. The meeting will probably be held in a school-room or lecture-hall, to which a forced air of conviviality is imparted by a couple of palms and a carafe of water, and your chief concern will be what to do with your legs and hands while the chairman spends fifty minutes in saying a few brief words of welcome and introduction.

The few moments left to you will however be sufficient for you to let it be known that you are soliciting the support of the man and woman in the street, to whom you have no intention whatever of making vague promises which their clear-headedness and strong commonsense would quite rightly view with suspicion. Then, amid the cheers which will follow, you have only to recollect as many of the instructions from headquarters as you can, and hope for the best.

Your aunt hopes to have knitted you a couple of pairs of warm socks in time for the opening of the new Parliament, and beseeches you to be on your guard against germs.

Your affectionate Uncle, D. C.

Pitfalls for the Translator.

"Four hundred passengers in the British liner Pennland had a bad attack of cold feet last Thursday off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland."—*Daily Paper*.

"400 passagers du paquebot anglais Pennland ont eu les pieds gelés jeudi dernier, lorsque le navire s'est trouvé au large des grands bancs de Terre-Neuve."—*French Paper*.

More Work for Scotland Yard.

"Hyde Park is a mass of rioting daffodils."—*Sunday Paper*.

"Among Industrials, the feature was a sharp decline in Margarine Unions and Undies. . . ."—*Irish Paper*.

We thought that only Eskimos wore these nowadays.

"An English Countess, shortly visiting Hollywood for a limited period, is prepared to lecture or take Film Stars for Private Lessons in the pure accent essential for Talkies."—*Daily Paper*.

We understand that the Countess-ence, if not the quintessence of the King's English is guaranteed.

THE CASTLE FALLS . . .

(On discovering that in my own borough there are 16,000 more women electors than men).

Do what you will with us,

Lady, we are yours,
For the old days are over
When Elwin was in clover,
All the gay arena
Is ripe for Angelina;
Now goes it ill with us
Worms in plus-fours.

Man, long the master,
Held you as a pawn,
Captured you in battles
And treated you as chattels,
Made his legislation
An insult to your station,
That was a disaster—
Come: now the dawn!

Take away our baccys,
Take us out to teas,
Carry on like bullies
About our winter woollies,
Live in several houses
With several different spouses,
We are lower than your lackeys,
We are less than Pekinese.

Here's an end of dalliance,
The triumph pageant rolls!
Through all the empty speeches
The politician screeches,
I can hear the armies muster,
The armies with a duster,
The powder-puff battalions
Are marching to the polls.

In beauty and in passion
No longer is the spell,
You can regulate our taxes
And cut us up with axes;
The siren and the goddess
Are on legislative bodies
With all their ancient ration
Of loveliness as well.

We bow before the beauty,
But love is blent with fear,
For the pass is sold and taken,
The fortresses are shaken;
There never was equality
Between our kinds of jollity,
And we shudder at the duty
That hangs above our beer.

Then issue the decretals,
O lady, as you choose,
The happy day is over
When Edwin was a rover,
All the gay arena
Is ripe for Angelina,
We are nothing but the beetles
That crawl beneath her shoes!
EVOE.

The Mysterious Note.

"It smelt of violet, and began without a beginning."—*Serial in Daily Paper*.



THE PAMPERED PESSIMIST.

"THEY RELIEVE ME OF MY RATES, BUT THEY DON'T GIVE ME RAIN. THEY PROMISE TO BUY MY BEEF FOR THE FIGHTING SERVICES, AND THEN THEY TALK ABOUT DISARMAMENT. THERE'S ALWAYS A CATCH SOMEWHERE."



Teacher. "YOUR ESSAY IS VERY GOOD, BUT IT'S THE SAME AS JOHNSON'S. WHAT SHALL I CONCLUDE FROM THAT?"
Pupil. "THAT JOHNSON'S IS VERY GOOD TOO."

THE DIN-PALACE, THE SMELLIES AND THE FUTURE OF THE THEATRE.

IN 1945 the English language was almost extinct. For a generation the land had been deluged with the strange accents and stranger expressions of certain kinds of residents of certain parts of the United States. By gramophone and newspaper, by movie and noise, by book and by wireless, the tide of corruption swept in. Every British girl had become a "cutie" or a "baby," and every British infant was born howling through its nose. In the schools some effort was still made to teach the English tongue; old gramophone-records of pre-war days were played in class, and the listless children were told that that was how their fathers used to speak. They replied, "That's not how Hoytie Henna, the Universe's Vamp, speaks," and rushed out to the nearest noise.

The theatres were still as flourishing as ever (though still complaining as busily as ever); for intelligent people had soon grown tired of tinned orchestras and potted passion, however noisy. Even when the frou-frou of the chorus-girls' skirts was faithfully reproduced by a special mechanical process the tired business man ungratefully decided that, after all, it was not quite the same thing. He also preferred a flesh-and-

blood comedian who could put in a topical gag or two, or cut out a bad joke, forget his lines, and do other human enjoyable things beyond the capacity of any machine. Indeed, the more perfect, mechanically, the noisies became the more they sent people back to the theatre. For as soon as there was presented a perfect photograph of the human body, with a perfect photograph of the human voice, and a perfect reproduction of the colours of the scene, people said, "Well, do you know, there are places in London where you can see *real* actors doing this!" and off they went to the theatre. The theatre in 1932 was regarded as rather an amusing freak, but in 1933 it became the rage; and after that it never looked back.

But the noisies, not to be beaten without a struggle, piled stunt upon stunt, and thus continued to attract the novelty-loving youth of the country. The Din-Palaces, as they came to be called, were made ever vaster and more luxurious. No effort of body or mind was required of the noise-goer. Lifts and moving gangways conveyed him to his seat, where he lay six inches deep in plush, smoking a free cigar and drinking in alternately the strains of an organ played by wireless from Philadelphia and the nasal observations of a Chicago crook with chronic catarrh. In winter

a hot-water bottle lay at his feet, and in summer a small soda-fountain stood by his side. Comfort was the watch-word, and at one or two of the Super-Din-Palaces the whole of the vast audience reclined on couches.

And these houses, of course, for a time drew off many of the public from the old-fashioned theatre, with its perpendicular seating.

Meanwhile, technically, the screen strode ever forward. When all the demands of hearing and sight had been perfectly satisfied, the best minds of the film-world were turned upon the other senses. A brilliant young American named Schwab invented an apparatus by which smells could be photographed and mechanically reproduced in conjunction with a noise-drama (a thing, of course, which the theatre has never done).

These early "smellies" made a huge sensation, particularly *Fish*, a strong story written "around" the life of a San Francisco fish-wife with homicidal tendencies. The synchronisation was exact: the moment Slooky Sal appeared on the screen with her fish-basket a strong smell of lobster and dried haddock pervaded the auditorium. The lobsters were alive, and not only their smell but the petulant crunching of their claws was clearly apprehended by the audience, many

of whom had never seen a live lobster before.

The next, and as it turned out, the fatal, step was the "Feelies," in which not only the faces, voices and smells of the actors, but their *sensations*, were photographed, and by a delicate mechanical device conveyed to the public. That is to say, if a "feelie" actor kissed a "feelie" actress on the screen, every woman in the audience had the impression that she had received an embrace, passionate or paternal as the case might be; and, if the hero was knocked on the head by objectionable men, the whole house felt stunned for a moment or two.

And then at last the Government acted: The mothers of Britain said that they were not going to let their sons and daughters enjoy, however mechanically, the caresses of Hollywood. The Government prohibited the import or manufacture of "feelies"; and, while they were about it, they determined on a last attempt to save the English tongue and made it illegal to import the American language by film or otherwise. The American Government protested. Wereplied that we too had our "ideals"; if they could prohibit one thing we could prohibit another, and in our opinion they were doing more harm to our civilisation than Scotch whisky had ever done to theirs. Whisky, we pointed out, has a temporary effect upon the body, but films have a permanent effect upon the soul. Whisky affects the legs, but slang and bad grammar corrupt the mind. Anyhow, we concluded, that is definitely that.

A host of film-smugglers then took the seas, our Customs services were augmented and heavily armed, film-ships were pursued and shelled and many minor naval skirmishes took place. At last the Grand Fleet steamed out and sank a small motor-boat which was endeavouring to slip through with a particularly cacophonous and mawkish "all-feelie" three-reeler. War was threatened, but good sense prevailed. By the Treaty of Brighton America agreed to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, and we to withdraw our Film Importation Order. But the negotiations lasted two-and-a-half years, and meanwhile the people had forgotten all about films. The theatre continued to survive, as it has done for about two thousand five hundred years; but anxiety was expressed in many theatrical quarters owing to an outbreak of reading among the people brought on by a flood of cheap books, while it was thought that the new and popular sport of rabbit-racing was likely to kill the theatre. And so the march of civilisation proceeded.

A. P. H.



Very Young Person. "OH, ARTHUR, ISN'T IT LIKE WHAT IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE?"

WITCHIE WOOD.

To her the wood kept calling
 Whene'er she went that way;
 She loved its red cones falling,
 Its squirrel-folk at play;
 But through the brushwood switches
 Would peer in cloak and hood
 The bent and ugly witches
 That lived in Witchie Wood.
 With stealthy steps and cunning
 They followed through the fern,
 They ran when she went running
 And turned when she would turn.
 In leafy nooks and niches
 She saw their shadows brood,
 And went in fear of witches
 That lurked in Witchie Wood.

Now twice the leaves have drifted
 In gold and red since then,
 And two long years have lifted
 The shadows from the glen;
 Made free of all its riches,
 Un-stalked and un-pursued,
 She meets no more the witches
 That haunted Witchie Wood.

For boldness now displaces
 Chill blood and trembling knees;
 She knows the gnarled old faces
 Are just her trusted trees;
 So there she reads or stitches,
 And oft in merry mood
 She laughs to think that witches
 Once walked in Witchie Wood.

W. H. O.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GEORGE'S RHINO.

IN days to come, when George has returned to civilization and the easy-chairs of the Service clubs, to doze out the closing stage of a mis-spent career, the ancients of Nukuku will tell, with a wealth of gesture, the story of his encounter with a rhinoceros.

In many a mud-hut thick with billowing wood-smoke black faces will peer eagerly through the murk to hear how men faced destruction in the good old days, and Private Ali, senile and toothless, will recall with pride his own part in the affair, and point out to his grandchildren the regrettable decadence of modern youth in Central Africa.

I fancy George will find a sympathetic audience less easy to obtain. By that time he is certain to be the worst bore in any club, and younger members will discover pressing engagements whenever he makes his notorious opening, "I recollect when I was with the King's Askari . . ."

It all happened quite unexpectedly. George had gone out shooting and, with Private Ali at his heels, was lumbering through the bush, executing those occasional little sidesteps which he fondly believes produce an effect of silent progress through the thickest undergrowth.

He says that at the moment every nerve was on the alert; but this hardly tallies with Private Ali's subsequent version of the affair, for he declares that George was actually engaged in lighting a cigarette, which is a practice not advocated by the best big-game hunters.

Still, as George says, these are insignificant details. The main thing is that without any warning there came a sudden snort, the crashing of branches, and something which looked like an express train came roaring at them through the bush.

George acted promptly. He executed the smartest sidestep of his existence and took a flying leap into the lower branches of the nearest tree, pulling his toes up just in time to get them clear of something huge and grey which went surging underneath.

Breathing a little more easily, George climbed a peg higher, and, insecurely

perched on a swaying bough, reconnoitred the position. Up to that stage he had not realised the exact character of his assailant, and it was only when he had composed himself that he made the unpleasant discovery that it was a very angry rhino. Simultaneously he found that in his excusable haste he had dropped his rifle.

There was no sign of Private Ali, and George says he would never have believed the African bush could look so cheerless and forbidding as it did from that precarious perch, with a fierce anachronism from the Stone Age snorting about below.



"SOMETHING WHICH LOOKED LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN."

Eventually he spotted his rifle, a yard or two from the tree. Unfortunately it was also a yard or two from the rhino, which was stamping the ground in what George could only regard as a most threatening manner, and looking round for a fresh objective.

Obviously it was no use arguing with the beast, though George says he felt the attack had been entirely unprovoked, and simply longed to explain that he bore no malice and was quite willing to overlook the whole affair and go home.

At this stage his disconsolate gaze was attracted by an extraordinary phenomenon. A neighbouring tree suddenly began to sway alarmingly, though there was no wind, and as George stared the top oscillated violently and a round

black object was projected into the sunlight above the leaves. It was Private Ali's head, and George admits that never before, nor since, has he found it so beautiful a thing to look on. He felt like blowing a kiss to his batman, but was restrained by the reflection that discipline must be maintained even in moments of emotional stress.

What he actually did was to inquire huskily why the devil Ali didn't shoot, and the reply floated back with dulcet clarity—

"Me lose him gun, Sah."

The rhino interrupted George's slightly peevish rejoinder with a derisive snort and, to make sure that Private Ali remained harmless, moved slowly over towards his tree.

It was George's chance, and he let himself slowly down by his hands; but as his feet touched ground the rhino turned about and lumbered back. George heard Ali's warning shout and went up that tree again in quick time; and the rhino, eyeing him distastefully with a small and malevolent eye, took up a strategic position between the two.

Conversation languished, though once George tried the effect of a very adequate vocabulary on the rhino. The thick-skinned brute never winced. Then Ali made a tentative but mistimed attempt to descend, and the rhino sent him up into the branches again with a snorting charge. George endeavoured to utilise the diversion by another dash for his rifle, but the rhino reversed with incredible speed and once more George made an athletic climb to safety.

The sun sank lower and the knobby bits of George's bough began to make themselves painfully apparent. He observed with some savage satisfaction that Private Ali was also labouring under acute physical discomfort, evidenced by the heaving of the tree as he changed position with increasing frequency.

George tried to remember all he had ever read about the habits of the rhinoceros, but could not recall whether they were nocturnal creatures or retired to bed after dark. He also wondered how long it would take a man to starve to death and whether it was possible to sleep on a shaky bough without letting go.

He says too that he spent some time



Small Boy. "YOU SEE THAT KID, MOTHER. HE WAS ONE OF OUR CHAPS, BUT HE CRIED SO MUCH HE GOT HIMSELF EXPELLED."

considering whether he or Ali would fall off first and came to the disturbing conclusion that Ali, being a native, was consequently closer to primitive man and the apes and therefore more likely to survive an endurance test set in a purely arboreal environment.

In fact George was delving quite deeply into the whole Darwinian theory when the rhino, apparently bored with the proceedings, made a totally unexpected onslaught on George's tree, and the next few seconds were among the busiest of that young man's life.

The tree quivered under the shock, and George, shaken almost off his branch, clung precariously by hands and feet, upside down and swinging wildly from side to side, experiencing all the sensations of a ship's monkey up the rigging in a gale.

What would have happened there is no saying had not Ali seized the opportunity to make a desperate sortie. The rhino sensed him, gave George one last sickening lurch and made for the devoted batman. Ali retired in confusion, and the rhino, completely master of the situation, trotted from one tree to the other

as though imploring them to come out and fight.

At last he stopped, gave a final snort of disappointment, shook his head sadly and ambled away into the deepening shadows of the bush.

George gave him a fair start, and then, stiff and cramped, made a hesitating descent. Ali followed, and they gathered up their rifles and unanimously agreed that there was no place like home.

At Last the Perfect Club.

"NEW — CLUB,
Upper Grosvenor Street, W. 1,
The Club is available for non-paying
members."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

If you stick in a jam in Grosvenor Street you'll know why.

"Gate-crashing is the main trouble. At Trinity College, for instance, the 'crashers' have a way of canoeing down the Bucks and landing with their partners on the lawn where the festivities are being held."

Evening Paper.

In the old days, of course, the Bucks wouldn't have stood this kind of treatment.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

RICHARD HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

Jessica's my sister,

A very nice kid;

She's mostly pretty quiet

And does as she is bid;

But at anything like cricket

She's no good at all;

You ought to see Jessica

Try to throw a ball!

For people to take notice

Of what she does or sees

And put it in a paper

In *printing*, if you please...

I never heard such nonsense

(She's only ten years old),

They don't know what they're doing

And I think they should be told.

She'll only get conceited;

You know what youngsters are

(She couldn't tell the maker

Of a single motor-car).

And wouldn't it be awful

If the chaps at school should
see...?

It's all very well for Jessica,

But what about me?

R. F.

THE NAVY OF TO-DAY.

[A Naval correspondent of *The Observer* states that, owing to the introduction of scientific equipment, the personnel of the Navy has radically changed. Though the fighting spirit of the men remains, he says, the same, all are highly trained and well educated, and he feels "a bit regretful" at having to shatter the illusion of the public that "every sailor is a Jolly Jack Tar, uses pungent lingo, keeps parrots as pets, and when he gets ashore starts the breezes blowing."]

In unregenerate days of old
Our fighting Tars were bad and bold;
Poll-parrots were their favourite pets
And all of them were arrant "wets"
Who faced the tempest, flood and fog
Well primed with stiff Jamaica grog.
Their language, I regret to state,
Though picturesque and most ornate,
Exceeded in its rich variety
The bounds of really strict propriety.
They bandied rude and salty jests,
Had mermaids tattooed on their chests,
And danced without reproof or check
Uproarious hornpipes on the deck.
In short, our sober native land
Was guarded by a breezy band
Of jovial sea-dogs brisk and bluff,
But rather less polite than tough.

If such a legend lingers yet,
Quite firmly, though with some regret,
I take it on myself to say
That this is not the case to-day.

Far different in point of fact are
The manners of the modern Jack Tar.
His ways are quiet and refined,
As well befits a cultured mind,
And since those parrots were removed
His conversation's much improved.
The men you'll meet on board our ships
Are scholars to the finger-tips
(For how could poor unlettered boobies
Get busy with torpedo-tubes?),
And, though they still remain indeed
True scions of the bulldog breed
Who zealously preserve as such
The old audacious "NELSON touch,"
They also firmly tread the paths
That wind among the higher Maths.
And resolutely rule the sea
By scientific formulæ. C. L. M.

A Bantam Jockey.

"Child's Donkey, very pretty, young, well-behaved, and absolutely reliable, no vice or tricks, regularly ridden by small chicken, and led by nurse."—*Weekly Paper*.

"POLICE ARREST ALLEGATIONS,"

Daily Paper.
So they have caught up with rumour
at last.

"FLORAL JEWELLERY."

Orange blossom wedding rings are a part of the charming fashion for floral jewellery."—*Daily Paper*.

There is also a lot to be said for Forget-me-not ones.

CAPTIONS COURAGEOUS.

In the village where my earliest years were spent there was a "fancy" shop kept by two serene sisters. Every now and again they had a Selling-Off of stock. Nobody bought anything, but every item was scrupulously marked down. Not only this, but show-cards and tickets were unearthed and pinned on to the display to rouse the acquisitive passions of the mob.

The sisters were good women, but they had no journalistic flair. This resulted in their putting in a prominent position in the window a grim photograph of the Vicar in a fancy frame, marked "Very Pretty."

And I remember seeing in the window of a West-End milliner, who had just received his Spring stock of hats, a model labelled "Of Pristine Freshness." And I carry away a deathless memory of a bag shop which, after eulogising its *pochettes* on card after card, at length came down to the dud of the collection, the sticker, the hideously unwanted. Even the proprietor seemed to recognise the hopelessness of this item, but he went down fighting. He marked it "Strong Handles."

Other pitfalls into which our tradesmen punctually tumble include:—

(a) The frock marked "Perfect Fit" (which is patently impossible, since what would cling to CLARA BUTT would fall in festoons on TALLULAH BANK-HEAD).

(b) The tennis-skirt which is marked "Our Specialite."

(c) The oblong box containing a bright pink four-inch baby made of soap, a bottle of unspecified scent (called "Perfume") and a bunch of linen violets. The whole marked "Useful Present."

(d) The woven underwear marked "Our Price 4/11"—a painful piece of obviousness that automatically causes one to murmur "Everybody else's, 3/11."

And there is the terrible army of hosiers and grocers which marks its goods "Sox" and "Dux Eggs."

How much better these things are managed in the newspaper world! The picture-paper's captionist fills me with a respect that is at all times unwilling. He is never at a loss, even when it is quite patent to the reader that he hasn't any but the remotest notion what the photograph represents.

A picture of a recent Carnival at Nice showed a giant *langouste* (such as is served on *jours maigres* in Continental hotels). Did this floor the caption-writer? No. Did he label it "Very Pretty," "Sox," or "Dux Egg"? No.

thing of the sort. He ventured his all on "A Funny Fellow," and *that*, I submit, is resource.

Perhaps a smart Society wedding takes place. In this case "Beautiful Bride Weds Scottish Peer." But if, as happens far more often, the bride is socially unimportant and plain into the bargain, he marks her "Yesterday's Bride," or even "Cutting the Cake."

Then somebody gets up an historical pageant. There is, of course, a dance, involving a plethora of curtsies, executed by blue-blooded buds in Wardour Street wigs. As HENRY THE EIGHTH doesn't seem to be in evidence, or ANNE BOLEYN in the scenic offing, your fellow prudently dismisses this *ensemble* as "Old World" or "Of a Former Day," for, bereft of these unmistakable landmarks, there is always the danger that the period might have been Elizabethan or even HENRY THE SEVENTH, about whom nobody ought to be expected to know anything.

Then, in August, comes along a depressing photograph of six stout Misses with linked arms, running on useful legs along a beach. He extricates himself from this problem with "Sunny Blackpool," "Such Fun!" or "Health and Happiness."

Should a snapshot of His Grace of Slumgullion, a triangle of anonymous skirt and one brogan, come in, it is "Duke Enjoys Joke," but, if the Duke has had a temporary breeze with the proprietor of the paper, it is merely "Seen in Paddock."

The photograph of an overmantel, a pair of vases, a hand-painted tambourine, a telegram and a crone is accounted for as "103 Yesterday" (the caption "Wants to Fly" is only used if a *résumé* of the crone's morbid activities appears on the news-page).

And then your captionist often comes out strong on the side of Mrs. Grundy. For he will by no means permit a photograph of Miss Goldie Silligag clasping a baby to appear without the saving clause, "Who, of course, in private life is Mrs. Malcolm Dithers."

Finally, he is called upon to deal with that baffling mass of unclassified photographs which includes:—

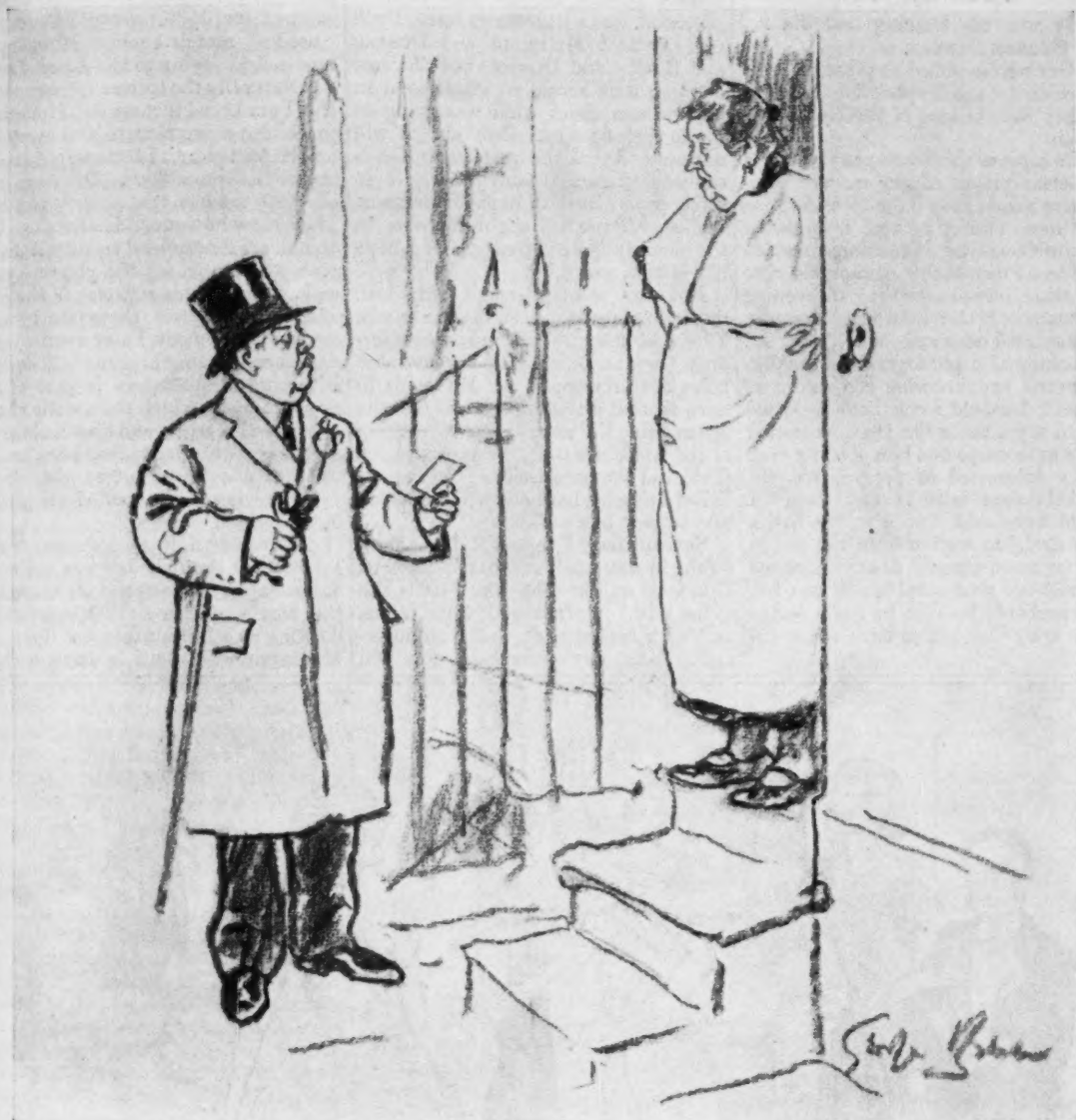
(1) The dropsical infant sitting on a mound of sand entirely surrounded by paper-bags.

(2) The soldier carrying a turkey, a kitbag and a rifle.

(3) The Buff Orpington roosting on the back of a mastiff.

(4) A lady smiling at the camera and offering a flag-day rose to a cart-horse.

And even these he weathers, and disposes of by "King of the Castle,"



Prospective Parliamentary Candidate. "IS MR. PERKINS IN?"

Mrs. Perkins. "'E'S IN, BUT 'E'S 'AVING 'IS DINNER."

Candidate. "AH, WELL, WE'D BETTER NOT DISTURB HIM, THEN."

Mrs. Perkins. "YOU NEVER SPOKE A TRUER WORD."

"Better than 'Bully,'" "Quaint Companions" and "Beauty and the Beast."

And only very rarely will you find him allotting the caption that ought to have gone with one photograph to another photograph, and labelling the latest and strangest arrival at the Zoo "His Maiden Speech" and the M.P. "Drinks Like a Fish."

Oh, stoutest of stout fellas, as they say in that epic of the Legion, *Beau Pipe!*

RACHEL.

SHINGLE SONG.

BESIDE my open lattice
I brush my shingle now,
For white as suds the cherry-buds
Are foaming on the bough;
The cowslips make a golden ring,
The bees are everywhere;
I brush my shingle hard and sing
How everything comes out in
Spring—
Even hair.

"LORD MAYOR FLIES TO LONDON IN
TOP HAT."

Manchester Paper.

The band on this type of machine should relieve the tedium of the journey.

There was an old lady of Lea
Who gave fourpence a pound for her
tea;

She said, "I don't grudge it;
But—bless the dear Budget!—
It seems that I'll now get it free."

GOLF IN 1929.

"It was our training that did it," said GEORGE DUNCAN.

"Our nerves pulled us through," said a specialist—a golf specialist, I mean.

They were talking of the Ryder Cup Match.

The intense spiritual agony which a first-class player of our modern competitive games may have to undergo is even more clearly proved, I think, by ARCHIE COMPTON's pronouncement on the second day of this memorable contest, when he remarked (to an evening newspaper), "Our inferiority complex has departed once and for all."

Looking at a photograph of ARCHIE COMPTON and knowing the record of his skill, I should never have expected him to say a thing like that. I should never have suspected him of being even faintly interested in psycho-analysis. "If this man fails at any time," I should have said, "to give the ball a most almighty wallop from the tee, it will not be on account of any inherited neuroses nor post-natal inhibitions, but more probably because he has a midge in his eye or his braces have come undone."

But no. Not one of these strong sinewy golfers, for all their ruthless precision, was a stranger to fear. I will not say that MITCHELL and DUNCAN and HAGEN and DIEGEL, and the rest of them were actually twittering with nervousness about what was going on inside their egos and their ids. I will not pretend that the question, "Hoo is the subconscious to-day?" was definitely put by DUNCAN, or that MITCHELL replied, "There's a slight cathexis in the memory system, George, but I hope it will pass away."

But the words, though unspoken, must certainly have been in their minds. Then they whopped off, and in the afternoon GEORGE DUNCAN did the first nine holes in thirty-one. . . . He seems to have exerted driving force without the ego noticing the compulsion. A merging of the conscious (Cs), the preconscious (Pcs) and the unconscious (Ucs) established a psychic harmony which enabled him to putt like a book.

Nevertheless, I repeat it, the nerve-strain in any such combat is terrible. It cannot well be otherwise. It is the same with international lawn-tennis and with test cricket, and, if we internationalised any more games, it will

be the same with them, until finally, perhaps, the Czecho-Slovakian croquet skipper for 1935, going out for his "needle" match against Hungary, is reported as saying to the *Lszch Times*:

"Naturally the torture is tremendous. But I am keyed to meet it. I have been practising nerve control, and every day for the past month I have skipped naked on the bathroom floor. Our boys have the best mallets that money can buy. They know how much is at stake. One and all are determined to substitute the reality principle for the pleasure principle which reigns supreme in the id."

Finance worries these martyrs to modern amusement. Fame worries them. And there is something more. The huge gathering of spectators is part of the fiery ordeal by which the ascetic champion's soul is tried; and even a chess expert, like CAPABLANCA, has been known to slice his pawn on to the wrong square owing to the excited whispering of the crowd.

At Moortown, if memory serves me, the mob on the first day was quite uncontrollable. The scene on several of the tees was like a Welsh revivalist meeting or a fashionable wedding. As MITCHELL was about to drive, a shrill



INTRODUCTION DE LUXE.

Cheery Young Person (presenting fiancé). "I SAY, GIRLS, THIS IS THE ORANGE-BLOSSOM SHEIKH. MEET IT."

treble piped up, "O for the wings of a dove!" and the congregation fell upon their knees. The stampede from point to point was terrific. Women fainted and were trampled on. Fathers of families were lost in the undergrowth, and children disappeared into bunkers, never to be found again. Many of us would have been put off our iron shots by the systematic community cries of "Up! Up! Up!" during the back swing and the concerted "Whoosh!" which synchronised with the stroke itself. When Cotton holed out, men came and pressed their cheeks against the cold iron of his putter and begged a hair of his plus-fours for memory.

Such was the golf in the Ryder Cup Match. And, aware that it would be such, we should not blame GEORGE DUNCAN and ARCHIE COMPSTON if, while they did their deep-breathing exercises in the morning, or went to bed in the evening after a light teetotal meal, they felt it necessary to brace themselves up still further by reading a few passages from FREUD.

Meanwhile, as the pre-talkies had it, in the year 1700, or thereabouts, two stout gentlemen with rubicund features, burgomasters of their town, after lunching heartily on pheasant and hare and swan-pie and oysters and cheese and grapes and melons and lobster and crab, and a great many glasses of white wine, followed up by schnapps, rolled out of their hostelry into the flat lowland plain. Each had a piece of wood in his hand resembling an inebriated hockey-stick, and a home-made egg-shaped object, rather badly stuffed with feathers (from the swan).

There was no one about. Nothing but a windmill on the horizon and a couple of cows marred the level tranquillity of the scene. But one said to the other, "M'ynheer, there is a small hole made by a sunk tulip-pot, about a quarter of a mile from here. I will wager you that I will beat my ball into it, across the Netherlands, in fewer strokes than you."

And so, wrangling peacefully, they set out. Halfway along, there was a fresh dispute as to the number of strokes that each had taken. Indeed, owing to the schnapps, neither of them was very sure of his count. And then, with one player at twenty-nine and the other, so he swore, not more than twenty-six, and no hole now in sight, they agreed to postpone the rest of the ceremony till after lunch on the following day.

"What, after all, does it matter?" said one of them. "Nought hangs on the issue of the combat but our small wager and good fellowship."

If they could have looked forward,



Critic. "THEY OUGHTER LET THE PERFESSION INTO THE ACADEMY FOR NOTHIN'. IT 'D 'ELP US TO SEE WHAT THE OTHERS WAS DOIN'."

those two old cronies; if they could have seen into the future and known what they were doing, how they would have gasped! If they could have been transported to the Scotland or the England of two hundred years later, or, still better, to the private golf-links of Abraham T. Pullover, the multi-millionaire oil and rubber king, at Roughneck, Saskatchewan, where he travels round the course, so they tell me, in a large motor-cab like a grass-mower, with his valet, his caddie, a professional coach, his clubs, and his soft drink ice-soda machine! All day long, winter and summer, he spends upon that course, except for brief interludes, when he

emerges, the terror of Wall Street, to shake the markets of the world. And on the day when he can do the long hole of his own private course in the par figure he has promised to give his professional ten thousand dollars down.

And further, if they could have been transported back again to Moortown to see DIEGEL go round in sixty-five and DUNCAN do nine holes in thirty-one, how they would have gasped, those old Dutchmen, or Flemings, hitting their futile feather pellets, with their tall hats and the exquisite lace about their wrists and collarbands!

But they had no nerves. EVOE.

PETER.

IV.—PETER'S ATTACK.

WE went to stay at the Major's country cottage last week-end and we took Peter with us. Life in the country is very strange for a town dog; standards are so different. You should have seen all the country dogs laughing themselves ill when Peter ran yelping for safety because we passed a fleet of cows; yet they were crouching terrified in the hedge when Peter, in his best Hampstead High Street style, strolled across the road two feet in front of a tradesman's van, driven, I should say, by Major SEGRAVE.

Becoming more acclimatised by Sunday afternoon Peter slipped through the garden-hedge and made a voyage on his own. At four o'clock he reappeared flying strange signals of distress. He was alternately jumping up and down like a mechanical toy, running in swift circles as if trying to get away from his own feet, standing apparently on each leg in rapid succession and rolling on his back with all paws marking time in the air. All the while he was yelping in the surprised and hurt fashion of one who has had a dirty trick played on him by someone he trusted. We rose like one man—or rather like two men and one woman.

"Oh, what has happened to the poor darling?" cried Frances.

"Been learning tricks from a circus-dog in the village," I suggested.

"Stung. Foot. Bee," puffed the Major.

"Which foot was it then?" cooed Frances, catching hold of Peter, now behaving like a blob of quicksilver that has lost its mother.

"It would appear to be the near-hind," I said learnedly. Frances seized the hind leg nearest to her. "No, not that one, the other."

"Oh, you mean the far-hind! Why didn't you say so?"

"Good gad!" went the Major (ex-cavalry).

Frances examined one foot while Peter wriggled frantically on his back and let the others race in free. "Do help me, stupid . . . Oh, darling, you aren't of any assistance," she continued, speaking to Peter and me to-

gether. It was nice to realise that she sometimes calls that dog "stupid."

Next minute, however, Peter had escaped. He raced round and round the front lawn, trying not to use any paw for longer than a split second. Then he jumped up and down on the same spot like a cat on a red-hot stove. Then he dashed off again yelping his protest to Heaven at this low-down game that had been played upon him.

"Bee-stings, undoubtedly. Both fore-paws," diagnosed the Major shrewdly.

"All four paws," I corrected, studying Peter's track style.

At that point a head appeared over the garden hedge. It belonged to a little man astride a motor-cycle, with a flapper, a cushion, and half the blue-bells of Surrey on the carrier.



Visitor. "It's DISGUSTING TO SEE TWO OLD GENTLEMEN LIKE THAT FIGHTING."

Villager. "IT'S JUST A FRIENDLY BOUT TO DECIDE WHO'S THE OLDEST IN ABITANT, MISS. THE ONE WHO LOSES WINS."

"Be careful of 'im, Mister," he advised in a friendly Cockney voice. "I knows dawgs. Shouldn't be s'prised if 'e's mad. Bitten by one of these 'ere farm dawgs. Mad. Rybies, y' know. . . . Not 'arf neither," he added as Peter zigzagged through a flower-bed like a particularly rapid flash of lightning.

"Rabies?" ejaculated Frances, horrified. "No?"

"Rybies! Yus. You be careful, Miss." He nodded cheerfully, said again, "I knows dawgs," and departed with his bike, his flapper and his blue-bells. He left a sort of consternation.

"Nonsense," fumed the Major at last, and added, "Infernal nonsense," to make his meaning clear. But Frances was regarding a minute scratch on her finger.

"Do you think he did that with his teeth?" she asked, looking at Peter. Peter had now rolled over on his back

and was waving his paws in the air like a half-run-over cockroach. It used to be his way of asking to have his tummy scratched, but now we knew better. It was rabies and he was waiting to get in a good bite.

"Hydrophobia!" said Frances again with bated breath.

"Hydrophobia be damned!" snapped the Major forcefully.

"Ah, hydrophobia," I repeated efficiently and rushed off for a bucket of water. I showed it to Frances, even splashing it a little to let her see it was water. She neither shrieked, swooned nor took to headlong flight. The Major alone showed distinct signs of disgust, but that was only natural in one who has existed many years on whisky.

"Tut, tut!" said I in my best medical manner. "Wendy lady better. No hydrophobia."

Emboldened by the result of my test, I then picked Peter up and tried to discover which paw it was. Whichever one I examined he licked all the others, so I was soon led to the deduction that it was all four. Then the Major solved the mystery by suddenly indicating the fallow field adjoining his garden and uttering two words.

It was quite true. We hadn't thought of that before. But that is the worst of taking a town dog to the country. In London they don't have stinging-nettles.

We have asked the Major to grow a good thick hedge between his garden and that field before we come again. Privet grows quickly, Frances says, but my suggestion is American currant. "Ribes" they call it in the country.

A. A.

The Rigours of the Gogs.

"Mr. Haining relates that two black boys carrying news of the search swam across five rivers of the crocodile-infested Cambridge Golf."—*Evening Paper*.

"They were now allowed to supplement the jail diet with private food and the Superintendent of the Jail . . ."—*Indian Paper*.
Directeur en casserole makes an excellent spring dish.

"An unoccupied motor-car ran down The Moor, Sheffield, on Saturday night, swerved across the road, mounted the footpath, narrowly missed a few pedestrians, and smashed into a milliner's shop."—*Daily Paper*.

It probably wanted a new bonnet.



"AND ARE YOU INTERESTED IN PICTURES, MR. SMITH?"
"NO, MADAM; I'M AN ARTIST."



AN UNHAPPY MOMENT.

OUR PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER STARTS THE SEASON BADLY.

"A Thank-Offering for the King's Recovery."

THE appeal which Mr. Punch made last week under this title for the Crippled Children of Chailey had already gone to press before the public announcement of the generous gift offered by "AUDAX" to the London Hospitals as the nucleus of a national thank-offering for the King's recovery. The idea of giving this form to his appeal was not Mr. Punch's own; it originated with the pamphlet issued from Chailey some weeks ago, which described itself as "An Appeal to the Nation (and residents in Sussex in particular) to raise £25,000 for the rebuilding of the Kitchener Huts as a Thank-offering to celebrate the recovery of His Most Gracious Majesty."

Mr. Punch hopes that his loyal readers will subscribe liberally to the larger scheme; but he also hopes that they will not forget the humbler needs of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, in Sussex.

A SONG OF STRIPES.*(Ballade.)*

THIS is the flowering time of Fashion,
Winter at last is over and done;
Woman hurries to spend her cash on
Raiment meet for the Maytime sun.
Gone are the days whose thought we shun,

Of biting blizzards and bursting pipes;
Now, in the season just begun,
Smart Society sports small stripes.

What is the tint the light will flash on?
How is the favourite fabric spun?
Is it the purple note of passion?
Is it the red of freakish fun?
Will dainty veiling known to the nun
Take new French names for its novel types?
Of all such matters I know but one—
Smart Society sports small stripes.

To guess at garments of Eve is rash on
The part of him who is ADAM's son;
You see her waist with a surge of sash on,
Next day you look and the two are none.
And stale as the relic railway-bun
And flat as the scum of last night's swipes
Are the large loud checks that used to
stun—
Smart Society sports small stripes.

Envoi.

Ballade, swift to the printer run,
Ere Woman's whim from the window wipes
Proof of thy burden, hardly won—
Smart Society sports small stripes.



THE SQUAWKIE.

THESPIS (to Cinema). "GREAT HOLLYWOOD! IS THAT THING OUR CHILD?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 29th.—A short but not uneventful day. The eventfulness consisted not alone in the novel experience which the House indulged in of whisking through the final stage of the Companies Bill, a matter of a mere 385 clauses, in four bites. It was contributed to by a gentleman in the Strangers' Gallery, suspected of being either a lunatic or a Communist (if there is any real distinction; Communism has been aptly described as an infinite capacity for acting like a lunatic), who bawled the customary litany of "Down withs," flung a package of leaflets among the astonished Members below and retired into the temporary custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. A female accomplice, however, was made of sterner stuff, and clung to her seat, screaming shrilly until prised loose by stony-hearted ushers.

While the rumpus was going on above, Sir H. CAUTLEY, like *Horatius*, continued to keep the Bridges Bill, and most of his fellow-Members sustained the deadly hail of propaganda without flinching.

The House gave a masterful exhibition of what it can do in the way of expedition when the way of circumlocution has failed. It polished off the Report stage and Third Reading of the Finance Bill in as many hours as on normal occasions it would have taken days.

Tuesday, April 30th.—It seems as if broccoli has taken a definite place in the hall of political fame, along with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's pheasant and Mr. TOM SHAW's rabbit. For the moment it is being worked for all it is worth. To-day both Captain GARRO-JONES and Mr. THURTELL, two minds with but a single allowance of thought, asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE for broccoli statistics. These, it appears, are "not separately distinguished" in Trade Returns. Did the Right Hon. Gentleman attach any importance to the export of broccoli? asked Captain GARRO-JONES. The Minister intimated that he did. Surely the Hon. and gallant Gentleman, having read the Liberal Green Book, did so too.

Do broccoli and beef go well together? asked Mr. WILL THORNE *à propos* of nothing in particular. Sir PHILIP was sure they did. He recommended the hon. Member to try them. And so the ball of persiflage passed from hand to hand, to the great annoyance of Commander WILLIAMS, who hails from what American geographers would call the Broccoli Belt and thinks it should be taken very, very seriously.

It was Major-General Sir ALFRED KNOX who invited Sir KINGSLEY WOOD to come down and investigate the epidemic refuse dumps of Iver and Little Britain, and Sir K. WOOD, who replied that his Right Hon. Friend had appointed a Departmental Committee

only broken by the wailing cry of Colonel HOWARD BURY, Mr. AMERY arrived, *via* Transjordan and Aden, at East Africa. Thereafter he flitted lightly from continent to continent, the lecture, which only needed lantern slides of elephants to make it complete, being punctuated by an occasional request to the Minister to say a brief word about cotton or to inform the House how many dunums go to the rod, pole or perch.

There is always an air of unreality about a Dominions debate. The Opposition may and generally does tell the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that he is hurling the nation's finances into irretrievable disaster; it denounces the

Ministry of Health as a downtreader of the poor; it pours unmeasured scorn on the MINISTER OF EDUCATION and proclaims the HOME SECRETARY to be an enemy of human liberty. But when it comes to the COLONIAL SECRETARY's turn it contents itself with wishing that he had said more about the tse-tse fly and hinting that the white settlers are still pinching the broad acres destined by nature to nourish therein Bongo-Wongo's lowering herds.

On this occasion the debate only showed signs of animation after it had been directed to the comparatively irrelevant subject of drink. It was Mr. BARR who applied himself with zest to this topic, fol-

lowed up by Lady ASTON and Miss BONEFIELD. Mr. MACQUISTEN for once joined hands with the enemy and denounced the injury done by DUTCH WILLIAM, not alone to the native African but to our own people, by the introduction of gin. He was promptly congratulated by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who said it was delightful for once in a way to hear a Jacobite speaking in the House.

When all the polite critics had politely criticized and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's reference to "niggers on bicycles" had been solemnly deprecated, Mr. ORMSBY-GORE started to girdle the earth all over again. But he is not in *Ariel's* class or even in Mr. AMERY's. It took him over an hour!

Wednesday, May 1st.—It being May 1, a day traditionally assigned to international fraternization and pistols for



PUCK PUTS A GIRDLE ROUND ABOUT THE EARTH IN FORTY MINUTES (OR THEREABOUTS).

MR. AMERY.

to consider what should be done about it.

"And are we to understand that in the meanwhile refuse continues to be poured on Little Britain?" indignantly demanded Sir HARRY BRITAIN, the champion of all Britains great and small.

Ariel put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Mr. AMERY this afternoon took fifty and could obviously have smashed the record if he had tried. Like other Ministers, however, he deemed this a fit occasion to throw a reminiscent eye back over his five years at the Colonial Office. It was, on the whole, an impressive survey.

Starting from Iraq, which, he explained, costs us comparatively little to-day, and passing from Palestine, where the Jaffa orange is booming, to the Dead Sea, whose briny silences are

as many as care to use them, Lord CECIL moved that it was time the Government signed the Optional Clause. The Clause has remained optional so long now that most people have forgotten what it is about. Lord HAILSHAM, in the absence of Lord CUSHENDUN, the official co-optimist, at Geneva, moved that it should remain optional a bit longer. The Government, he said, had agreed at the last Imperial Conference to accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court without further consulting the Dominions. The House, by a majority of 26 votes to 17, agreed with him.

The House of Commons learned with some surprise from the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE that importations of silent and talking films are not separately classified. The explanation apparently is that the squeal leaves the factory in a separate can.

"Of course I keep on spending more and more," said the MINISTER OF HEALTH in effect, introducing his Department's estimates, "but it's what you all expect, so we won't go into the sordid details." As the Opposition never rises but to denounce Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN as the nearest thing to Scrooge that was ever born with a silver cheese-parer in its mouth, no exception was taken to this opening, and the Minister passed on to more important things, such as certified lunatics, and how, in certain cases, an *anopheles* a day keeps the doctor away.

The Opposition made the customary efforts to show that the Conservative Government has not built any houses to speak of in spite of its claims. Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE "devoted herself," as she put it, to the Minister as the ogre of Poor Law economy, but turned aside from her trail of wrath long enough to tell Sir KINGSLEY WOOD that she did not expect to see him there again. Her assault was a mere bagatelle, however, to that subsequently delivered by Mr. LANSBURY, in which he flung death, sickness, poverty, insanity and every other human ill into the teeth of the Ministry of Health with characteristic abandon.

Whatever defence Sir KINGSLEY WOOD intended to put up was largely curtailed by the arrival of 7.30 p.m., when the House turned to the London County Council (Traffic) Bill, three-and-a-half hours of which exhausted all appetite for further debate.

Thursday, May 2nd.—Lord BIRKENHEAD, in a speech that lacked something of his customary sparkle, moved that the House do approve of

the principle of the Balfour Note. Nobody has ever doubted it, and there was nothing to be gained by pointing



"TO THE KING OVER THE WATER."
MR. MACQUISSEN BETRAYS JACOBITE SYMPATHIES.

out that even Lord PARMOOR's amendment approved of it; but Lord BIRKENHEAD said he wished to counteract the evil effects of Mr. SNOWDEN's par-

tisan attack on the Note in the Commons. He did it quite effectively, and Lord MELCHETT did it even more effectively. Lord PARMOOR made a brave show of defending Mr. SNOWDEN's egregious utterances (with which he clearly had no sympathy), and Lord THOMSON annoyed Lord BIRKENHEAD by throwing some figures of the American Institute of Economics in his teeth.

Then all the Noble Lords began to interrupt each other with questions and to answer "No" when they meant "Yes," and "Yes" when they meant "No," until with great relief they passed on to the smoother problem of Reconstituted Cream.

The House of Commons went into Committee on Estimates of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, but Members never really warmed to their work, and the thrill erstwhile imparted by milk, broccoli, herrings and sugar-beet could not be revived. Everybody looked relieved when the House turned to give the London Traffic Bills a third reading.

A SUBURBAN BACKWOODSMAN.

JONES wrung my hand in a merciless grip.

"Hello, pard!" he shouted.

"Pard?" I echoed, feeling whether any bones were broken.

"Short for 'pardner,'" he explained.

"You'll hear it a lot among lumbermen and prospectors out in the Great North-West, on El Gran Chaco and south of Rio Grande. 'Partner,' it means."

"Quite," I said. "Been to the pictures lately?"

"That Hollywood frame-up?" he sneered. "Nope. I want the sure 'nough thing or nix."

"Then you've got the touch of spring," I suggested.

"Betcha life," he agreed picturesquely. "And what do we do with a glorious spring day like this?"

"Cleaning," I hazarded.

"Yessir. Or the office. When the trees are bursting with sap and the little lambs jump for joy, we crawl to the office and add up other people's money. Why do we do it? Why should men with thews and sinews made for a mustang's flanks sit on an office stool and dictate 'reference yours of even date?' I've a good mind to cut it."

"Why not?" I suggested.

"The wife for one thing," he answered morosely. "She'd never understand the primeval urge in a man's breast for nights in the open, with stars gleaming like diamonds in a velvet sky. Why should I be tied to a woman's apronstrings in a



"ALAS, MY LITTLE BROTHER!"
SIR HARRY BRITTAİN.



FUN-RUNNING IN DAYS OF YORE.

SMUGGLING ABERDEEN JOKES OVER THE BORDER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

smug little suburban villa? Why shouldn't I hack my way through the scrub or blaze a trail across the forest?"

"Blaze away," I encouraged him.

"I don't see why we shouldn't," he mused. "For week-ends, anyway."

"We?" I echoed.

"There ought to be a pardner. You couldn't swap yarns around the camp-fire or play poker without a pardner. You'd look silly trying to sit round a camp-fire all by yourself."

"I'm very busy just now," I hinted.

"Busy?" he echoed scornfully. "We're all busy. Bustling round doing nothing in particular. Footling. We gotta think out life afresh. Tell you what. Just come up to my place for a cup of tea and we'll thresh this out."

I strode beside him and tried to keep pace with his long, easy backwoodsman's stride.

"Rough it," he continued—"really rough it, I mean. Sleep hard and work hard. Look at that hand."

He waved a podgy paw for me to inspect.

"It's the hand that raised us above the brute beast. Note how prehensile it is. The most perfect tool in the world. With training it can do anything from playing a sonata to tying a boot-lace. That hand could kill and it could rescue you from death. And what do we do with our hands?"

"Put them in other people's pockets," I suggested.

"Can you, for instance," he went on, sweeping aside my interruption, "get your food by them? Can you trap a rabbit or snare a snipe? Can you kindle a fire with two dry sticks to make tea in a billy? Can you catch and gut a fish? I should like to see you get a meal ready with those hands of yours. You'd only ring a bell."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Suppose there was a revolution here and people didn't answer bells any more? Suppose you had to fend for yourself or starve?"

"I daresay I could learn," I said.

"Then you'd better come with me this week-end and learn now. Here we are. We'll just discuss it over a cup of tea, and in three days' time we shall be drinking out of a billy and eating a hare we've hunted, caught and cooked with our own hands."

He placed a finger on the electric bell of "The Shack." Nothing happened.

"Maid's day out," he remembered.

He rang again. Still nothing happened.

"Wife out too, I expect," he grunted, fumbling in his pocket. "Hell, I've lost my latch-key."

"We could climb up by our prehensile hands," I suggested, "and enter through the bathroom window."

"What would the neighbours say?" he gasped. "I'll slip round the back and see if the kitchen window is unlatched."

In two minutes he returned.

"Nothing doing," he reported. "And what's the good of breaking in, anyway? I've peeped through the windows and there's not a thing ready. Always like this when I bring anyone home for tea."

"Don't let me give you any trouble, old man," I pleaded. "I'll run off, if you don't mind, and we can have our crack another day."

"Not on your life, pardner," he insisted; "I'm not going to be beaten."

"Splendid!" I cried. "May I help? I'd love to rub two dry sticks together and watch the billy boil. Where shall we build the camp-fire?"

"It's a bit chilly for tea out-of-doors," he decided; "I thought of popping into the little tea-shop at the corner. They put on quite a civilised tea for one-and-six."

W. E. R.

The Joys of Juxtaposition.

"Books of the day: Lord Birkenhead's Speeches; Bible Stories Retold."

Daily Paper.

Memories of a Point-to-Point.

On Monday I have had to pay
For pots of soothing ointment
Because I kept, on Saturday,
A point-to-point appointment.

"Wanted, Gardener, must be experienced, or useless."—Herts Paper.

On the whole we prefer them experienced.

AT THE PICTURES.

B. K.

It has always seemed to me a pity, if not a calamity, that the admirable cinema comedian with the long grave face, the profoundly melancholy eyes and

In his new picture, *Spite Marriage*—one of those METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS which are ushered in by a glorious roaring lion—nearly all B. K.'s variety is illustrated. We see him at first as a pathetic creature, with a dog-like devotion such as no other film artist can

escapades. These mostly occur at sea, after he has driven a taxi over a pier-head; and, true to tradition, each time the frying-pan is evaded it is only for a worse fire.

The advertisements, I notice, call *Spite Marriage* "a Bacchanalia of



B. K. IN THE IMPERTURBABILITIES.

the astonishing nimbleness, whom we know as BUSTER KEATON, should not by some other name be known. For quite a long while, owing to suspicion of this name, I found myself unable to test his quality. I could not believe that anyone called BUSTER could be anything but sheer elementary slapstick. Was there not a Buster Brown, a hero of the comic strips? And were not therefore (such is the false logic that prejudice can force on us) all Busters alike? The loss was mine, as I discovered when at last I dragged myself, or was dragged, to one of B. K.'s films; but I suspect that he himself has now and then wondered if he would not have been wiser—could he have foreseen his development—had he begun with a name worthier of his distinction.

As a comedian B. K. occupies a middle place between CHARLIE CHAPLIN and HAROLD LLOYD. He has some of CHARLIE's more subtle mannerisms and some of HAROLD LLOYD's frenzied agility. But he is at the same time intensely individual, with a charm all his own and features of a seriousness, dashed with dejection, so stabilized that they never relax. Some day, when he is tired of being a funny man, unless of course the Talkies completely submerge him first, he will be able to make an audience cry.

suggest, the object of his adoration being a frivolous actress named *Trilby Drew* (Miss DOROTHY SEBASTIAN). Then, when he takes the place of one of the actors so as to be nearer his divinity, we see him as a master of absurdities; and lastly, when he is flying from the law, there is a surfeit of miraculous

Cyclopien laughter"; and truly there was laughter enough, even if we were not all one-eyed. But the word Bacchanalia has unfortunately too much truth, for about ten minutes of the film are given to B. K.'s struggles with *Trilby Drew* when, after marrying him out of pique, she has become horribly drunk. These ten minutes, although they comprise some funny acrobatics, are to the mind of the Cyclops now writing a blot on the picture, which certainly does not need them. Under no conditions—even in the broadest farce—is a drunken woman fair game.

For the rest I can very heartily commend *Spite Marriage* not only as a screen comedy, but as an example of the cinema at its most adventurous and resourceful and least like a Talkie. That decorum of movement which the Talkie imposes is here defied to the utmost; nor even in the earlier and comparatively staid parts is there an instant when speech would be a real addition. No one—once the improbable fact that the expensive hero is only a small jobbing tailor has been grasped—is ever at least in doubt as to what is happening and why. But it is doubtful if, when a Talkie is put on in a theatre of similar dimensions, the occupants of the distant gallery seats will be as assured of enlightenment.

E. V. L.



IS IT DONE? OR, A HINT TO THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

"WUFFY."

He was tiny and tubby and square,
Extremely confiding and ohummy,
He lay on his back with his feet in the air
And begged me to massage his tummy.
It was nearly eight summers ago,
Attached to a barrel I found him;
He was "only a mongrel," a "nuisance,"
and so
They said they were going to "drown him."

I'd intended to purchase a dog
Of pedigree, handsome and showable,
And he, with his head like a white golliwog,
Was, snobbishly speaking, unknowable;
But flop at my feet he fell down
And said unmistakably, "Buy me"
His owner, accepting my proffered half-crown,
Just spat on the coin and said "Blimy!"

The family welcome was cool,
Unfriendly, distinctly derisive,
Implied I'd been several sorts of a fool—
Their comments were harsh and incisive!
It took him inside of two days
To conquer their prejudice, rout it,
And now, if they deem you unlavish of praise,
They're apt to be nasty about it.

They fly to his beck and his call
(Despotic his rule, though benignant),
If I venture to discipline mildly, at all,
They're all up in arms and indignant;
He's never appeared at a show
("Too draughty and cold in that Hall for him"),
But his family's sure, if he ever *did* go,
The whole bench of judges would fall for him.

For rattling he hasn't a flair,
Though once (perhaps feeling the stigma?)
He brought us a *very* dead rodent (but where
He obtained it remains an enigma);
Still, plenty of cats he has treed;
Of bones there is no better burier;
And if any stranger should question his breed
We coldly say, "Wuffyham Terrier."

Should the Ether be Purified?

"2.30. BROADCAST TO SCHOOLS.
Miss RHODA POWER, 'What the Onlooker saw. (Course III) Beaux and Belles in Bath.'"
Wireless Paper.

What is the HOME SECRETARY doing?

PUBLICITY IN ART.

A few Extracts from our Illustrated Dailies:—



MISS VIGÉE LE SMITH, WHOSE PICTURE IS HUNG IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



MR. PERENNIAL BROWN, WHOSE PICTURE IS NOT HUNG IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



MR. GOYA ROBINSON, WHOSE PICTURE IS NOT HUNG, BUT OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN.



MISS ANGELICA WHITTLE, WHOSE PICTURE IS HUNG, BUT OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN.



DAISY DIMPLE, OF PECKHAM, WHOSE REJECTED PICTURE, "CHAOS," WILL SHORTLY BE ON SHOW IN LONDON.



MR. ALF JONES, MASTER BUILDER, WHOSE ARTICLE, "WHAT IS THE ROYAL ACADEMY FOR?" IS CREATING SUCH A STIR.

AT THE PLAY.

"ROPE" (AMBASSADORS).

MR. PATRICK HAMILTON tells us that his precocious "Thriller" was suggested by DE QUINCEY. He would, I suppose, consider it sufficiently obvious that it was also suggested by a notorious Chicago tragedy. *Rope* is an ingeniously constructed study in the macabre, and, seeing that we know, a few moments after the rise of the curtain, that the two decadent undergraduates have brought their murdered man straight from the Coliseum, have strangled him, and that his body has been crammed into the Italian chest that holds the centre of the stage, it is a real achievement of the author to hold our interest to the end. There were indeed moments when success seemed to me to hang in the balance. Perhaps the producer at the beginning a little over-stressed the suggestion of horrors in being and in store by the long silences in the dark, the furtive movements, the flickering matches. Some misplaced laughs from the auditorium went near to breaking the spell. But author and actors subdued their audience in time, and even a resilient babbler in the front row of the stalls, who was bent on impressing his long-suffering family with his merry wit and airy nonchalance, fell suddenly silent—not indeed before hints had been conveyed by an angry neighbour that it would be better so.

Wyndham Brandon and Charles Granillo then, two clever Oxford undergraduates, after a course of NIETZSCHE on the duty of living dangerously, decide to murder a companion. There is to be no motive, so there can be no detection if such clever people as themselves conduct their operations cautiously. But there will be the exquisite thrill of danger adroitly escaped, and this can be heightened and varied by inviting the father of the dead boy and other friends to an informal supper, and the meal shall be set out upon the chest. It is indeed

a bizarre as it is unquestionably a theatrically effective situation. Brandon's nerve holds well; Granillo's needs more whisky than is prudent for a murderer or safe for his accomplice. It is the poet and poseur, Cadell, who proves the Nietzscheans' undoing. Ringing up before his visit, he has heard Granillo passionately clamouring that the light shall be switched off. He has

then, as the others have not, some slight warning of something amiss, and makes a sudden guess at the appalling truth, which he then proceeds to establish by a shrewd piecing together of small scraps of evidence. The guess is inspired by remembrance, from his childhood's acquaintance, that Brandon had a "chest" complex—all his imaginative yarns ended with bones buried in chests.

And from that point, with Brandon's inevitable criminal's vanity aiding, everything is easy. Too easy, perhaps, that fatal Coliseum ticket protruding from the waistcoat-pocket of Granillo; but no one with a sound taste for horror need complain.

The duel between the overconfident Brandon (Mr. BRIAN AHERNE) and the remorseless Cadell (Mr. ERNEST MILTON) is admirably worked up, and as Brandon's nerve begins to give way and finally breaks down under the pressure of Cadell's attack opportunity is given to Mr. AHERNE for a very forceful piece of acting. He indicates with great skill the murderer's gradually dawning doubts of his security, and the final abject cowardliness of his surrender is very convincingly done. Mr. ERNEST MILTON's excellently-written part was embroidered by him with that strong feeling for effective colour which informs his acting. As the pose gradually fell away from the young poet under the stimulus of his horror and his anger the actor gave us a touch of that quality of deep emotion and pent-up force which distinguishes fine from mere competent playing.

Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND played the "foil" part of Granillo with sound judgment—a part that it would be easy to play in a wrong key.

When, I wonder, will authors realise that stone-deafness is not really one of the world's best jokes? A clever little study of this tragic laughter-moving infirmity was given by Miss ALEX FRIZELL, and Mr. PAUL GILL interpreted with charming tact the kindly shy old Sir Johnstone Kentley, the murdered boy's father. T.



THE JOLLY YOUNG SLAUGHTERMAN (VICTIM IN CHEST).

Wyndham Brandon. MR. BRIAN AHERNE.



THE POET-SLEUTH.

Rupert Cadell MR. ERNEST MILTON.
Charles Granillo MR. ANTHONY IRELAND.



Picnicker. "BLIMEY! SOMEBODY'S PINCHED THE CAR."

Farmer. "No, I BORROWED IT TO SEND FOR A POLICEMAN."

THE APPROPRIATOR.

THE range of SHAKESPEARE's myriad-minded wit
Elicited the tribute, not unfit
In recognition of his varied lore,
That "WILLIAM always has been there before";
But, speaking quite correctly by the card,
I can produce a rival to the Bard—
A friend whose name, in deference to his kith,
I veil beneath the pseudonym of Smith.

Smith sat upon the knee of ROBERT BROWNING;
Saved SWINBURNE more than once from death by
drowning;

Taught in the 'seventies BERNARD SHAW to swim,
And later wrote the first review of *Kim*;
Suggested racing to great SOLLY JOEL,
Outlines to WELLS and scouts to BADEN-POWELL.
Smith also first acclimatised the slogan
And introduced the berry of the logan.
Smith was the first to recognise on circuit
The great abilities of NORMAN BIRKETT.
KREISLER and TUNNEY, LINDBERGH, DOUGLAS LOWE,
Their triumphs to his powerful backing owe.
Smith first taught duchesses to say "Oh, gosh!"
Give cocktail-teas and give up lemon-squash.
Smith first proclaimed the gospel of "awareness"
And preached the cult of slimness and of spareness.
Smith was the first to welcome the skyscraper,
Discovered MUSSOLINI and RUTH DRAPER,
First wedded rag-time measures to the dance
And first took off his hat in print to France.

In fine, if any catchword stormed the town,
If any signal act achieved renown
Or typified the spirit of our time,
From the ridiculous to the sublime,
Smith automatically claimed the credit
Of having coined, inspired, or done or said it.
Smith made the wittiest joke, the wittiest pun;
He was the man behind the Throne or gun,
FOCH, HAIG, LLOYD GEORGE and HOUSE all rolled in one.
He was the Hidden Hand, the Master Mind,
And left poor SHAKESPEARE panting far behind.

Smith Minor Again.

From a recent Latin examination paper: "*Ariadne gladium ei dedit.*" "*Ariadne gave him the glad eye.*"

Questions which Answer Themselves.

"Mr. Batey (Socialist, Spennymoor) is to ask the Prime Minister on Tuesday if he will take steps to provide that there shall be a general election on the polling day at the forthcoming General Election."—*Newcastle Paper.*

"The environs are charming—the ironworks at Onakaka, cement works at Terekohe, and coal mines at Puponga."
New Zealand Paper.

Eh! but they're nowt to the view from Wigan Pier.

The Last Rose of Rugger.

"While at Oxford he had the unusual distinction of being asked to play against England by France and by France against England."
Daily Paper.

But he never had the distinction of being asked by France to play against the French.

PULL DOWN WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN is famous for his logic and the purity of his motives. A kicking mule is not more logical or tenacious of purpose. When he becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer again he proposes to kick up his heels and do a great deal of repealing. He is going to repeal the McKenna Duties because they are logically a blot on a "Free Trade" country; he wouldn't mind repudiating the Balfour Note because logically we ought to receive what we owe, although, not quite so logically, he is in favour of the cancellation of debts; possibly he will scrap the Sugar Duty, because logically a cup of tea ought to be taxed all through or not at all; and he is going to repeal the Totalisator Act because logically it is founded upon the evil of gambling and betting. Repeal, repudiate, cancel, abolish—such is the song of the impeccable mule, and logic is its inspiration.

Well, if logic is to rule our lives, Mr. SNOWDEN, let us have lots more logic. I must point out to you, as I have pointed out before, and shall doubtless point out again, that—

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE WAS BUILT WITH MONEY OBTAINED BY A SERIES OF STATE LOTTERIES.

Here, Mr. SNOWDEN, is another grand opportunity for logical destruction. Cancel Westminster Bridge! This bridge, which shamelessly bestrides the Thames at the very heart of Empire, with every pier embedded deep in the degradation of the people! Founded on avarice and thriftlessness, it stands all day beside our blameless Parliament, shaming the legislators with its corrupt associations. Every omnibus, Mr. SNOWDEN, which crosses that bridge is supported by the gambling habit, by ruined homes and shattered characters. Repeal it, repudiate it, cut it out!

And there is another thing—

THE BRITISH MUSEUM WAS BEGUN WITH MONEY OBTAINED BY A STATE LOTTERY.

The British Museum bears also the mark of the bet. Reckless fathers, greedy for gold, turning a deaf ear to their babies' cries for bread, knocked down their wives, rushed out into the street and flung their savings into a lottery. And from this corrupt origin has sprung that Collection to which the unsuspecting parents of to-day convey their innocent children. Oh, Mr. SNOWDEN, you are no logician if you slay the Totalisator and let the British Museum survive!

One more drop of logic for the legislator. We are not to tax betting be-

cause it is an immoral indulgence and because the bookmaker will not pay. Truly a nice encouragement to the virtuous. Be naughty enough or dishonest enough and you will not be taxed; the respectable will pay. But is even this curious policy to be logically pursued? What about the consumption of "alcohol," Mr. SNOWDEN, an "evil" and a "degradation" (according to you) almost as powerful as betting? Yet the State, the holy State, is not ashamed to countenance this harmful appetite by taxing it; on the contrary, it draws therefrom something like £150,000,000 per annum—one hundred and fifty million poisonous pounds! Where is the logic of this, Mr. SNOWDEN? Did it not hurt you, when you were Chancellor, to have to include those tainted millions in the national balance-sheet? Did not every penny of it cry out to you, "I am the price of the demoralisation of the people"? No. You were glad to get it. With no noticeable reluctance you put your hand in my pocket and your conscience in your own; and when you take them both out, when you think it is as wicked to tax my beer as the other man's bets, I may begin to believe in your unswerving logic and uncompromising conscience. Meanwhile, with the greatest possible respect, you strike me as a muddle-headed humbug.

Down with Westminster Bridge, the British Museum and the Beer Duty!

A. P. H.

Endorsements Which We Long to Hear.

"Mr. — has played with — Bats for many years. He endorses the — Bat in the strongest possible language."

Batmaker's Advertisement.

Dietetics for Cannibal Epicures.

"One cannot eat one's cake and have it; nor at the same time the President of a republic from Dublin and of a dominion at Geneva."

Sunday Paper.

"Once Bitten . . ."

If a swindler again ever ventures
To sell me dud shares or debentures

May he go for all time

To a very warm clime,

Where there's weeping and gnashing of dentures.

"With increased unemployment it is not surprising that the demand for what are mostly foodstuffs of a semi-luxury nature was of a hand-to-mouth character."—*Financial Paper.*
No; we are not surprised.

"Those who have been privileged to see the portrait of ex-Provost —, which is now at the Municipal Buildings in readiness for the presentation to-morrow, have been struck by its remarkable likeness to the original."

Scots Paper.

It is suspected that he may have sat for it.

THE NEIGHBOURS.

ONCE among the woodlands
That whispered on a hillside
A Lover of the Beautiful used blissfully
to roam,
Saying: "This is wonderful!
Marvellous! Exquisite!
I'll build a little bungalow and here
I'll make my home."

Then he found an architect
Of skill and ingenuity,
Who drew a dainty picture of a cosy
little cot,
Fashioned inexpensively
(Concrete-block and three-ply),
Gabled in a rural style to suit that
woodland spot.

Lovers of the Beautiful
Are, happily, no rarity,
And presently another came, when all
the trees were green,
Saying: "Oh, magnificent!
Heavenly! Miraculous!
I can't go back to Battersea and leave
this sylvan scene."

Swiftly then the rumour ran
Of bluebells and anemones,
Of misty mellow distances and stream-
lets rippling clear;
Lovers of the Beautiful
On bicycles, in char-à-bancs,
Came and cried: "That settles it! We'll
build our nest right here."

Each sought out an architect
Of talent and ability,
Who drew a charming picture of a
bungalow-de-luxe,
Roofed with red asbestos,
Elegantly gabled,
Eminently suited to delightful rural
nooks.

Soon among the woodlands
Lovers of the Beautiful
Gazed upon a prospect as revolting as
'twas new;
Each exclaimed indignantly:
"Infamous! Disgusting!
Confound those beastly bungalows that
spoil our lovely view!"

The Hypochondriac in the Witness-Box.

"Amos —, a passenger in the 'bus, said the driver slowed down and sounded his horn as he approached the inflamed stomach lining."—*Midland Paper.*

"The Jude.—I see; it looks like a holiday on a Pêche Melba."—*Evening Paper.*
We can forgive him for being obscure.

"The policeman's bull's-eye lantern is a thing of the past in London. It has been superseded by an electric lamb of greater illuminating power."—*New Zealand Paper.*

The lonely watchman on his beat
Now simply jabs a button
To hear the comfortable bleat
Of many volts of mutton.



MR. ALFRED GILBERT.

This is the man that made the wingéd Love,
Light as the fountain-jets it poised above;
Come, Eros, come back soon to Piccadilly
And make the art of ugliness look silly!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCIV.



Farmer (saying good-bye to artists who have been lodging with him). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, SIR, WE'RE SORRY YOU'RE GOIN': AND REMEMBER THERE 'LL ALWAYS BE A HEARTY LAUGH WHENEVER WE THINKS OF YE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is, I suppose, because Mr. ROBERT HICHENS takes honest experiments in human rejuvenation seriously that he can enjoy a sally at the dishonest side of them; at any rate I am willing to admit that his *Doctor Artz* (HUTCHINSON) primarily failed to thrill me because I could not enter into the passions of a drama entirely actuated by the equivalent of monkey-glands. True I retained an academic interest in the evolutions of the plot, though even here my unfortunate detachment allowed me to forecast the future with disappointing accuracy; but I never experienced the solicitude commonly enkindled by characters drawn with perhaps less skill but deployed in more likely formations. The cast, let me say at once, is as promising as ever. There is *Pauline Iselle*, a needy young aspirant to opera with a Micawberish family of which we see too little. There are her Jewish patrons, *Leon Meyer*, the aged but interested millionaire, and the crop-headed pianist, *Naomi Vyvyan*, generous and dictatorial. Then there is *Dr. Artz*, most dangerous of charlatans because genuinely keener on experience than gain and unscrupulous in pursuit of both, who, though a connoisseur of innocent girlhood himself—having disposed of three pretty wives already—is bent on giving *Meyer* renewed opportunities of playing the rake in return for lucre and réclame. Action takes place almost entirely at Zurich, where *Pauline* studies under a kindly but conventionally drawn Russian tenor and is wooed by an eminently suitable Swiss baritone. These allied powers of

light wage chivalrous war for her possession with "the clinique behind the Dolder," whence the half-rejuvenated *Meyer* and his medical adviser keep an eye on their predestined victim. A characteristically unpleasant *pension*, run by an uncharacteristically pleasant *patronne*, furnishes seconds and backers for both parties.

Brigadier-General JOHN CHARTERIS served on Earl HAIG's staff through practically the whole of the War. He was with him in the car that dashed through a German cordon during the retreat from Mons, and he was still beside him when finally the tide had turned back towards Mons again. He watched him week after week directing, as if he were the head of a great industrial concern, the multitudinous affairs of an incredible army in violent conflict, heard him lapse into good broad Scotch when the occasion demanded emphasis, and had to deplore alike his normal dumbness where a light word would have served, and his occasional impolitic candour. His life of his hero, *Field-Marshal Earl Haig* (CASSELL), though not of course that definitive biography which is in the hands of Lady HAIG, is an important element in that impressive movement of thought which is slowly but surely transferring to our own leader renown greater than can be claimed for any other commander of the War. The author shows HAIG as declaring in 1914, even before KITCHENER, that the War must be an affair of years, not months; and as realising in 1918, even before Foch, that victory might be made a matter of months, not years. He is prepared to argue that in forecasting coming events and estimating enemy intentions, HAIG was always, every

time, right and others wrong, and holds him to have been to the very end the real director of the Allied attack. Even more valuable than this estimate is the unveiling of the personal character of HAIG. Where other writers have been rebuffed by his very greatness, by a self-restraint that would not permit the facile expression of emotion, and a sense of destiny that could not stoop to easy pleasing, General CHARTERIS has had opportunities to see and wit to apprehend the character of the man himself. He shows him indeed as a machine amazingly specialized to the one purpose of war, but, for all that, a man with a profound and steadily-deepening religious impulse, and a man surprisingly simple and direct.

Frankly I'm
Sure that *The Crime*
At Tattenham Corner (a book from
LANE'S)
Could have been solved in far less time
If Miss ANNIE HAYNES
Had not been at such pains
To leave
The trump-card concealed
Up her sleeve,
Only to be revealed
By the true murderer (who is never
detected)
At the very moment when the one who's
suspected
Is already in the dock
About to take the knock.
This, I think, is hardly playing the game,
But all the same
The story is by no means tame;
And, if you want a thrill,
There's quite enough to fill
The bill.

There is a great deal to be said for letting English youths and maidens live the life of a foreign country—not scamper through it as tourists—sometime in their impressionable years. Education is now so rigorously scheduled a tyranny that such an escape from native routine is hard to engineer, but how much it can do to enhance both insight and happiness, not only at the time but afterwards, is evident from Lady WILSON's enchanting recollections of her French girlhood. *The House of Memories* (HEINEMANN), as her friendly little book is called, gives the most delicate and vivid pictures of its writer's Parisian debut in the year of the Paris Exhibition, and of the schoolroom days that preceded it. It describes not only a highly individualized series of governesses and tutors, but fine artists, such as GOR of the *Comédie Française*, who were not above imparting their art to the young nor debarred by a lack of diplomas and certificates from doing so. Social activities were as varied as educational, and their chronicler is just as appreciative of the hospitality of a poor governess in the provinces as of cotillions in Embassy ballrooms, conversation in Orleanist salons, and *foie gras* on silver salvers in the *châteaux*



Small Girl. "I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT THE OTHER THING WAS I CAME FOR."

Grocer. "WAS IT CHEESE, BACON, BUTTER, MARGARINE, LARD, TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, SUGAR, JAM, MARMALADE, BISCUITS, BOTTLED FRUIT, CHUTNEY, PICCALILLI, BLOATER PASTE, POTTED MEAT, BAKING POWDER, SOAP, SODA, SPICE, RICE, TAPIOCA, SEMOLINA, MACARONI, CURRANTS, RAISINS"—(pauses for breath).

Small Girl. "I REMEMBER NOW. IT WAS CAN YOU TELL ME THE RIGHT TIME, PLEASE?"

of merchant-princes. She obviously believes that she had a better time than the girl of to-day enjoys; and I think myself she is right. The conventions of her period left more scope for originality than is allowed by the unconventions of ours. She is an excellent critic as well as an enthusiastic admirer of French culture; and she has caught to perfection not only the colours and contours of an ephemeral society, but the tint and outline which distinguish from every other metropolitan jewel the grey pearl that is Paris.

I'm not sure whether I enjoy the Zoological Gardens or whether I don't. But I am quite certain that Mr. and Mrs. F. M. DUNCAN simply love the place, because, if they didn't, they could never have written so very enthusiastically of

our Regent's Park menagerie as they have in *The Book of the Zoo* (NELSON), whose timely appearance synchronises with the centenary of the Zoological Society. Their venture is intended, I think, for the young, but I too have found it interesting. The book is prefaced by an account of the Society's initiation, and we assist (for my part rather half-heartedly) in the capture, in Cordofan, of the initial giraffe. Also, on the White Nile, of the first baby hippo, whose arrival in Town a year later was the sensation of the Season 1850. Of Jumbo too we are told, Jumbo, the big African elephant whose sale to Mr. BARNUM in 1882 was so strenuously "stunted" by the Press. And thus, from April 27th, 1828 (when the public were first admitted to the Gardens), we come, through a record of "steady progress and ever-increasing popularity, to the present day." So much for beginning; the bulk of the book is concerned with the creatures in the cages. We are told of them with much simple originality, and I have acquired quite a lot of easy information about the habits (when in their natural surroundings) of those enjoying our hospitality. Now I have little doubt that most of our guests are reasonably content; but there are some, the terrified and untameable European wild-cat for example, whose captivity has always seemed to me to be both cruel and scientifically useless. The book is beautifully illustrated by many well-known artists of colour and line and it has an undoubted interest.

Mr. DAVID GARNETT commenced author as a fantasist, and, though he has moved in the direction of realism, he still, as I hope he will continue to do, writes "different" books. There are no strange metamorphoses or unlikely incarcerations in *No Love* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), but it has an originality independent of surprises. Its scene, perhaps, helps, for most of the story takes place on one of those courtesy islands which project from our southern coast and are only really separated from it by the highest of tides; and this gives it a quality of aloofness from the busier world. It also gives Mr. GARNETT the opportunity for some descriptive passages, which are written with a quiet and lucid distinction of style recalling Mr. GEORGE MOORE at his best. But the gist of the book lies in the contrasted characterisation of two boys, sons of the only two householders on Tinder Island, one of whom is a pompous and tyrannical naval officer, the other an amiable but slightly futile gentleman-farmer. We watch *Benedict Lydiate* and *Simon Keltie* growing together from childhood to manhood, companions by force of proximity but never really friends, and in the end drifting apart from fundamental incompatibility of temper and because both love the same woman, who marries *Simon* but leaves him for a shadowy third. It is all most delicately done, and, though Mr. GARNETT treats physical matters with considerable frankness, there is a certain austerity, both in his style and in his mind, which precludes offence.

The author of *A Housemaster and His Boys* (ARNOLD) has chosen to call himself "ONE OF THEM," because by remaining anonymous he imagines that he disposes "of the slightest suggestion of any ulterior motive." But I cannot pass this reason as sound; those who read his sane and sensible little book will surely want to know his name, and I do not imagine that they will have much difficulty in discovering it. Only on one point do I find myself unable to agree with him. He thinks that a housemaster should be a bachelor, because if married his first interest must be his own wife and family. It is an argument that leaves me totally unimpressed. "ONE OF THEM" seems at present to be an ideal housemaster, but if he is not careful he will become too much of a specialist and pay too fervent attention to his boys. Marriage would remove this danger. But taken as a whole his is a most helpful book, which both schoolmasters and parents should read.



Friend. "WHAT EVER MADE YOU CALL THE BABY AAGAARD ZYROT?"

Mother (late Exchange operator). "IT WAS REALLY FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS. YOU SEE THOSE ARE THE FIRST AND LAST NAMES IN THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY."

The nine stories in *Maiden Stakes* (WARD, LOCK) are mainly happy tales. You will meet girls charming both in looks and disposition and men of character and courage. Difficulties beset these brave youths as they struggled to win their fair ladies; but Mr. DORNFORD YATES is as deft in destroying bunkers as he is clever in creating them. Take "In Evidence," for example, an ingenious story in which unusually serious obstacles impeded *John Lambourne* from gaining the hand of his *Alethea*. Yet in the end all is well in the happiest of worlds. I cannot say that Mr. YATES is a distinguished writer of the short story, but for those of us who are nauseated by studies of lascivious men and women he is delightfully refreshing.

For over forty years no one since Sir MONTAGUE SHEARMAN has attempted a comprehensive study of athletics; and during this period the sport has developed from a series of detached local efforts to a highly-organised pitch of international importance. And not only international, but diplomatic importance, a fact which DOUGLAS LOWE and A. E. PORHITT stress in their admirable survey of the subject, *Athletics* (LONGMANS). Reading this book, one begins to realise that the Olympic Games are indeed a Junior League of Nations, which is helping to break down the idea of nationalism, and which is giving the competing countries a new and increasing common ground. That the technical advice of these authors is invaluable to all young runners goes without saying, and I commend it to them heartily. I was interested to note that the section on diet gives a sane freedom to individual taste, and is summed up simply by moderation. The book is admirably written, and at the end there is a full list of records and statistics.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Topsy, M.P.*, by A. P. HERBERT, published by BERN. It is a further collection of "Topsy" articles, all of which have appeared in his pages.

CHARIVARIA.

PARTY colours may be less in evidence than during bygone Elections, but there is a lot of boo-and-bluff about.

We are informed that no Party has any intention of opposing the SPEAKER. And, alas, still less of opposing the loud speaker.

A daily paper leader-writer suggests that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL should leave his bricklaying and get down to brass tacks. This raises the question of whether the Brass Founders' Union would have him as a member.

Discussing the artists who have pictures in the Royal Academy a gossip-writer says few of them dress like artists. There is however the consolation that here and there you find one who paints like one.

If the tin contrivance for preventing dabs of paint from falling where they are not wanted, which is recommended to amateurs, is widely adopted, its influence should be noticeable in future exhibitions.

A severe thunderstorm broke over Muirfield during the Open Golf Championship. Lightning of course is the only thing allowed to play on the links and strike without shouting "Fore."

A spectator at a recent important golf match was described as having a beard like a burnt gorse-bush. Fortunately no question arose as to the procedure in playing a ball out of it.

The chairman of a new film company sees no reason why "Talkies" should not be produced in twenty languages. He seems confident that it will be found possible to overcome the difficulties now presented by English.

It is said that one of the drawbacks of the talking-film is that applause by the audience drowns much of the dialogue. We understand that the difficulty will soon be overcome by the simple expedient of writing dialogue that no audience would dream of applauding.

A controversy as to the merits of SHAKESPEARE is raging in Turkey, and it is anticipated that MUSTAPHA KEMEL will find it necessary to restore order by making appreciation compulsory.

One of the treasures of Dorchester House which has been acquired by the National Sporting Club is a beautiful painted ceiling. It should be very popular with recumbent heavy-weights.

In enacting that aspirants to posi-

By a decree just issued Spanish privates promoted from the ranks may rise to be colonels. They are still not allowed to carry field-marshal's batons in their knapsacks.

The man known in Paris as the prince of cat-burglars admits that he was formerly a successful bootlegger in America. Later he adopted Pussyfoot methods.

"Behind the lace-curtains of Kensington and Bayswater," says a political writer, "lives the class whom the Socialists are about to persecute and whom the Conservatives dare not defend." In our opinion the lace-curtains are indefensible.

A contemporary reminds us that Dr. HENRY BEEKE, the inventor of the Income-Tax, became Dean of Bristol. The charitable assumption is that he had repented.

A new orchid has been named Dod. Even if they reverse it, the announcers of the B.B.C. won't find a new way of pronouncing it.

A man recently escaped being run over by jumping on to the radiator of a motor-car. The driver was naturally rather annoyed as it is not considered good form to carry more than one mascot.

There are now many aeroplanes in Persia. But what we should like to see in Persia is an aerial pageant of magic carpets.

On Saturday *The Daily Express* made a leading feature of the national drought; before another issue was printed there had been twenty-four hours of rain. It is pleasant to see the growing influence of the BEAVERBROOK Press.

The Daily News has published an article entitled, "Youth must have Standards." Why not Stars?

Some racehorses, it is explained, only begin winning when they turn grey. Backers who turn grey seem to go on losing just the same.

As we go to press it seems almost certain that sweepstakes on the result of the Derby are either legal or illegal.



Perfect Wife (to returned Angler). "SIT DOWN, DEAR, AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT THE FIGHT HE GAVE YOU."

tions of responsibility must learn Irish, the Free State authorities are believed to have been actuated by the feeling that drastic measures were necessary to stem the rush.

South African witch doctors who held a meeting in support of their claim to official recognition wore top-hats, frock-coats and jackal-skin waistcoats. Jackal-skin waistcoats are not worn in Harley Street.

The projected Chicago skyscraper of the record height of just over a thousand feet is believed to be the outcome of an increasing desire to get away from the underworld.

THE CLAMOROUS CLOSE-UP;

OR, LOVE CONQUERS ALL.

[So much has been written against the "Talkies" that I feel bound to present them for once in a rather more romantic and favourable way. In the lines beneath I have tried to show the psychological reactions of a girl "picture-goer" to the voice of her chosen film-hero, now heard for the first time.]

I HAVE seen thee in all the guises that Time and the Earth have known,
And thy face was various sizes, my beautiful one, mine own!

Far off, in the middle-distance, in the present day, in the past
Thou hast ridden the engine's pistons and leapt from the peak of the mast;

And the dark eyes did not falter, and the bold look was the same

At the Babylonian altar, or when the Vikings came.

I have seen thee tied in sacking and hurled from the top of the cliffs

With a crowd of toughs attacking—thou couldst always beat the stiff;

In the teeth of the mountain blizzard, in orchards under the moon,

Or cutting a turtle's gizzard by the bank of the lorn lagoon—

Close up—till I flamed with fire at the fierce fond face of the man,

For thou wast a *chi-chi* pirate, and I was a Christian fan.

And oh! but the swords were fragile that snapped at thy whirling sword;

Incredibly lithe and agile as a flea wast thou, my lord!

With a thousand robes and weapons I have seen thee, master o' mine,

From seats that were one-and-threepence, from seats that were five-and-nine,

And I loved thy mobile features with a love that maidens know

Beyond all earthly creatures, with a love that is pure as snow—

Pale love that awaketh often, white love upon tremulous feet,
That maketh the sick heart soften as the heart of a well-sucked sweet.

Yet was there one more splendour, a joy that we never knew,
Parted thy lips and tender, but nothing at all came through—

Parted in such sweet fashion and working about and about,
That I seemed to hear thy passion, but never a word popped out.

On desert and plain and island, in the city's sounding hum
The amorous jaws were silent and the working jowl was dumb,

The throat and the virile torso, and the eyes that could not fail,

But the sweet lips even more so, they thrilled to a soundless tale;

And a whisper rose from thy vitals, but was the whisper the same

As the one that the crude sub-titles flashed out in a text of flame?

* * * * *
But behold a new thing risen, a wonder beyond all praise,
For the voice is loosed from prison, the god from the instrument brays!

He speaks to those who have found him; his voice is the voice of a star,

It shatters the night around him like the hoot of a high-priced car.

Then seize me, O sheikh and abductor, and murmur thy passionate vows

With the noise of a house-destroyer, with the noise of the lowing of cows;

Love-mate, heart's comrade and fellow, while the doves in the myrtle complain,

Let me hang on the breath of thy bellow and swoon in thine uproar again!

For the birds in the garden are calling, thy voice is the voice of love;

I can hear a nasal drawling through the thick of the dins above;

And the rose on the bush is blooming, the mists from the fields are drawn,

To the bass of thy hollow booming comes up the golden dawn.

I am thine, thy beloved, thy sword-won!—in a warm sweet land of the South;

Lean to me, touch me, adored one, dream-man with the megaphone mouth!

EVOE.

A SEER IN BOND STREET.

My first meeting with Maung Kin had been outside a fortune-teller's booth at Wembley, where he told me he had found a haven after being expelled from the Burma Pavilion.

But I had forgotten all this.

* * * * *
Yesterday he stopped me at the bottom of Bond Street. "Salaam," said he.

"Good morning," said I, for though I know the language I felt that "Salaam" in Bond Street was out of place.

"Enlightened One," he said, "has been in the East, land of beauty, land of mystery, land of old wisdom."

I told him that Enlightened One had indeed been in the East, and asked him what he wanted.

"Humble servant," he said, "come from Burma, land of silk, land of pagoda, land of Buddhist religion."

This was all very well, but I had an appointment to keep. "I have been in Burma too," I said; "what do you want?"

"Maung Kin," he said, "salutes son of the Almighty. Maung Kin in strange land. Maung Kin no bazaar money."

"Why," I said, "Maung Kin no bazaar money? What Maung Kin doing here?"

"Maung Kin," he said, "come tell English people about Buddhist religion. No people wanting know. Maung Kin no money."

"Well," I said, "it's a very laudable object to come and tell English people about Buddhist religion, but how did Maung Kin get here?"

"Maung Kin astral body here," he said; "Maung Kin's other body in Rangoon."

"That not true, Maung Kin," I said; "astral body not wanting food."

"Maung Kin knew you from Burma," he said, "therefore Maung Kin astral body. Maung Kin wants send money other body in Rangoon. Other body hungry. Maung Kin astral body know this."

I seemed to be getting into deep water, and as his face was vaguely familiar I gave him some money. Later I saw him for the third time. He looked happy but shame-faced. He was feeding his astral body with bananas which he was buying one by one from a fruit-stall in Soho.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE"

THE CHILDREN (in unison for once). "HERE WE COME GATHERING VOTES IN MAY!"

[In a joint letter to *The Times* Messrs. BALDWIN, RAMSAY MACDONALD and LLOYD GEORGE claim to speak on one subject with a united voice—the preservation of the beauty of the countryside.]



DRAMA'S SNUB TO THE "TALKIES."

THE STAGE GOES SILENT.

THE PERFECT ELECTION.

In the spring of 1930 all persons over the age of sixteen were granted the franchise, and Childhood Suffrage crowned a century of electoral reform. Constituencies became extensive and unwieldy, but, though it was more and more difficult for Candidates to meet all the electors in the flesh, the efforts of scientific invention had made it more and more unnecessary.

In the borough of Boggle, for example, there were 215,000 women on the register, 189,000 children and 60,000 adult males; and the old-fashioned political meeting was given up altogether. The electors sat at home in the parlour and watched the figure of the Candidate orating in three colours on the wall, while his eloquent remarks on the state of trade emerged from an ornamental spout on the side-board. Indeed, whether by wireless, gramophone, screen-van, television or talkie, his voice and personality were more frequently impressed upon them than in the dull old days of personal contact. And just as the electors remained in their homes so the Candidate seldom stirred from his hotel.

Mr. Augustus Pop, who stood for Boggle in the Conservative interest, was the first man to take full advantage of

the new conditions. He was a stranger to Boggle, and after the retirement of the sitting Member none of the parties could find a strong local Candidate. Mr. Pop had no very pronounced political opinions, except the view that he ought to be a Member of Parliament. And he conceived the idea of standing not only in the Conservative but in the Labour and Liberal interest as well. Being a frank fellow, he went to the local Labour and Liberal organisations and frankly put the proposal before them. He pointed out the economies which would result to all Parties from having one Candidate instead of three, and the ease with which it could be arranged in these mechanical days. The Socialists, always attracted by anything which has the flavour of centralisation and the pooling of resources, eagerly assented. The Liberals were dubious at first; but Mr. Pop pointed out that under his scheme for the first time they might be sure that, while the majority of Boggle would have its way, minority opinion would be properly represented in Parliament; and the Liberals liked that. Some of them thought that there was a touch of deception in the plan. They were even afraid that Mr. Pop, if elected as a Liberal, for example, might be held guilty of obtaining money under false pretences; but Mr. Pop replied that that might be said

of any Member of Parliament. He also said that there was no law against a man expressing Liberal and Conservative opinions successively; indeed it was constantly done. And as for deception, in these days the people voted no longer for a man but an effigy; and one effigy was as good as another. The great thing was that right should prevail, and under his scheme right was bound to prevail, for it was his intention to present the case of each Party with perfect impartiality. So at last the Liberals agreed also.

As Mr. Pop had said, the thing was easily done. Each Party hired a room in the same corridor at the Grand Hotel, and in these rooms, which had communicating doors, a single staff transacted the business of all the Candidates, a great saving of time and money. In a fourth room sat Mr. A. L. T. Pop, delivering into a microphone a succession of speeches in praise of Mr. BALDWIN, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. As the Conservative, Augustus Pop remained his robust clean-shaven self; as the Liberal Leonard Pop, he blossomed into horn-spectacles and a grey wig; and as the Socialist Tom Pop, he wore a large moustache, ruffled hair and the head-waiter's off-duty coat. All these gentlemen were duly repro-

duced by television-talkie in the drawing-rooms of Boggle and much impressed the electorate. The curious similarity of the Candidates' names was remarked upon, but everyone knew of coincidences stranger than that, and their opinions were so different that no one suspected anything.

Mr. Pop was careful to adhere to the accepted methods of political controversy. He was constantly, for example, putting nasty questions to the other Candidates. On Monday Mr. Augustus Pop in a wireless speech would challenge Mr. Leonard Pop to give a straight answer to a straight question, as: Did Mr. Leonard Pop, or did he not, accept the principle of the Conway Memorandum? and if so, how did he reconcile this attitude with the speech made by his leader at Huddersfield in 1923? All Tuesday the electors would be pleasantly agog to hear how Mr. Leonard would face this testing conundrum; and sure enough on Tuesday evening Mr. Leonard would come out with a rather shattering reply. Mr. Augustus, however, would "characterise the reply as misleading," and on Wednesday evening, through a hundred thousand loud-speakers, nailed the lie to the mast.

Nor were the Pops ashamed to descend to "personalities," since, though the use of "personalities" is condemned by everybody, everybody knows that you cannot have an interesting election without them. Mr. Augustus Pop therefore was careful to put it about that Mr. Tom Pop had once been a street-bookmaker and that Mr. Leonard Pop was notoriously fond of the ladies. But strict impartiality was observed, and the following day Mr. Leonard and Mr. Tom caused it to be known that Mr. Augustus ate and drank to excess. Thus the electors got what they expect of an election and everybody in Boggle was indignant and happy.

Finally Mr. Augustus Pop was returned by a small majority, but by a minority of the total poll, an entirely satisfactory result which allayed any qualms of conscience in Mr. Pop's breast; for, as he said, he now represented not one particular section, like other Members, but the entire constituency.

None of the Candidates turned up at the counting of the votes (which was done mechanically in a very few minutes); but after the declaration of the poll Mr. Augustus Pop made an eloquent speech of thanks from his window at the Grand Hotel, in which he said truly that Boggle had selected him to be their representative with no uncertain voice. He thanked the other Candidates for the clean and courtly manner in which they had con-



"LOOK, LIL! BOULOGNE! I'D LIKE TO 'AVE A DAY THERE!"
 "LUMMY, GWEN, YOU 'AVEN'T HALF GOT THE WANDER LUST!"

ducted the campaign; and a little later Mr. Leonard appeared upon his balcony and bowed distantly (an obviously broken man), while at eleven o'clock Mr. Tom made a fiery speech by wireless on "Why I Lost." In every way it was a perfect election, causing the minimum of trouble, disappointment and expense.

A. P. H.

The Office of Works has been driven to poisoning a once-tame fox which was straying in Hyde Park. A correspondent suggests that it would have been more humane and equally effective to show it the Bird Sanctuary.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

POSTERS.

Big and little, low and high,
 More than I can tell;
 In the streets where I go by,
 Underground as well;
 Almost everywhere I go,
 Posters in a coloured row.

Pretty ladies, funny men,
 Very foreign lands,
 Windy moor and fairy glen,
 Children on the sands—
 Like a painted picture-book
 All spread out for me to look.

R. F.

ROOTS OF EVIL.

WITH an inward sigh of relief I saw the dessert appear on the table. The Colonel, our guest, is an epicurean traveller and throughout the meal we had been treated to a kind of personally-conducted tour of the world's Best Dishes. Not that he actually disparaged our food, but we were given to understand that they order these things better in China or India or Peru.

"Oh, oranges," he boomed—"that reminds me. When I was in Seville—"

"It's very strange," said Joan, "how the same food varies in different countries."

"Yes," I said, "like that special beetroot one gets in Bordeaux."

"Special beetroot?" demanded the Colonel, who has no notion of letting well alone. "How is it special?"

All might yet have been well had I not caught sight of the twitch of Joan's mouth. "That's done you one, my lad," said her glance.

"Why, it's green," I said. "Surely you've had the Bordelaise green beetroot?"

"Idiot," said Joan's eyes across the table, and I was inclined to agree. Nobody, I felt, could swallow green beetroot either literally or figuratively, but I was wrong.

"Oh, that stuff," said the Colonel, "of course. Why, it must be fifteen—twenty—thirty years since I had any of that. Bless my soul, green beetroot—hum! I would like to have some again."

"Perhaps you'll order some, dear, for the next time the Colonel comes to dine," said Joan sweetly.

"Certainly," I said, and "Now you don't get that new hat," I glanced.

"Capital, my dear fellow, capital," said the Colonel.

"Blauwasser and Weissand will get it for you," said Joan; "they say they can get any kind of food."

"Oh, do they," I said grimly; "I'll write now if you will excuse me."

Two days afterwards I received the following letter:—

"DEAR SIR,—With reference to your esteemed order of the 9th inst., we regret that, owing to the fact that your letter was badly damaged in transit, we were unable to read certain portions of it. Will you be good enough to write again informing us of your exact requirements?"

Yours faithfully,

BLAUWASSER AND WEISSAND, LTD."

I typed my reply on a postcard:—

"Re yours of the 11th inst. My order was for GREEN BEETROOT."

Yours faithfully."

"DEAR SIR," read the reply,—"We are in receipt of your postcard confirming your order for green beetroot and regret that we have never heard of this vegetable. We can assure you that we are in the unique position of being able to supply any known foodstuff, and can only think that you have made some error in thinking that such a vegetable exists."

Yours faithfully."

"DEAR SIR," I replied,—"I am surprised by the tone of yours of the 13th inst. To assume that a certain foodstuff does not exist simply because you do not happen to have heard of it is obviously absurd. As a matter of fact I do not suppose you have ever heard of carbonised custard and worm-pie, yet I assure you that my small daughter made one yesterday."

Disappointedly yours."

I received no reply to this, and for several days heard nothing further. One day however I found the following among my morning letters:—

"DEAR SIR,—We have received an order from another source for green beetroot. Can you give us any information as to the country in which this vegetable is grown?"

Assuring you of our best attention,
We remain,

BLAUWASSER AND WEISSAND, LTD."

I was still debating in my mind the best way of dealing with this when I received a note from the Colonel.

"MY DEAR FELLOW," I read—"My memory is not what it was and I simply cannot remember where I last found that green beetroot we were talking about a few days ago. Can you tell me in which country one gets it?"

The hunt was up with a vengeance. It had, I decided, gone far enough. I scribbled a note to the Colonel telling him "Bordeaux," and to the other letter I replied:—

"DEAR SIR,—The green beetroot, I now find, is not edible, but is used only as an ornament for certain specialised foreign dishes. I shall be pleased therefore if you will cancel my order."

Thanking you for your attention,
I remain,

Two days afterwards the Colonel called in before luncheon.

"A glass of sherry, Colonel?" I asked.

"Thank you," he replied; "I called in to tell you about that green beetroot. I've just remembered that the stuff isn't edible at all. It is only used as a decoration for the dish. You're lucky it didn't poison you. You must be care-

ful, you know; things like green beetroot can lead to no end of trouble."

I raised my glass.

"I believe you, Sir," I said.

DUPLICITIS.

My youngest sister, Olga, Having been to *Volga Volga*, Has contracted a peculiar

And distressing brain complaint, Which, having deeply entered On the spot where speech is centred, Defies our utmost efforts To eradicate the taint.

It is now her whim or hobby To call me Bobby-Bobby, A variant on Robert

That cuts me to the core; And she talks of Bul-Bulgaria When alluding to that area, A liberty that Boris Must obviously deplore.

She adores the Talkie-Talkie (Better named of late the "Squawkie"):

At breakfast-time she bids me Pass the marma-marmalade; When pleased cries "Jolly-jolly!" When surprised "O golly-golly!" For she never can dispense with Iteration's odious aid.

Hood ingeniously traces In *Miss Kilmansegg* the graces, The merits and the virtues

Which in many doubles dwell; But verbal duplication So excites my indignation That as a Man and Brother I am driven to rebel.

This dissyllabic stammer Plays the very deuce with grammar And indicates reversion

To remote barbaric ways; It makes youth Merry-merry With a sort of beri-beri, But it fills old-fashioned people With resentment and amaze.

Classic Outsiders.

"Kai oi ἵπποι ἔθεον = the horses also ran." Student's translation of sentence from the "Anabasis."

"OPENING OF CHEESE SEASON. Stratford Plays New Plymouth." *New Zealand Paper.*

We suppose it will open with the old gambit of Queen's Stilton to Knight's Rocquefort.

"It is a remarkably diverse collection with Capablanca cheek by jowl with 'Alf' Smith, Mr. Leon M. Lion keeping company with Mussolini."—*Manchester Paper.*

Only a gentleman of this fierce name dare walk out with BENITO.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



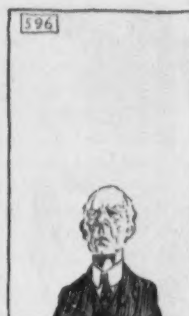
The Woman Model (to her husband). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE, BILL?"
The Man Model. "I DUNNO. GENTLEMAN SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT COMPOSITION."



FOUNDERS' DAY AT AN INVERTEBRATES' HOME.



THE GREATEST MISFORTUNE OF NIGEL.



A WELL-KNOWN PEER EXPERIENCES "THAT SINKING FEELING."



POSTER TO ILLUSTRATE THE SLOGAN OF THE COOKED FISH TRADERS' ASSOCIATION—
 "EAT MORE STEWED EELS."



AFTER ALL, ONLY THE WESTERN PEOPLES KNOW HOW TO WEAR TROUSERS WITH ASSURANCE.



INTERLUDE IN A LIFE OF TOIL AT
 — COLLEGE.



LEDA AND THE SWAN WHO LOST HIS HEAD.



EXCITEMENT OF A SIFAKA AT SEEING AN ASPIDISTRA
 SUDDENLY BURST INTO FLOWER.



PETER.

V.—THE CARAMEL.

A KIND lady gave Frances a box of caramels. They were good powerful he-caramels too; none of your soft creamy children's sweets. Properly applied these caramels would have drawn the back teeth out of an elephant.

Frances ate one on Thursday—nearly all Thursday, to be precise—and on Friday she offered one to Peter the dog. This, it transpired, was a stroke of genius on her part; I haven't laughed so much since the day the Mess cook made a tart out of plaster-of-Paris.

The caramel Frances selected was a large bright orange one, and even Peter, who usually bolts everything we show him and considers it afterwards, sniffed gingerly at this gift, like a Spanish dictator opening an anonymous brown-paper parcel. Then he licked the south-west corner, decided he liked the taste, and took it gently in his front teeth. What the caramel then did to him I don't know, but he almost immediately laid it on the carpet again and barked furiously at it for three minutes from every point of the compass. When he had thus sufficiently intimidated the thing he launched a second attack, got it between his back teeth and bit.

For a moment we feared it would split into fragments like toffee and thus spoil the fun, but the foundations of that caramel had been well and truly laid, and it held at every joint. This surprised Peter and he put in half-a-minute's intense work. We gathered by the expression on his face that still the caramel did not yield.

Up to now Peter had been treating the affair lightly, that is to say he had only been crouching with his front end, his after-part still remaining *in statu quo*. Now he brought his stern to earth, squared his elbows and really got down to business with this new type of bone.

After ten minutes Peter was still sticking to it, and it was now definitely sticking to him. It had become as tenacious as he was, and a distinct expression of surprise was visible on his face. In another couple of minutes surprise had given place to a look of

poignant reproach directed at us, as having wished this thing on him. A minute after he decided he had had enough for the day and was trying to back out of it. He backed into various articles of furniture, but could not back away from the caramel. His jaws were now moving with the slow plodding action of a man walking across a ploughed field after heavy rain. When he had backed out into the garden, round a

having low-class friends from overseas constantly to visit us. Fifteen minutes later Peter gave a convulsive gulp, swallowed the rest of the caramel and instantly collapsed into a deep sleep of exhaustion, from which he did not emerge till later in the afternoon.

At dinner-time, however, he was asking for another, but we were still too weak with laughter to give it to him. It had been such fun that we deferred

it to the next day and made a party of it by asking round half-a-dozen friends. We promised them an evening's sheer merriment, but kept the exact nature of the entertainment a secret till the last minute.

At zero hour, in an anticipatory hush, Frances proffered a caramel. At zero + 2 seconds Peter, in the concluding stages of a large loud gulp, was wagging his tail for another in a silence that was no longer anticipatory but had become definitely hostile. They all seemed to think it was our idea of a practical joke. A. A.

The Little White House in the Lakes.

"The lake district is a corner of England aside from all else in many ways. For here Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge lived and wrote. . ."

New York Paper.

Costly Parenthood.

"On Easter Monday, the wife of H. W. — gave to the world a dear little lady baby."

South African Paper.

In view of the expense a large lady baby would have been much more satisfactory.

Hints To Social Climbers.

"ATTIRE FOR RAMBLERS.

Sir,—I have read with interest the letters on rambler's attire. For men, I do not think there is anything more serviceable than shorts. I am a female Rambler, but I find a tweed shirt and pullover enough. Yours, etc., —"

Letter in Yorkshire Paper.

So you'll probably know a she-rambler when you meet one.

There was a young lady of Wapping Who exclaimed, "Oh, how terribly topping!"

For, of bargains in quest, She had been to the West, And had caught the expression while shopping.



Spring-smitten Maid. "WHAT A PITY THEY'RE TAKING AWAY YOUR PRETTY HELMETS. THEY ALWAYS REMINDED ME OF BLUE-BELL TIME."

[The authorities are replacing the police helmet with a peaked cap.]



George Babel

Mother. "NOW, DEAR, YOU'RE MUCH TOO BIG A BOY TO CRY BECAUSE IT'S BEDTIME."

Small Boy. "YOU JUST SAID I WAS MUCH TOO SMALL A BOY TO SIT UP SO LATE. IT SEEMS AS IF I'M ALWAYS EITHER TOO BIG OR TOO SMALL!"

BALLADE OF VANISHING WILD-FLOWERS.

GONE is the Gentian from the hill;
Gone is the Wind-flower from the glade;
Fritillary and Daffodil
Have perished by the ruthless spade.
But now these infidels shall raid
The meadows and the woods no more;
The flowers shall send their own crusade—
Come, let us wage a holy war!

You Flags, unfurl! You Bugles, shrill!
Leap, Shieldfern, from your tranquil shade!
You, Military Orchis, drill
The Water-Soldiers' stout brigade!
Midsummer-Men with gold cockade
March on, while high the Rockets soar!
Wake, Robin, wake and lend your aid—
Come, let us wage a holy war!
With verdant weapons we shall kill;
With Spearwort and with Two-Way-Blade

Bold Arrowhead shall try his skill;
Clubmoss and Cleavers, unafraid,
Shall smite the vandals who invade
The haunts of Dwale and Hellebore;
Loose Strife! Lest England's beauty fade—
Come, let us wage a holy war!

Envoy.

Lady, whose fingers oft have made
Magic to succour and restore,
Upon us be your mantle laid—
Come, let us wage a holy war!

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE CANNIBALS.

ONCE when Mr. Jimble was in Africa where he used to go sometimes to shoot lions and tigers and hippopotamuses he came across some cannibals which he hadn't expected.

And the black boys who had been carrying him in a hammock ran away and all the others too, so he was left alone with the cannibals, and they wrapped him up in the hammock so that he could breathe all right but couldn't use his arms or his legs, and the chief of them said now that is very lucky because we haven't had a white man to eat for a long time and it will be a treat and a change of diet.

And Mr. Jimble said yes that's all right but I suppose you will feed me up first won't you? because I am rather thin through taking so much exercise lately in this heat and I am afraid you would find me rather stringy.

Well the chief was surprised at hearing him talk in his own language and asked him how he had learnt it. And he said oh well I have always been interested in languages and I learnt it at Oxford, I wish you would tell somebody to untie me, I will promise not to run away.

So the chief told them to untie him and he said come into my kraal and we can have a nice talk.

So they went into the kraal and it was rather smelly, but Mr. Jimble was glad to get out of the sun. And there was a little boy there and he said to the chief I suppose that is your little boy, where does he go to school?

And the chief said well he doesn't go anywhere, but I should like him to go to school and learn English, where would you recommend?

And Mr. Jimble said well I was at Eton myself and it is a very good school, if you like I will give you a letter to the headmaster.

And the chief said oh thank you, I will remind you of that before we eat you. I suppose they would let him have his own diet at Eton, I could send over some people I don't want out of my tribe for him to eat if they didn't care about providing white people for him.

Mr. Jimble said well you would have to make your own arrangements about that, and now what about eating me? If you like I will tell you exactly how to feed me so that I shall taste nice

when I am cooked, and if you will take my advice you will have me boiled and not roasted because I shall be more of a delicacy like that.

And the chief said yes we can easily manage that, there is a river not far off and we can dig a hole here and bring water for it in gourds.

And Mr. Jimble said dig the hole at once and fill it with hot water every evening, and I can get into it before having dinner, then I shall be easier to boil when the time comes.

So the chief did that, and Mr. Jimble showed them how to dig a hole the shape of a bath and every evening he had a nice hot bath in it. And he made



"ALL THE CANNIBALS WANTED TO PLAY CRICKET TOO."

them bring him all sorts of nice things to eat and told them how to cook them, because he said he wanted to taste as nice as possible when they ate him and this was the best way. And he had several bottles of wine in his luggage, so he drank that, and he always gave the chief a glass of port when he had finished his dinner, but he said he didn't advise him to have more than one because he wasn't used to it.

Well the chief grew quite friendly with him and he said I am sure I am very much obliged for all the trouble you are taking, the last white man we caught made such a fuss that it was quite unpleasant.

And Mr. Jimble said oh I don't believe in making a fuss about anything, and I am very pleased to oblige you.

And the chief said I am sure you will taste delicious, when do you think you will be ready?

Mr. Jimble said well I have been thinking about that, have you ever heard about Escoffier sauce? and the chief said no.

And he said well if you like I will buy you some to go with me, and the chief said oh thank you where can you get it?

And he said I will send a letter to a friend of mine in Cape Town with some money in it, and one of your cannibals must run as fast as he can with the letter and bring back the sauce, and when he comes back you can serve me up as soon as you like.

So the chief did that, and when the cannibal had gone with the letter he often used to talk about the treat they were going to have, and he said I wish you were going to be there because I have quite come to like you, but I don't see how it can be managed.

Well the cannibal was a long time away and the chief began to get rather impatient, but Mr. Jimble said I will tell you what I will do to pass the time, I will prepare your little boy for Eton, because he will have to pass an examination to get in and he must know some English as well as Latin and arithmetic and other things, and I could teach him to play cricket too.

So he did that, and the chief's little boy soon learnt to talk English, and they made some balls out of some light wood, and some cricket-bats and wickets and bails, and all the cannibals wanted to play cricket too when they saw it. So Mr. Jimble taught them, and he made up

two quite good elevens and gave them different colours, and they used to play matches together. And that went on for nearly two months.

And then one morning a cannibal came running up and said there were a lot of white soldiers all round them with guns, and what had they better do?

Well the chief saw it was no good trying to run away, and he was very frightened, but Mr. Jimble said he would talk to the soldiers, and they wouldn't do anything if the chief and all the cannibals kept quiet.

So he went out and said to the Captain of the soldiers well you got my letter, I am glad you came, I don't think you need kill any of these people unless you particularly want to, they are quite decent really except that they are cannibals.



The Girl (to her sleeping partner). "WELL, I WILL SAY THIS FOR YOU—YOU DON'T SNORE."

And the Captain said well they have got to leave off being cannibals, or I shall take them all prisoners and I shall have the chief shot.

So Mr. Jimble told the chief that and he was quite surprised and said it was the first he had heard of there being anything wrong in being a cannibal and why hadn't Mr. Jimble told him before? And he said well for one thing I didn't want to hurt your feelings, and besides you might have thought I was only telling you that to save myself being eaten.

So it all ended happily and Mr. Jimble went back to England. He was glad he had not been eaten by the cannibals, but he had had to tell a good many lies to prevent himself from being and he didn't feel quite comfortable about that. So he added up all he could remember of the lies he had told and gave half-a-crown for each one to a hospital.

And before long the chief died from indigestion, and his little boy became chief instead. It had fallen through about his going to Eton, but he could decline *mensa* and add up pounds shillings and pence and he was the best cover-point in the tribe, so he made quite a good chief.

A. M.

HUBERT THE HIPPO.

[An elusive solitary hippopotamus, to whom the name Hubert has been given, is creating a sensation in Natal. He has been invading sugar plantations, leaning against native houses and even obstructing motor-cars in town. A price has been set upon his head, but so far he has evaded capture.]

WHY are they persecuting thus
One lonely hippopotamus?
No doubt a foolish frightened stray,
Whose family is far away;
Perhaps an orphan, who must sigh
For parent hippopotami.

It's very obvious that he
Wants only human sympathy—
A trim allotment where to roam,
A vacant garage for his home.
Ah, what a welcome he would meet
Could he invade my humble street!
For I am one who can't forget
His childhood's wish for such a pet;
Though inconvenient might be
My top-floor flat for such as he,
He'd learn, like anyone who cares,
To mount the several flights of stairs.
At night upon the mat he'd snore
To bar the burglar from the door;
The neighbours soon would come to
love

His footsteps on the floor above,

They'd smile to watch his frisking feet
Dance down the road myself to meet;
And when I walked he'd keep his place
Close to my heel with docile grace;
Perhaps ere long—you never know—
To fetch my paper he would go,
And never linger on the way
With little friends to fight or play.
The people round could not object
To one so staid and circumspect;
He would not bark, nor half the night
Upon the house-top wail and fight,
Nor all day long the building fill
With singing headachy and shrill;
A nuisance he would never be
By climbing on a stranger's knee.
If I, upon his training bent,
Administered some punishment
I know he would not hide his bulk
Behind the wardrobe in a sulk.
My darling hippo, I could feel,
No thief could ever think to steal,
For who would take my joy and pride
So easily identified?
Then as a pet how nice and cheap,
Involving nothing but his keep!
The Horse-Power Tax does not apply
(As yet) to hippopotami.

I wish, for reasons given above,
He'd live with me and be my love!

W. K. H.

ENGLISH FOR THE POLES.

WITH the purpose of familiarising their fellow-countrymen with English, two young Poles in Warsaw have just started a little periodical called *The Jack o' Lantern*. "*The Jack o' Lantern*," they say, "will clear out many dark and oblique cases that occur in literature and daily Press. *The Jack o' Lantern* will insert in its pages many valuable suggestions and innuendoes." *The Jack o' Lantern's* "aims are, or at least should be, to render it possible for everybody knowing the language, as it were, enough to make himself understood, to proceed with his studies by means of reading important and useful articles and contributions which, after having been read, will disperse many dark and seemingly intransparent clouds that barred his progress to further and loftier regions." The motto, from S. TAYLOR COLERIDGE, runs thus: "We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

The first number is full of variety. There are articles on the Argentine, on Japan, on the need for romance in life, on the Polish film industry, on Christmas in England. The last is by a close observer, as the following extracts prove: "Very often people prefer rather to get rid of these waits and are glad to reward them for their trouble before they have begun their performance."

The members of English families give each other Christmas gifts. Servants joyfully look forward for their Christmas-box (from a shilling upwards) when they call upon their master and his family wishing them a 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' On Christmas morning the usual salutation sounds: 'A Merry Christmas to you.' The person addressed answers: 'The same to you, Sir, and many of them.'... The mistletoe-branch is a very popular feature among the lower classes. A young gentleman who meets a girl under the mistletoe is at liberty to embrace and kiss her. That's really scrumptious, isn't it? How many of us wait for suchlike chance! To see a piebald pony and to wish at that same instant for something is believed to come to pass. Boys and girls have wishes when seeing gents with toppers (top-hats) on, and stop their play on that occasion. Ay, Yuletide is the merriest time of all!"

There are also two short stories, both of a passionate nature. The first, translated from the Spanish, tells of the love of *Juan Mateo* for his wife, *Rose*, and the trouble caused by the re-entry of an old flame into her life. *Juan Mateo* was a cave-man. "To hunt wild-cat o' mountains and diverse game, and to love his tan woman that appeared always fresh and rosy, was the essence of his life. He loved her savagely, austere,

and she devoted herself wholly to his love. One nasty morning," the story proceeds, "while on the look-out for game in the snowy valleys, he encountered a man lying on the ground. A deep wound was in his chest, blood ran profusely. Juan took him on horseback and rode off to his mountainous abode. Rose saw them coming and went to meet them. When she beheld the wounded man she appalled slightly. He was a stout and corpulent chap of a brown complexion and profound look. When he beheld Rose he trembled slightly." To experienced readers like ourselves the reason for the agitation of *Rose* and the stranger is plain; but *Juan* was a long time before he discovered what it meant. Then he promptly took action and killed his rival.

The other story, "The Kiss," an original work by M. CHIVBYEL, is also a tragedy. It tells how a young Italian clerk loves the beautiful *Bertha*, his employer's secretary, but, although she has promised to marry him, he cannot induce her to grant him an embrace.

"For one kiss I would give away all my life," he would say. *Bertha* smiled and said, 'Have patience, darling, the time will come when I'll let you kiss me.' He could not sleep at nights; different nightmares tortured him. He began to lose every interest in his life. When at office he would complain before his friends at his sad dole. 'What for



Young Bride. "OH, LOOK, DARLING, OUR FIRST BILLS!"

do I live? In faith, the office work and the home-life has got my goat. I am fed up with my every-day routine; I can't bear it any longer."

Nothing would shake her, not even the excitement of a dance. On the morning after the dance there was a picnic. "Twenty smart maidens and spruce gentlemen set off at as late as ten o'clock in the morning. Mack took his place at the right side of Bertha. Jolly talks filled up the air; love-making and courting were all in full swing, hearty laughter of the girls and sweet and tickling addresses of the dandies. 'How sweet you look to-day, a natural lily-of-the-valley,' said Mack. 'Do you like me?' 'Yes, dear,' said Bertha. 'And why don't you let me kiss you? Say what you wish and I am ready to do all for a single kiss.' 'Ha, ha, ha!' she guffawed, 'all right. Let me see you climb upon the top of the tree that stands there.' She pointed with her hand to the very tall and branchless young oak that grew at some distance. No sooner said than done."

The slender tree, breaking at the topmost branch, causes Mack to fall. "Briny tears were corroding everybody's heart. Bitter and obstreperous, helpless and biting, sad and heart-rending, Bertha's wails filled up the air, a dead body all in blood prostrate at her feet. She bent over her victim, kissed him on the lips and lamented: 'Kiss me, dear Mack, kiss. Oh! what have I done? Would I had perished sooner than you! Kill me, friends, for I am guilty of Mack's death; tear me into pieces!'"

That, however, is not the end. A few years later we find Bertha, far from being torn to pieces, in the company of her husband and their small boy, walking through a cornfield. "'Don't tread on the wheat-ears, darling,' the young lady exhorted her son, 'for they were sowed by the laborious hands of the hodge. In these ears there will appear the grains that are ground into flour and with flour the baker will get up tasteful loaves of bread we eat every day. Well, then, my heart's treasure, remember it for ever and don't ruin the plants the Lord permits to grow upon His world.'" Suddenly they come to a cemetery, where the child draws attention to a neglected grave. Need I say that it is that of Mack?

To *The Jack o' Lantern* I offer a warm welcome, and I hope to see further numbers. But really to be useful, ought it not to be printed in Polish too? Then, while its readers in Warsaw were learning English, I, in London, could be learning Polish. Without such parallel columns they might just as well import, say, *John o' London*. E. V. L.



Vague old Lady (to music-shop assistant). "I WANT A PIECE OF MUSIC BY—ER—LET ME SEE—JUST HUM ONE OR TWO TUNES AND I MIGHT RECOGNISE IT."

EXPLODED BELIEFS.

[Lecturing at Oxford, Mr. STEFANSSON, the Canadian explorer, said that one hundred miles within the Arctic Circle he found a temperature of eighty degrees. The Esquimaux were standing at the river edges, perspiring and wagging bandana handkerchiefs around their heads to keep the mosquitoes and flies away. They had been perspiring there for thousands of years. Explorers were to blame for the popular fallacies about those places.]

THE polar regions welter
In everlasting heat;
Egyptian fellahs shelter
From constant hail and sleet;

The people of the tropics,
Searching among their snows

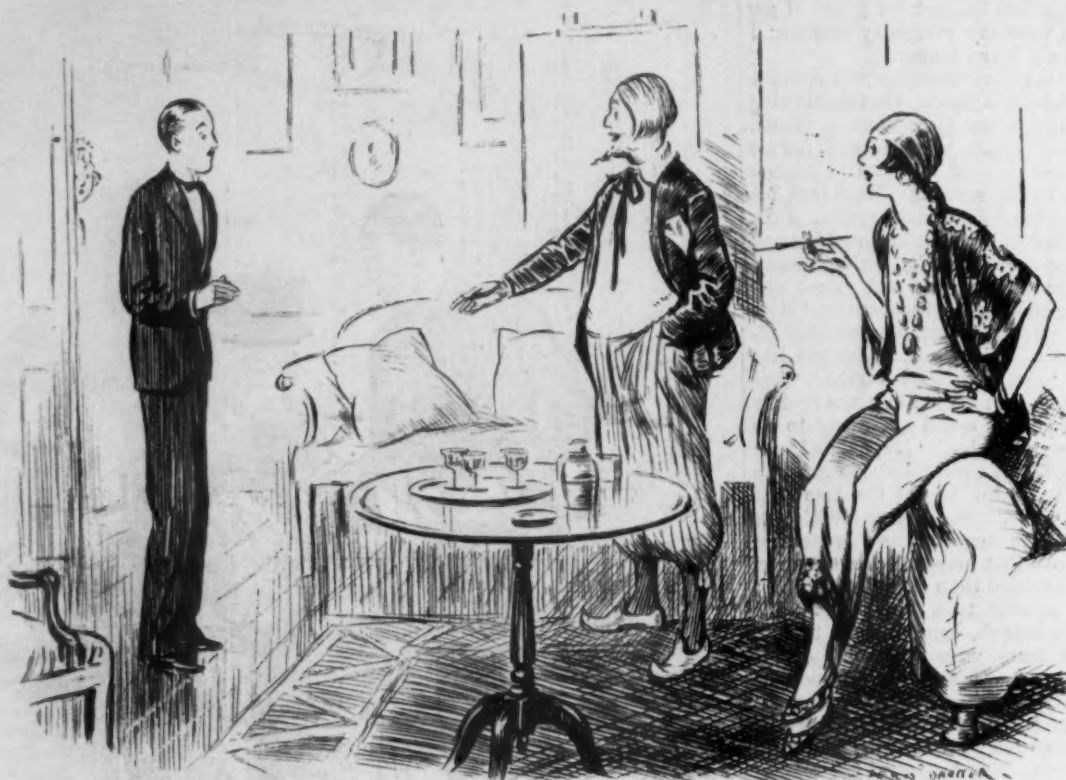
For calorific topics,
Select the Esquimaux.

What travellers have written
With truth will seldom square
(And, by the way, in Britain
Both rain and mist are rare).

The tales that bring conviction
To folk like me and you
Are certain to be fiction;
Let's hope what's left is true.

"It is unfortunately true that all that most young people know about wine is a quartrain or two from Omar Khayyam."

From a Wine Merchant's Circular.
"Quartrain" has a *curiosa felicitas*.



Chelsea Host. "SORRY, OLD MAN, I OUGHT TO HAVE TOLD YOU. WE'RE QUITE ALONE—YOU NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED TO DRESS YOURSELF UP."

I TAKE A MOOR.

THIS morning I received from the shooting agency which enjoys my patronage their annual gift in the form of an intriguing publication giving details of the various shootings on their books.

Acting on the advice contained in the forwarding letter I lost no time in sitting down to a careful consideration of the numerous attractive properties open to my selection.

But how difficult it is to make a choice! Every year I find the same difficulty. There are so many places that at first sight seem ideal, but reveal a hidden snag on closer scrutiny.

For instance there is a moor in the Lowlands of eight thousand acres, offered at a rental of twelve hundred pounds. Last season's bag was four hundred brace of grouse, besides other game. The house contains five public rooms, a billiard-room, twenty-three bedrooms and three bathrooms. The gardens are well stocked and the policies are extensive. Altogether an ideal place but for the size of the house.

The servant problem is no less acute in Scotland than in England, so this attractive proposition, entailing a huge domestic staff, must be ruled out.

Then there is a perfectly delightful place in Perthshire, yielding a large bag of grouse and affording first-rate salmon-fishing. It is cheap at eight-hundred-and-fifty pounds, but unfortunately it is a driving moor and, to me, half the pleasure of grouse-shooting lies in watching the dogs work.

The process of elimination is a slow but fascinating business, and it always ends in the same way by my telling my agents (after I have thanked them cordially for their gift) that I will take the shooting which I have rented for the last twenty years and of which I have permanent first refusal. It occupies a lowly position in that section of the publication which deals with "Shootings without Houses," and is briefly described as "Small shoot extending to seven-hundred-and-fifty acres of moor and rough ground. Some grouse and other game may be looked for. Trout-fishing in burn. Inn convenient. Rent twenty-five pounds."

There is no mention of past bags. That is a secret which I have hitherto kept to myself. But I have maintained a faithful record. Last season's bag (achieved with the aid of my faithful Sealyham, "Pat," a slow but steady worker, and "Bonzo," of indeterminate breed, who is fleet of foot but hunts by sight alone), with appropriate remarks as copied from my game-book, was:—

Grouse—6 (including 1 hen pheasant which looked like a grouse). *No disease.* A fair grouse year. The covey hatched out well, but the birds became very wild after the first week.

Black Game—Nil. One grey hen flushed wild by Bonzo on the 12th and missed.

Hares—2. Equals record.

Rabbits—17 (5 caught by Bonzo).

Duck—3. Farmer demanded 7s. each as compensation but compromised for £1 the lot.

Various—1 hedgehog run over by car. *Trout*—72 (including 65 tiddlers). Best fish 4½ ozs.

Mushrooms—Enough for eight breakfasts.

Blackberries—A lot, but not very ripe.



THE LION'S SHARE.

BRITISH LION (*with pained surprise*). "I DON'T WANT TO BE GREEDY, BUT I MUST SAY THIS IS A BIT TOO THICK—I MEAN THIN."

EAT
LESS
MEAT



THE LOWLANDS
OF THE NETHERLANDS
AND THE ADJACENT COASTS
OF GERMANY AND DENMARK
AS THEY APPEARED IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 6th.—Lord WINTERTON gave the House a new definition of "extremism" when he explained that by an "extremist newspaper" he meant one which "supports views similar to those held by Mr. THURLE." Mr. THURLE took it as a compliment. It was. Yes, Jamaica has no more subsidised bananas, Mr. AMERY explained. On the other hand sixteen thousand pounds is being granted for a geophysical survey of Australia. Colonel WOODCOCK wanted to know if anything tangible (like bananas) had come the Empire Marketing Board's way, to which Mr. AMERY replied, somewhat geophysically, that "very helpful indications had been found."

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE is the young-eyed enthusiast of Mr. BALDWIN's Ministerial family. There is nothing calculated or assumed about the optimism with which he regards the country's economic position or industrial future. There were moments during his Board of Trade Estimates' speech when it must have seemed to some of the earnest safeguards behind him that he was rather overdoing it.

Sir PHILIP found occasion for cheerful expectancy in iron and steel, cotton, shipping and coal, and then rambled off to such unrelated subjects as our antiquated Patent Acts, Safety at Sea and the Statistical Convention.

Mr. ALEXANDER derided derating, which he said would enable the boot and shoe industry to reduce prices by a farthing a pair, and assailed Safeguarding, passing thence to the low purchasing power of the poor Indian, which handicaps him more than his untutored mind. Sir ROBERT THOMAS praised the Minister's incorrigible optimism—was he not Welsh himself?—other speakers added a few miscellaneous observations and the House crept away to high tea.

Tuesday, May 7th.—The Lords do not like the word "reconstituted." It is too suggestive of what people are always talking about doing to the House of Lords. So when the Reconstituted Cream Bill came up in Committee Lord CLINTON leaped to his feet and moved that it be called the Artificial Cream Bill, and that what the dealers artfully call "reconstituted"

cream be described in the Bill as what it is, to wit, artificial cream. Lord ONSLOW's intimation that the Ministry of Health approved the word "reconstituted" made no impression on Lord BLEDISLOE, who said that what was



THE UMPIRE DRAWS THE STUMPS.
CAPTAIN FITZROY, THE SPEAKER.

called "reconstituted" cream had never been cream and never would be. There had never been any cream to reconstitute. He suggested it be called "synthetic" cream or "manufactured" cream, if their lordships preferred it. Their lordships, after Lord CRANBROOK

boasted that there were 1,264,000 people gainfully occupied in Scotland in the year 1928. Any idea that they all came from Aberdeen was quickly dissipated by the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, who admitted to Mr. SAKLATVALA that certain contractors had been so gainfully occupied building houses for the Greenock Corporation that the Scottish Department of Health was withholding the subsidy.

A handful of stern Caledonians occupied themselves, it would appear, ungainfully with the Estimates of the Scottish Department of Health. The theme is one on which any Scot at normal times can be relied upon to become vocal, but Members were too busy packing up their belongings and hearing Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD uttering valedictory praise of those famous men, Messrs. SIDNEY WEBB and ROBERT SMILLIE, to care whether cirrhosis of the liver and gillie's knee are still ravaging the Highlands and Islands or not. "I am delighted to observe a belated interest in slum clearance," observed Dr. DRUMMOND SHIELDS, looking rather pathetically round at the only six Members who did not appear to be engrossed in locker clearance. Major ELLIOT passed swiftly from Scottish health to the Scottish Milk Pool, which is presumably akin to the Mountain Dew Pond, only more so, and thence, with as little criticism from those present, to herring harbours. It being now nearly

ten o'clock the House burst into a fury and exasperation of legislation and hustled through a hundred or so Money Resolutions in as little time as it took to read them.

Wednesday, May 8th.—"The Second Reading of this (the Finance) Bill," said Lord ARNOLD, "gives an opportunity for reviewing the financial record of the Government." He reviewed it.

The Ministry of Pensions Vote is never an occasion for political heat. On this occasion Mr. F. O. ROBERTS's criticism of Major TAYOR's Department was almost perfunctory. It turned largely, as did that of other speakers, on the seven-year limit. Members did not like it, but admitted there must be some time-limit to the right of appeal. Sir MARTIN CONWAY

suggested that the rule should be interpreted with a great deal of sympathy. Presumably he meant that it should be a limit with limitations.

Thursday, May 9th.—The House of



RESTING ON THEIR LAURELS.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB AND MR. ROBERT SMILLIE RETIRE FROM
THE WESTMINSTER STADIUM.

had offered to accept the Amendment and various other Lords had objected to the stuff being called cream at all, preferred to call it "artificial."

Mr. BETTERTON, in the Commons,

Lords, firmly resisting Lord O'HAGAN's motion to rechristen the stuff "lactine," read the Artificial Cream Bill a third time.

In the Commons Mr. CHURCHILL explained that, while the Committee of Reparations experts could come to any conclusion it pleased, His Majesty's Government remained free to accept that conclusion or reject it, in whole or in part. He added, "to prevent misconception abroad and alarm at home," that the kind of proposals "foreshadowed in the papers (in a word, the Young Plan) would not be entertained."

The answer satisfied everybody but Colonel WEDGWOOD. On the Second

Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill the House heard Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY on the Mercantile Marine, Sir MARTIN CONWAY on England, Home and Rural Beauty, and Sir A. HOPKINSON (for the last time) on educational fallacies.

Friday, May 10th.—Political promise habitually outruns political performance, and the latter end of Governments is as becomingly modest as their inception is flamboyant. The House lost no time in whisking through the remaining stages of the Consolidated Fund Bill and hurrying across to the Lords to receive its official *congd*. Then back to their own place trooped the Members to shake the SPEAKER by the hand and wish themselves a speedy return.

So ends another innings in the endless series of political test matches. The batting has been cautious, the bowling on the whole ineffective, especially from the Liberal end. There has been a good deal of "barracking," not all of it unjustifiable, from the spectators. Now the innings is over. Stumps are drawn; the score-board stands empty. Only the groundswoman, busy with dustpan and pail, remains to indicate that the well-worn pitch will soon be the scene of fresh encounters.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"What is the origin, the *detrinina causa*, of this fell disease (*vibrato* in singing)?"

Correspondent in leading Daily.

Apparently a mixture of D and T.

THE STREET OF PEACE.

III.—GOLD STANDARDS.

THE primitive inhabitants of Cheru worshipped the sun—they could not very well do otherwise, for the sun was (and still is for that matter) by far the most conspicuous and persistent phenomenon in the country; but they worship it no longer. The gold standard of the Conquistadores has been replaced. Even the coin called a "Sun" is made of silver, and gold is not only out of circulation as a metal, but out of favour as a colour.

This is because there is so much of it. The sun will keep on shining. It

houses of the Village of Look-at-the-Flowers are painted blue and green and pink. They are draped with bellissima and bougainvillea, and the older ones are built round a patio to shut out the blinding horizon. There are even trees of a sort, but only three are of any great size, and these, Pedro says, were planted in remote ages by the Great Conquistador himself.

Nearer the city a little gold is got rid of by putting asphalt on the road, and there is even a shady avenue of tall trees planted, they say, by the Great Conquistador himself.

But it is only in the centre of the town that the gold has at last been ban-

ished. In all the great burnished plain there is one shaded crack where the pervasive golden light loses its power. There can be seen the *alta sociedad* promenading beneath the overhanging dark-painted balconies, looking at the shops and each other. They crowd the one narrow straight street so that there is no large empty surface which can be filled with gold by the sun. Even the end of it is closed in by the Presidential Palace with its famous shade tree (planted, as everybody knows, by the Great Conquistador himself).

A dark background is provided by the sombrely-clad Cheruvian business-man and the scurrying Fordeitos, whose gallant drivers always manage to find that the chief street is the best



Office-Boy (to Employer). "NOT VERY BUSY TO-DAY, SIR. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE AFTERNOON OFF, SIR, AND GO TO THE OVAL? I CAN MANAGE ALL RIGHT HERE."

Employer. "IT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, JONES, BUT I'M AFRAID I CAN'T."

Office-Boy. "ER—SHALL I GO THEN, SIR? NO SENSE IN BOTH OF US STOPPING."

has a misguided benevolence for this part of Cheru, and persists in smiling in your face or patting you on the back like a large rubicund club bore. Clouds dare not come near, but weep silently at a great distance, and vegetation has long ago withered away or lies huddled together by streams where it can get a drink. No, gold is not a popular colour in our part of Cheru.

The south or garden front of our residence in the Street of Peace looks out over a few disjointed mud walls, a line of green along an irrigation ditch, the tramway standards of the Avenue of the 26th of August, and what appears to be a flourishing Vultures' Bone Exchange. Beyond that is the golden barrenness of the coast lands.

To vary the everlasting gold, the

route to take their fares. The Cheruvian maiden wears a modest black lace mantilla, but her silken knees twinkle beneath the latest and brightest dress from Paris. The Cheruvian youth, clad in Oxford trousers and boots with tiger-skin uppers, devotes himself to a close study of knees and faces. He carries a stout walking-stick with a crook, which he hooks round his neck. This is because he is continually gazing at some damsel to one side or another or even behind, so that he is liable to forget in which direction he is going. A sharp tug at his stick puts him on to his right course. This is all the more necessary because the pavements are narrow and the taxis swift, and the custom has undoubtedly prevented a high death-rate from causes which could only be ascribed to suicide



SPRING ON THE DOWNS.

during temporary philandery. He is accustomed to record his opinion of any deserving damsel by uttering some pithy phrase as he passes; nor do the favoured ones object to these spontaneous compliments.

Not long ago, when Iris was spending a few days in Cheru, she bought a very pretty black lace mantilla. Iris is tall and has golden hair with curls in it. A tall *rubia* (blonde) is a great rarity in this country of short dark women, and when Iris concluded that she must put on her mantilla and stroll in the main street I might have known there would be trouble. In the sunlight her hair shone unmistakably through the diaphanous mantilla. Without doubt she brought a cloud of gold into the one place in Cheru where gold was shut out. With this in my mind I thought she might be lynched; but the first young man we met whispered, "*Qué bonita rubia!*" This caused a youth in front to turn his head. He opened his eyes and his mouth, settled his neck comfortably at an angle of a hundred-and-seventy degrees to his line of advance, forgot to steer with his walking-stick and walked dreamily out into the middle of the street. The Ford-citos which should have run over him jostled each other gently, while their drivers, forgetting to vituperate, leant

out of their seats to gaze at Iris. With one accord the gold-weary population hung in suspense, and on all sides arose admiring murmurs, "*Qué maravillosa rubia!*" "*Qué bella cabeza de oro!*"

Within a very few seconds the traffic was completely disorganised. Motor-drivers kept up a pretence of having to get somewhere, but went into bottom gear and cruised erratically at a speed of two miles an hour, slewing their heads so as to keep Iris in sight. A distracted youth in a sports model managed to manœuvre his machine into a position perpendicular to both lines of traffic. This created such a jam that two policemen at different corners began to blow their whistles for help. So many invitations to the duel were issued and accepted by hustled hidalgos on the outskirts of the crowd that the affair threatened to take on an aspect of serious political significance.

Something had to be done. It was useless trying to explain matters to Iris, who was only conscious that she must be looking rather nice this morning, and did not realise how far her responsibility extended. I pushed her, protesting, into a shop, where I bought a large black cloche hat with more expedition than any female headgear has ever been bought before. This I placed upon her glowing head without pausing to ex-

amine into the nice question of which was the front and which the back. It was so large that it tickled the tip of her nose and scratched the back of her neck, but it completely covered her distracting hair.

We escaped through a number of dark passages by a back door into a side street, while Iris continued to ask what was the matter.

"The matter is," I said, "that Cheru has adopted a new gold standard."

"DANS CETTE GALÈRE."

SAID mad CAIUS CÆSAR (CALIGULA)
To his boy charioteer (or *aurigula*),

"Just scuttle my ships

And take me for trips

With a team of four ponies (*quadrigula*).

I'll revel more brightly (*serenius*),

As suits my Imperial genius;

And my galleys can lie

Till the lake is drained dry

By Dictator et Dux MUSSOLINUS.

Then Nemi will see in her valley

A grand antiquarian rally,

When savants will guess

(With scanty success)

What the devil I did in that galley!"

Cheap Telephony to the Beyond.

"Line to Grandfather—2/6."

Clockmaker's Bill.

AT THE PICTURES.

"REFUGE."

I WAS saying last week that *Spite Marriage* was a film which never for a second needed the spoken word, and it is cheering to read that it filled every seat in its great theatre, although the rivalry of adjacent Talkies was acute. This shows that not everybody is yet mad. On the new German movie, Herr CARL FROELICH's *Refuge*, one cannot be equally emphatic, for there is so little action and so much emotion that speech is probably its true medium—although I see no reason why that speech should be mechanical. Being wholly stagey it could dispense with photography, for the only moment where the cinematoscope comes to its own is when *Martin's* mother in her touring-car passes the tram in which her affronted vanished son is sitting and recognises him. You can't put a running tram and a running car side by side on the stage; but then why should you? The wit of dramatists is not so barren that no other means of contact could be invented.

Refuge is another proof—and they come usually not from Germany but America—that the shears are often mightier than the camera. No doubt when the story was all mapped out and the actors were assembled in the Ufa studio and the "shooting" began, it was perfectly clear who the walking man with whom the film opens was; why he walked and how he got mixed up with those very mysterious police dogs. The idle saucy sister who gave him the first cigarette he had smoked for months (a puzzlingly long abstention)—she too at first was surely in the story for some definite purpose? So was the other

lodger, the drunken butcher whose character suddenly undergoes a complete and perplexing transformation; while no doubt German thoroughness would have seen to it that the audience was not surprised on learning that *Anne* (HENNY PORTEN) and the walking



THE DOCTOR, HAVING GIVEN ORDERS THAT NOTHING BUT QUIET CAN SAVE MARTIN, TACTFULLY KEEPS AWAY FROM THE SICK-ROOM—man, *Martin* (FRANZ LEDERER), had been anticipating the altar. But then came the inexorable clock to announce that the hour-and-a-half's allowance had been exceeded, and snip, snip went that national figure, the red-legged scissors-man. When it comes to little boys' thumbs he is scrupulous, but with strips of film he behaves indifferently. Hence far too many gaping joints.

This negligence was the more noticeable because the other evening the programme included a revival of *The Street of Sin* with EMIL JANNINGS in it, and there not a moment was irrelevant and not a gesture unrelated to the whole. But of course JANNINGS would have a diminishing effect on any neighbouring production, so great is he, with such complete understanding of the screen, its possibilities and its limitations. According to the latest news he has already learned English to fit himself to work for the Talkies; and I am sorry. If ever the phrase "strong silent man" was rightly applied, it is to him.

Refuge is notable for its radiant photography; and I must not give the impression that the story is wholly muddled. But it certainly lacks variety. Herr LEDERER, apart from the circumstance that he usually is sleeping, is inclined to be dreary; Fräulein PORTEN subsides too naturally into gloom; *Martin's* mother cherishes disaster, and indeed, if both she and *Anne* had not each brought to *Martin's* bedside the methods of a Catch-as-catch-can wrestling match he would probably be alive still. Surely a sick man was never so shaken up. For a gay note we had to go to *Anne's* married friend, Mrs. Jansen (LOTTE STEIN), and her tiny family: the most natural children I have ever met on the screen. E. V. L.

"A formidable looking Lady required for secretarial duties at The Old Barn Tea-house; some previous experience with bees an advantage."—*Local Paper*.

O formidable looking dame

Whose duties call you to the tea-line,
We cannot have you, all the same,
Unless you understand the bee-line.



—WHILE ANNE (FRÄULEIN HENNY PORTEN) AND MRS. FALKNER (FRÄULEIN MATHILDE SUSSIN) CARRY OUT THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.



Old Lady (to Academy attendant). "I SHAN'T HAVE TIME TO GO INTO ALL THE ROOMS. WILL YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU PUT THE BEST PICTURES?"

THE SUMMER GAME.

THROUGH long hours of grilling glare
and heat,
Sweltering beneath an Eastern sun,
Fielding on a pair of aching feet,
Sweating ere the match has well begun,
Sick of bowling, sicker still of batting
On a faded strip of yellow matting,
How I've longed for summer leave and
cricket

Played upon a proper English wicket—
Velvet turf and shady trees,
Drowsy hum of sleepy bees,
Pop of cork and tinkling ice,
Cricket exile's paradise!

Leave at last! And on the first of May
Home once more I came and swiftly found
That I had been booked for Saturday
For a match upon our village ground.
Filled with rapturous anticipation
I was simply bursting with elation,
Though my wife said, "Darling, you
had better

Take with you at least one extra sweater,
And I know there's been some hitch
Over marking out the pitch
Since the whitewashed popping crease
Caused a browsing cow's decease."

Nothing daunted I turned up at two;
No one else arrived till nearly three;
Ceaselessly an icy east wind blew;

Then it rained to crown my misery.
By the time we'd cleared the field of
battle,
Rolled the pitch and driven off the cattle,
I was hoping that the ghastly weather
Might put off the contest altogether;
But the local Bulldog Breed
Failed to pay the slightest heed
To a well-developed gale
With a squall or two of hail.

Seldom have I felt so cold and cross,
Rarely ached so much in every joint,
When our captain, having lost the toss,
Ordered me to field at silly point.
Standing ankle deep in grassy jungle
I was pretty sure that I should bungle
Any ball that pierced the vegetation;
But you can imagine my vexation
When the first that came my way
Hit a brick a yard away.
Yet I suffered no disgrace,
For I stopped it with my face.

Two long hours of misery I stood,
Teeth a-chatter, frozen to the core,
While the opposition plied the wood
And amassed a formidable score;
Till at last a tardy declaration
Brought their innings to its termination.
Forthwith I was told that I'd been
chosen

To commence our knock, so, stiff and
frozen

And despite my fervid plea
For just one more cup of tea,
Out I had to go again,
Back into the wind and rain.

Shivering I asked for middle stump,
Searched the ground for bits of stone
or brick,
Patted down a most colossal lump,
Hoped it might not cause the ball to kick.
No one could have played a stroke
astuter,
But the first ball was a rapid shooter,
And my shot for higher balls was suited,
So my middle stump was clean uprooted.
Sunday found me very ill,
And if I survive the chill
I won't play again . . . At least
Not until I get back East.

Our Erudite Pressmen.

"POLIZEILICH VERBOTEN—
Politely Forbidden."

Translation by well-known Journalist.

No More Suspensions.

"RACKETS."

Cooper reached the final of the Professional
Amateur Championship Handicap this year,
when he played exceptionally well at times.
Daily Paper.

This solution of the question of status
is certainly the best that has been
advanced.

AT THE PLAY.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS" (ALDWYCH).

YET another garrulous nonsensical diverting farce at the BEN TRAVERS Theatre, officially known as the Aldwych, with Mr. TOM WALLS, Mr. RALPH LYNN, Miss MARY BROUGH and Mr. KENNETH KOVE as chief makers of the laughter.

There is a bitter feud in Hampstead between the *Tutts* and the *Ramsbothams*, for no better reason apparently than that old Mr. *Tutt* doesn't like Mr. *Ramsbotham's* face, which may of course be a very good reason in fact (and Mr. J. ROBERTSON HARE conscientiously tries to make it so). Accordingly when young *Charlie Tutt* engages himself to pretty *Betty Ramsbotham* and offers her for his father's inspection, the old man, though with an only too experienced eye he sums up the pretty filly as a good goer and a good stayer, unable to rid himself of the vision of *Ernest Ramsbotham's* shiny bald head and loathed features, refuses his consent or, what comes to much the same thing, refuses to double *Charlie's* allowance.

Charlie, driven to the desperate expedient of work, dabbles in outside broking and is successful enough to finance his own marriage. But when *Inspector Chivers*, arriving while the photographer is taking the family group after the wedding-breakfast, arrests him on a charge of fraud he is so little conscious of the nature of the mysterious operations he has been so successfully conducting as not to be surprised and to go off tamely to Bow Street, after quarrelling with his bride owing to his taking the wrong side—his father's—in the family feud, which has broken out anew.

But why go into all this? The story matters nothing at all. The feeling for jolly nonsense in the author and in the players accustomed to his pleasant formula is the important thing.

Mr. RALPH LYNN (*Charlie*) is still

Mr. RALPH LYNN, and good enough at that. Mr. TOM WALLS (*Fred Tutt*), on the other hand, who enjoys the business of making a character and filling it out with a hundred skilful touches, is just a bibulous old rake, bored but surprisingly patient with his wife (Miss MARY BROUGH), who once served behind a bar. To see him like an angry puzzled owl trying to justify his unreasonable prejudices; or with immedi-

acter, or overstress an effect to raise an easy laugh, the whole of the evening; and a very pleasant and instructive game it is thus checking his performance in detail. The author too is to be congratulated on the creation of this fundamentally kindly, unreasonable, disreputable old gentleman. Mr. KENNETH KOVE has the gift of making himself pleasantly ridiculous, and with his young *Stanley Tutt* got his fair share of the laughter. T.

"PARIS BOUND"
(LYRIC).

Mr. PHILIP BARRY, the author of *Paris Bound*, has evidently been in labour to say something sincerely felt and serious on the difficulties of monogamy in a polygamously-minded world; and if that seriousness makes him a little heavy-handed we may forgive him readily enough, seeing that he poses and illustrates his problem quite intelligently, and in particular contrives his happy ending by a very neat piece of unconscious strategy on the part of his hero, the devoted but not strictly faithful husband.

The debonair young publisher, *Jim Hutton*, has just been married to the serious-minded musical *Mary*. It is the cocktail-hour before the impending honeymoon, and one of the bridesmaids, much in love with the handsome bridegroom, is reported to have been trying to drown her sorrows. Unexpectedly enough *Jim's* mother, now *Mrs. White*, who had divorced *Jim's* father for what one of our judges so euphemistically termed "accidental adultery," elects to come to the wedding. And *Jim's* father takes occasion to upbraid her gently for breaking their really happy marriage out of wounded pride and Victorian possessiveness, and exchanging a really understanding husband for so dull a man, by all accounts, as *Mr. White*. After a faint resistance in deference to the conventions *Mrs. White* seems to agree with *Mr. Hutton*.

The young bride and bridegroom, pondering this unsatisfactory issue of a



TUTT-TUTT-TUTT!

<i>Stanley Tutt</i>	MR. KENNETH KOVE.
<i>Charlie Tutt</i>	MR. RALPH LYNN.
<i>Fred Tutt</i>	MR. TOM WALLS.

ate perception of the possibilities of *Tilly Winn*, old *Uncle Nicholas Ramsbotham's* nurse, deciding that there may be compensations in closer acquaintance with his absurd neighbours; or, after the honourable release of *Charlie* and three too many cups of kindness filled with *Ramsbotham's* whisky, defending his old friend *Ernest*, is to see as fine a piece of comedy-acting as can to-day be found in all London. I didn't catch him making an irrelevant gesture, still less one out of keeping with his char-

marriage based on possessiveness and technicalities, so to speak, determine to eschew all jealousies, suspicions and proprietary rights and make a perfect thing of their new way of living in an enlightened American manner. And by way of a beginning *Mary* prevails on her *Jim* to say an affectionate good-bye to poor *Noel*, whose cocktail score is mounting beyond the limit of even the brightest young things in the throes of unrequited love. The love-lorn girl, with greater command of her tongue and legs than we had been given to expect, expounds the not unlikely thesis that she couldn't be so much in love with *Jim* if he were not more than a little in love with her. Some part of him in fact belongs to her and it is in their stars that some day it will be claimed and surrendered.

Six years of blissful wedded happiness pass. *Mary* accidentally learns that in those business trips of *Jim's* to Europe *Noel* and *Jim* have met and fulfilled their destiny. Overboard goes the whole cargo of enlightened ideas. She will not share him. She will divorce him forthwith. In vain does old *Mr. Hutton* plead that the fact that she has never noticed any change in his son's devotion and eagerness for her means that she has lost nothing of him that matters, nothing that really belongs to her. To tell the truth, we found *Mr. Hutton* here rather unconvincing and not a little tedious. But anyway the young woman was beyond argument; even when the young musician, her protégé, declares his love for her and she is shocked to find that there is a very definite answering emotion in her own heart, she does not relent. How *Mr. Barry* plays his little trump to win the last trick for the New Polygamy I do not propose to tell.

None of this perhaps goes very deep. The author naturally has not solved a completely insoluble problem, but he has discussed that problem interestingly and perhaps thrown a little light upon it for those who haven't done their serious thinking for themselves.

The producer, *Mr. Arthur Hopkins*, is, I should judge by the pace of the playing, an American. I think liveliness has been gained at the expense of audibility, and is therefore too dearly bought.

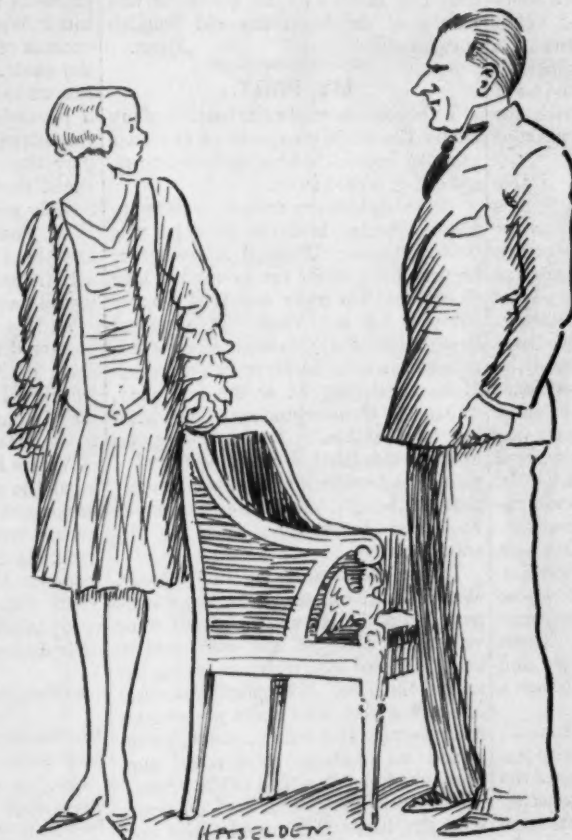
Distinguished simplicity is the note of *Mr. Robert Edmund Jones's* setting of the two interiors, and the absence of



THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.

Noel Farley . . . MISS GILLIAN LIND.

Jim Hutton . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.



MATRIMONIAL ADVICE.

Mary Hutton . . . MISS EDNA BEST.
James Hutton . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.

fuss in the decoration is a very welcome thing.

Mr. Herbert Marshall's genial, lovable and large-hearted *Jim* was something more than a routine piece of Marshallism. He takes pains with his drawing. The contrast between *Mary* happy and wise and *Mary* wounded and primitive was well made by *Miss Edna Best*. But *Mary* perhaps is rather part of a thesis than a human being. *Miss Gillian Lind* played the difficult scene of *Noel's* declaration to her embarrassed *Jim* with great tact and genuine feeling. *Mr. Malcolm Keen's* dull serious *Mr. Hutton* was a very skilful piece of characterisation, and *Mr. Laurence Olivier* as the musician—a stage musician I am afraid the author made him—gave us a touch of temperamental fire and an excellent lesson in clear enunciation at breakneck speed. T.

"PERSONS UNKNOWN" (SHAFTESBURY).

Smiling with the utmost bonhomie in his box on the right, *Mr. Edgar Wallace* had his first man killed before the curtain had been up for five minutes, and in view of the fact that the audience had cheered him to the echo when he came in, it really seemed absurd that the title of the little affair on the stage should have been *Persons Unknown*. (I think myself he should have named it "Audax.") However he had many accomplices who served him faithfully and well, and I cannot remember any corpse which has given me a greater amount of amusement, mystery and thrill in all the long list of deceased persons who have from time to time wif' Wallace bled.

The tragedy occurred in Tidal Basin, and the cast included two dockland types whose repartee alone would have been nearly sufficient to float a play. *Mr. Gordon Harker* as *Sam Hackett*, alternately distrusting and saucing the police, is a memory to be cherished; and *Miss Minnie Rayner* as *Mrs. Albert*, a local landlady, was equally good in explaining her domestic tribulations to Scotland Yard.

Police (I said) and Scotland Yard. Never in my whole career as a hardened spectator of crime have I seen so many minions of the law gathered together,

in print or on the stage. They strode about in companies. Posse by posse the Force came in. When the curtain rose the second time—it rose nine times in all—uniformed constables were massed on either flank of the central group that surrounded the corpse in such numbers that but for the grimness of the scene they might have been a chorus in musical comedy. Not that they tried to be funny where fun was out of place. The realism of the piece, so far as my innocence enabled me to judge, was terrific. There appears to be no detail in the daily round of police-work hidden from Mr. WALLACE's highly-trained memory and his prolific fountain-pen.

Scotland Yard had a difficult problem to unravel. Was the man *Landor* the murderer? Had this sinister figure been the slayer of the unknown man who had recently come from Australia and was walking about alone in Tidal Basin at dead of night? Was there any truth in the story that a still more sinister figure, wearing white gloves and a white lint mask, had been seen creeping about Tidal Basin, a homicidal maniac, a shape of dread? Had the knife been thrown at the end of a string (*Chief Detective-Inspector Mason's* first tentative theory of the crime)? Were two women mixed up with the deed? Or was it possible that perhaps—what? Candidly, it was.

The suspense was wonderful. I give Mr. EDGAR WALLACE full marks in this piece for breath-taking as well as for grim realism and Cockney wit. Of course the thing which pleased me most was that I guessed who did it right away at the start. It is my fourth detective triumph in two weeks, the other three being in novels. In the first case the murderer was a quiet general practitioner in the country who was telling the story in the first person; in the second it was a fragile lady-novelist, and in the third it was an aged and eminent K.C. In *Persons Unknown* it was—a person unknown. I doubt if you will guess yourself until quite near the end. My own neighbour thought that it was *Detective-Sergeant Elk*, in every line of whose countenance honesty (to my superior intuition) was deeply dyed. Those however who know their *Ringer* and their *Forger* may perhaps discover a clue.

Of the players in *Persons Unknown* I found Mr. JOHN R. TURNBULL very impressive as the chief investigator of the crime. His suave yet not altogether ingenuous methods with suspects were as admirable as his cynicism in speaking to subordinates and his deft handling of clues. The other plain-clothes men, especially Mr. JACK MARTIN as the

aforementioned *Elk*, were also admirable. Mr. GEOFFREY GWYTHYER as *Dr. Marford* struck me as a little off-hand and unprofessional in his conversation, but one must remember that he didn't like Tidal Basin and was comparatively young in his medical career.

I have spoken before of Mr. GORDON HARKER as *Sam Hackett*, a gentleman frequently wanted by the police. He was very good. Not even the police in Tidal Basin could have wanted him more than I. There were two ladies, one at least in inverted commas, attached by shadowy ties to gentlemen whose reputation was none too good. They did not have very much to say, but were both quite successful, Miss ENID SASS as *Inez Landor*, whose husband was arrested for the murder, giving, I thought, a very clever study of a lying and distracted wife. Mr. CECIL HUMPHREYS as *Louis Landor* shone as a feeble liar too.

Still smiling happily, Mr. EDGAR WALLACE appeared on the crime-stained boards and made a pleasant little speech at the end. He pointed out that whatever the Talkies might do there was plenty of death in the old English theatre still. EVOE.

MY PART.

I PROPOSE to relate the history of my friend Chester's play, and of the base manner in which he attempted to do me out of a part in it.

It is about two months now since my friend Chester told me that he was writing a play. I asked him whether he was doing it for fun or for the love of art, and his reply was that he was doing it for the Vicar. It appeared that on Saturday, March 2nd, an entertainment was to be given in the Parish Hall, consisting of a one-act play, written by Chester and acted by "leading local actors." I told Chester on hearing this that I presumed that I should be needed, and he replied rudely that he thought not, adding numerous irrelevant observations about my histrionic ability.

I then cross-examined him closely. Was he quite certain that there was no part for me? He affirmed with some vehemence that he was convinced of this. I asked him who was taking the part of the hero. He replied that, since his was a play with some pretensions to modernity and verisimilitude, it contained no character who could conscientiously be described as the "hero" in the sense in which I had no doubt used the term. I inquired coldly how he was aware, since I had not mentioned it, that I had not used the word in the Shakespearean sense as meaning the principal character, and he answered

with ill-timed levity that he could see it in my little eye.

Ignoring this retort and pressing home my point, I asked who was taking the principal character, and he replied that he was. I then spent several minutes endeavouring unsuccessfully to convince him that I should be a more fitting choice, as the more commanding personality.

Then, adroitly changing my ground, I inquired how many characters there were in his play. He told me that altogether there were five. I challenged him to produce any genuine and logical reason why I should not play one of the other four. The reason he advanced was unfortunately quite adequate: they were all women. I then left him and went home in some annoyance.

Although I found him in this narrow and prejudiced frame of mind on several subsequent visits, it was not until the last week or two in February that I finally gave up hope of making him see reason. All else having failed, I appealed to his better nature. Was the Church Restoration Fund, I said, to which the proceeds were to be devoted, so little to him? Would he jeopardise the financial success of his play by leaving me out of the cast altogether? Why should he not write in some sort of part for me—a piano-tuner, say? He replied that the introduction of a piano-tuner into a play the scene of which was set on a yacht in the South Seas would be definitely prejudicial to its artistic unity. Who, I asked passionately, would sacrifice the Church Restoration Fund to artistic unity? SOPHOCLES, he asserted, would have done so without hesitation.

At this point I gave up. But when I entered the Parish Hall on the afternoon of March 2 I perceived that in spite of all Chester's attempts to deprive me of a part I was to have one. Thanks to the Vicar, who with the queer fortune of Vicars had chosen for his entertainment the afternoon on which the most important local football match of the season was to be played, I performed the most heroic function of anyone inside the Parish Hall. For, since the Vicar himself was behind the scenes ready to prompt, I constituted the entire male audience.

"House-Parlourmaid wanted, cook kept."
Advt. in Sussex Paper.

We wonder how they do it. We can't keep ours.

"Concert of nose-flute, imitation of 'cello, violin, dogs, cats, birds, pigs, horses, cocks, turkeys, goose, motor-cycles, 2 birds on their wedding-march, American music, with the participation of the public."

Musical Advt. in Palestine Paper.
It would seem that a revised Noah's Ark is being refloated in the Holy Land.



THE MAN WHO ORDERED SHRIMPS AT A THÉ DANSANT.



Mistress. "WHY, YOU'VE LET THE FIRE OUT, MRS. BIGGS. PLEASE LIGHT IT AGAIN."

Charlady. "I AM SORRY, MA'AM. COULD I HAVE ONE OF THEM RECORDS? THEY DO MAKE THE FIRE GO LOVELY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

LADY BELL'S *Landmarks* (BENN) is a collection of miscellaneous pieces whose graces of individuality are sometimes hindered from attaining their maximum by a too resolute effort at detachment. Dating from the palmy days of VICTORIA, with postscripts of a less palmiferous present, the prose articles largely exemplify the aspirations of advanced nineteenth-century womanhood towards an objective handling of social problems. Lady BELL's innate humanity and sense of humour cannot however help vivifying this rather statistical vein. Even her account of a house-to-house working-class visitation to ascertain "What People Read" preserves the delightful idiom of those who in other hands might have been termed its victims. She obviously sympathises with the man who liked his fiction "a bit desperate" and is not above sharing the honest doubt of the woman who thought all reading a waste of time. This essay and that on "Women at the Works—and Elsewhere" strike me as the most interesting of her five "Landmarks." Of three "Personal Appreciations"—"Coquelin," "Mrs. Humphry Ward" and "Elizabeth Robins"—I find the second the most revealing. A dozen political fables in the manner and (modernized) language of LA FONTAINE suffer a little as regards the appeal of their matter from being mainly concerned with the last war but one, but where they play round a problem still to the fore, as in "*Le Lion envoyé en Cadeau*," they strike me as wholly charming. Articles on Eton and ARNOLD of Rugby, written in French for "*La Science Sociale*," triumphantly convey the intimacies of

English education across the Channel. From the typical "prep" matron, "femme de confiance d'un certain âge," to the *prêche* of Squire Brown on Tom's departure to Rugby, nothing has been lost or damaged in the transit.

MR. HERBERT ASQUITH's new novel, *Roon* (HUTCHINSON), contains some charming and careful descriptions of scenery and of Nature's moods, a few good War interludes and a certain amount of clever and closely-studied characterisation. Yet, in spite of these several excellent qualities, the final impression which the book leaves upon the reader's mind is one of a curious lack of vitality. Perhaps this is in part due to the ancient and fish-like nature of the principal *motif*, the marriage, namely, of a young, ardent and unawakened girl to a stiff and starchily rising politician, and her realisation, too late, of what genuine passion means. MR. ASQUITH might have carried it off successfully if he had made sufficiently convincing both *Roon's* love for *Napier* and the repellent nature of her husband. As it is he has failed in both these respects. *Roon's* passion is always anæmic and "literary." On the other hand, *Hubert*, in spite of his stuffiness, impresses at least one reader as quite a decent fellow and a kind and considerate husband, very scurvily treated alike by his wife and her lover. And why, by the way, must the stuffy husband in these stories be invariably depicted as a Conservative? Marital stuffiness, after all, is not the exclusive characteristic of the members of one political party, and a stuffy Liberal or Socialist would really be a refreshing variation on a somewhat antiquated version of the "triangle" theme. (I note an odd blunder on p. 58, for which, since it is repeated on the

following page, the printer seems not to be responsible—SWINBURNE'S "Calydon" spelt with an "e.")

The reader here receives
The first-fruits of the tree
Of WINIFRED GREENLEAVES—
The Trout Inn Tragedy;
For Lakeland then (in print)
We'll start, if you've a mind,
But first I'd drop a hint
Of what we're going to find.

The young *Dick Talbot* takes,
Since June has come about,
A week-end at the Lakes;
He lodges at "The Trout";
A guest's gone missing for
A night and, in a breath,
The pub's proprietor
Is suspect of his death;

But why should *Richard* care
One solitary pin?
Ah, *Marny*'s passing fair
And daughter of the inn;
She'd clear her poor pupa,
Who's dreadfully unnerved;
She has a step-mamma—
But, hist, we are observed!

In fact, if you must learn
How *Dick* dons *Sherlock*'s shoes
And, when they've served his turn,
Weds *Marny*, please peruse
This new detective book,
COLLINS has brought it out,
Nor blame me that you took
A bedroom at "The Trout."

MISS VIOLET MARKHAM'S is not the first English pen to be enlisted in the service of *Romanesque France* (MURRAY), but her archaeological studies are, I think, unique in the pains they devote to the discernment of historical origins and the description of local scenery. Whether as a foretaste of beauties unbeheld or as a refurbisher of past impressions, her book is to be recommended to all lovers of Romance architecture. These may regret, as I did, that she is apt to be unduly impressed by a school of English historical criticism quite out of sympathy with the finest spirit of the Middle Ages; but her French authorities are more happily chosen and she presents her own readings of mediæval art and life with a just and graceful assurance. After five preliminary chapters on Early Christian Art in general and its French manifestations in particular, the campaign is launched at Dijon with accounts of Cluny, Vézelay and Autun. Languedoc follows; you re-greet the audacious red brick of St. Sernin in dusty Toulouse and the richly-sculptured stone abbey of squalid Beaulieu. The staidness of Auvergne churches in general is set off by the sublime eccentricity of La Puy; and Poitou and Aquitaine present not only such well-known oddities as Aulnay and Melle, but piteous little Châtres, whose three domes shelter a mute congregation of farm-wagons. Provençal chapters include an alluring account of picturesque shrines near Montpellier; and from Provence we travel North to



"OH, I SAY, AUNTIE, ISN'T IT FEEDING? HOBBS ISN'T PLAYING."
"NEVER MIND, DEAR, PERHAPS THEY 'LL GET SOMEONE ELSE INSTEAD."

Normandy, ending up—with Romanesque turned Gothic—at Chartres. The photographs, an enchanting selection, deal rather with detail than with entire buildings. I could have done with more *ensembles*, but not at the price of forgoing such exquisite fragments as the "Bear Hunt" capital at Toulouse and "The Three Magi" of Autun.

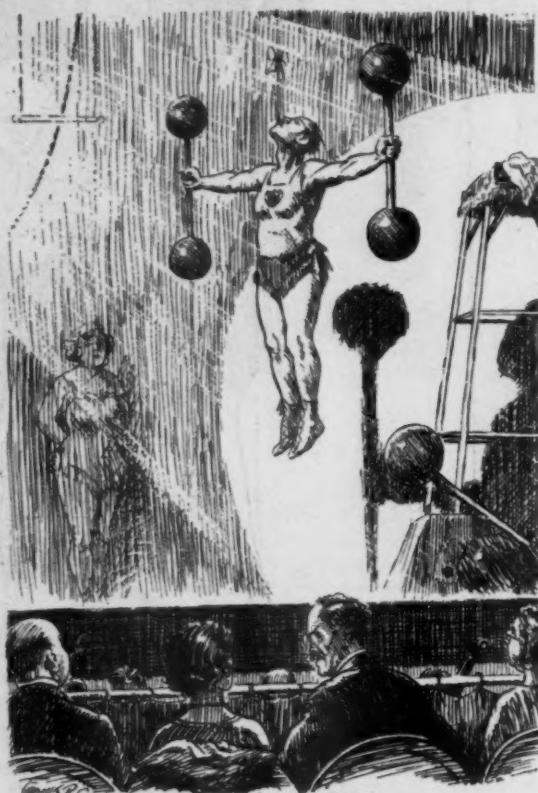
His publishers tell us that Mr. GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON is the best-hated man in Scotland. Nor is this to be wondered at if his fellow-countrymen are so pleased with themselves as Mr. THOMSON would have us believe, for he deals them some buffets very wounding to self-esteem. Caledonia will probably be sterner and wilder than ever when she has read *The Re-Discovery of Scotland* (ROUTLEDGE). She will hardly relish being described as the largest of English counties. It is not certain, however, that Mr. THOMSON is not rather too sweeping in his anti-patriotic and often witty invective. Certainly the figures which he adduces to prove that Scotland is a land where men decay but wealth does not accumulate

make lamentable reading and deserve the serious consideration of those whose business it is to consider such matters—which, I suppose, means everybody. But surely the romantic legend which is his special target is rather a battered dummy. Does he really believe that the Englishman, for whom he has a comparative admiration, expects when he crosses the Border to find himself in a country of kilted warriors? And is not his hypothetical Edinburghian, *Mr. Gillespie Maclean*, to be found, under another sort of name, in cities further south? Fortunately, however, *Mr. Thomson* is not controversial all the time. Half his book is occupied with the biographies in miniature of three distinguished Scots—*FLETCHER* of Saltoun, who would like to have written his country's ballads; the fantastic financier, *Law of Lauriston*; and "OSEIAN" *MACPHERSON*—and about the excellence of these there is no question whatever.

Suicide By Consent (COLLINS) is the subject of *Mrs. Henry Dudeney's* latest novel, a curious book with some well-drawn, if uncomfortable, characters in it and something very like a moral to recommend it to the serious-minded. To *Barnabas* and *Emma Throssell*, at the end of their resources and his hopes of success as a journalist, comes a legacy of two thousand pounds from an unknown admirer of his poems. They are both terribly tired of poverty and the ugliness it brings with it; *Barnabas* in particular, younger son of a county family, has an unbearable longing for one of the stately homes of England after years in a London back street. He decides that they shall spend their fortune on one crowded hour of the life they both consider glorious and die together by poison at the end of it, and *Emma* agrees. They take a fascinating house in Sussex, but, because of the extraordinary conditions under which they are living, they are unable to enjoy their new life there in an ordinary way. By the time an accident, lucky for them but causing a singularly high rate of mortality in the *Throssell* family, arrests the poison—dissolved in dirty water too!—on its way to their lips, the love which was their comfort in adversity has been flawed. Neither has been wholly true to the other and only a modified happiness awaits them. The moral seems to be that, even inheriting wealth and titles and having your life saved at the last moment, will not always do away with the consequences of folly.

A freak will might seem poor game for *Mr. Stephen McKenna*, but in *The Datchley Inheritance* (WARD, LOCK) he has at least shown that it is possible to treat this theme intelligently and to produce a story considerably above the level of knockabout farce to which it is generally reduced.

Old Datchley leaves an estate of about four millions to that one of his nine grandsons who shall first get married after his death. *Mr. McKenna* has taken each suitor in turn and shown how he came to grief. He has done this very cleverly, because for the most part he has not relied on any extraneous help, but has brought about the tragedy purely from the character of the young man and his betrothed. One would suppose that any young man already engaged would find not the least difficulty in getting the lady to marry him tomorrow with four million pounds at stake. As *Mr. McKenna* shows, it requires an enormous amount of tact to explain things in such a way as not to suggest that the money really comes first and the lady second. And once let her think this and she is off and away. This is the rock on which most of the couples split; but there are other well-contrived incidents which make the whole a very diverting book.



Dentist (watching strong man hanging by his teeth). "I THINK I'LL GO AND HAVE A DRINK, DEAR. THIS IS MAKING MY WRIST ACHE."

Footprints (GOLLANCZ) comes from America, whose detective fiction, though sometimes written in language unintelligible to an ordinary Briton, is invariably shrewd and clever. The main part of *Mr. Kay Strahan's* exceptionally adroit story consists of letters. In 1900 *Richard Quilter* was murdered at the *Quilter* ranch, and his murderer was not discovered. In 1928 *Neal*, *Richard's* son, became obsessed by the idea that he had committed the crime. True that he had no recollection of actually having done it, but this he thought was due to an attack of amnesia. In ordinary circumstances he must have been left to fight this delusion almost unaided, but in his case letters written by his sister and by him at the time of the murder existed, and these documents were submitted to *Miss Lynn Macdonald*, a "crime analyst." Possibly *Mr. Strahan* allows his letter-writers too free a hand, but this is the only

complaint I have to make against a story that reveals both a sense of character and a gentle humour.

Mr. J. D. Beresford is a novelist for whom I have a real admiration, but at times he is rather irritating. In *Real People* (COLLINS), for instance, I cannot subdue the feeling that his interest in *Charles Moore* is so keen that it upsets the balance of the story. *Moore* was a consultant physician and was alarmed at discovering that he had "certain psychic powers." Five chapters out of eighteen are called "The Case of *Charles Moore*," and I seem to hear *Mr. Beresford's* sigh of contentment when he got to work at any of them. But ungrudgingly I admit that even if *Moore* dominates the story to an excessive extent he is a real person and I should have been sorry indeed to miss so remarkable a study.

CHARIVARIA.

THE advertisement of gramophone-records of speeches by prominent politicians will have revived regrets that we have no such means of hearing what GLADSTONE said in 'seventy-nine.

Broccoli served up in a novel way, we learn from a recipe, is improved by a few capers. MR. LLOYD GEORGE is always ready to supply these.

On the other hand there is no truth in the rumour that a Viennese operatic tenor named BROCCOLI has been engaged to sing the praises of the Conservative Party during the Election campaign.

Just after Lord LEE had described gasometers as the ugliest things he has seen, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL spoiled the record by issuing those new postage-stamps to commemorate the Postal Union Congress.

A clergyman of Whitely Bay has described jazz as the music of savage orgies. Others say it is merely a bad case of noise in a hurry.

Steps are being taken to teach illiterate Mexicans the three "R's." With "Revolution" that will make four.

We read of a portable wireless set which has a special self-contained loud-speaker. Our experience of loud-speakers is that they have difficulty in containing themselves.

The recent wedding of a rising barrister and a judge's daughter was an event in legal circles, but some surprise was expressed that the happy pair did not leave the church under an archway of briefs.

Insurance has been paid on a boy's model steamboat sunk in Kensington Round Pond, but LLOYD'S underwriters are on their guard against unscrupulous owners of craft that are unpondworthy.

The Tailor and Cutter observes that MR. HILAIRE BELLOC is one of the few men who adhere to the black Inverness cloak. This could only happen to the exceptionally adhesive.

A scientist predicts that a century

hence people will see and hear the opera while hurtling through space. This is a cheering thought for Sir THOMAS BEECHAM.

Our feeling with reference to the automatic machine installed in a New York drug store, which shouts when it detects a bad coin, is that it is lacking in courtesy.

KEATS's lines about a Grecian urn, it is claimed, have won for the British nation more glory than a thousand battles. Our regret is that we never thought of suggesting this to our old sergeant-major.

In deciding to brighten up the county cricket ground at Leyton the authorities were of course actuated by the feel-

about themselves," says Professor J. DOVER WILSON. No, our experience is that their parents usually want the little dears to recite them to visitors.

Signor A. E. BROGOLIO is described as the Bernard Shaw of Italy. But wouldn't it be risky to talk about the British Brogoglio in Shavian circles?

A Pole claims that he can tell what letters contain without opening the envelopes. So can we if they have O.H.M.S. on them.

"To renovate blue serge," says a domestic hint, "sponge with some very deep blue water." But be careful not to fall in.

An ornithologist reports that he heard the lark singing at 9.30 p.m. last week. Birds have no respect for D.O.R.A.

A centenarian says the secret of longevity is to eat plenty of fat pork. Many pigs deny this.

A golfer recently discovered an ancient burying-ground on a golf-course. Some golfers of course dig deeper than that.

From a news item we gather that during a concert at Leighton Buzzard the pianist and a vocalist disappeared. The usual complaint is that they don't.

We read of a Whitehall official who has written an opera. It is possible that he did it in the small hours of the afternoon.

HERAT.

(Rondeau.)

HERAT! the name is potent still
To rouse a faint historic thrill,
When now we hear the town is won
For him, the water-carrier's son,
Who Kabul holds, at least until
A stronger comes to crush and kill;
His is the western city hill,
Here he is king, his writ will run
Hereat.

An Afghan chieftain, part by skill
And part by force, for good or ill,
Keeps for his lord with sword and gun
The fortress he will yield to none;
And yet there comes the question, will
He rat?



"DOWN IN THE FOREST SOMETHING STIRRED."—Song.

ing that it was deficient in Essex-appeal.

A famous cowboy film-actor is alleged to have attempted to evade payment of income-tax. Nothing seems too hazardous for these dare-devil heroes of the "movies."

We receive with caution the rumour that a London evening paper is about to offer its young readers prizes for the quaint sayings of their parents.

Vibrato in singing and its origin is a subject of discussion in *The Times*. In some cases it is attributed to the coldness of the bath.

"The queerest thing about love," says MR. JAMES DOUGLAS, "is its second sight." Yet there are some very queer cases of first sight.

"Children do not want to read poems

DERBY WINNER GUARANTEED.**SEDUCTIVE OFFER TO SPORTSMEN.**

For the first time in his long career Mr. Punch has decided to come out as a Derby tipster. It is true that more than once has he obliquely thrown a light by which the astute guided themselves to fortune, as when, in 1913, in a picture of a restaurant, he pointed the way to Aboyeur, who won at 100-1; but those means were indirect. Realising the needs of the day, when gambling is almost the only steady national industry, he is collecting a staff of Turf prophets of unrivalled foresight, knowledge and sagacity, by the aid of whom, owing to a device common to the daily Press, but now perfected by himself, he can faithfully promise that the winner will be found. If this promise is not carried out Mr. Punch is prepared to forfeit a thousand pounds to any named charitable society, The Home for Frustrated Punters for choice.

In the pursuance of his efforts to get together this remarkable force, Mr. Punch has made the discovery that the racing specialist, like the secretary of a golf-club, need have had no particular training. The first to be engaged, for instance, who has taken the comforting *nom de guerre* of "Doubly Sure," is a retired publican; "The Squire" in his less strenuous hours is a dentist; "Harkaway" is a private tutor; "Prospero" is a wine-waiter; "Hugo Nap" is a bill-broker; "Treble Lens" is a Head Lad; "Peacock's Tail" a dry-salter, and "Periscope" a Rural Dean; while "Young Moore" is a clerk at the Home Office, but particularly does not wish it to be known. There is also "The Mole" (an auctioneer), who wishes it to be made clear that his pseudonym was chosen not, like so many of his colleagues, for its bearing on sight, but for its close association with the turf. But let not these disclosures remove confidence. Some one among them will give the winner of every race at Epsom, for, although chosen primarily for the Derby, this trustworthy band of students of form, each with his following of scouts watching, in their various disguises, the training-grounds all over the country, have undertaken to give tips for the whole meeting.

Although Mr. Punch's plans for thus benefiting his readers are far advanced, they cannot be completed until the list of runners is fixed and in his hands. No sooner does he know exactly what horses will take part than he will bring up his staff of seers to the same number and instruct the gifted "Doubly Sure" and his associates each to make a different name his selection. E. V. L.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE TALKIES.

It has become the habit of good Shakespeareans to claim for their hero the doubtful honour of forecasting most of the developments and inventions of to-day. And it is a habit, I admit, which nauseates. Yet even at the peril of being damned as a blind follower of the Bard, I cannot refrain from pointing out a fact which seems so far to have escaped notice, namely, that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE prophesied the coming of the Talkies in no uncertain manner. So many and so varied are his allusions to what our film magnates like to think is the last word in modernity that I have found it quite difficult to make the following selections.

SHAKESPEARE clearly foresaw that the weightier crises in history were outside the scope of the talking film:—

"Our argument is all too heavy to admit much talk."—*Henry IV.*, Part 2, V. ii. 24.

When he wrote—

"Never talk to me; I will weep."
—*As You Like It*, III. iv. 1,

he was perhaps in the throes of a depression; but his attitude seems fairly characteristic in *Henry VIII.*, I. iv. 45:

"Then we shall have 'em talk us to silence."

The only sphere which he seems definitely to have conceded to the Talkie is that of love.

"Love," he says in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 159, "talks with better knowledge;" and—

"Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own."—*Tempest*, IV. i. 32.

The deep vein of stagecraft which was so strong a part of him showed itself when he spotted the chief obstacle to audible Talkie diction—the aptitude of lumps of grease-paint to slide into the performer's mouth at critical moments:—

"You talk greasily, your lips grow foul."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 139.

It is evident that he was no fan. The breed of Hollywood and Moscow made no special appeal to him. He dismissed the leading Talkers in a summary manner:—

"Another lean unwash'd artificer cuts off his tale and talks."—*King John*, IV. ii. 202.

Yet, though he was so frank about the actors, he had sympathy for their unavailing efforts:—

"God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk!"—*Comedy of Errors*, IV. iv. 132.

He, who in his own writing maintained such a perfect balance between talk and action, realised the unfairness which resulted from the mechanical necessities of the Talkies:—

"We talk, and, be Christ, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all."—*Henry V.*, III. ii. 116.

And he had an idea of the paralysis that might one day come to the Talkie actor when he said:—

"Talkers are no good doers."—*Richard III.*, I. iii. 352.

He even considered the surprise of the spectator who on returning from the bar finds the hero in the same position, after the fashion of the magic lantern, and exclaims:—

"I wonder that you will still be talking."—*Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i. 117.

And surely he was contemplating drastic anti-Talkie legislation when he wrote:—

"If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years . . ."—*Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 130.

No, the more we read the plainer does it become that SHAKESPEARE had little use for the talking film. Let the big producers be warned before it is too late—

"No more talking on't; let it be done."—*Coriolanus*, I. i. 12.

THE CHAIRMAN.

THE Chairman is too often an Intolerable bore;

He says, "I am a plain blunt man, And, as I've said before, I'll say again—" and so he does Two or three times or more.

The Speaker has to catch a train—

His time is short and sweet—

He clears his throat now and again,

Shuffles his notes and feet;

Still, still the Chairman maunders on:

"Let us—let me—repeat—"

He'll bleat from eight till nearly nine,

Then he may condescend

To say, "It needs no words of mine

To introduce our friend—"

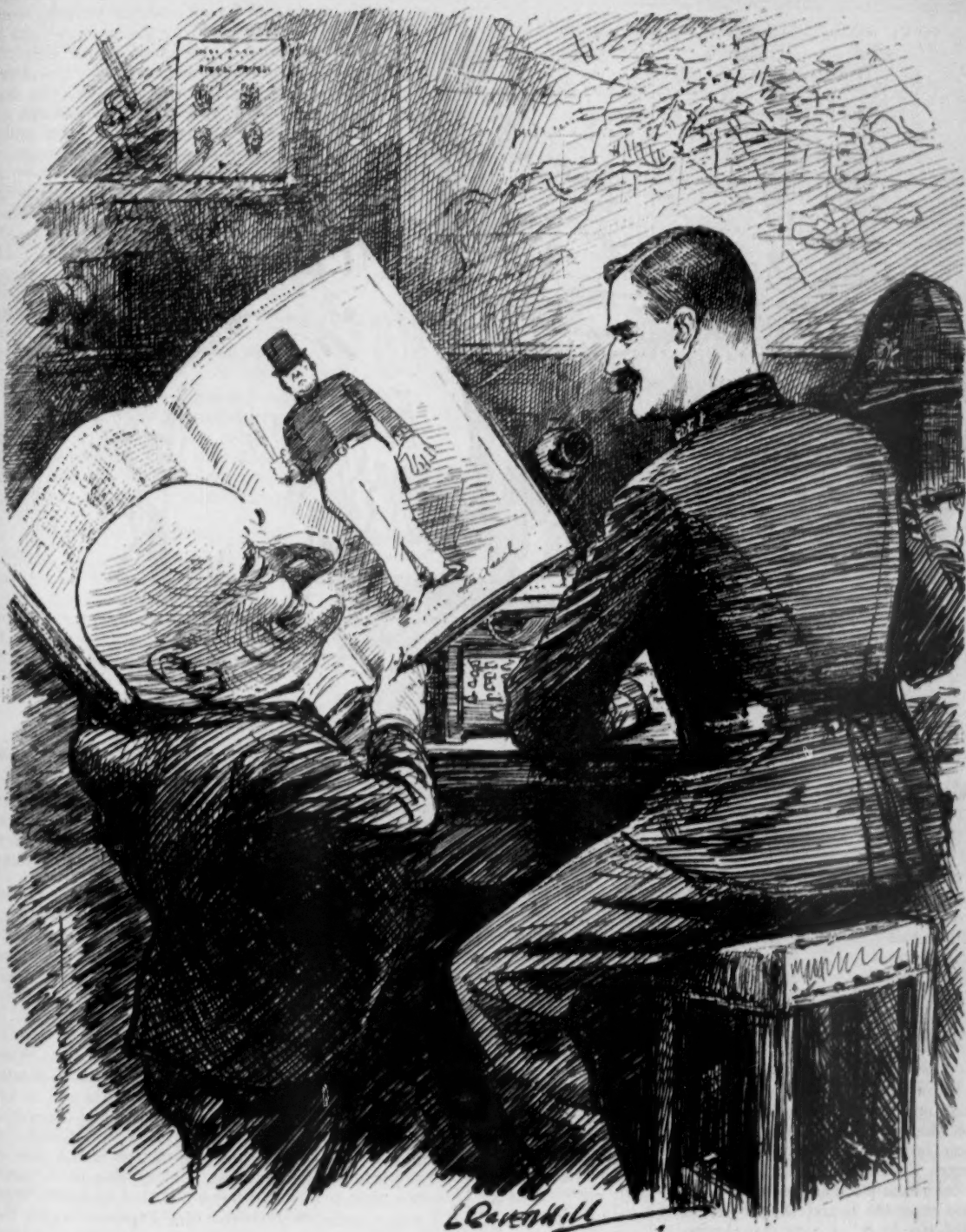
"Our friend" has bolted for his train,

The meeting's at an end. Woon.

Paragraphs Which Defy Blue Pencil.

"Twelve annas would not go very far with a certain soldier who used to be in the Navy. On Friday nights, he would occasionally have one more glass than was good for him, and then he would dive head first through his mosquito net, howling 'Women and Children first' and other quaint phrases redolent of those who go down to the shes in sips."

Indian Paper.



ROBERT OUR FRIEND AND GUARDIAN.

MR. PUNCH (showing a page from his family album). "I REMEMBER YOU WHEN YOU LOOKED LIKE THIS. CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY!"



Candidate. "ANYONE LIKE TO ASK A QUESTION?"

Voter. "YUS. WOT BE GOV-MINT DOIN' FOR FERRET-BREEDERS?"

ME AND THE INCOME-TAX.

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—With reference to your return for income for the current financial year: I note that under Schedule D, when computing the *net* profit of your trade, profession or vocation, you include, in your detailed statement of expenses set against gross profits from authorship, the sum of £23 3s. 9d. in respect of rent and rates. I should be glad of further information as to how this figure was arrived at, please. . . .

Me to the Income-Tax People.

DEAR MR. SMITH (I couldn't quite make out your signature, but it looked to me like Smith).—Thanks awfully for your letter. It was jolly of you to write. The sum of £23 3s. 9d., for which I claim exemption as part of my authorship expenses, is arrived at by dividing £185 10s. by 8. I have just checked it over again and, unlike my earlier work of some twenty years ago, there is no flaw in the calculation.

Yours ever, A. APPLE.

P.S.—It has occurred to me that you would like to know—though it was

remiss of you not to ask—*why* I have divided £185 10s. by 8, and not, say, multiplied, as I confess I should have preferred to do, or even performed some more abstruse mathematical gymnastic. £185 10s. is the annual rent and rate of my eight-roomed house, one room of which I devote wholly and exclusively to work at my authorship.

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—I have to inform you that no proportion of your rent may be included in your authorship outgoings, and that any such inclusion is not an admissible charge against your gross receipts. . . .

Me to the Income-Tax People.

DEAR MR. SMIRK (sorry about the Smith error, but your last signature was much clearer).—In answer to your last, why not? I've got to have a room to write in, haven't I? If I was a trade instead of a profession I might even have to have a whole office in the City. Indeed, when joking with my wife, I often refer to my study (the room at £23 3s. 9d. p.a., you know) as "the office." Write soon.

Yours, A. APPLE.

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—It has been already held in a test case that all that the profession of authorship needs for its prosecution is a desk, which may be situated in any room in the house. . . .

Me to the Income-Tax People.

SIR,—Don't be silly. How about a desk in the kitchen, for instance? You try it. Surely a whole room is allowed? Yours curtly, APPLE.

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—With reference to your letter, I can only repeat that your particular profession does not entitle you to the deduction of a proportion of the rent in respect of a separate room, though this is an allowable charge in the case of, for instance, a clergyman or minister. I would point out that an author may only claim those expenses which are incurred by the exercise of his profession, such as stationery, postage, journeys specifically undertaken for the purpose of authorship, typing charges, etc. . . .

Me to the Income-Tax People.

DEAR MR. SMEE (I'm sorry, but really

your handwriting has its off days),—I don't mind telling you I am annoyed by this whole business. I have to write every day, and according to you am only allowed a desk in the scullery or the larder or somewhere, with no place even to put my books; while a clergyman, who only has to write once a week—and may plagiarize at that if he likes—can loll about in an enormous room entirely lined with concordances. Yes, I am annoyed. I also take it unkindly of you to have sent me, under separate cover, just while we are having this jolly little argument, a demand for payment of first instalment of Income-Tax.

Yours more in sorrow than anger,
A. APPLE.

P.S.—My one consolation is to think of DEAN INGE. For I presume that he can now no longer claim relief for a complete room, but has descended into the desk-in-the-kitchen class. Or does he still count as a clergyman with you?

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—I can only refer you again to my former letter in answer to your communication. Clergymen are allowed a room, authors are not. I must therefore strike out the item of £23 3s. 9d. in your statement of expenses due to authorship. . . .

Me to the Income-Tax People.

DEAR MR. S.—All right. Have it your own way. Strike out the £23 3s. 9d. You might, however, insert in its place the sum of £52 7s. 9d. incurred by a fortnight's visit to the Riviera. Quite frankly this was my simple annual holiday, but I now find that just before I went I had a letter from *The Morning Glass* asking me to supply them with occasional articles on the subject of "Riviera Rambles." This, as you will agree, makes it, in the wording of your own letter, "a journey specifically undertaken for the purpose of authorship." I only mention this because you have insisted on going so thoroughly into the question of expenses.

Yours cheerily,
A. APPLE.

The Income-Tax People to Me.

SIR,—I have inserted as requested the item of £52 7s. 9d. in your statement of expenses. This is quite in order if you had, as you say, a written arrangement with a newspaper to supply articles.

Me to the Income-Tax People.

DEAR MR. SMITH,—Thanks! I return the compliment by enclosing a cheque for the payment of the first instalment of my Income-Tax. . . .

Yours,
A. APPLE.



Lady (to friend as over-painted female passes). "THAT IS THE MRS. HAWKINSON, BUT IT'S NOT A BIT LIKE HER."

Me again to the Income-Tax People. *Telegram.*

URGENT STOP WILL YOU PLEASE ADD TO LIST OF EXPENSES PAYMENT OF FIRST INSTALMENT INCOME-TAX STOP WAS INCURRED BY EXERCISE OF MY PROFESSION APPLE.

I regret to say that up to the moment at which I conclude this narrative I have had no answer to my telegram. A. A.

Lines suggested by a recent Oxford Oration.

Wadham, whose praises I wish to rehearse,
Has a triple claim to be honoured in verse—
As the *Alma Mater* of geniuses three,
FRY (C. B.) and SIMON and ME.
But "WREN was also a Wadham man,"
So of WREN let us add that he "also ran."

TROOPING EAST.

(Anti-Typhoon Regulations.)

MY DEAR JOSEPH,—We arrived, as I had no doubt we should, at 6 A.M. This is the hour at which every troopship reaches every port, the result being that you cannot have a bath. *Why?* One look at the port-water would make this clear—the reason, I mean, not the water.

In spite of this well-established rule it seems that our ship was not expected until about 10 A.M., for at that hour a number of important persons came on board and gave us our orders. We were to go into a pleasant but rough-and-ready camp. It proved to be pleasant enough, very rough and not quite ready. In fact I have really very little to report other than our typhoon experiences.

I am aware that the late Mr. CONRAD dealt with civilian typhoons pretty effectively, but military typhoons are far worse. They begin, we found, as soon as you land. A request for a copy of our anti-typhoon orders was handed to the Adjutant while we were marching up to camp. He was too pre-occupied with "B" Company's missing bayonet and the quadruplicate disembarkation states and the return of married soldiers vaccinated in 1923 to attend to the matter in person, so he told the R.S.M. to prepare a draft for his approval. It was well that he did so, for such an order to the R.S.M. means that the thing is as good as done. If you asked a subaltern to draft some anti-typhoon orders he would go away to unpack the text-books and return in two hours' time to ask whether an anti-typhoon goes round the same way as an anti-cyclone, and is the ground easy for digging, and how far off is the enemy. No, if the Adjutant wants draft orders the R.S.M. is the man to see that he gets them.

Having had considerable experience in producing orders of various kinds, most of which he remembers by heart, the R.S.M. duly appeared with two drafts, apparently to be treated as alternatives. The first ran as follows:—

"Anyone noticing an outbreak of typhoon in camp will

(1) Try to put it out.

(2) Shout 'Typhoon' and call for assistance.

(3) Inform the commander of the guard."

And the second:—

"All ranks will parade for anti-typhoon inoculation at the Medical Inspection hut to-morrow as under:
'A' Coy. 8 A.M., etc.

Dress: Shirt-sleeves and small books."

To the well-concealed astonishment of the R.S.M. the Adjutant wrote out some orders of his own!

As far as I can see the following is a very fair summary of a typical visitation by a typhoon:—

(1) A delightful period of perfectly normal weather, during which the business population goes about its business and the troops receive instructions in the action to be taken in case of a "warning." For some obscure reason the Chinese shipping quietly repairs to a special little harbour (facetiously known as the "Junk Garage"), into which it packs itself so closely that it can neither move nor be moved. Here it awaits the future with equanimity.

(2) A period of scientific activity among the white population. All the most wonderful electrical, seismic, anemometric and aerodynamical inventions are called into play to spread the news that "a typhoon moving from left to right is now at longitude this and latitude that, and will pass a hundred miles to the south of us to-morrow." Military anti-typhoon activity is thereupon discontinued and the business population continues to go about its business. This period is invariably interrupted by—

(3) The sudden arrival of the typhoon proper from an unexpected direction, accompanied by violent horizontal rain. The business population is detained at its offices, the troops nail themselves inside their huts and hope that the roofs will stay on, while the junk-owners go to sleep.

(4) The typhoon eventually moves on, but if any liberties are taken it immediately returns from the opposite direction. Rain continues to be driven for a further forty-eight hours at the angle of descent best calculated to penetrate any huts not hitherto properly flooded. Business and junketings as usual.

(5) The "mopping-up" period, actual and metaphorical. This is a period of war-diaries, reports, casualty returns, ration indents and amendments to the existing anti-typhoon orders. Now is the time to secure a "write-off" of any deficiencies in bicycles, blankets or fire-buckets.

I daresay you remember the use of the formula "Destroyed by shell-fire," Joseph, although I am sure you seldom felt tempted to use it. Which reminds me that in your last letter you asked me a number of questions to be answered without fail. I am extremely sorry to say that during the last typhoon your esteemed communication was blown away, drowned or otherwise destroyed. Isn't that just too bad?

Your desolated

CHARLES.

THE "TWO YOUNG ROES."

THERE noonday did—as noondays will,
When Spring is sib to Summer—
drowse;

The red grouse called upon the hill
And challenged on the sunny knowes;
But in the pinewood all was still
Save for the ceaseless breathe of
boughs.

With green and beckoning fingers bent
The bracken fronds like questions
stood;

The wood bees on their business went
Sweet-laden in the solitude;
"Hush," said the pines, then lo! we
leant

Above the babies in the wood.

Like little pancakes, flatly down,
Two little fawns close, close were
laid,

Cradled beneath the quiet crown
Of dappled shine and birchen shade;
Their eyes were very big and brown,
Their innocence was unafraid.

There to the forest's fond refrain,
A softly breathing gold they lay;
Gold shadows made them counterpane,
Two little roes and twin were they;
We drew their curtain back again
And left them to the summer day.

When the Wise King that maytime
knows

Once made a Song for you and me,
He named two little new-born roes
To serve his loveliest simile
Which I would venture surely shows
How very wise a king was he.

P. R. C.

The Joys of Juxtaposition.

"Alderman John Rothwell was adopted Liberal candidate for North Salford. A violent earthquake was recorded at Kew Observatory."
Manchester Paper.

"Now is the time to clip yew and box."

Gardening Broadcast.

But suppose yew don't feel like fighting?

"British astronomers who travelled to the Far East and spent months in preparation for yesterday's total eclipse, met with disappointment."
Daily Paper.

Surely a misprint for "gastronomers."

"AMERICAN PILOT STATED TO HAVE REACHED 40,000 FEET—NOT YET CONFIRMED."
Daily Paper.

Our vicar hopes he will be before he gets very much taller.

"There are lots of waltz love-songs called 'Fer E5ver.'"
Evening Paper.

Not to be confused with the fox-trot love-song "E5ver the only Girl in the World."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



LOW-SPIRITED PANTOMIME ARTISTES HARD HIT BY THE COMING OF THE TALKIES.



Paris. "I'M SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, GIRLS, BUT REALLY I FEEL THAT I WOULD BE QUITE JUSTIFIED IF I ATE THIS APPLE MYSELF."



THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE. OUR MR. MERCURY DELIVERS THE GOODS.



"YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE COMFORTABLE IN THAT FRAME, MADAM. SUPPOSE WE CHANGE PLACES?"



MR. MUNNINGS DOES WHAT HE CAN DURING THE LONG FROST.



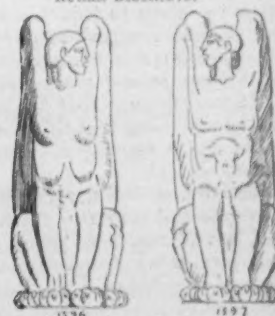
FACE LIFTING AS AN AID TO BEAUTY.



SURVIVAL OF HAND-MADE MUSIC IN RURAL DISTRICTS.



The Large Dog (to the Artist). "YOU GET ON WITH IT, SIR. SHE CAN'T GET AWAY SO LONG AS I'M HERE."



The Guardians at the door of Room VI. "NOW, SPEAKING AS ONE SPHINX TO ANOTHER, WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE SHOW?"

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GEORGE'S LION.

George has had his photo taken standing over a very dead lion, and he has sent a copy of it home to the Vicarage, together with the skin.

He says that, though he didn't actually shoot the lion, he probably would have done if Van Blerk, our local big-game hunter, hadn't shot it first, and anyway his mother wouldn't be interested in minor details like that. On the back of the photo George has written, "My first lion. Nukuku, Central Africa. March, 1928." The lion really is his, of course, because he paid Van Blerk ten pounds for it, so that no one can accuse George of inaccuracy. He is a bit of a stickler for detail, as a matter of fact, and it isn't his fault if his mother tells all her visitors that George shot the lion through in the drawing-room. Women always jump to conclusions.

George might have shot the lion. As it turned out he might even have trampled it to death, and I am inclined to think that the beast was lucky in only meeting Van Blerk. But in any case it simply asked for trouble by suddenly developing a taste for piccanins and old ladies. Nukuku is fairly used to that, and as a general rule it takes the sudden disappearance of its elderly females with commendable calm.

But when Leo so far forgot himself as to devour a complete witch-doctor, magic tokens and all, the district realised that something ought to be done about it, as it was felt that a lion which had swallowed the whole pharmacopœia, so to speak, might become bewitched itself and cause all kinds of trouble. Confirmation was given to this view when various villages reported respectively the loss of two donkeys, three piccanins, one old woman, several goats and two cows. It was the cows that did it, the general opinion being that this was unforgivable, and a deputation called on us to enlist our aid.

Man-eating lions had never appealed to me as potential victims of my hunting skill, but George took fire at once and pooh-poohed my prosaic suggestion of a dose of strychnine in the carcass of a goat, and eventually I weakly consented to go with him and face the beast in his lair.

Being in nominal charge of a half-

company of His Majesty's forces, I thought we might legitimately take the Lewis gun squad with us, but George would have none of it, and eventually we landed at Sikuyu's village, armed to the teeth and looking quite formidable. The village gave us a royal reception as their deliverers from the oppressor, and I think George would have made a speech had he been alone. As it was we spent the afternoon superintending the erection of a flimsy platform in the fork of a big tree adjacent to the scene of Leo's latest kill, and beneath the tree we tethered a plump young goat as bait.

At dusk we clambered gingerly on to

uncomfortable evenings. Every time I dozed I woke with a start and nearly rolled off our perch, and only a fine sense of discipline kept George from saying what he thought about me. Anyhow, I had managed to get to sleep, when about two A.M. George dug me violently in the ribs and I could feel the whole platform quivering with his suppressed excitement.

There was certainly something about. In the gloom below I could just distinguish the white outline of the goat, which let out a sudden heart-rending bleat. Cautiously I felt the button on the electric torch, sensing that George had his rifle to his shoulder.

Again the goat bleated, and at the same time there came the unmistakable grunt a lion gives when he is hunting. Something was moving, something large and black. The goat shrielled in terror, and, tingling in every nerve, I pressed the switch.

Nothing happened. The blamed thing had jammed.

George realised the position. There was not a moment to be lost, and, as I flung caution to the night air and wrestled desperately with that accursed torch, he took his chance in the dark and fired.

A scream of agony followed the roar of his rifle, and we distinctly heard the great brute tearing up the ground.

"Got him!" shouted George, and let off the rest of his magazine in rapid fire at the struggling black shape below.

I leaned forward, and as I moved the platform collapsed with a crash, flinging George

and me, the rifles and the torch into a helpless heap on the very top of our writhing victim.

Something hairy and horrible struck me in the face and I smelt lion. One's brain works quickly at such moments, and almost as I touched the brute I was up again and shinning up that tree at the fastest rate I have ever displayed.

Quick as I was, George was quicker. I only realised that when my head hit his foot half-way up. Perched precariously side by side on an overhanging bough we listened to the lion's last moments, and then, as quiet descended, we remained perched. I for one was not going fumbling round any lion in the dark, and George concurred. So there we stuck, cramped and miserable, through the long hours to the dawn.



"SUPERINTENDING THE ERECTION OF A FLIMSY PLATFORM."

the platform, made ourselves as comfortable as we could, which is not saying much, and settled down for the vigil, lulled by the occasional plaintive bleating of the bait. We had agreed that it was to be George's shot, my part being merely to switch on an electric torch when the lion was busy eating, while George put a bullet through his brain or somewhere equally effective. It was very dark up in that tree, and surprisingly cold for Central Africa. Also it drizzled a bit and there were times when I fairly longed for the comparative comfort of our Mess hut in camp. Every time either of us moved the whole platform creaked alarmingly and the knobby bits on the logs became exasperatingly painful.

Altogether I have spent few more



Customer. "I SEE TIPS ARE NOT ALLOWED HERE."
 Hairdresser. "THAT REFERS TO HORSE-RACING, SIR."

At daylight we found our kill. Both of them in fact, for the goat was dead, shot through the head. And beside it lay the carcass of one of the village pigs that had strayed during the night, also accounted for by George's unerring aim. Around the bodies our gear and the remains of the platform were discovered in pleasing confusion, and as we scrambled stiffly down we met the village coming out to rejoice in its deliverance. It cost us a pound each to smooth things over.

Van Blerk brought in the lion's body four days afterwards, having shot it, twenty miles away, on the same night that we were waiting in the tree. After

George had bought it, I took that photo of him with his foot on its head which now graces the Vicarage. I think we should have had one of the goat as well.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

SHOP WINDOWS.

MOTHER likes the frocks and hats
 And pretty stuffs and coloured mats.

Daddy never, never looks
 At anything but pipes and books.

Auntie's fond of chains and rings
 And all the sparkly diamond things.

Richard likes machines the best;
 He doesn't care about the rest.

Nannie always loves to stop
 In front of every single shop.

But I don't want to wait for a minute
 Till we get to the one with the puppy-dogs in it. R. F.

Advice to Young Seascape Painters.

"YOUNG ART.—If the young school want to sell their paintings, let them learn to sink themselves in their subject."—*Daily Paper*.

"Among the distinguished visitors to Kenya during the last few days has been Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the celebrated author and oculist. . . ."—*Indian Paper*.

He gave up his Baker Street eye-practice, however, some time ago.

BEAUTY IN 1929.

I HAVE been reading a book called *Secrets of Charm*: one of those books which enables women to catch that ethereal indefinable quality called sex-appeal by paying proper attention to skin, eyes, calves, neck, teeth and hair; but especially to skin. The book is dedicated to men, so I make no excuse for commenting on it.

The writer is a famous "beauty editor," whose newspaper articles are read by millions of women (in America) daily, and who also talks to them on the radio. She receives countless letters from her clients, largely, I gather, about the dryness or the oily nature of their cuticles, and about poise. And what I want to ask now is whether the world can afford all this deluge of loveliness which is being given to it by books like these.

What does a woman have to do to become beautiful?

Apparently, this. She gathers together a large supply of cereals, fruit essences, vegetable oils and animal fats, and pounds them in a basin into a kind of appetising porridge. And after that, what? She eats them? Not at all. She takes this corn hash, this fruit salad, this paste of vitamin-producing butter compound, and plasters it all over the piece of her that Nature intended to be used as a face, wires it all in with a gauze mask, and then goes to bed.

The face poultice may be made of almond and rose-water, or of corn-meal and buttermilk, or of oatmeal and lemon-juice, or of cucumbers and eggs. The authoress has different recipes in accordance with the condition of the skin, or the state of the grain market, it may be, and the grease industry. One or the other of these mulches is an almost certain remedy for her client's complaint.

The notion is that while the girl lies there in a state of semi-asphyxiation, somehow or other underneath this compost a chemical change is working, and a complexion is being formed of such beauty that when she gets up again it will simply astonish her friends.

Very likely it would. I know nothing about such things. It seems to me quite possible that by heaping all the breakfast-foods and dairy produce and greengrocery you can collect into a kind of wet swab, and plastering them on to

your features for a good while, a subtle and radiant sweetness would begin to bubble out of the pores of the skin. And I should expect the American woman, after she had removed the molasses, to go about with this new complexion of hers and let people have a look at her.

But does she? Not a bit of it. No sooner has she prised off the farinaceous mess than she has to begin massaging this face of hers as a preparation for putting it under powder and fixing-cream and rouge. The whole work of

"On the other extreme we have a beautiful olive complexion turning a greyish tinge when too light a shade of powder is used. Such are the tragedies that come from the selection of incorrect shades of powder."

I gather that the distinct blonde will find the lighter shades of powder, such as pale orange and light red or rose, most becoming. Or she may use a light natural colour for the daylight hours and a pale peach tint for artificial lighting. The dark blonde uses orange rouge, and the medium brunette may do the same as the dark blonde; but olive complexions require a vivid red rouge.

Nothing is said about what you are to do if you find your face a bright green when the pancake has been peeled away from it, but I should think a light lemon-coloured rouge ought to fill the bill.

Mere powder and rouge on the face, however, are but a little part of the work that has to be done by the working woman of America who is set on charm. There is the re-shaping and dyeing of the eyebrows (or those of them that have not come out and got mixed up with the porridge) and the staining of the eyelashes with mascara, what ever mascara may be. It is something pretty deadly, anyhow, because there is a sub-heading in the book—

If Mascara Gets Into the Eye—

about which the authoress consolingly says:—

"The irritation caused by such an accident is not fatal, of course, but it is decidedly painful for a short time, and so care should be taken to prevent its occurrence."

And then there is eye-shading in different tints,

according to the colour of the eyes. There is the rouging of the lobes of the ears. And last, but most important, the painting of the lips.

Here the authoress is very emphatic indeed.

"The present fad," she says, "of painting lips upon the face, with absolute disregard of the original shape of these important features, is disastrous to beauty and charm."

I don't know why. I should have thought myself it would have been rather jolly to paint the lips on the cheeks or upon the forehead for a change, whilst one was taking all this



Farmer. "YES, THINGS ARE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE ON THE LAND THESE DAYS."

Spring Poet. "I'M AWFULLY SORRY TO HEAR ALL THIS, AND I'M DETERMINED TO DO SOMETHING TO ASSIST. I'VE DECIDED TO VOICE THE GRIEVANCE OF YOUR FRATERNITY IN AN ELEGIAC ODE IN NEXT MONTH'S CHAOTIC."



Timid Chairman (who has let the meeting get rather out of hand, to Candidate about to explain his party's programme). "BETTER CUT OUT EVERYTHING BUT THE FUNNY STORIES TO-NIGHT, I THINK."

redcoration in hand. But I suppose my authoress knows best.

My only criticism is concerned with the political economy of this thing. These hints are addressed not, as you might suppose, to a luxurious aristocracy, but to the millions of modest housewives and girls throughout the vast continent of North America, and I would like to know whether the teeming bosom of earth can afford to pour out all its mineral and animal and vegetable resources in this lavish way in order to smear their faces with one kind of top-dressing by daytime and another by night. And that, too, at a time when they are not starving their interiors any longer, but actually fattening them.

"Serawny figures," says my authoress, "have definitely gone out of fashion."

Caked with marzipan and oatmeal while she sleeps, plastered with rice and pigments when she rises, the American working woman is apparently to spend the rest of her day wolfing down waffles and ice-cream. And all for the sake of charm. Can America stand it?

I have not, of course, been able to do justice to this very interesting book in the few words I have written about the cult of the face. It contains advice

also on improving the physique, on gracefulness when standing and sitting, and on taste in dress. But these are matters which I prefer not to criticise. I do not in fact always understand what the authoress means. I take her point when she describes the "squat":—

"Then, keeping the torso erect, slowly lower the body until the backs of the thighs rest on the calves of the legs, when you find yourself in a squatting position."

That is so. We did it in the War.

I understand the authoress when she suggests that jewellery should not be worn at the country club for tennis or golf. I can even master "Women who wouldn't dream of wearing oxfords with an evening gown complacently permit a felt sports hat to top off an afternoon ensemble."

But when she tells me that "if bouffant panties are worn under a scant slip, they roll up and form unattractive and uncomfortable bunches that mar the smooth trim outer appearance of one's frock. Therefore each succeeding garment put on should be a trifle larger than that worn underneath," I do not understand.

And lastly, *à propos* of women-dancers, there is this:—

"One rather stout woman looked

quite attractive until she placed her hand on her partner's shoulder, which simultaneously lifted her fashionably short skirt to reveal huge masses of flesh that bulged over her rolled stockings. It was not a disclosure that enhanced her charm or beauty. . . . If she preferred to roll her hose, she should have worn a frock long enough to allow for raising the arm without exposing the homely knee and upper limb line. The sad part of the whole thing was that she wasn't a blatant sort of woman at all—she might have been your aunt or mine. . . ."

Not mine.

Evoc.

Election Revelations.

"CONSERVATIVES IN B.C."

Headline in Daily Paper.

We had suspected the antiquity of this party.

Mr. Punch's Fashions for the Country.

"Bowlers on top in most County games."

Sunday Paper.

We too always find that they look best on our heads.

"LONDON WHIRLWIND INJURED."

Headline in Evening Paper.

Who will lend a few acres in the country in which it can recuperate?

THE WERE-WOLF.

Harriet Hepplewhite was a spinster, a spinster who made no secret of being forty-five years of age. Harriet had leanings towards the occult unusual in a lady's-maid. That is, she enjoyed *Dracula*, and she liked Miss FYLEMAN'S poetry. But mostly was she interested in a little old Russian tale that she had lately read, in which a beautiful Countess was accustomed to get out of her own mouth of an evening and, leaving her day self at home, go roaming in the gloaming as a pretty white wolf. Harriet gathered that to do this properly you must have a working knowledge of magic or else you must have effected a sale of yourself to the Devil. Still the notion was a romantic one, and to be able to get out and about as and when you chose was certainly intriguing.

Harriet's was a simple nature and an affectionate. She was quite unsoured even after seven years' servitude with Lady Skrimshire. Lady Skrimshire, the widow of a knight, was a tall, thin-lipped, famishy-looking lady who played a fine game of Bridge and went from watering-place to watering-place like an acquisitive old heron. But would you look among the water-fowl for the prototype of Harriet, you would, I think, decide without difficulty upon the dabchick, so roundabout

was Harriet, so plump, so pleasing. But Harriet was not cocksure as is the dabchick, nor was she self-assertive as he is. On the contrary she was good-hearted and easily put upon.

For instance, if Lady Skrimshire said, as she frequently did say, "Oh, Harriet, I wonder if you would mind putting off your evening until to-morrow, because I shall be out myself to-night and shall want you to be at home to answer the telephone?" then Harriet would reply, "That will be quite all right, my lady." And Lady Skrimshire would say, "Thank you, Harriet, I was sure you would oblige me." But of course the obligation didn't amount to much really, for poor Harriet had few friends and nowhere particular to go when she *did* go out.

Lady Skrimshire was well-to-do, but this time, when she went to Cheltington Spa, she stayed in rooms and not at the

Majestic Hotel. Harriet was sorry for this, because there was a band in the lounge at the Majestic and she loved bands. But, if you know Cheltington, you'll remember that there is also a band that plays in the Council Gardens of an afternoon and, May to September, from 7.30 to 9.30 of an evening. Chairs cost tuppence and the music goes down your back like pins and ices. And so when Lady Skrimshire said that day, "Oh, Harriet, etc.," it was a *shame* it was, for was not to-night the last band night of the season and was not the programme a gala programme? It was indeed. For a minute poor Harriet felt quite cross and said to herself, "Silly old devil, I've been sold to her for seven years." Then she was sorry and she said as cheerfully as she could,

the dark and the stars. Of course Harriet in the metamorphosis she so suddenly contemplated had no intention of *biting* anybody, for, as I have told you, she was of a gentle and an affectionate nature. But she did think, with a sudden pretty independence, that if she *had*, as she'd declared earlier in the day, sold herself she might as well—

Harriet peeped into Lady Skrimshire's room. Her ladyship slept well. "Poor soul," said Harriet kindly.

Now to become a were-wolf, even when you are, like Harriet, qualified, is not quite so simple as is generally imagined. Mistakes are easily made, and once made cannot be rectified until the spell has spent itself. And let the cub-beginner, the amateur were-wolf,

beware (despite all hereinafter related) lest the influence run down while he or she is still about and abroad.

Sergeant Coppinger of the Cheltington Police was due to retire upon a pension. He was a widower and childless, a big jovial man of great good-humour and of some private means. He had moreover an excellent appointment in prospect as lodge-keeper to the Council Gardens.

It was, then, when Sergeant Coppinger was "visiting points" between 10.30 and 11 p.m., that he bumped right into Harriet Hepplewhite. Now had Harriet been completely

successful in her magic I feel that the Sergeant would never have ventured to address her. It is no part of a policeman's duty to interfere with a promenading were-wolf, neither is there, as far as I know, any by-law broken if the were-wolf is without a collar. The case of pug-dogs is of course entirely different.

"Ullo Fido!" said Sergeant Coppinger, flashing his bull's-eye; "out after sunset are you, and without a collar too? You come along to the station, Fido." He clipped a finger and thumb in so truly friendly a manner that he won Harriet's heart at once. She wagged her curly tail and trotted up to him. The Sergeant felt leisurely in all his pockets for the official piece of string.

"No string, Fido," he said; "well, I'll have to carry you."

And he tucked a blue and a comfortable arm round Harriet's plump waist and walked off with her. Harriet licked



Champion Borrower's Son. "I SAY, DAD, MR. MACWHIRTER HAS LENT US THE WRONG LAWN-MOWER. THIS IS CUTTING THE GRASS!"

"That will be *quite* all right, my lady." So just about 7.30 she saw Lady Skrimshire into the taxicab and then she sat down to have a nice read.

About the time for "God Save the King" (a tune which always gave her a lump in the throat), Harriet had unhooked Lady Skrimshire, who had come home early with a violent indigestion, and was putting her to bed with a hot-water bottle. But Harriet did not feel inclined to bed herself. She wished that she could go out for a nice long walk in the moonlight, an impossibility, alas, for Harriet, unless of course she were a were-wolf. In this case then, what would look like Harriet's everyday self would be lying in the little room on the other side of the passage, while the real Harriet, in the form of a lovely and elegant white wolf with a long bushy tail, would wander, free of all black and silver magic, under

his hand shyly. And so they came to the station.

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For of course Harriet was dressed just as she was when she made the magic. Sergeant Coppinger knew at once what had happened. He knew that when

the young lady had pushed open the first swing-door to come in, Fido had, unseen by her, escaped once more. But he didn't let on to Harriet or to the Inspector the hand he thought that he had played in this latest departure. But he *did* walk home with Harriet, looking about for Fido all the way. And Harriet let him look and then let herself in with the latchkey that was in her pocket; and next evening she had her evening out, and Sergeant Coppinger, in mufti, called for her and took her to the pictures.

When Harriet became Mrs. Coppinger, which she did three months later, Lady Skrimshire gave her twenty-five pounds and said she hoped that Harriet wasn't being foolish.

Now that's the end, except that some day Harriet means to tell her husband about when she was a were-wolf. You see Harriet feels that whenever Coppinger talks of their first meeting, which he often does, the happiness of the recollection is slightly dimmed for him (since she knows that he is the kindest man in all the world) when he reflects

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MR. HUGH WALPOLE
Climbed up a tall pole
To survey in all its variety
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Manchester Payer.

Our ruffian insists on a pint.



MANNERS AND MODES.

AFTER A SURFEIT OF "V" AND "U" BACKS, NOTHING LESS THAN A "Y" WILL HOLD THE ATTENTION.

THE WERE-WOLF.

Harriet Hepplewhite was a spinster, a spinster who made no secret of being forty-five years of age. Harriet had leanings towards the occult unusual in a lady's-maid. That is, she enjoyed *Dracula*, and she liked Miss FYLEMAN'S poetry. But mostly was she interested in a little old Russian tale that she had lately read, in which a beautiful Countess was accustomed to get out of her own mouth of an evening and, leaving her day self at home, go roaming in the gloaming as a pretty white wolf. Harriet gathered that to do this properly you must have a working knowledge of magic or else you must have effected a sale of yourself to the Devil. Still the notion was a romantic one, and to be able to get out and about as and when you chose was certainly intriguing.

Harriet's was a simple nature and an affectionate. She was quite unsoured even after seven years' servitude with Lady Skrimshire. Lady Skrimshire, the widow of a knight, was a tall, thin-lipped, famishy-looking lady who played a fine game of Bridge and went from watering-place to watering-place like an acquisitive old heron. But would you look among the water-fowl for the prototype of Harriet, you would, I think, decide without difficulty upon the dabchick, so roundabout

was Harriet, so plump, so pleasing. But Harriet was not cocksure as is the dabchick, nor was she self-assertive as he is. On the contrary she was good-hearted and easily put upon.

For instance, if Lady Skrimshire said, as she frequently did say, "Oh, Harriet, I wonder if you would mind putting off your evening until to-morrow, because I shall be out myself to-night and shall want you to be at home to answer the telephone?" then Harriet would reply, "That will be quite all right, my lady." And Lady Skrimshire would say, "Thank you, Harriet, I was sure you would oblige me." But of course the obligation didn't amount to much really, for poor Harriet had few friends and nowhere particular to go when she *did* go out.

Lady Skrimshire was well-to-do, but this time, when she went to Cheltington Spa, she stayed in rooms and not at the

Majestic Hotel. Harriet was sorry for this, because there was a band in the lounge at the Majestic and she loved bands. But, if you know Cheltington, you'll remember that there is also a band that plays in the Council Gardens of an afternoon and, May to September, from 7.30 to 9.30 of an evening. Chairs cost tuppence and the music goes down your back like pins and ices. And so when Lady Skrimshire said that day, "Oh, Harriet, etc.," it was a *shame* it was, for was not to-night the last band night of the season and was not the programme a gala programme? It was indeed. For a minute poor Harriet felt quite cross and said to herself, "Silly old devil, I've been sold to her for seven years." Then she was sorry and she said as cheerfully as she could,



Champion Borrower's Son. "I SAY, DAD, MR. MACWHIRTER HAS LENT US THE WRONG LAWN-MOWER. THIS IS CUTTING THE GRASS!"

"That will be quite all right, my lady." So just about 7.30 she saw Lady Skrimshire into the taxicab and then she sat down to have a nice read.

About the time for "God Save the King" (a tune which always gave her a lump in the throat), Harriet had unhooked Lady Skrimshire, who had come home early with a violent indigestion, and was putting her to bed with a hot-water bottle. But Harriet did not feel inclined for bed herself. She wished that she could go out for a nice long walk in the moonlight, an impossibility, alas, for Harriet, unless of course she were a were-wolf. In this case then, what would look like Harriet's everyday self would be lying in the little room on the other side of the passage, while the real Harriet, in the form of a lovely and elegant white wolf with a long bushy tail, would wander, free of all black and silver magic, under

the dark and the stars. Of course Harriet in the metamorphosis she so suddenly contemplated had no intention of *biting* anybody, for, as I have told you, she was of a gentle and an affectionate nature. But she did think, with a sudden pretty independence, that if she *had*, as she'd declared earlier in the day, sold herself she might as well—

Harriet peeped into Lady Skrimshire's room. Her ladyship slept well. "Poor soul," said Harriet kindly.

Now to become a were-wolf, even when you are, like Harriet, qualified, is not quite so simple as is generally imagined. Mistakes are easily made, and once made cannot be rectified until the spell has spent itself. And let the cub-beginner, the amateur were-wolf,

beware (despite all hereinafter related) lest the influence run down while he or she is still about and abroad.

Sergeant Coppinger of the Cheltington Police was due to retire upon a pension. He was a widower and childless, a big jovial man of great good-humour and of some private means. He had moreover an excellent appointment in prospect as lodge-keeper to the Council Gardens.

It was, then, when Sergeant Coppinger was "visiting points" between 10.30 and 11 p.m., that he bumped right into Harriet Hepplewhite. Now had Harriet been completely

successful in her magic I feel that the Sergeant would never have ventured to address her. It is no part of a policeman's duty to interfere with a promenading were-wolf, neither is there, as far as I know, any by-law broken if the were-wolf is without a collar. The case of pug-dogs is of course entirely different.

"Ullo Fido!" said Sergeant Coppinger, flashing his bull's-eye: "out after sunset are you, and without a collar too? You come along to the station, Fido." He clipped a finger and thumb in so truly friendly a manner that he won Harriet's heart at once. She wagged her curly tail and trotted up to him. The Sergeant felt leisurely in all his pockets for the official piece of string: "No string, Fido," he said; "well, I'll have to carry you."

And he tucked a blue and a comfortable arm round Harriet's plump waist and walked off with her. Harriet licked

his hand shyly. And so they came to the station.

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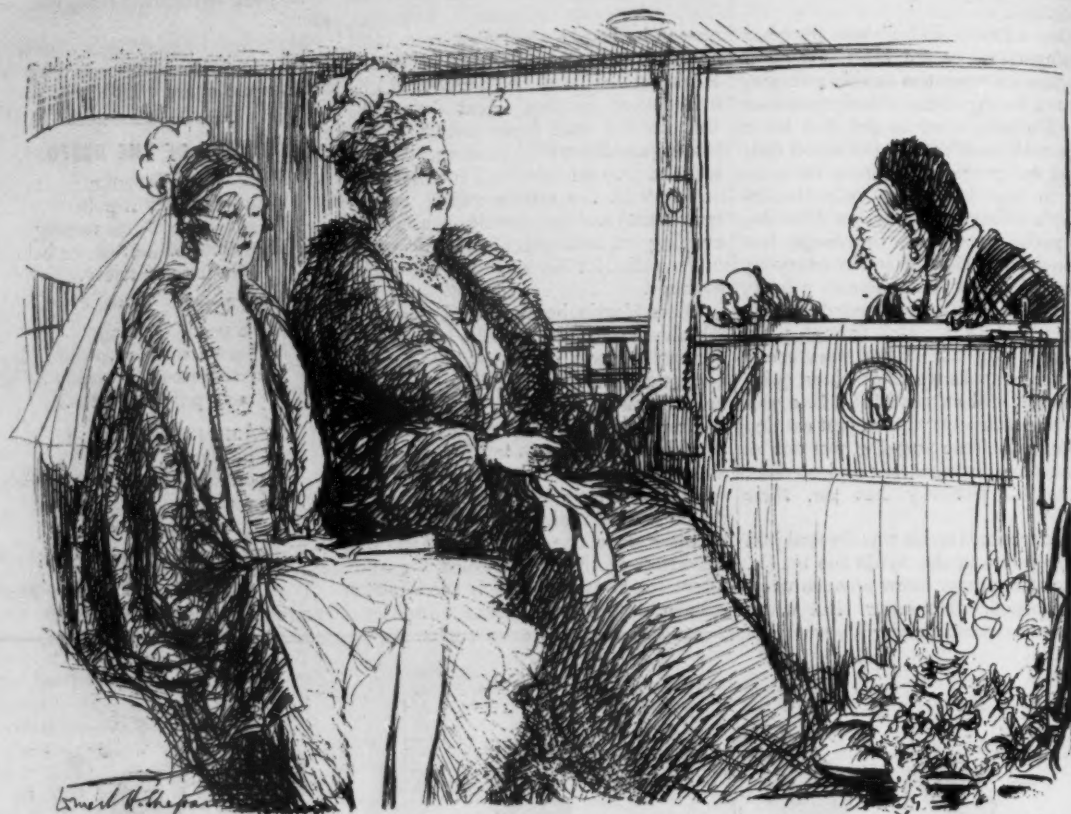
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Our ruffian insists on a pint.



MANNERS AND MODES.

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Enterprising Hawker. "BUY A NICE BLOOD ORANGE, LADY; ALL SWEET AND JUICY."

BRIGHTER CRICKET.

IF the suggestions of the sub-committee appointed to find means of enlivening county cricket be adopted, the question of extending their recommendations to Club cricket is almost certain to arise. The following views, expressed by people connected with our village club at Willoughby-under-Wychewood, may therefore prove of assistance to the M.C.C. in future deliberations.

Levi Moss, our treasurer, stated that he strongly objected to the suggested provision of a new ball after 150 runs had been scored off it, and pointed out that our finances would not stand the strain involved by the consequent purchase of a new ball at least once a month.

Parson, who does not bowl, is a very indifferent fieldsman and quite erroneously imagines that he is played for his batting, said, "I do not view with favour an increase in the size of the stumps, and if any amendment of existing arrangements is—ah—desirable, I would suggest increasing the—ah—width of the bat."

James, the under-footman at the Hall, our demon bowler, having expressed satisfaction with alterations which tend to strengthen the L.B.W. rules, remarked that in his opinion the wearing of pads ought to be discontinued, as their use had in the past frequently affected his figures in connection with "retired hurts."

Farmer Porrett, who will be included in the team as longstop until we have paid the rent of his field, spoke against the covering of wickets in showery weather, but may have been influenced in his views by the fact that in this connection references had been freely made to the use of his rick-sheets.

William the blacksmith, our umpire, who was obviously annoyed by one of the findings of the sub-committee, remarked, "It be all nonsense to say that us umpires doesn't give the benefit of the doubt, for I allus be mortal careful to give it to our batsmen."

Owing to the fact that the suggested elimination of the tea interval would not affect us at all, as our engagements always take place in the evening, our captain, the landlord of the "Punch

Bowl," was in a position to give the following quite unbiassed view of this recommendation: "I think it would be very much better for players to miss the tea interval and have a glass of beer instead when stumps are drawn; but the beer must be good and not like the stuff they keep down at the 'Pig and Whistle.'"

Commercial Generosity.

"A fine recipe for backache."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

But on the whole we prefer a cure.

News From the Political Arena.

"Hire of Hall charges.—Meetings by local Political organisations 1/- per hour without gas, 1/8 per hour with gas."

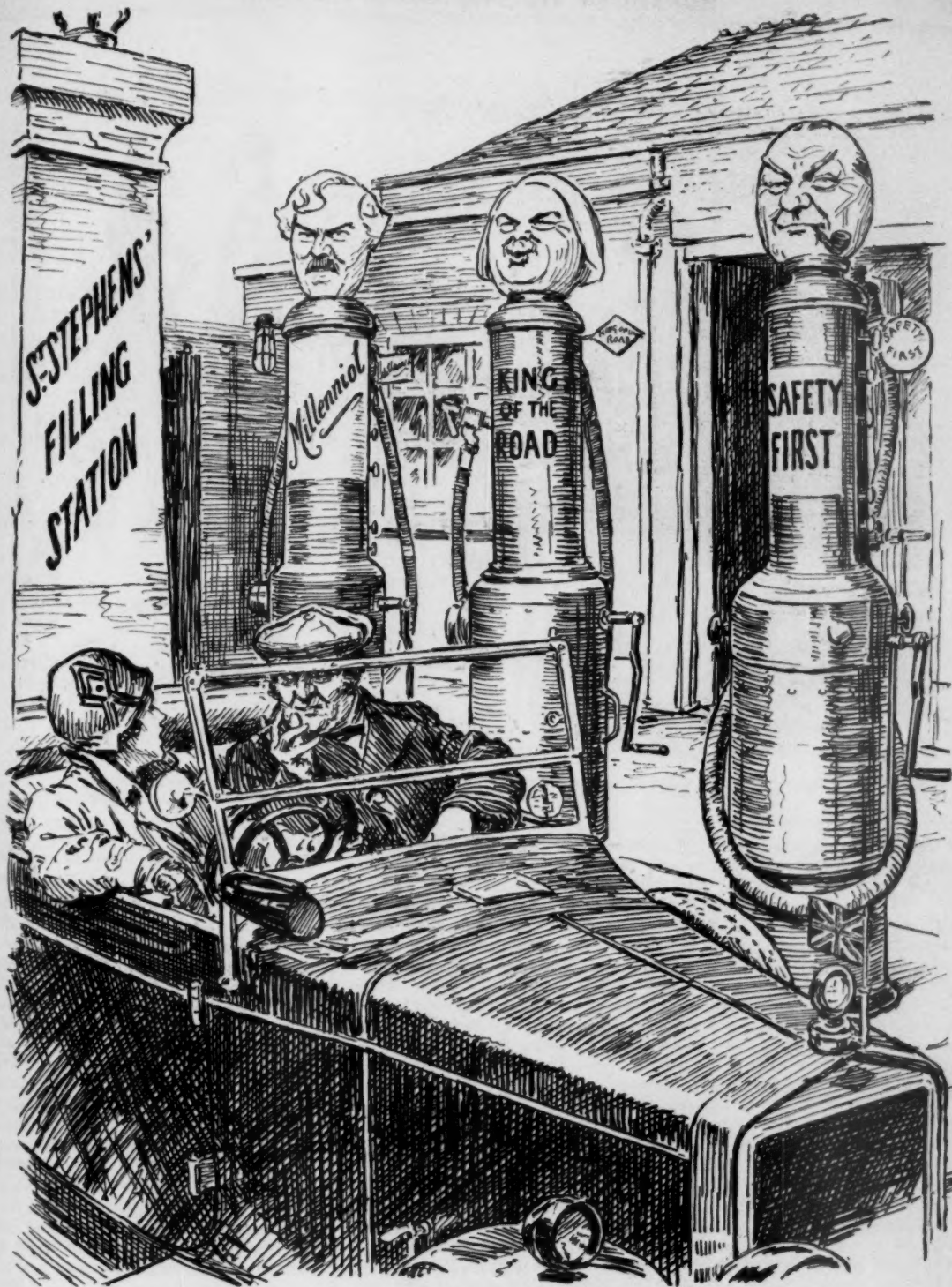
From a Parish Magazine.

We anticipate little demand at the higher rate, most organisations preferring to provide their own.

"On the occasion of the 15th birthday of Professor Einstein, Berlin has bestowed upon him the privilege of lifelong free residence in a house in an attractive suburb of that city."

South African Paper.

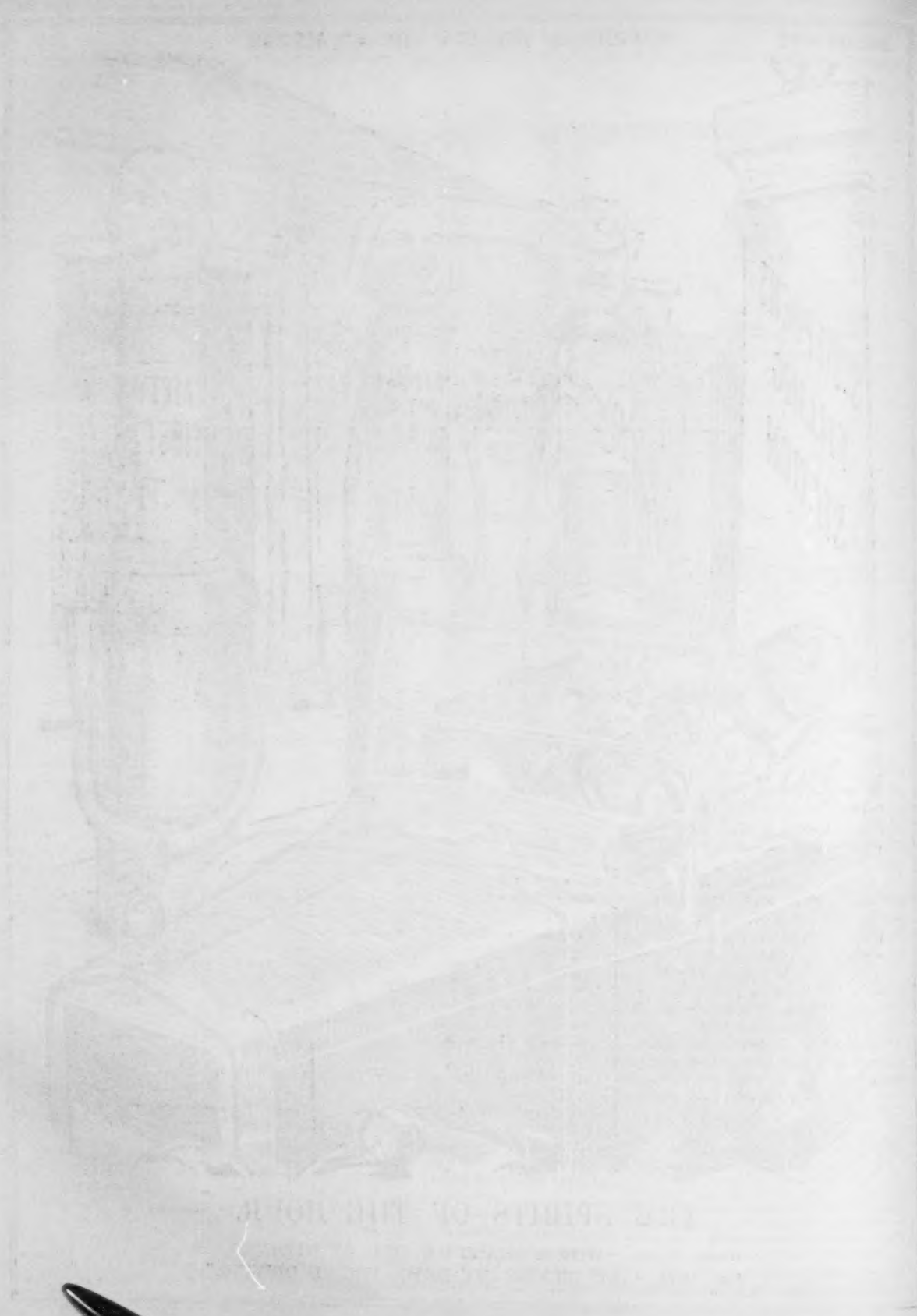
Even this seems a very modest way of celebrating such a triumph for relativity.



THE SPIRITS OF THE HOUR.

WOMAN VOTER. "WHICH SHALL WE FILL UP WITH?"

JOHN BULL. "YOU CHOOSE, MY DEAR; YOU'RE DRIVING."



THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE

OF REPRESENTATIVES

OF THE UNITED STATES



The Lady in the Foreground. "A LOT OF PEOPLE SEEM TO ADMIRE HER, BUT I DON'T KNOW—ANYHOW SHE'S NOT OUR TYPE; IS SHE, MY DEAR?"

THE QUIET WEEK-END.

In my experience there is nothing more unhealthy than a week-end in the country—except perhaps a sea-voyage. Recently, jaded with labour and London, anxious to escape from "the world," I spent a quiet week-end at the Waters' place in —shire. It rained, of course. Whenever I go to the country it rains. I have only to look up a train in the A.B.C. and the anti-cyclone disperses, while "conditions become favourable for the formation of secondary depressions" (as the meteorological experts charmingly describe a dose of disgusting weather).

However, all I wanted was peace and quiet, rest, refreshment and a respite from the world. So all Saturday morning I sat in an armchair and rested; that is to say, I sat and read about the world in the newspapers and the weeklies. I read the whole of *The Times*, two or three other dailies, *The New Statesman*, *The Saturday*, *The Spectator*, *The Nation*, *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, and one or two more. I worked carefully through the illus-

trateds, including all the pictures of "Lady X" (on shooting-stick—back view) "chatting with a friend at Epsom," and all the country-house groups, in which I scrupulously identified each person by the names given below. I read ten leading articles and numerous "specials." By lunch-time I knew more about the world than I had known for years; I ached all over with the condition of the country, the future of trade and the morals of the young. I felt old, sleepy and fat. We ate an enormous lunch and drank red wine, which is a fatal mistake and a thing that I never (well, hardly ever) do in town. We talked a good deal about going for a walk.

By about 3.15 the coffee-stage was over, I felt fourteen stone and fancied I had the sleeping-sickness. We again discussed going for a long walk over the Downs. But the rain fell more heavily than ever, so we entered a large closed motor-car and drove about the country for half-an-hour with the windows shut, looking at wet fields.

There is nothing like a jolly afternoon in the fresh country air for the appetite,

and I ate a simple but hearty tea, including crumpets, strawberry jam and cream, and a most seductive but indigestible cake.

After tea, feeling fifteen stone, I collapsed in an arm-chair and poisoned my mind with a murder-story. But the eyes soon closed and I fell into a semi-somnolent stupor, highly degrading to body and soul. "However," I reflected, "I am at least resting. I am in the secret recesses of the country. There is not a house for miles. London, blast you, farewell!"

And then Waters turned on the wireless. Waters is a wireless fan, as I only then discovered. He turned on a "Talk on the London Traffic Problem," and at once I was again surrounded by roaring omnibuses. Again and again I fled in a panic across Hammersmith Broadway.

The next thing was a cheerful chat about the Weather, about which I considered I knew almost enough already. After that we had the News, and once more I was oppressed with the woes and worries of the world. Cocktails then arrived and the wireless was turned off.

We dined far more richly than I have

ever dined in town, and after dinner I crawled into the drawing-room, weighing (as I felt) about sixteen stone. Revolting!

Waters then turned on the wireless. He has an extremely expensive set, with I don't know how many valves; and he is able with a turn of the wrist and in a miraculously short space of time to switch over from Daventry to Glasgow, from Glasgow to Copenhagen, from Copenhagen to Hilversum or somewhere, from Hilversum or somewhere to Stockholm, from Stockholm to Paris, from Paris to Vienna, from Vienna to Block, from Block to Bogel and so on. Waters wandered happily all over the continent of Europe, plucking a sonata here, a foxtrot there, a brass band in Sweden and a jazz band in Czechoslovakia. We never heard more than a snippet of anything, for either Mrs. Waters said, "George, I can't bear that," or George in sheer restlessness and bravado passed to some new quarter of the ether. Anyhow, the whole world seemed to be in the room busily singing, talking, lecturing, speechifying, tromboning, fiddling or dancing; and I felt less and less at rest.

At about 10.30 Mrs. Waters, after a volley of insults, persuaded George to turn the world off, and we talked. We talked about the London theatres and London music, and politics and literature and art, and the Talkies, and all the fatiguing topics which I had left behind in London.

At about 11.0, while Mrs. Waters and I were deep in argument about the General Election, George Waters, unable to restrain himself any longer, crept back to the wireless and turned on Daventry—the Fitz Hotel Jazz Band—

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

After a minute of this he switched over to Brussels—

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

From there to Prague—

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

And so to Barcelona—

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

Then Stuttgart—

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

And then a spot of Munich—
Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

And so on.

Dazed, deafened, stupefied, I listened to the world jazzing. I saw in my mind the most dreadful picture of civilisation that I have ever seen. I saw town after town, capital after capital, country after country, all jiggling obediently in unison to the tyrannical rhythms of the American negro. I saw the whole world swaying and wriggling about that quiet drawing-room in the remote heart of —shire. . . .

Tum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum-ti-rum-tum. . .

Mrs. Waters put her foot down at last. George turned off the merry-makers of Europe and we talked.

to town, weighing twenty stone and physically and mentally a wreck. It has taken three or four weeks of the quiet life of London, with its fresh air and regular exercise, to bring me back to health. A. P. H.

THE NEW TECHNIQUE.

THE other evening I saw my friend John Woolley descending from a taxi outside the club. He had a suit-case with him and seemed, I thought, rather distraught.

"Hallo, where have you been?" I said.

"Muirfield," he returned briefly.

"Had a good time?" I wondered.

A curious half-wistful expression passed over my friend's face and by way of answer he suddenly seized me just

above the elbow with fierce intensity.

"What do you call a hole done in one under bogey?" he excitedly asked me.

"A birdie," I rejoined.

"And in two under bogey?"

"An eagle."

"And what do you call a hole where you use a four-inch tee, hook your drive a mile high and three hundred yards long, waft your second into the wind, hold it up, run after it as if you're going to catch it before it drops plumb on the green, take out six putters, shake your head over them, select one you've had painted blue so

that you'll think it's a new one, spreadeagle yourself over your putt like an inverted capital T, freeze solid, thaw, straighten up, walk away, come back, settle, re-freeze and stuff it in—what do you call that?"

He drew a deep breath.

"I don't know," I assured him; "I have simply no idea. What?"

"A diegel," he replied. "Oh, boy!" he added softly and, baring his head, he ran reverently into the club. WOOD.

Our Ingenious Journalists.

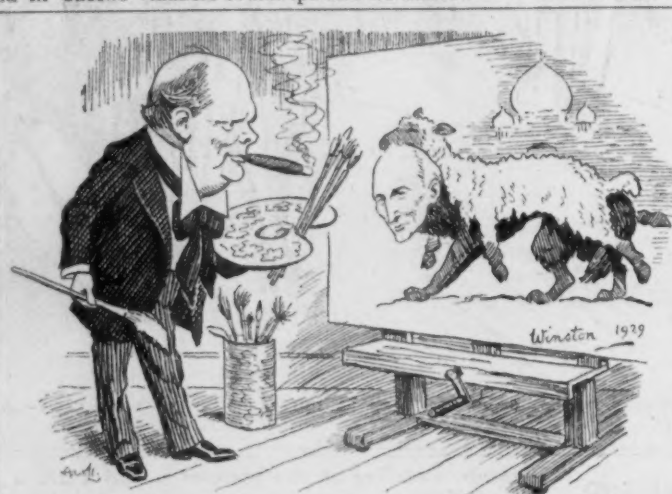
"The striking features of the Yorkshire contribution this year, however, are the interiors of Mr. F. W. — and Mrs. —."

Art Criticism in Hull Paper.

These North-country interiors are always pretty tough.

Epitaph.

Here's the body of Jazbo Tuck,
His flivver argued with a truck.



THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.
SIR JOHN SIMON AS PORTRAYED BY MR. CHURCHILL.

In my experience it is a myth that people in the country go early to bed. They may go early to bed during the week, but when they have a jaded Londoner down for the week-end they sit up till half-past two in the morning and talk about London. We sat up till three. While we talked we drank beer. I went to bed feeling fatter and wearier than I have ever felt in the wicked metropolis.

At 6 A.M. I was woken up by a nightingale!

Sunday was much the same, except that it rained more and we ate more, and I read about the world in seven Sunday newspapers. And instead of the world jazzing I listened to the world singing hymns and preaching sermons. And that night we talked about the State of the World till 3.30 A.M. Once you get the country-folk engaged in an argument nothing will stop them.

On Monday morning I tottered back



Customer. "I LIKE THIS SHOE, BUT IT PINCHES MY TOE-JOINT."

Salesman. "ALL OUR SHOES ARE ANATOMICALLY CORRECT, MADAM. WITH REGARD TO YOUR JOINT, PERHAPS YOU WOULD WISH TO CONSULT OUR ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT ON THE GROUND FLOOR."

KING WILLOW-WALY SONG.

(A RABBIT SINGS.)

Why do they want to chop and change
The countenance of cricket?
Why do they need this high, wide,
strange
And controversial wicket,
And furthermore require to trouble you
With new-style l.b.w.?
Such innovations seem to be
Exceedingly poor stuff;
Old Rules were good enough for me,
Much more than good enough.
I and all rabbits in my categ'ry
Whole-heartedly on that agree.
If they *must* change the Game at all,
Let stumps be smaller still;
No l.b.w.; the ball
A higher wider pill.
Then we will take off spats and hats
to it
And sacrifice our Sats. to it.

AT THE PICTURES.

VAUDEVILLE BY MACHINERY.

It would not surprise me if the best kind of Talkie—as an entertainment—is a mixture of dialogue, singing, dancing and drama such as the Empire offers in *The Broadway Melody*. Although everything is coarsened and exaggerated—voices too loud and all with that sea-lion timbre, music too rough, people a shade over life-size—there are



UPPER 50 PER CENT OF 100 PER CENT TALKING PICTURE.

movement and vivacity, and there are also a few gracious intervals of pure cinema relief from whatever wheezing mechanism conveys the speech, so that the ear can be rested. The longest of these is a ballet in colour, not at all the marvel that the programme thinks it, but welcome.

This reminds me that the dealers in superlatives at the Empire—and not only there but wherever the movie finger writes—if they go on as they have begun, are in for some difficult times. The praises of the poor old silent films that were "coming next week" were warm enough, but the Talkie has brought with it a heightened enthusiasm, an added need for lurid recommendation. The phrase "hundred per cent," which once was a true compliment—perhaps the best—has become a commonplace. I shall watch the developments with a studious eye.

In discussing the future of the Talkies



HANK (MISS BESSIE LOVE), IN HER DESIRE TO ENSURE HER ENTRÉE IN A NEW YORK THEATRE, OFFERS PERSONAL VIOLENCE TO THE PRODUCER.

it is customary to think of them as a menace to the stage proper, and particularly to the rank-and-file actor and actress and the whole army of stagehands. But *The Broadway Melody* has enough mixed interest to be a danger to the variety theatre too. I can see such a show as this filling the house twice nightly at music-halls; and when that happens what of the flesh-and-blood dancers and comedians? We are undoubtedly on the threshold of great changes and it is most seriously to be hoped that some of the ruin that at the moment looks to be inevitable can be averted. One thing is certain: the Hollywood people are out for blood. There is a terrific force behind this film. Everyone has done his best for it—the inventor, Mr. EDMOND GOULDING (an English actor), the producer, the writer of the swift and emphatic dialogue (the author of *Is Zat So?*) and every member of the cast down to the hum-

blest. I never saw—so early in the life of a new genre—such admirable teamwork. If one does not like *The Broadway Melody* the reason is in oneself or in



EDDIE (MR. CHARLES KING) WHISPERS TO QUEENIE (MISS ANITA PAGE) THAT HE LOVES HER.

the actual material, not because of any laxity in the control. One may find the actors a little on the coarse side, one may resent the American voice klaxonised, but one cannot withhold praise from the effort as a whole. It never flags.

The two soubrette sisters about whose hearts the play—for there is a real play "back of it all"—is woven, are made very real and very sympathetic by Miss ANITA PAGE as *Queenie* and Miss BESSIE LOVE as *Hank*. "Soon," an American wit has written, "all the film-world will be paging Miss LOVE and loving Miss PAGE." Mr. CHARLES KING as *Eddie*, a "white" man, could not be better, and Mr. KENNETH THOMPSON, who as the seducer completes the necessary emotional quartet, is convincing too.

E. V. L.

Stop-Press Nature Notes.

"The epiphytic species arise from seeds that have been lodged up in trees, probably through the agency of birds, especially pigeons or monkeys."—*Daily Paper*.

It is nice to think that once again Regent's Park will soon re-echo the liquid trill of the greater marmoset.

"On Friday, May 3rd, with the course in perfect condition, and in beautiful weather, the annual ladies' Spring Hockey Meeting was held at Flackwell Heath Golf Club."

Bucks Paper.

Mr. Punch applauds this fraternal spirit amongst the different sports. He would like to see a Metropolitan Hoop-la meet at Lord's.



THE TIFF.

Nature Poet (firmly). "No, JANE, I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS—I WILL NOT GO BACK TO BLOOMSBURY BEFORE THE LITTLE CRESTED SANDPIPER HAS DISCARDED HIS SUMMER PLUMAGE."

A HORSE . . . A HORSE!

A HORSE! a horse! I have a horse
Of great alacrity and force!
A lively eye within his head,
A neat industrious quadruped;
His food is kept inside a bin
And all his legs are rather thin;
Superb and resolute and swift,
I talk about him in the lift,
And all the typists say that he
Is quite a possibility.
The lift-man would not change a hair
Of him, nor the commissioner.
The office-boy regards my horse
As suited to the Derby course;
His record in the past has not
Displeased the office-boy a lot;
The office-boy would not repine
At owning such a horse as mine.

The colour of my horse is bay
(Or so the evening papers say).
And "Spotlight" in his kindly way
Has pointed out that no remorse
Will come from following my horse:
Magnificent, impetuous, kind,
My horse, it seems, is not inclined
To loaf about and feed on grass
While his contemporaries pass;
There may be other horses which
Lie down because they have a stitch,
Or jerk against the reins and sneeze,
But mine is not a horse like these.
There may be other horses who
Keep going zig-zag or askew,

But mine is not a horse like that,
He runs at a tremendous bat;
Sober, ingenious and good,
He acts precisely as he should
In simple unselfconsciousness
That captivates the morning Press.
I sometimes see his upper half
Depicted in a photograph,
And, though it only shows the bust,
He seems a horse that you can trust.
He had his home upon the crowns
Of one of our delightful downs,
The wind, the wheatears and the
gorse
Are all familiar to my horse;
He has observed the sea-mist rise
And listened to the curlew's cries,
And heard the tinkling bells of sheep,
And I have got him fairly cheap—
In fact, I drew him in a sweep.
He does not care about the tote,
There is a shine upon his coat,
The racing-colours he will bear
Are done in stripes like slumber-wear.
He does not understand divorce;
My horse is a delightful horse,
And everyone concurs with me
About his high velocity.

I often think of him at night
And wonder if he feels all right;
I should not like to have him brood
Or push away his cereal food.
My horse! with the impetuous crest,
So true to all that is the best
In England, and the unexpressed

Integrity of English lives!
They tell me he will start at fives
Or possibly at six to one;
They tell me that my horse will run,
And if he does with self-control
With any luck he ought to roll
Up soonest at the winning-pole.

A lot of anxious thought I spend
About my dumb four-footed friend,
But, if by any stroke of fate
My horse should happen to be late
And not arrive with punctual shoe
Before the other horses do,
I shall renounce him and forget
That waving tail, the mane of jet,
The limbs that ran like living flame,
The fact that he was nice and tame,
And if I still recall his name
I shall be very hard upon
My swivel-eyed companion
Who would not use his turn of speed
To save me in my hour of need,
But let me down when I had pinned
My faith upon his so-called wind
And made himself through want of pace
A shame, a by-word, a disgrace—
And no remark will be too coarse
For me to utter and endorse
About my idiotic horse. EVON.

"Not a single apprentice to the fishing industry can now be found at Brixton."
Daily Paper.

More remunerative terms are probably being offered by the Himalayan Navy.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MATRIARCH" (ROYALTY).

MISS G. B. STERN has very courageously and competently compressed her *Tents of Israel*, the *Rakonitz* saga, into a stage-play with a Prologue and three Acts. In the process of compression balance has indeed suffered, but less than the intrinsic difficulty of the task would lead one to expect: the ramifications of the *Rakonitz* family are skilfully indicated without undue confusion. The domination of the scene by that formidable old lady, *Anastasia* (the Matriarch) gives Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL one of the most actworthy parts of her distinguished but, alas! too frequently interrupted career.

The *Rakonitzes*, hereditary dealers in precious stones, with their nets spread wide in all the capitals of Europe, rich and cultured cosmopolitan polyglots, are at present under the domination of the overwhelming *Anastasia*. *Anastasia* is hungering for a grandson, and her daughter *Sophie*, married to a most unsatisfactory Christian, *Oliver Maitland*, is so obsessed by the need of winning her favour that she adopts her husband's illegitimate son, passing him off as her own. The Matriarch swoops down in triumph and carries off mother and babe to *Rakonitz* headquarters in Holland Park, an even more formidable visitor, Death, carrying off the cherished, deceiving mother shortly afterwards. So far the Prologue.

Young *Danny*, now grown up, naturally shows no trace of *Rakonitz* instinct for business and ordered ways, loathes the family gatherings of gem-questing uncles and their voluble women and writhes under the tyranny, absolute if kindly, of the dominant *Anastasia*.

For the first time in their long history the family has abandoned the safe tactics of the merchant and put its money—all its money, we are given to understand (no wonder their shrewd friend, *Cohen*, was startled)—in a Burmese mine. Some idiotic advice of *Anastasia*, dutifully accepted by the various interested nephews, has prevented a proper survey of the mine. It had been salted

by astute native proprietors with the admirable gems which had excited the high hopes of a fabulous *Rakonitz* fortune. Ruin descends upon the family, *Anastasia*, the cause of it, still maintaining unabashed her baleful dominance.

Later it is young *Toni*, *Anastasia's* niece, with whom young *Danny* is in love, who seems likely to take up *Anastasia's* rod. And it is the fear of this, the gleam of the impending *Matriarch* in her eyes, that drives *Danny* from her arms just as Fate seems to have removed the barriers of consanguinity, roving *Oliver Maitland* having

her sceptre, still dominates the stage from the moment of her first entry; grafts this strange, alien, tempestuous, masterful character upon her own rich personality, and gives us as finely studied a performance as any in her brilliant career. True to the traditions of her rare type she can afford occasionally to give the rein to her temperament, overstress a situation here and there, hazard a sly gag, and be not merely forgiven but approved. Little would the stage have to fear from the growlies if we could command a Mrs. PAT or two. And if London doesn't rush to see her, London is irretrievably an idiot city. T.



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL QUITE AS TO THE MANNER BORN.

Anastasia (the Matriarch) Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Isaac Cohen MR. ABRAHAM SOFAER.

turned up and *Danny* having learnt from him as much of the story of his birth as his father remembered, which didn't include his mother's surname!

The later scenes, hampered by the necessity of rounding off the story, suffered more than the earlier, which were designed to develop the character of the imposing Matriarch.

Both author and cast will forgive us for thinking that as a play it is Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL who is the beginning and end of it. One felt a little apprehensive lest one might have to manufacture a few smooth tactful phrases, in accordance with our very proper and kindly tradition, to cover up the fact that it was past rather than present achievement which we were praising. Foolish apprehensions! Mrs. PAT still holds

Rose": "Cooee," "Baa Baa Black Sheep," hurrah for "The Sacred Flame"! Is that not "Hamlet in its Entirety"? "Wake up and Dream" of "The New Moon" of "The Vie Parisienne."

Hades Defined At Last.

"Speaking from personal experience, Brigadier-General — said . . . "In my opinion Hell is the eastern gateway of air traffic between Yorkshire, the other northern counties and the Continent." — *Yorkshire Paper*.

In spite of great provocation we have refrained from telling the office-boy to go to Hull.

From a schoolboy's essay on "Alcohol and the Human Body":—

"Alcohol is a gift for the world, and is undoubtedly a deadly poison. Every nation drinks it except the Turks; hence the unspeakable Turk."

THEATRE GUIDE FOR WHIT-WEEK HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

The "Merry Merry" "Mariners," "Paris Bound" from "Virginia" ("Captain Banner," "Mr. Cinders," "Porgy" and "The Black Ace"), ere they reached their "Journey's End" saw the "Funny Face" of "The Matriarch" "Mary Rose" when she met "The Lady with a Lamp" ("Aren't We All" "Ladies Please"? "By Candle Light" at "77 Park Lane" and heard of "Her Past" and of "The Little Accident" that happened to "The Five O'Clock Girl," "The Man at Six" and "Some Persons Unknown" in "The Garey Divorce Case." So they shouted to "The Lady of the

OUR BUST.

"WHY do we have a bust of MOZART in the vestibule of our club-house? Why, because MOZART was a great golfer, of course. You didn't know? My dear fellow, he composed some of his most delightful works while playing a quiet round."

That is the sort of dialogue you may hear any of our committee-men engaging in just now. Don't be startled, it is quite false, but meanwhile we are carrying it with a high hand.

He (MOZART) came to us in the odd-est way—through Jimson. Jimson is one of the dearest of men, but Nature in sportive mood has given him the outer aspect of—well at school he was known impartially as "the missing link" and the "origin of species." Last week her ladyship, the owner of the ground on which our links are situated, made us a very handsome offer. She offered to present the club with a magnificent stuffed gorilla slain by the firm forefinger of her own large son. We are proud of our club-house, and there was a corner of the vestibule which manifestly called for some such decoration, so we proposed at our committee-meeting to accept with thanks. To our surprise Jimson raised objections.

"I ask you to consider," he said with a smile, "the effect which this animal may have on our supper-parties, nineteenth holers and nervous breakdowners. Imagine them, homeward bound at last, stepping into the vestibule and in the half-light facing suddenly—"

"Oh, but dash it," broke in Parkes, "we can't legislate for exceptions. Besides everyone will soon get used to it."

"What about visitors?"

"If ever you find it necessary to escort a visitor out after supper," smiled Jenkins, "you must whisper, 'That which you are about to see, old fellow, is not what you think it is—or rather it is what you think it is, only it's stuffed.'"

We laughed, but Jimson still persisted. "Is a thing like that really an ornament, anyhow?" he asked.

"I think it is," replied Jenkins, "it's uncommon and not unsuitable for a golf club-house."

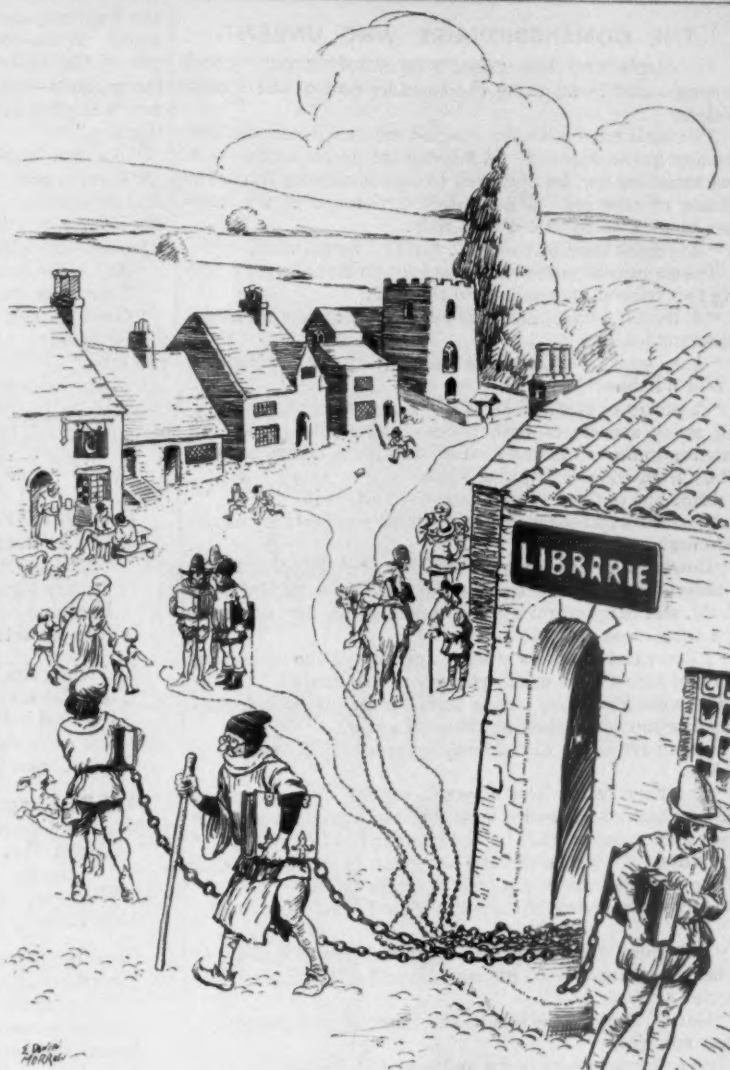
Jimson switched. "What about the ladies?" he said.

"What about them?"

"Well, they detest such things."

"This is not a ladies' club," retorted Jenkins, "I think we might as well take the vote, gentlemen. Will those members of the committee in favour—"

But Jimson was up again, and this time he was clearly suppressing emotion. "Gentlemen," he said, "if this infernal animal is placed in the club-house



MEDIAEVAL LIBRARIAN OPENS HIS FIRST LENDING BRANCH.

before a week is out it will be known as 'Jimson.'"

He spoke quietly, but the silence which fell upon us was as the silence which follows an explosion. We saw now the inwardness of his objections and stared at each other in an almost scared manner. Poor old Jimson!

Jenkins spoke at last and brought us relief. "Gentlemen," he said briefly, "I move that we write and thank her Ladyship for her very kind offer and ask her whether she can see her way to give us something a little less—er—biological."

Instantly every hand (except Jimson's) rose in assent, and we proceeded with noticeable hurry to the next business.

That was how we got MOZART. Her Ladyship, rather nettled at our attitude,

presented us with a pillar and bust she was anxious to get rid of and was, in fact, on the point of sending to a Charity Bazaar.

"What do you say, Briggs? Why MOZART in a golf club-house? Don't you know, my dear fellow, that the wonderful rhythm of his music was the undoubted result of the smoothness of his golf-swing?"

C. M.

Shares Which Do the Right Thing.

"ASSOCIATED CEMENTS HARDEN."

Financial Paper.

"Bell was put on with the new ball and had four short-leg policemen, swinging the ball in late from the off."—Daily Paper.

These Flying Squad men hardly ever make slips.

THE COMMISSIONAIRE WHO UNBENT.

IN purple and fine raiment he stood—a very Adonis amongst men!—adorning the entrance-hall of the Picture Palace.

The little man with the tangled red moustache fluttered timidly in the doorway. A flamboyant poster had arrested his attention and he appeared to be considering the advisability of entering. Then, catching the eye of the commissioner, he advanced nervously.

"Anythink good on to-night, mate?" he inquired.

The commissioner considered for a moment before pointing to a framed programme on the wall.

"*A Wager Against Death* is our star piece this evening," he announced.

"Any good?" asked the man with the moustache. "Wot's it like?"

"A powerful story of Alaska," came the reply, "possessing many aspects of both human and emotional appeal. Intense dramatic moments alternate with delicious comedy reliefs to provide as gripping—"

"Not one o' them blinkin' cowboy sort, is it?"

A pained expression flickered across the features of the commissioner.

"Cowboys do not feature," said he. "A gripping story is presented, based on sociological conditions in the New World, and hanging on a pure woman's love for her mate. In a wilderness of white—"

"I don't mean *that* so much," interrupted the little man, "as wot sort o' plot would you say it was, mate?"

The commissioner took a leaflet from his pocket, read for a few moments, then put it away again.

Having refreshed his memory he proceeded to recite the motive.

"The story deals with a woman's caprice, a man's perfidy and the faith of a friend—the struggle of man for woman, of woman for man, of both for their birthright—Love!"

"Wot say?" demanded the man with the moustache.

The commissioner ran over his facts again.

"Adventure called," he went on, "and *Gerald* answered."

"Who?"

"Why, him—the young hero. Cosmic forces swayed them, as only men are swayed beyond the pale of the Law. The urge of Egotism—"

"Garn!" drawled the little man. Then, relenting slightly—"Any comics?"

The commissioner registered patient tolerance.

"Of the comedy section," said he, "we need only hint that those incomparable joyspreaders, Al Wopfish and Pan Jossopot—"

"Ere!" the little man broke in at this point, "'arf a mo. I been lookin' at you. Ain't you the bloke wot was with our crowd at Plugstreet in early 'sixteen? Wasn't you 'it in the 'and—a blighty one?"

The commissioner started. Then his stern features relaxed; a growing smile of recognition lit up his face and he extended a horny hand.

"Lumme!" he gasped, "if it ain't ole Nobby!"

"Thort I reckernised yer," said Nobby. "You recklec' them billets round that Belgium farmyard? The 'scent emporium' we used ter call 'em?"

The commissioner did recollect. And for the next few minutes, completely forgetting the dignity of his office, he lived in the past with Nobby. Nor was it until the twain had arranged to meet again that Nobby returned to the original matter in hand.

"An' now wot about this 'ere film?" he asked once more. "Is it worth seein'?"

"Top-ole!" was the answer. "I seen bits of it from

the door 'ere, and it ain't arf a bit of 'ot stuff, give you *my* word! It was took in Canada or Siberia or somewhere, an' one of the blokes tries to pinch the other bloke's bit o' fancy goods—see? An' the other bloke 'e gives the bloke wot was after his girl a sock under the jaw—corpses 'im! Right-o."

"An' wot 'appens to the girl?"

"Cool!" said the commissioner, "*she's* worth seein'. And 'er clo'es! Lumme! I dunno where the Censor was when they put 'er on the screen! Two hankers an' a brooch—an' *she's* dressed for the ball!"

"An' is the comics any good?"

"Fair make you split, *they* will."

"Good enough for me," observed Nobby, already groping for his money; "I'm 'avin' a tannersworth. S' long! See you later."

And the commissioner, pausing only to watch him out of sight, adjusted his belt as he drew himself up once more to his full height.

ON AN OLD MAP.

I'd tramped one day, when Spring was at the door,
Old roads from Stargill Moss to Longrigg Moor,

Found the "Bay Horse" unchanged and stretched
my legs,

After due rites of beer and ham-and-eggs,
On the old settle by the sanded floor.

And when the lass had cleared the supper-things,

While the smoke swam aloft in lazy rings,

I spread before me, fold by tattered fold,

The *carte du pays* of the realm of gold,

The two-inch Ordnance of old journeyings,

And traced again, by holm and fell and flood,

Those red-inked lines which coursed like April blood,

Routes that we marched, turnpike or mizzmaze
tracks,

Wings on our heels, our fortunes on our backs,
Alike in dusty June, November's mud.

Here in odd corners of the faded sheets

Are scribbled jottings of historic feats:

The odds on Shotover, win or a place;

Three coruscating centuries of GRACE;

Leander romping through Grand Challenge heats.

Here stands a note of catches, fly and worm,

And one of dealings with an old, old firm:

A scrawled address of diggings in the High,

A formula evaluating π

Vexing the Long with shades of coming Term.

And Chance has set mementoes here and there;

Stains from old banquets of our hedgeside fare;

A scaly smear which tells how maps could hide

Illicit trout from keeper Argus-eyed,

Tickled to death from out their amber lair.

Here's candle-wax whose gutterings confess

To midnight sittings-up o'er R. L. S.

Look on this generous blot. Is this a tear

For Tubby or a drop of Tubby's beer?

Burton or Boniface? An even guess.

To bed; yet, while I fold the tattered seams,

Red in the bowl my wonted bacey gleams

And sends an ash-flake from its dwindling spark

With due commemorative smudge to mark

One stage, one inn the more, on the map of dreams.



MR. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.

*So many a jury, through its foreman,
Proclaims the conquests of this NORMAN
That "Punch," if yet again he strays
Back to his homicidal ways,
Will do his level best to work it
So that his counsel may be BIRKETT.*

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCV.



Auntie. "DO STOP USING THAT LIPSTICK. THERE MAY BE A BULL AMONGST THEM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAVING gathered from a spirited introduction that Lady Brooke shares HORACE WALPOLE's dislike to "letters that are called good letters" and my own weakness for classical writers "of the worst periods," I went on to sample her *Private Letters, Pagan and Christian* (BENN), with a confidence which that entertaining anthology admirably justified. The anthologist's own translations are usually as good as, if not better than, the well-known renderings she borrows, and her field, extending from the fifth century before to the fifth century after Christ, has been most fruitfully explored. Some of the best of the correspondence hails from Hellenistic and Roman Egypt. Here an abundance of papyrus and a comparative scarcity of rhetoricians make for ease and homeliness. You meet a lady scalded in the bath appealing to PTOLEMY; a spendthrift, momentarily in funds, getting property out of pawn; a tourist proceeding to feed the sacred crocodiles. As regards more distinguished personages of more classical education, it is noteworthy that the Greeks wrote letters when they were needed, the Romans when there was nothing to do. The more leisurely a Roman the better his letters; witness JULIAN the Apostate, quite the Jean-Jacques over a little farm in the country, but almost trite about a Christian persecution. As for the Christians, one is grateful that an interest in ascetic foodstuffs so largely mitigated their preoccupation with doctrine, so that AMBROSE on mushrooms, THEODORET on honey and BASIL on pickled cabbage continue the great Roman tradition of *les laitues de Dioclétien*. A distressful

letter from SAINT PATRICK characteristically ushers in the Middle Ages and the end of the book. I can only grieve that CASSIODORUS—who is quite in keeping with the final century but has one leg outside it—has been denied admission to such congenial company.

Have you ever heard of the JOHN DAY five-thousand-pound prize, the largest prize ever hitherto won by a novelist? I regret to say that the first intimation of this offer that reached me came in the wrapper of the winning novel itself. Five thousand seems a lot of money: when translated into dollars it must have sounded immense. For the winning book is American, written by KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN, entitled *The Father*, and published in this country by HEINEMANN. I do not know that the title would exactly have satisfied me had I been judge or publisher. It is not alluring, and, though the book deals chiefly with the career of John Stafford, who was undoubtedly father of a family of four, it deals with him rather as an Abolitionist than as parent. Apart from that small point, let me admit that the author has done everything possible to capture the American reader. The story begins in Massachusetts in 1850, and John is represented as being on terms of intimacy with EMERSON, HAWTHORNE and other New England worthies of that epoch. Then his politics make him unpopular, and a wayward brother ruins him, and he loads his family and household goods into waggons and starts off for Illinois, where he has bought a small farm—without taking the elementary precaution of seeing it first. He finds it almost as swampy as Martin Chuzzlewit found his famous purchase at Eden; but ABRAHAM LINCOLN meets him on

arrival and helps his waggon out of the slough by main strength. ABRAHAM is handled pleasantly enough by Miss BROWN, and proves himself indeed a friend worth having. For Mr. Stafford's Abolitionist journalism was not more popular in Sangamon County than in Massachusetts. And Mercy, his daughter, was in love with a young man named Richard Harrison, who made a business of rescuing slaves; and there had been a terrible fight when Frederick Owen assaulted her one day in a deserted hut and Richard had come to the rescue. After which Frederick was found, much battered, in a swollen creek, and Richard was charged with his murder, and might have been hanged but for the efforts of the old backwoods lawyer. There is a suspicion of Hollywood about the story, but it is well done in its own way.

In *The Silver Virgin* (from CASSELL) a batch

Of people are bowed with the worry
Of thinking they might have improved
on the match

If they'd married in less of a hurry.

They constantly brood on the happier
stuff

Of their life in its earlier stages,
And in fifty-yard walks will remember
enough

To occupy several pages.

This may appear dull, but the torpor
and zeal

Of a thwarted or handicapped passion
Are things with which I. A. R. WILLIE
can deal

In a thoroughly readable fashion.

An autobiography written in the first place to solace the writer, and with his own reverberating heart rather than his reader's obdurate head as the confidant of his memories, is bound to be a personal and provocative affair; so, while I found Dr. AXEL MUNTHE's reminiscences a most interesting and lovable revelation myself, I would by no means prescribe them indiscriminately for other people. A Swedish nerve-specialist who studied in Paris, practised in Paris and Rome and was sponsored by HENRY JAMES when he became a naturalized Englishman during the War, Dr. MUNTHE is far too appreciative of human excellence wherever he finds it to be acceptable to either patriotic or professional Chauvinism. A devout animal lover—the proceeds of his book go to forward the protection of animals in Naples—he pleads for strictly limited vivisection; an enthusiast for the vocation of healing he makes short work of the humbug of fashionable practices—his own included. His method was the good old simple ROBIN HOOD plan of taking from the rich to give to the poor. He abandoned a Lapland holiday to work in cholera-stricken Naples, found entertainment with a brigand while toiling among the ruins of Messina, and was heroically seconded by an Italian street-sweeper while coping with diphtheria in Paris. His stories of work



Old Clubman (to young ditto who has been admiring himself in the glass for some time). "AND NOW GIVE YOURSELF THREE HEARTY CHEERS."

with PASTEUR on hydrophobia and CHARCOT on hypnotism have aspects even more grisly than his accounts of epidemics and catastrophes; but his book as a whole is irradiated with two delightful passions—his love of animals and his love for his Capri home. The latter he occupied only for three tragically short spells; but the circumstances of its making and enjoyment are so enchantingly described that *The Story of San Michele* (MURRAY) is no inapt name for the story of San Michele's master.

In the massive volume entitled *Alfred Gilbert*, by ISABEL McALLISTER (A. AND C. BLACK), an attempt is made to do justice to the personality and performance of one of the greatest geniuses of our time and I should guess one of the most difficult for any author to capture. Indeed, the story has been told me that he sanctioned the writing of this work only on condition that his name should not appear in it. Mr. GILBERT's career is outlined with care and for the most part with minuteness; but the best thing in the book is the

assurance it gives us that the sculptor, although he is seventy-five this year, is still vigorous and full of work and new projects. The pages are enriched by many reminiscences and impressions from his own pen, those bearing upon other artists in his medium, such as BOEHM, LANTERI and RODIN, being not the least interesting, while photographic reproductions of many of Mr. GILBERT's masterpieces are given, leading us to long once again to see the originals. It was news to one reader at any rate that Sir JOHN GILBERT the illustrator and W. S. GILBERT the wit were of the same strain.

In Nigeria to-day the native chiefs are of their own accord hacking out for themselves new highways, for the pure delight of seeing motor-buses careering through their jungles; and in the back blocks of West Australia, hundreds of miles from anywhere, the aeroplane has become the recognised commonplace means of communication. In *The New British Empire* (MURRAY), Mr. L. HADEN GUEST, formerly a Labour Member of Parliament, shows that he has looked about the world with intent to see things as they are, and

his record is no less invigorating and inspiring than well-informed. He hardly knows whether to admire more the schools in Durban, where his black fellow-subjects are taught the mysteries of cooking by electricity, or the Canadian National Parks, where all wild things have lost their fear of man, so that surly grizzly and unarmed tourist pass one another on the trail, looking askance but unmolested; yet wherever he has gone he has found the same rush to mechanisation, carrying with it the same upward thrust of new ideas and a new impulse towards the building of a greater world than ever before was imagined. He foresees the early development of places that history has never found—the Peace River district for one—yet which promise to become focal centres of human activity, and he is thrilled to realise that our uniquely constituted Empire is, by its control of natural resources and by its very flexibility of structure, clearly destined to take the leading part in opening up a future of such splendid possibilities. His pointing to emigration and expansion within the Empire as the best solution of our population and employment problems comes rightly and opportunely.

Miss ELEANOR FARJEON has a dainty fancy and a pretty wit and uses both in *Kaleidoscope* (COLLINS), in which she tells the adventures of one Anthony as a poor young man in London in search of a job, and, later—when he returns to his old home delectably situated near Bath and Wells—as a little boy. He does not appear to have been particularly successful as a wage-earner, and one hardly wonders, for the smallest germ of an idea, such as the advertisement of a bath-room as a prize in a Golden Ballot, projects him into the most extravagant and absorbing dream-life which must have been somewhat difficult to reconcile with interviewing prospective employers. When we all go back to Somerset

and review his childhood the realities become even more real and the dreams even more dreamlike, and I found myself closing the book with an uneasy suspicion as to Anthony's mental state clouding my enjoyment of what might have been either a pretty story of a child or a fascinating fairy-tale, but somehow had not quite succeeded in being both. From page to page or story to story, I admit, I read on under the power of a pleasant if not very powerful spell; it was only at the end that I realised how the mixture of fairy-time and day-time seemed to have resulted in a rather confusing twilight.

Mr. RONALD GURNER's *The Day Boy* and *C3* were real additions to school-fiction, and *The Riven Pall* (DENT) is a considerable advance upon his former work. It is as serious in purpose, but it is more mellow; it reveals a definite point of view, but the revelation is accompanied by a sense of humour. The Orechester of the story is Sheffield, and in that city the *Storth* engineering works brought employment and wages to many inhabitants and helped to pollute

the atmosphere of all of them. The *Storths* were self-made, but while one branch of the family had flourished abundantly, another branch still occupied a very humble position on the social tree. So *Harry Storth* was both the nephew of a prosperous, not to say pompous, knight, and also the son of an uneducated and narrow-minded man. It is *Harry's* history as he fought his way from a secondary school to Orechester University that Mr. GURNER relates with rare sympathy and understanding. And as *Harry* by his genius was instru-

mental in purging Orechester's pestilential atmosphere I can even applaud the title of the story, which at first sight I thought exceedingly unattractive.

As, perhaps, is no cause for wonder in a famous football-player, Mr. B. L. JACOT's methods in the field of fiction are emphatically robust; indeed it is possible that *Trust Wesley!* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) would appeal to a wider public if its author had kept a tighter rein upon his exuberant sense of humour. But however that may be, here is a story that is packed with incident and written with unflagging verve. *Wesley Packard*, the son of an American father and English mother, was a most precocious child, and when, at the age of fourteen, he was brought to England to be educated at a public school, he ran what may reasonably be called amuck. And during this run he found a sympathiser in his father, whose opinion of any school where the boys are compelled to wear top-hats was delightfully pungent. To meet *Wes* in the flesh would be far too fatiguing, but to read of him is both amusing and amazing.

An Apology Essential.

* Strayed. Sunday, police female, very black, sharp nose, mostly black on back; answers to name of 'Peggy'; reward."—*Toronto Paper*.



Yokel. "QUICK, MISTER! A BLOKE 'AVE 'AD A MOTY-CAR ACCIDENT. 'E'S 'ANGIN' 'ALFWAY UP A TREE OVER YONDER."
Artist (peevisly). "WHAT OF IT? WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? ONE OF THOSE WRETCHED HUMOROUS ARTISTS?"

CHARIVARIA.

IN this complaining world it is quite a relief to hear of one contented people. Afghan tribesmen are said to be thoroughly enjoying the chaotic condition of their country.

Acts of self-denial, such as giving up cigarettes, have been practised by some Candidates during the Election campaign, but not one of them seems to have given up politics.

MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, the eighteen-year-old son of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, says he hopes to become a politician, like his father. Some of the more keen party-men merely hope he will become a politician.

Our feeling with reference to the proposed new subway from Westminster Bridge station to the House of Commons for the convenience of M.P.'s is that they already get there too easily.

We understand on good authority that both *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* have graciously decided not to publish the final result of the Election until after the polling has taken place.

The flapper voters are said to be much intrigued by the suggestion of a fashion leader that they should choose their lip-stick and rouge to match their Party colours. We understand that the Red Flag Party feel that this will give them an advantage everywhere.

On examining the published autographs of eminent golfers we feel bound to admit that many a "rabbit" could have done some of them in fewer strokes.

PRESIDENT GIL's decision that Mexico is to go dry by degrees is welcomed in rum-running circles as obviating the risk of subjecting the industry to a sudden strain.

The decision that Chicago gangsters are to discard their guns altogether is viewed with disfavour by some who would have advocated the adoption of lighter guns for summer wear.

It is now anticipated, in view of his interest in golf, that the DUCE will not rest till every Fascist has a plus-handicap.

Starving Chinese are reported to have been eating bandits. This is regarded in China as next to cannibalism.

The news that a "Melody in A," composed by General DAWES, has been broadcast in the United States will have revived regrets that he did not provide a musical setting for his Reparations scheme.

On going to pawn his watch a Paris schoolboy, who had been kept in ignorance of the parental profession, was

Only the Bright Young People towards the end of a party, we think.

At a Buda Pest exhibition there was erected a pavilion built entirely of sausages and sides of bacon. We hear that a fervid vegetarian created a scene by loudly booing the building.

"If you teach a boy to blow a saxophone that boy will never blow a safe," says an American writer. But can we be equally confident that if he is taught to blow a safe he will never blow a saxophone?

In an article on "Hiring Fairs" it is stated that the custom of a man standing with a straw in his mouth as a sign that he is for hire is dying out. Straws have been largely superseded by cigarettes.

A physiognomist points out that the woman with a closely-shut mouth does not make an ideal wife. Neither does the woman with a mouth that won't shut closely.

DEAN INGE observes that Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC likes clear outlines without too much atmosphere. Yet he didn't seem to care for the *Outline of History*.

The other day Mr. EDGAR WALLACE took an hour to motor from Oxford Circus to the City. Critics of our traffic system point out

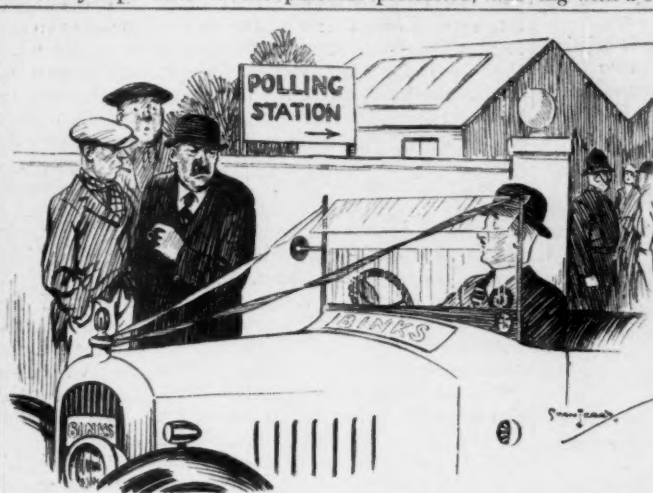
that the delay has caused us a loss of one novel and a column of racing chat.

WALTER HAMMOND has been presented with a clock. Other batsmen we could name might with advantage be given alarm clocks.

"With all this extension of leisure few know how to use it," says a writer. Jobbing gardeners do. They utilise it for jobbing gardening.

It is pointed out that there is a New York on the western shores of Loch Awe in Scotland. However it is not likely to be muddled with the American one because the architecture is quite different.

A skilled mechanic advertises himself as a car-doctor. It is to be hoped that he has a good roadside manner.



Spokesman (for outlying voters). "AREN'T YER GOIN' TO DRIVE US HOME AGAIN?"

Candidate. "ER—I'M SORRY—BUT THE CAR IS URGENTLY NEEDED ELSEWHERE."

Spokesman. "THEN ALL I SAY IS, IT'S LUCKY IT WARN'T YOU WE VOTED FOR ARTER ALL."

surprised to find his father behind the counter. Yet he may have been prepared to find his uncle.

The signing of the Magna Carta will be celebrated at Runnymede on June 2. It was Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, however, who secured for Englishmen the right of not buying cigarettes in a shop after eight o'clock.

In Paris recently a musician played the harp for eleven hours. We don't blame him. Considering the impish way Paris taxis dash about, he evidently thought it wise to practise—just in case.

With reference to the effects of light and smell on the sense of rhythm, Professor A. M. Low asks: "Who could dance in sunlight to a smell of kippers?"

THIS GLORIOUS HOUR.

FROM the mind of the average voter,
So resolute, sturdy and strong,
There is nothing, I take it, remoter
Than folly or wrong;
Till the hour of success or defeating,
Till the moment of heaven or hell,
The Great Heart of England is beating
As sound as a bell.

Unaffected by cant or by rubbish,
By virtue and honesty drawn,
The constituent, slender or tubbish,
Looks up to the dawn;
Too just to bring failure and sorrow
On those who have shown them the
light—
Till the votes have been counted to-
morrow
The People are right!

They know when a promise is brittle
And perjured the orator's vow
(Though I own that it sometimes a
little
Perplexes me how—
But they know it!), the burghers of
Britain

Distinguish the false from the true,
And unfailingly reach out the mitten
To one of the two.

On a sudden, without any warning,
As roses that droop on the grass
In a night, in a night and a morning
That splendour must pass;
And a poison will breathe from the
nectar

And a rift will be found in the trump,
And the vanquished will call the elector
A fat-headed chump.

The elector? ay, and the electress!
She too, on the throne where she sits
With the wonderful shine on her neck-
tress,

Will crumple to bits;
And the lips that were rarer than rubies
And the cheeks that were softer than
flowers

Will belong to a parcel of boobies
In forty-eight hours.

But to-day, at the moment of writing,
Intelligence beams from the gaze
Of the People of England, requiting
Sweet praises with praise.
And three men I have never set eyes on
Have called me a hater of sham
With a faith in a faultless horizon,
Which is just what I am.

Three men who believe in the nation
Have turned to my brains and to yours
Till the hour of the poll's declaration
(When it's different, of course):
Let us seize on this moment of rapture,
This moment of gladness and song,
Which we possibly may not recapture
For Lord knows how long!

EVOC.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTIMIDATION.**A TALE OF TWO FACES.**

THERE was a time when, with many other people, I believed that my duty when facing the camera was to look pleasant. If the resultant picture did not confirm my private opinion as to the winsomeness of my countenance I was disappointed, even angry; but now, I am thankful to say, I know better. The rise of men of destiny in Europe and elsewhere has taught me that the "look pleasant" idea is but another of the vitiated conventions of the weakling. The strong man, the human dynamo, has no use for it. To him the appearance of any form of photographic apparatus is the signal, not for the registering of soft looks, but for the massing of the features into expressions of ferocity and driving force which might seem almost beyond the scope of the human visage did we not see the results daily on the back-page. It must be obvious that no one indulges in this form of facial distortion for the fun of the thing. Behind the Big Scowl there must be the Big Idea. After careful study I have come to the conclusion that the idea is the eminently practical one of photographic intimidation, and I now claim to be the first man outside dictatorial circles to use the camera for the express purpose of convincing my friends and enemies of my superhuman qualities and ruthless energies. The result has been entirely satisfactory, and soon—but let me tell my story. Having made my great discovery I spent as much time as I could exercising the facial muscles. Next I went to a photographer. He was definitely one of the old school. While he was arranging his camera I was arranging my features.

He seemed startled when he saw me. "Excuse me," he asked, "but are you unwell?"

"Not at all," I replied between set lips. At the risk of scalping myself I put an extra tuck in my brows. He continued to stare at me.

"Would it not be better for me to wait until you compose your features?" he persisted, groping with one hand for a flash-light apparatus. I tried to speak but my new face would not let me. With a stern gesture I signalled to him to proceed.

At the end of the sitting I comforted the trembling fellow by telling him that I was doing it for a bet.

The photographs were a success beyond my most extravagant expectations. A Mussolini might have blanched before that brow of thunder, those eyes of smouldering fire, the trap-like lips, the out-thrust jaw. At once I put them to the test.

One copy sent to the doctor, who is also a personal friend, resulted in the immediate return (by special messenger) of no fewer than ten books which from time to time he had filched from my bookcase and for which I had long implored him. An inquiry as to whether I required his professional services I ignored. A second, despatched to a notoriously trying cousin who had threatened a visit, caused him to announce a last-minute decision to abandon the idea. A third, which in a freakish moment I sent to the income-tax authorities, brought an unclaimed refund of tax, and a fourth caused an editor to reopen a correspondence which had been declared closed the previous week.

I was despatching one of the few remaining to the plumber who had been annoyingly slow in attending to a leaking cistern when I was told that a young man wanted to see me. I went out into the hall. To my astonishment I saw that my visitor had one of my photographs in his hand.

"Forgive me," he exclaimed, "if I come to the point straight away without any formalities; but this picture of yours is just the biggest thing I have met with in the whole course of my career. I saw it at your doctor's, where I was making a business call. I represent Brozzo, and we are now planning a world-wide publicity campaign. Let us use this photo for our caption, 'After Taking Brozzo,' and we are made."

"And what," I inquired, "is Brozzo?" "The world's lightning nerve food and personality builder," he cried, shaking with excitement.

I must have let my stern set features relax for a moment at this startling proposal for the young man gave a whoop of joy.

"Hold that!" he cried.

"Hold what?" I pleaded.

"That expression! My dear Sir, nothing could touch it as the picture for 'Before Taking Brozzo.'"

I have signed a contract with Brozzo; I have paid another visit to the photographers, and soon my two faces will be known all over the world. But on the proceeds I am going to have the original lifted so that no one will recognise me.

Our Naïve Colleagues.

"JOLLY TO MEET TURNESA."

Golf Report in Daily Paper.

It must be, very.

Things Which No One Will Believe.

"PRINCE'S BUSY DAY."

... His opponent was William Jones, an Ascot postman, who has the same handicap as the Prince—160."—Daily Paper.



IF THE DICTATOR PLAYED GOLF.

MUSSOLINI (*to his caddie*). "TAKE AWAY THAT BUNKER!"

[Signor MUSSOLINI, who recently watched a match between GENE SARAZEN and J. FARRELL, the U.S.A. professional golfers, had never seen golf played before and stayed for over an hour, asking innumerable questions.]



Local Candidate (dud golfer). "ER—DO YOU TAKE ANY INTEREST IN POLITICS?"
Scots Opponent. "AY, I WAS TAE HAE SPOKEN FOR YE THE NIGHT."

GEORGE ASSISTS.

WHILE I agree with William that the exuberant George has not been consistently helpful in our Election campaign, I am not disposed to controvert George's contention that, thanks to him, last night's meeting was "the jolly old plum of the whole caboodle."

William's speechifying is certainly some way behind that of the late M. DEMOSTHENES, WILLIAM PITT and others, and our meetings have undoubtedly lacked something—or perhaps rather have suffered from an excess of *ordinariness*. Last night's was a glorious exception.

On this particular evening George had the job of running over to the Junction in his two-seater and bringing from the train a gentleman named Thompson who specialised in Empire development. What he did was to collar and place blandly in our midst a charming and slightly deaf gentleman named Johnson who had come to deliver a lecture to a local natural history society. His subsequent defence was that Johnson arrived by Thompson's train (Thompson,

we learned afterwards, was indisposed), and that when he (George) addressed him as Mr. Thompson "the feller shook hands at once and trotted along to the car as if he were expecting it."

I imagine Mr. Johnson himself must have been slightly puzzled by the crowded hall and flag-draped platform, but he was obviously one of those fortunate gentlemen who live in a happy world of their own and perceive very little outside it. Certainly he gave us no inkling that we were on the edge of an abyss.

William was on his legs when George piloted Johnson to the platform, and as usual he seized immediately on the chance of handing the talking business over to someone else.

"I propose now," said William, "to introduce Mr. Thompson to you and to call upon him at once, because he has come from a distance and has a return train to catch. Mr. Thompson will probably interest you far more than I have been able to do" (faint cry of "No, no" from a voice that sounded like Isabel's), "and anyhow I can assure you I shall enjoy listening to him a

jolly sight more than I enjoy talking myself." (Friendly laughter.) "Mr. Thompson."

Our guest, who appeared to be in a state of mild uncertainty about something, stiffened himself, stepped quietly to the front, beamed at the audience and in clear perfectly-pitched tones plunged straight into his subject.

"Bees and ants," he said, "bees and ants! I wonder what ideas the mention of these two wonderful insects bring to the ordinary mind?"

I thought William would have fallen off his chair, certainly if someone had popped a pin upwards through the seat he could not have given a more outrageous start. He undulated like an electric eel, swayed and finally directed a pair of goggle-eyes questioningly at George.

George himself was staggered but not demoralised. "Something to do with Empire development, I expect," he whispered; "honey probably."

The audience too was taken aback, an unmistakable rustle showed that; but Johnson's next words stilled them.

"When I have finished," he pro-

ceeded quietly, "those ideas will not only have multiplied, but they will have in them qualities of wonder, awe, love and perhaps worship."

He spoke so much as one having authority that the mystified assembly bowed before him and settled down to listen.

"My sainted aunt!" gasped William, wiping his brow, "who is this feller? There's been a ghastly mistake somewhere."

"Sit tight and hope," I whispered; "it's all we can do."

And now a miracle began to happen. Johnson proceeded to justify his words and justify them to the hilt. He gave us one of the most delightful and fascinating talks it has ever been my lot to hear. A lover was talking of his love and politics faded to a remote distance; all that mattered was the momentous life-history of these wondrous insects. Like a parched desert receiving welcome rain our audience, wearied of electioneering, sat spellbound, drinking in his words. It was stupendous.

I sighed happily, but William, his perception dulled by the seeming catastrophe, was in a torment.

"This puts the lid on everything," he hissed; "can't someone stop him?"

"It's all right," I reassured, "so long as you can wind up."

"Good gad! I couldn't wind up a watch after this," he returned hoarsely.

"Leave it to me," whispered George airily—"leave it to the brain of the family."

Johnson went from strength to strength, and when at last he sat down the applause was simply tumultuous. William rose shakily, in his hand a scribbled note from George.

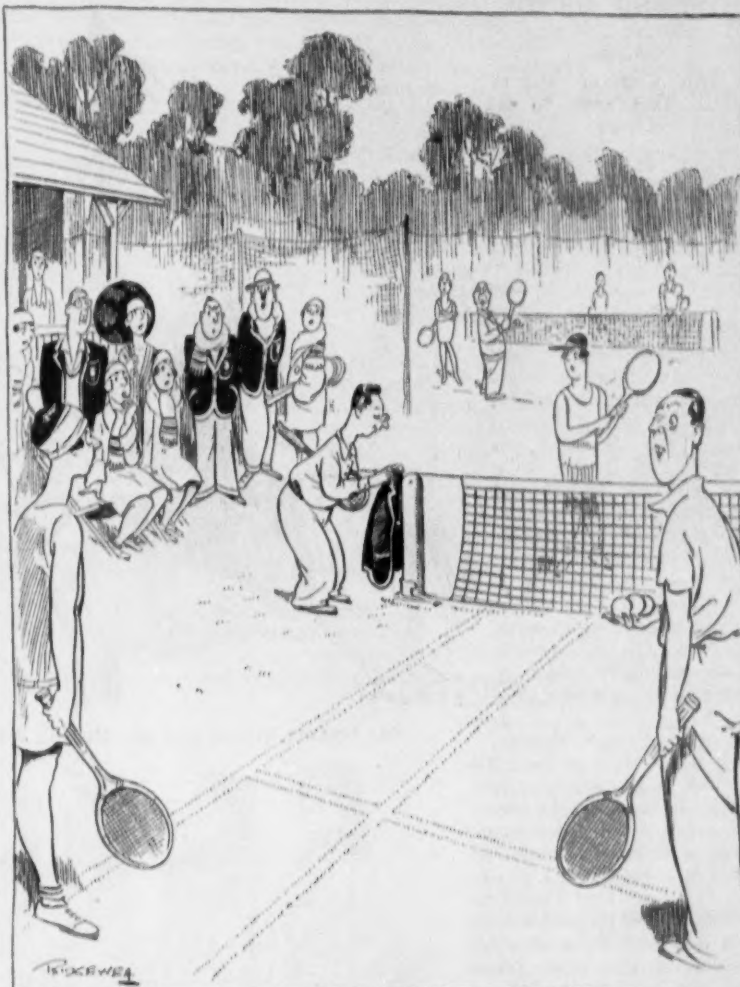
"On your behalf," he said, "I am going to thank Mr. Thompson very heartily for his remarkable address." (Prolonged cheers.) "You may perhaps wonder why you have been treated to a discourse on bees and ants—those industrious, provident, far-seeing, unselfish and honest ornaments of the insect world. It is, ladies and gentlemen, because they are types of the Party to which we belong." (A gasp and then crash upon crash of cheers.) "We thought that in this subtle and original way we might bring before you the merits of our great Party." (Hear! hear!)

"What is he referring to?" whispered Mr. Johnson to George.

"Talking through his hat as usual," smiled George.

As a matter of fact William did begin to talk through his hat now.

"Of course," he continued, "we intend to foster the honey trade." (Laughter and a voice: "What about ants-eggs for the goldfish trade?")



THE NEW MEMBER HANGS HIS COAT ON THE NET POST.

"Dry up, George," I implored. He saw the red light and dried up. "And of course we shall encourage the ant-egg business too." William smiled and sat down. The situation was saved. "Dash it, I ought to be the Candidate, not you," observed George smugly an hour later. "You'll get more votes out of this meeting than any two of the others."

He may be right; I think he is. And I hope that you too, my merry masters, will take the hint and vote for that Party which is industrious, provident, far-seeing, unselfish and honest. In other words, for us. C. M.

Where Simplicity Stuns.

From the manifesto of a Labour candidate:—

"The Labour Party's plan for dealing with Unemployment is to provide work."

LIVERY.

THERE once was a girl with a flivver,
And a man with no purpose to live;
She sank with her car in a river,
He filed off his head with a sieve;
For the car wouldn't run,
And his liver was bad,
And it's really no fun
To pretend to be glad
When your liver's no good as a liver
And your flivver refuses to fliv.

History Re-set.

"The piece dated 1840 is the pomander and chain worn by Mary Queen of Scots when she went to her execution."—*South Wales Paper.*

"BRITISH EGGS.

Ministry Warning to Producers."

Daily Paper.

We await the reply of the Barnyard Union.

PASSING SHOWS.

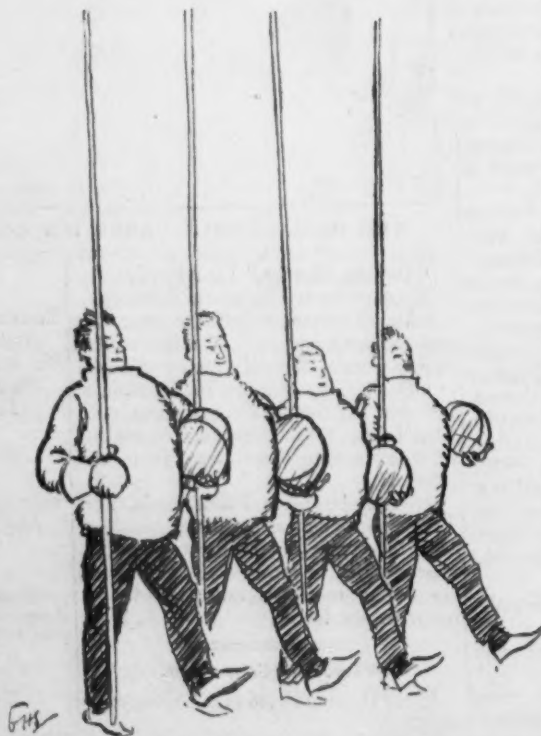
THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT
(OLYMPIA).

THIS is one of those revivals that seem to get better and better. Theatrical managers, beset by the wheezies, by hot weather and General Elections, may thank their stars that this new competitor is running for a fortnight only (till June 8th). And they may envy more than its receipts (£27,000 was handed over to Service Charities last year); they may admire and covet the pageantry, the colour, the perfect timing of everything, the dramatic entrances and snappy exits, the kindling bugles and heart-searching flutes, the thrills (though not the comedy), even the legs (I refer particularly to the legs of the Royal Air Force, who, in spite of a sedentary occupation in the air, provide again one-hundred-and-sixty paragons of physical fitness).

Another thing that commends this show to the critic is that its promoters or producers do seem to take practical notice of kindly criticism. Once or twice Mr. Punch has remarked that it was a pity to put the Inter-Port Field-Gun Display first in the programme, and this year the authorities have given it a much better and later place in the bill. I shall always maintain that (pageantry apart) this is really the best turn in the show. It has for one thing the element of competition. It was thrilling at the Dress Rehearsal to see how the Royal Marines, left badly at one point, by superhuman efforts caught up and passed the Victory team. And then, though many of the other turns have an element of danger, they are done so unostentatiously and hitchlessly that one may easily forget it. But here the least imaginative civilian may see that every man engaged is up against it, and one marvels that all of them emerge with a whole set of limbs. Guns and limbers fly through the air across the chasm, and there is always a head in the way which must



THE SUBLIME (17/21ST LANCERS' MUSICAL RIDE)—



FOLLOWED BY THE RIDICULOUS.

inevitably be dashed to pieces, but miraculously always escapes — miraculously, for the man is always looking in another direction. Six - hundredweight carriages crash heavily on the feet of four or five men (apparently), but they prance away as airily as before. I shall never be persuaded that the guns and ammunition are made which in practice would favourably respond to so hectic a manner of travel; but no doubt I am wrong, and, if so, good luck to the manufacturers! "The total weight moved by one gun's crew is about twenty-five hundredweight, which corresponds to three Baby Austin cars," the programme tells me. It should be added that the guns are dissembled (is that the word?) and reassembled twice and carted twice over two walls and a chasm in the space of less than five minutes.

Next (again setting aside aesthetic considerations) I would put the Drill Display of the King's Squad of Recruits from the Royal Marines Depot, Deal. The Royal Marines have nothing to learn from the Guards in the matter of rifle-drill, and these young men nobly uphold the tradition. They scorn all artificial aid; their uniform is not effective *en masse* and is not improved by khaki accoutrements; no music accompanies their movements; the officer's word of command is untheatrical, and the whole thing prosaically business-like; but how they get away with it! Such is their precision that their right-dressing and eyes-fronting, obviously done by clock-work, invariably caused sympathetic laughter among the ten thousand children at the Dress Rehearsal. But, knowing how important a matter it is, I always take a note of falling bayonets, and I must in justice record that two shameful weapons were left behind on the arena.

The only thing to be said about the Musical Drive ("M" Battery, R.H.A.), is that it is as dangerous, as well-rehearsed and as good as ever. Somehow

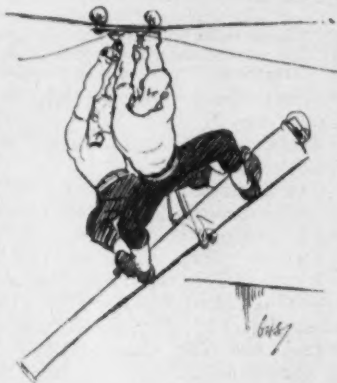
the Musical Ride (17/21st Lancers) seemed a shade less sparkling than usual, but I cannot pretend to say why. The picture was superb; the Lancers danced the Lancers, and at one stage the horses appeared even to be snorting in unison.

I enter a protest against the word "equitation," but in spite of this handicap the young N.C.O.'s from the — School at Weedon gave a most smooth and skilful exhibition of jumping, dressing and undressing themselves and their horses on their way over fences as easily as if they had been in the stable. And the climbing-party from the P. and R.T. School at Portsmouth earned full marks for turning themselves into animated cross-word puzzles in huge frames high up over the arena, for the perfection of their timing and for the immense amount of thought and rehearsal which must have been required.

One cannot mention the whole of this talented company, but one must not forget the boys of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, with their grim-faced earnest efficiency and charming exit at the double; nor yet the Massed Bugles, an inflammatory opening. Comedy is never the strong point of this show, and I was glad the comic riders were given a rest this year. But the comedy stuff in the Sword, Bayonet and Quarter-Staff Display was capital, though unduly prolonged. The Dragon episode in the Tank scene, on the other hand, was prolonged but, alas! not terribly comic. I sympathise with the promoters; however high the discipline, however high the officer, once you have given the British soldier an opportunity to be funny on his own it must need a very brave man to tell him that he is not being funny. And then of course I suspect that there is still an idea in the minds of really serious people that it is quite easy to be funny if you want to. Anyhow I should curtail the Dragon.

The whole of the Tank turn (3rd Battn. Royal Tank Corps) was somehow a little disappointing, since it is the novelty of the year. After the first interest of seeing the hideous little objects (they are fast "whip-pets" driven by two nice young men in black Tank-o'-shanters) and admiring

their speed and ease of control, we looked for something more exciting than we got. The chariot-race was a good idea, but less dashing than it sounds. I



A SIGHT FOR THE GODS AND OLYMPIANS.

hasten to add that I have no suggestions. But I can see things as ugly and noisy as a tank in King Street, Hammersmith, any day of the year, and as a spectacle

I definitely prefer the old-fashioned horses employed by the 17/21st Lancers.

The Historical Display (1st Battn. Middlesex Regiment — Diehards) is shorter and, I think, better than usual. It finishes with a lovely picture and a soul-shattering band, and the whole thing is designed and stage-managed in masterly style. It is worth going a long way to see the bravura stick-work of the drummers and the uniforms of the good old days when soldiers stood to attention (apparently) with their feet wide apart. Personally I was privileged to go behind the scenes and see the youthful privates of to-day falling-in for their ration of whisker at a CLARKSON parade.

Heavens, how young they were! About eight or nine, I suppose, at the end of the Great War. And in the audience were two rows of men in hospital-blue who have been in hospital-blue, I imagine, for ten or eleven years. And war is a thing of the past, and we all sat there cheering these gallant young fellows with their swords and lances and bayonets and guns. A strange affair. That great band marching out at the end could almost lure me into the infantry again, which is more than an eloquent statesman could do. An ex-soldier said to me to-day, "That Tournament always makes me cry." Ridiculous, of course, but I know what he means. A strange affair, but a very fine show.

A. P. H.

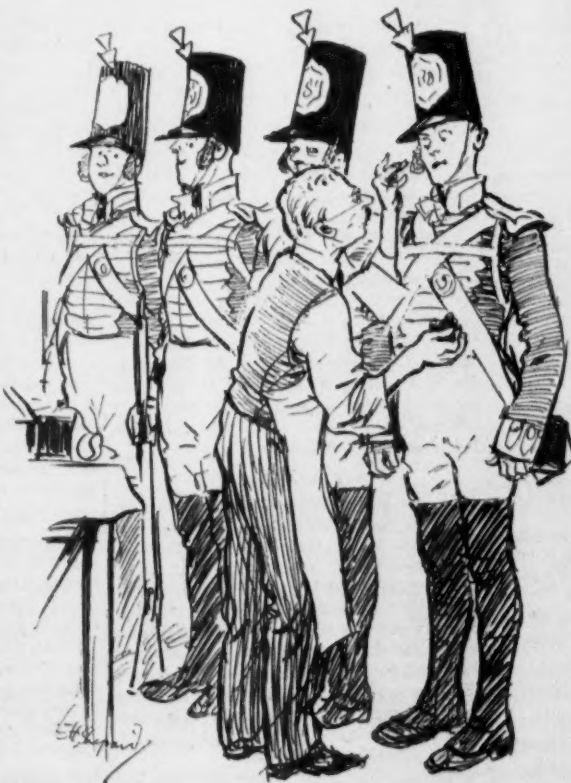
"KATE, SHE IS THE KIND ONE."

Joan, she is the sad one,
The sad one is she;
Ann, she is the gay one,
But I've no heart for glee.
Kate, she is the kind one,
The kind one to me.

Joan's eyes are dreaming
Of far-away lands;
Ann clasps the moments
With eager white hands.
Kate she is the kind one,
And Kate understands.

Joan, she is the sad one,
Sad and sedate;
Ann, she is the gay one,
She's nobody's mate.
When I finish journeying
I go home to Kate.

Joan, she is the sad one,
The sad one is she;
Ann, she is the gay one,
But I've no heart for glee.
Kate, she is the kind one,
The kind one to me.



SERVING OUT THE WHISKER RATION BEFORE ALBUHERA.

OLYMPUS CALLING.

A RADIO PROGRAMME IN THE HOMERIC AGE.

11 A.M. HERCULES: Labour-saving Hints. (1) How to Keep Stables Clean.

12.0. THE CORYBANTES ORCHESTRA. (From the Tantalus Restaurant.)

2.30 P.M. MIDAS: Music and the Ordinary Listener.

3.0. ATALANTA *versus* MILANION.

A Running Commentary on the foot-race between Atalanta, the beautiful huntress and athlete, whose aversion from marriage is well known, and her latest suitor, Milanion. The prize is the maiden's hand in marriage, but should any suitor fail to outrun her his life will be forfeit. The odds are in favour of Atalanta, but the youth is confident of victory, and is said to be training on apples, the gift of Aphrodite.

(Relayed from Arcadia.)

3.45. CIRCE: Talks by the Ministry of Agriculture.

(1) Pig-Breeding for Profit.

4.0. THE ORPHEUS TRIO.

Orpheus (*lyre*); Arion (*harp*); Pan (*pipes*).

5.15. THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

(1) How to Solve Riddles. *Edipus*.

(2) Cautionary Tales by Uncle Homer: How Hercules slew the Hydra that wouldn't wash its Seven Necks.

6.15. TIME SIGNAL. WEATHER FORECAST. FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. (See below.)

6.45. THE FOUNDATIONS OF MUSIC: The Works of Pan.

(a) "Pandemonium" *Tone Poem*.

(b) "Pants" *Humoresque*.

(c) "Pancakes" *Suite*.

(d) "Panics" *Rhapsody*.

Encouraged by the patronage of King Midas, Pan composed several musical works. "Pandemonium" reveals the composer's amazing cacophonous art and his unrivalled skill in combining horridous dissonance with symphonic unison. King Midas alone claims to be able to distinguish the one from the other, which faculty Apollo attributes to the King's abnormal aural appendages.

At to-night's performance of "Pandemonium" the orchestra will be augmented by the celebrated Cyclopes, with their hammers and anvils, the original Corybantes, the howling of Cerberus, the roaring of the Nemean Lion, the bellowing of the Minotaur and the lungs of Stentor.

In "Panics" the composer displays much ingenuity in introducing the bellowing of bulls and the grunting of bears to represent a panic among the money-changers.

7.30. HANNENUS: Dramatic Criticism—"Actors Who Hate Me."

8.0. A POPULAR CONCERT.

VULCAN: *Recitation*, "The Village Blacksmith."

THE CYCLOPES: The Anvil Chorus from *Il Trovatore*.

ULYSSES: *Song*, "The Long, Long Trail."

PENELOPE'S SUITORS: *Song*, "I'm Tired of Waiting."

BACCHUS: *Song*, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

"ALL CHANGE HERE!"

A One-man Revue by the famous Quick-change Artists, PROTEUS.

Although listeners will be unable to see Proteus make his remarkable changes, this performance will demonstrate the advantages of Television when invented.

NIOME: *Song*, "After My Laughter Came Tears."

HELIOS and PHAETHON: *Duets*, including "Sunny Boy."

THE SIREN SISTERS: *Songs* (a) "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Sirené." (b) "Vamping Uly-coly with a Ukulele."

CHARON: *Song*, "Ol' Man River."

ULYSSES' MARINERS: *Sea Shanties* (a) "What Shall We Do With The Lotus Eaters?" (b) "Sixteen Bands Round the Old Man's Chest." (c) "Scylla-along."

HERMES and ANGUS in another Blob of Bother: "Stop me if you've heard this one!"

PSYCHE: *Song*, "Ah-ha, Peep-bo, I See You!"

EROS: *Song*, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

10.0. CASSANDRA: The Way of the World.

11.0 (until raided). THE BACCHANTES DANCE ORCHESTRA.

(Relayed from the Sileucus Night Club.)

WEATHER FORECAST AND NEWS.

This is Olympus calling the Hellenes. We have a couple of S.O.S.'s. Will the youth Hylas, who joined the Argonauts' Expedition, and was last seen in Mysia on his way to draw a pitcher of water from a stream, the abode of a band of Naiades, please communicate with his friends, who are naturally anxious on account of his long absence?

The other S.O.S. relates to Europa, daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia. She was last seen joy-riding towards the sea-coast on the back of a white bull. Any information will be welcomed by her mother, Telephassa, or her brother Cadmus.

WEATHER FORECAST.

The weather continues unsettled, varying according to the moods of the Gods. Reports from the Æolian Isles state that the rebellious sons of Æolus are getting out of hand again. The tempestuous Eurus has been very violent of late, and it is feared that many vessels, with their brave mariners, have been driven to the dark unfathomed depths of Neptune's realm never to return. Icy Boreas is likely to sally forth from the Seythian shore on one of his wild raids anon, with his companions, Pneumonia and Catarrha, close upon his heels.

Sicily. The giant Enceladus, who lies bound with chains in a burning cavern under Mount Ætna, is again restive. Listeners

who dwell in the vicinity of the mountain and travellers in the Isle of Sicily are warned to be prepared for volcanic eruptions and local seismic disturbances.

A depression is approaching the coast of Ethiopia. It is feared that this is in consequence of a claim made by Cassiopeia, wife of King Cepheus, to be more beautiful than the Nereides, which so enraged them that they besought Neptune to punish the Ethiopians.

Further outlook unsettled.

FIRST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN.
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Phrygia. It is proclaimed that King Midas has convened an Agora, to be held some time next month, for the purpose of disposing of numerous articles of gold, for which the King has no further use.

War Claims Committee. This Committee again met this morning and considered the claim of one Sinon, who induced the Trojans to bear the famous wooden horse into Troy, to a share in the award claimed by Ulysses for his invention. In the early part of the proceedings Nestor, who acted as Chairman, continued his war and pre-war reminiscences, and eventually the Committee again adjourned without coming to a decision.

The Olympian Flight. It is reported that Flight-Commander Bellerophon, whose exploit in slaying the Chimæra has made him the idol of the Lycian populace, attempted to fly to the abode of the Gods in his Moth plane, *Pegasus*, to-day, in defiance of the official ban and the Oracle's warning to the ambitious youth to expect a stinging rebuke from Father Zeus.

Bellerophon, it is stated, was intercepted by a member of the Celestial Flying Corps in a *Gadfly* monoplane, and during the aerial combat that ensued the *Gadfly* stung *Pegasus* so severely that Bellerophon crashed badly. The intrepid airman escaped with his life, but it is feared that his eyesight is permanently destroyed.

The mysterious disappearance of several valuable personal articles—namely, a sceptre, a girdle, a trident and a sword—the property of certain Deities, continues to engage the attention of the authorities. It is officially reported that Detective-Inspector Nemesis is in possession of several important clues, and the Flying Squad, the Erinyes, are hot on the trail of the suspected culprit, who is said to occupy a position of trust in the Olympian household.

SPORT.

Centaur-racing, the latest sport, is becoming more popular every week. A new anthrippodrome is being built at the bottom of Mount Pelion and is expected to be opened almost immediately. Amphion, King of Thebes, whose Orphean gift of moving inanimate objects by the music of his lyre enabled him to erect a rampart around his city, having graciously promised to assist in the building operations.

Crashing Commercial Candour.

"New Lawn Mower (practically no use)"
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.



"YOU DO JUST AS YOU LIKE, MISS GREEN, YOU DO JUST AS YOU LIKE, BUT I SHALL VOTE FOR THAT TOFF WITH THE MONOPLANE IN 'IS EYE.'"

In Memoriam.

LORD ROSEBERY: 1847—1929.

[Lord ROSEBERY was Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1886 and 1892—1894; Chairman of the London County Council in 1889—1890 and in 1892; Prime Minister in 1894—1895, and winner of the Derby in 1894, 1895 and 1905.]

From earliest youth marked out by birth and wit
And grace of speech in happiest union knit,
Before his course was more than half-way run
Wealth, pow'r and popular applause he won;
Then left the arena in his early prime,
While still the envied cynosure of the time.

Yet, though he lacked the calm heroic strain
Revealed in men of simpler homelier grain,
His title to remembrance is secure,
The record of his service shall endure,
Who steadfastly in counsel and debate
Upheld the glories of our Blood and State;
Freed foreign policy from party strife;
Conferred new lustre on our civic life,
Set noble aims before the nobly born
And nothing touched that he did not adorn.

It is with deep regret that Mr. Punch records the death of Mr. KENNETH J. MILNE, for several years a valued contributor to his pages.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE ARTIST.

ONCE there was an artist called Brown Jukes who painted very pretty pictures especially of ladies, and when anybody wanted to have their wives or their daughters painted and could afford it they generally asked him if he would mind doing it, because he made them look prettier than they really were, but they said he was the only artist who could make them look natural.

Well one day a friend of Brown Jukes called Carnaby Boot said to him well Brown Jukes you may make plenty of money but you are not much of an artist, and he said why not?

And he said why because your pictures are too pretty, I'm sure I should be ashamed to paint pictures like that.

And Brown Jukes said well you couldn't, could you?

And he said well perhaps not, but I know all about pictures and write about them in the newspapers, and of course really good artists only paint ugly pictures now.

Well Brown Jukes knew a lot of artists who did that, though he didn't really care for their pictures, so he thought there was something in it, and when an Earl asked him if he would mind painting his wife he thought he would paint her ugly for a change just to show everybody he was really a good artist.

So he did that, and the Earl's wife was fairly old and fat, and she had never been pretty even when she was young, but the Earl had married her because she had plenty of money and he had spent all his own, and it was really she who was paying to have the picture done before she got too fat and old altogether.

Well Brown Jukes quite enjoyed painting her and not having to make her pretty which he was rather tired of doing except with ladies who really were, it was such a strain on him, and he painted her as ugly as he could but he wouldn't let her see the picture until it was finished. And he wouldn't let the Earl see it either, and the Earl was rather annoyed but he knew that Brown Jukes had plenty of money so he didn't say much.

And the only person that Brown Jukes showed the picture to was Carnaby Boot, and when he saw it he said well Brown Jukes it is a masterpiece and I didn't think you could do it.

And he promised to write about it in the newspapers, and Brown Jukes was very pleased and he said now people will see what a great artist I am really, and they will leave off saying that my pictures are like the lids of chocolate-boxes.

Well the Royal Academy was quite pleased to have the picture in their exhibition because they had become rather tired of having only pretty pictures and people saying they were behindhand, and they had been having quite a lot of ugly ones lately. And Carnaby Boot wrote in the newspapers



"WELL BROWN JUKES QUITE ENJOYED PAINTING HER."

and said it was the best picture in the Academy and it was a good deal owing to him that Brown Jukes had painted it. And a lot of people who didn't know any better laughed at the picture, but they said oh well if she is like that I suppose he couldn't help it but I shouldn't like to be married to her myself.

But when the Earl saw the picture he didn't laugh and his wife didn't either, and they said if Brown Jukes didn't give them back the money they had paid him for the picture they would have a trial about it and the judge would make him.

Well Brown Jukes wouldn't give back the money so they had a trial

about it. And by that time the Academy was shut for the year so they could have the picture there to look at. And when the Judge saw it he laughed, and he said it is really rather funny, did you say it was in *Punch*? and they said no it was in the Academy.

And he said do you mean the Edinburgh Academy, because that is where I was at school? and they said no the Royal Academy.

And the Judge said oh I don't know anything about that and I have never been there, well we must get on with the trial, tell the Earl's wife to stand up beside the picture, and if she is really like several balloons stuck together and has hands like two hams I shall tell the jury that Mr. Brown Jukes needn't give back the money. But if she isn't like that he will have to.

Well the Earl objected to that because he said he didn't want his wife made fun of, it was quite bad enough as it was. And the Judge said well I think there is something in that, you mustn't think you can have it all your own way here just because you are an Earl, judges are much more important than Earls, but I don't believe in making ladies uncomfortable even when they are ugly. I will tell you what we will do. I suppose your wife won't mind showing us her hands will she? She can stand behind a screen and stick out her hands, and then we shall see whether Mr. Brown Jukes has painted them properly or not.

So the Earl's wife did that, and her hands were rather fat but they were well manicured and had plenty of rings on them, and the Judge had them measured, and the hands in the picture too, and they weren't

the same size at all, besides one hand in the picture being several sizes larger than the other, and the Earl's wife hadn't got a single wart on her knuckles but all the knuckles in the picture had one at least. So that settled it, but just to make sure they asked a gentleman called Mr. Slumber to give evidence, and he said he had been making gloves all his life but if he had had to make gloves for a lady like the one in the picture it would have taken the skin of a whole reindeer.

So then the Judge was very much down on Brown Jukes, and he said he had a good mind to send him to prison to teach him that he couldn't go on like that. He said he had never heard of him before but he had been told that up

till now he had painted quite pretty pictures, so he would deal leniently with him. He would have to give back the money he had had for the picture and pay the Earl a hundred pounds for hurting his wife's feelings, and he hoped it would be a lesson to him.

Well Brown Jukes didn't mind that at all, because a rich American bought the picture for much more than the Earl had paid him for it, and Carnaby Boot wrote an article to say that Brown Jukes was quite as good an artist as Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and he wasn't sure he wasn't even better, and it was time that pictures like that were stopped from leaving the country.

And soon after that Carnaby Boot came to Brown Jukes and he said I am rather tired of praising ugly pictures and I am going to make pretty ones the fashion again, so if you would like to go back to painting them you can.

So Brown Jukes did that, and by this time he was so famous that he could charge twice as much for his pictures as he had done before, and he made them prettier than ever and pleased everybody. A. M.

"The worst early spring in memory was quite forgotten."—*Sunday Paper*.

O Memory, where is thy spring?

AN EXILE'S LAMENT.

[The playing of bagpipes on the beach at Largs (Ayrshire) has been banned by a decision of the Town Council on account of their "harsh notes."]

Nor mine to judge the Saxon
When he to his content
Launches jejune attacks on
Our national instrument;
But if I see no reason
Why he its notes should love,
I bar the obvious treason
Recorded up above.

Too often history teaches
How traitorous deeds will grow;
Ere long from kindred beaches
The pipes may have to go;
The pibroch's rousing rallies,
To Scotia's heart so dear,
Soon from her glens and valleys
May likewise disappear.

Old customs too may vanish;
First-footing fade away;
Haggis perchance they'll banish
Along with "Hogmanay";
Traditional possessions
They'll pull up by the roots,
And ban our quaint expressions,
Like "aiblins," "heeh" and
"hoots."

If every trait I cherish
Before my journey's end
Should ultimately perish
(The which the gods forfend!),
On disillusioned legs I'll
Hie to the North no more,
But live and die an exile
Upon this alien shore. A. K.

Things that might have been Better Expressed.

"RECORD —
1. Unemployment (First Section).
2. Unemployment (Completion).
The Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P."
Gramophone Leaflet.

Interesting Fauna of East Africa.

"The Official Receiver described the case of — as an extraordinary one. Up to December of last year the debtor was in partnership with an Indian maned Milky Ram."

East African Paper.

We consider that the Official Receiver spoke with admirable restraint.

"Mr. Monkhouse handles the delicate situations and relationships of this act deftly and convincingly. But it is in the second that the action quickens and the fruits of prevarication come furiously home to roost."

Manchester Paper.

These roosting fruits are only furious when someone is barking up a wrong tree.



Wife (before starting for the dance). "MY DEAR, SPLENDID! HOW WARLIKE! WHAT ABOUT GIVING NOTICE TO THE COOK NOW?"

THE PRE-ARRANGED REPARTEE.

"You've heard about Alfred, I suppose?" said Gina—"that he's taken up politics and is contesting North Middle-shire at the Election?"

Gina is my sister and the question concerned her husband. Having been abroad I had not visited them for some time.

"No," I said, "I had not heard. How long has he been like this?"

"Since the beginning of the campaign," said Gina. "It's nearly over now. By the way he's counting on you to go along and help him at some of the remaining meetings. He's Liberal," she added rather doubtfully.

"Never mind," I said. "His optimism is wonderful."

"Yes, rather," said Gina. "He's doing awfully well too. You see he had a good start for one thing. Right at the beginning of the campaign Dolly Hawkins, the Conservative Candidate, while out driving her car, ran over a valuable greyhound belonging to an influential farmer in the south part of the constituency. The animal had never lost a race and was the pride of the district for miles round. It was even rumoured that its owner was going to challenge 'The Golden Arrow' for the Hundred Yards' Standing Start Ground Championship of the World. Well, Dolly Hawkins killed it stone dead. That was of great service," she concluded cheerfully.

"Perhaps on the whole it was," I replied.

"And then," continued Gina, "young Lord Shears, the Socialist Candidate, had been touring the constituency only about a fortnight when his aunt figured in that sensational divorce case, *Higgs v. Higgs*. You remember it? Well, that is supposed practically to have finished him as far as the support of the respectable voter goes."

"And quite right too," I replied warmly.

"Yes," said Gina. "That's what Alfred says. And then there was that affair at the Wilton Town Hall. The night before the meeting there Alfred was told of a brilliant repartee to a certain remark of the type that might be made at a political meeting. Unfortunately there was a good chance that

at the meeting at Wilton it might not be made, and the repartee was so good that this would have been a tragedy. And then I thought of the brilliant idea of asking somebody to make the remark. Alfred at first hesitated but soon gave in, and a man whom we had engaged to work temporarily in the garden, and who appeared to be interested in politics, on the suggestion being made to him, at once volunteered.

"The gathering was quite the largest that Alfred had addressed and he had been speaking for about twenty minutes when from the back of the hall came the interruption in the unmistakable voice of the gardener; 'Get along with you,' he shouted; 'you're two-faced!' It came at an appropriate moment, for Alfred was beginning to be hopelessly tied up on derating and widows' pensions and to mix them up badly together.



"WHEN I FIRST WENT TO SEA IT WAS ALL SALT HORSE AN' MARLIN'-SPIKES. NOWADAYS IT'S ALL BRILLIANTINE AND WRIST-WATCHES."

He stopped in his speech and looked with a smile in the direction of the gardener. 'A certain gentleman tells me I'm two-faced,' he began, and he paused for this fact to sink well in.

"'E does," replied the gardener. 'But now 'e comes to look at you more closely, it don't seem possible that if you 'ad a spare face you'd 'ave worn the one what you've got on 'ere to-night.'"

"Well," continued Gina, "poor Alfred turned very pale at these words. This temporary gardener, this willing volunteer if you please, had somehow got hold of the answer and taken the very words out of Alfred's mouth to use against him."

She paused and looked at me as though she expected a hot denunciation of this treacherous conduct.

"Go on," I remarked impartially.

"Well," she continued, "the extraordinary thing was that, though there were one or two half-hearted laughs at

the back of the hall, the audience as a whole appeared rather to resent the remark than to be amused by it. And then one of the men on the platform with Alfred bent over towards him and whispered something in his ear. His colour and his smile immediately returned and he spoke as follows: 'Our friend has given us a joke,' he said; 'a good joke. And had it not been resurrected from the grave by my friend, the Conservative Candidate, in this hall last Friday, it might have fallen fresh on some of the younger ears here to-night.'

"Loud applause," went on Gina, "greeted this remark; you see, nearly everybody in the hall had been at the Conservative meeting three or four nights before. And then the gardener leapt to his feet to speak, but Alfred got in first—this time with a stroke of real

genius. 'My friend,' he said, 'you must not be discouraged. I gather your sympathies are with the Conservatives and you have been true to your colours. You have cracked a good Conservative joke, Sir, that has stood the strain and defied the progress of centuries.'

"Well," continued Gina, "if the audience were pleased at the first remark they simply couldn't contain themselves at this. And the more the gardener protested the louder they cheered and so drowned his observations. Only

once was his voice heard above the din. 'He asked me to—' he shouted, pointing at Alfred, but the rest of the sentence was inaudible.

"What did I ask you to do, my friend?" shouted Alfred as they were taking the heckler struggling out of the hall. 'To make this piquant jest at my expense? No, I think not. For how could I or my Party expect to stand up against wit of so proven a quality?' And during a renewed outburst of laughter the man was successfully ejected.

"It turned out afterwards," said Gina, "that immediately Alfred had sounded him in the morning on the subject of making the interruption, the gardener, having heard the joke at the Conservative meeting and being an ardent admirer either of that party or of Dolly Hawkins, or possibly of both, had conceived the idea of working it off against Alfred. And wasn't Alfred clever?" she concluded.



Visitor to the Free State. "ARE WE IN TIME FOR THE TRAIN, MIKE?"

Mike. "YE ARE. SHE'S ALWAYS FORTY MINUTES LATE."

Visitor. "THEN WHY DON'T THEY CHANGE THE TIME-TABLE?"

Mike. "OCH, T'WOULD NIVER DO AT ALL AT ALL; SHE WOULDN'T HAVE ANY CALL TO HURRY THIN."

"And on such slender chances," I said after a pause, gazing philosophically at the ceiling, "turns the choice of the future leaders of our beloved country."

"Yes, I know," said Gina. "That's what Alfred says." C. B.

Commercial Candour.

"Large water tank, in good condition, wanted. Paul —'s Dairies."

Manchester Paper.

Honesty is not always the best policy.

Ironies of the Tub.

"Speaking for the Conservative party at Southampton Lord Melchett said Mr. Lloyd George . . . contented himself by saying that he would have a large enough following to exercise a derisive influence in the House of Commons."—*Manchester Paper.*

We expect he will, both active and passive.

"If I were asked to sum up in a few words what we stand for, beyond all else I should say peace at home and abroad, stability, continuity, reverence for the aged, freedom for the young, in which we may go forward and work for the progress of our people. That kind of work for the *Sestharodilnuldfoimlms* kind of idealism will never make a stunt headline."

Mr. BALDWIN, quoted in Daily Paper.

Agreed!

A NON-PARTY MAN.

(After reading the latest *Beauty* hint.)

LET me, I beg you, go electioneering;
Put me, I pray, where I can air my views

In oratory interspersed with cheering
And, more especially, derisive boos;
Give me a bag of jujubes and a hustling
And I'm prepared to play an ardent part

For any Candidate; I'm simply busting
To be allowed to start.

Believe me, gentlemen, I am no bigot;
I am prepared to take my stand (for love)

Upon a tub (without or with a spigot)
And press the claims of Lib. or Lab.
or Gov.;

And, further, be the happiest man in
this isle,

Standing with unbowed head and
quite content

If hecklers use the immemorial missile
In token of dissent.

For I have not been blest with peerless
beauty;

Mine are the sort of features, oddly
planned,

It is at once a pleasure and a duty
To rectify by any means at hand;
And I have gathered from a lucubration
Penned by my daily paper's toilet
guide
That eggs will work a facial transform-
ation
(Externally applied).

Points for the New Electorate.

"The greatest objection to the scheme of both the Socialists and the Liberals was that they involved increases in the cost of loving."—*Conservative speech reported in Manchester Paper.*
But the Conservatives don't seem to have done anything outstanding to cheapen it.

"She was also a famous concert singer, and her singing of Lieber was famous in Germany, England and America."—*Daily Paper.*

But she never sang MENDELSSOHN'S
"Love without Words."

"I detest men, and I put down my long and happy life to the fact that I was never foolish enough to marry one," said Miss Wilhelmina Robinson, of Boston, U.S.A., on reaching her 100th birthday. She wears a frilly cap, and shares her rooms with two milk white carts."—*Penang Paper.*

There is nothing like having stable companions about one.



CULTURE AT THE DOUBLE.

Breathless American Wife. "SAY, VERMEER! WE MUST GIVE THIS A THOROUGH GLANCE."

WORK ON THE ROADS.

AN INDIAN APPLICATION.

For several years my old bearer, Fusaldar, who lives in Ambala City, has been worried about his son Nana. The trouble with Nana is that he spends a great part of his time going forth from his father's house, ostensibly to take up employment, and coming back by return of post.

"My son Nana is a good boy, but with hard lines for always get it the sack."

That is a lament to which Fusaldar frequently gives expression in his correspondence with me. To an outsider, however, it seems obvious that Nana has merely adopted a somewhat naïve but original method of avoiding work and living on his father. He is assisted in this course by a weird and amazingly fecund imagination. Fusaldar's letters abound in reports of this description: "Nana is going away and coming back with another sack. New master is giving him the kick-out for he is covered all over with sweat; and my poor Nana is only sweat with worry for do it the job good."

A few weeks ago Fusaldar wrote, "I am past all hope for Nana ever to stop for get it the sack." This was following on the return of Nana with a story that "new master will have blow his brains out half hour after Nana has arrived."

But Fusaldar's latest communication indicates that his hopes for Nana have revived. My old servant writes as follows:—

"I am writing for post haste for Master will make it apply for behalf of my son Nana for work of new road. Babu is telling me of Lloyd George Sahib is prodigious rich Sahib and will give all mans work for make it new road. I am asking, therefore, Master will apply for Lloyd George Sahib for make it new road for this place and give it for my son Nana the fine job. Nana is good boy with fed up acquaint of all sort and condition of road with going along many many road for get it job and always coming back with sack."

"Master will telling Lloyd George Sahib my son Nana will not work it the pick and will not work it the shovel. Nana will do it the boss gaffer stunt for keep it all coolie worker mans with nose for grindstone."

"I am hoping Master will have much success for final chance of my poor Nana. And I am always praying for Master and Lloyd George Sahib."

I do not know if Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's scheme makes any provision for men who would prefer to "do it the boss gaffer stunt," but I am making inquiry.

Pro Bono Publico.

There once was a girl of Muralto,
There was also a man from Hong-kong;

She fancied herself a contralto;
He swore, "Man has suffered too long!"

So the question he popped,
And the answer was "Sure!"

And to Venice they hopped
On their honeymoon tour,
Where he threw the girl off the Rialto,
Which finally finished her song.

"THE MACDONA PLAYERS."

On Wednesday they played 'Getting Married'. . . . For two and a half years the audience listens to talk about marriage—and enjoys it."—Yorkshire Paper.

This puts even *Back to Methuselah* in the shade.



THE FATEFUL THREE.

(AN ELECTORAL ADAPTATION OF WAGNER'S "RING.")

FIRST INCALCULABLE WOMAN (rising from her seat and casting the *Rope of Destiny* to the next). "VOTE, SISTER; I PASS IT TO YOU."



Grandfather. "ANY BOYS IN YOUR HOUSE IN THE ELEVEN, GEOFFREY?"

Father. "FELLOWS, YOU MEAN, FATHER. DON'T YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO BOYS IN SCHOOLS NOW?"

Geoffrey. "THERE ARE TWO PEOPLE IN THE ELEVEN, AND ONE PERSON IN THE EIGHT."

A GIUOCO OF GOLF.

ACCORDING TO *The Times*, Signor MUSSOLINI's first introduction to the game of golf took place at Rome on May 17, when the two American players, GENE SARAZEN and J. FARRELL, by invitation of Sir RONALD GRAHAM, the British Ambassador, played a match for his delight.

This is not strictly accurate. It takes no account of the match which I myself played with the DUCE some five years ago on the Santa Caterina course at Siena, through the kindly offices of a friend who considered that I was the only British golfer whom a complete novice (however masterful his temperament) could be expected to overcome. Memorable indeed was the occasion. The golden orioles were silent; all Nature seemed to hold its breath. Play was rendered the more exciting on account of the vast *affluenza* of men and women who had gathered to watch the *spettacolo* and because my own acquaintance with Italian was almost as slight as the DUCE's with our rude English tongue. Very often, as the reader will perceive, I was driven when conversing with him to use Latin. I did, however (as

will also be seen), attempt to make myself familiar with the correct Italian renderings of the technical terms used in our greatest national game.

The DUCE himself not unnaturally drove the first ball. He had donned for the occasion a pullover *virilis* decorated with a broad purple stripe, underneath which he wore *plus quattri* of a pleasing and harmonious hue. His head, except for a tiny wreath of laurels, was bare. A small mound of earth was piled for him, and he fixed his magnetic eyes on the sphere. Before us lay the pleasant *anelli* (links) of Siena, dotted with the black *bandiere* that marked the greens.

"I will lay on for Surbiton," I said to him, "and lay thou on for Rome."

The *spettatori*, knowing little of the game, had encroached grievously on the fairway, but all sprang to one side as the DUCE's stentorian cry of "*Avanti!*" reached their ears, followed immediately by the little white *palla* which he had propelled with remarkable violence from the tee.

Unfortunately it found its way into the *ripositorio di arena*, into which mine also, hopping ignominiously over the *prato*, followed it. For some minutes both of us were engaged in a fierce con-

test with the sand, which, blowing up in clouds, came back into our eyes and liberally besprinkled our hair. I emerged eventually in *eight colpi* to Signor MUSSOLINI's fifteen.

"*Pulvis et umbra sumus*," I said to him pleasantly.

"*Basta!*" he replied rather tersely, picking up his ball.

Let it not be supposed, however, that this unfortunate start was typical of our play during the entire round. A glorious drive (*corsa*), followed by a magnificent short *avvicinamento*, left the Dictator almost nothing to do on the second green, and he had *l'honore* on the third tee.

The third hole at Siena is a short one and a *ferro leggiero* put us both comfortably on to the horse-shoe-shaped green.

"*Arcades ambo*," I murmured, shading my eyes with my hand. But the DUCE lay nearer than I to the *spillo*, so that he was *uno su* when we set ourselves to tackle the fourth.

This is a dog-leg (*gamba di cane*) hole, and with the impetuous courage characteristic of him the Dictator essayed the short route, which involved carrying a clump of cypress-trees, whilst I kept faithfully to the *chiaro*. It was a

ding-dong struggle, but at the end, in spite of a beautiful *risorgimento* from the rough on the part of my famous antagonist I was the first to arrive at the *verde*, amidst the groans and hoots of the assembled populace.

At the fifth a slight *fracas* occurred, owing to my attempt to point out to the Duce that the rules of the game forbade him to ground his *mazza* whilst addressing his ball in a bunker.

"*Vietato fondarsi*" were the words I used. But they seemed to convey no precise meaning to him, and when my point was finally made clear with the help of an interpreter and the young lictor (or *ragazzo*) who carried his fasces, I was given to understand that rules which might apply to the ordinary golfer upon ordinary occasions were made to be set aside in such an emergency as the present.

"*Imperii salus suprema lex*," I was told by the interpreter, and I made a woeful *imbroglio* of my chip shot to be one down again at the sixth.

I will not detail all the incidents of the *battaglia*, since they might weary even the golfer accustomed to reading three or four columns of this kind of matter every day. But I cannot refrain from mentioning the wonderful spoon shot (*colpo di cucchiaino*) made by Signor MUSSOLINI, which enabled him to carry the *verde* of the long ninth and lie not four feet from the *spillo*. His natural jubilation caused him to turn to me with a cry of "*Ecco!*" and I felt that a compliment from the enemy was no more than he deserved.

"*Ave Caesar*," I cried, extending my right arm upwards. "Right well did such a dunch befit a Consular of Rome!"

"Can you beat it?" he rejoined, breaking for once into the American vernacular.

"*Moriturus*," I replied, "*te saluto*."

But, alas, I failed to do so. I was short with my third and overran the *verde*, ending up in a bunker with my fourth. IL DUCE secured an *aquila*. He was *due* *su*.

Thus advantaged at the turn, he increased his lead (*protagonista*) at the tenth, where I sliced my *corsa* into a lemon grove, and his success was duly

proclaimed by a long blast of triumph from the *trombettieri* who followed us ten paces behind the lictors. But I struggled sternly on, to recover a *bucco* at the short fifteenth, where the Dictator's *mazza* from the tee was *troppo forte*, and he also stabbed (*punseva*) his second approach putt. All my efforts, however, could not prevent him from being *dolce far niente* with two to play.

The seventeenth I won. The Dictator made a *colpo di aria* with his first, sliced

in the beard of a goat. Both, however, were on the *verde* in six.

"*Similes ut jacemus*," I murmured as I studied the line of my putt. There was yet a chance to square (*piazzare*) the game.

We were both short with our approach putts, IL DUCE the shorter. He putted again. To my *consternazione* he laid me an *ostacolo*. Could I negotiate it by lofting? I took out my *mazza de scavazione* (mashie niblick) and bent to address the ball. Suddenly I noticed with the tail of my eye that the DUCE, turning to his lictor, had ordered the *ascia grossa* (heavy axe) to be untied from the tremendous bundle in his bag. In a paroxysm of blind terror I struck his *pallone* with my own and sent it into the *bucco*.

Shouts of "*Evviva!*" rent the air. Roses and lilies were strewn by maidens on the *verde*. The DUCE got into his chariot and, walking *more Romano* behind him, I was led to the *palazzo di circolo*, where we celebrated the nineteenth hole, I with a bottle of *Asti spumante*, but the indomitable Dictator with a plain glass of milk and a bun.

Vivid as are the impressions even to-day of that mighty *duello*, they are so strange that I sometimes ask myself whether they are not merely the figments of a dream. . . . EVOE.

When Plutarch Was Young.

"Plutarch's Loves, half calf . . ."—Bookseller's List.

We wonder if SHAKESPEARE ever discovered this.

Managerial Candour.

"Mr. — stated that the popularity of the Cinema had exceeded expectations and no one was prepared for the number of cars which arrived. Inconvenience from that source was not likely to recur."—*Middlesex Paper*.

"With Freeman and Woolley bawling their best he would have been rash to have done otherwise."—*Evening Paper*.

Kent really ought to do something to prevent these howlers.

"On the London Stock Exchange the more speculative sections were influenced by the weaker advices from Wall Street, and in consequence the numerous Anglo-American hares dealt in displayed weakness."—*Scots Paper*.

Amongst so many Bulls and Bears
What chance have fluctuating Hares?



THE HOLLYWOOD EXCHANGE.

Voice on Phone. "IS THAT MR. SMITH'S SECOND WIFE?"

Lady. "No, I'M MR. SMITH'S THIRD WIFE. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG NUMBER!"

his second into the *campagna*, topped his third into a *fiume* and took an immense *pezzo di terra* with his fourth, whilst I got home in a steady seven. The excitement, therefore, as we struck off at the eighteenth was indescribable. Gestures of the direst significance were made at my ball and many strove to put the evil eye upon it.

Nevertheless I struck a brave ball and easily cleared the *pericolo* of juniper bushes, outdistancing the Dictator's *corsa* by a yard. Subsequently we both got into difficulties, my third being sliced amongst a party of *touristi* and the Dictator's like becoming embedded

ONE MAN, ONE SONG.

MISS GLEITZE, that swimmer, is not the only person who has songs played her on a gramophone while she is performing. Many of our most famous men have their favourite songs, which cheer them on their less-advertised way none the less for being normally unsung.

HAGEN plays his best golf to the tune of "ALLIS, Where Art Thou?" and approaches to the strains of "Over There." Mr. TOLLEY, on the other hand, prefers "Come, Birdie, Come!" on the tee; when bunkered his pet tune is "The Sands of Dee."

JACK HOBBS when batting likes "Asleep in the Deep"; while JACK DEMPSEY has two favourites—"The Shadow Song" and "Vous qui faites l'endormi," from *Faust*, after he has delivered a knock-out.

The Boat-race crews prefer either "Row, Row, Row" or "Shall We Gather at the River?"

The favourite song of all sportsmen is, of course, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"; but it must not be thought that only sportsmen have favourite songs. The PRIME MINISTER's is at the moment, "You Are Queen of My Heart To-night," and it is to be hoped the flappers will not cause him to change it to "La Donna è Mobile." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to prefer "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" to "The Vicar of Bray," while Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD alternates between a comic song entitled "Pale Pink Pills" and "Oh, Ruddier than the Cherry!"

Sir JOHN SIMON is enthralled by the "Indian Love Lyrics," while Dean INGE prefers "I Wanna Be Happy!"

Mr. KIREWOOD enjoys "Doon the Burn, Davie Lad"; Mr. A. J. COOK, on the other hand, prefers "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy."

The HOME SECRETARY, after careful deliberation, has picked on "All by Yourself in the Moonlight" as his favourite, with "The Policeman's Lot" as a close second.

In conclusion I should like to remind you of one thing. Do not recite or sing TENNYSON'S "Lotus Eaters" to any M.P. till the Election is over. You see it contains such a very awkward line:—

"Then someone said, 'We will return no more!'"

You will be careful about that, won't you?

"SIR ARTHUR FELL ON THE OUTLOOK."
Financial Paper.

We hope it was comfortable at the time.

"Regeneration through correct breathing."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Is this a form of valvular Christianity?



Talented Young Woman of Fashion. "I COULDN'T THINK OF MARRYING ANYONE AS CLEVER AS MYSELF."

JESSICA IN LONDON.

SHOP WINDOWS.

I LIKE those pretty ladies—
And don't you like them too?—
With pinky pointy fingers
And eyes of shiny blue;
Some of them with racquets,
Some of them with mops,
Or coloured fans, or pots and pans,
In the windows of the shops.

And sometimes there are gentlemen,

Very smooth and neat,
But not at all like Daddy
Or any one you meet.

And sometimes there are babies
And sometimes girls and boys
So nicely dressed in all their best
And playing with their toys.

Perhaps they're only waiting
(Oh, wouldn't this be fun?),
Perhaps they leave their places
As soon as day is done;
And when the doors are bolted
And the iron shutter drops
They all yell out and jump about
In the windows of the shops.

R. F.

"CHEAPER MOTOR TIRES."

Daily Paper.

The dearer ones don't.

AT THE PICTURES.

FIRES ON THE FILMS.

AFTER seeing *The Woman in Flames* I am more than ever convinced that films ought to have happy endings. In other words, part of the purpose of the screen should be to adjust the balance. Real life being so hard upon us, let the imaginary life of the moving picture be easier. Is that asking too much? At any rate I am certain that no films in which bullies maltreat lovely sympathetic women should be allowed to end without those bullies getting what should be coming to them. I don't mind in what shape retribution arrives so long as it is punctual, but prefer of course the upper-cut from the true lover's fist.

One of the blots on *The Woman in Flames* is that Oscar Stenheim (HANS ALBERS), the lecherous head of the great



J.W.D.

SAVED THE WRONG WOMAN.

WHY DIDN'T HE PUT HER BACK AGAIN?

departmental store, who engages the unfortunate *Countess Isabelle* (OLGA TSCHECOWA) as a mannequin and insults her, is never punished—at least is not punished for that. The fact that he perishes in his burning building is nothing, a side-issue merely; we want to see him hit; and how Herr MAX REICHMANN, the producer, could have denied us, and himself, that pleasure I cannot comprehend.

How much better a film it would be if, instead of the conflagration, *Alex* (ARTHUR PUSEY), the hero—or leading man, for he suddenly becomes a most perplexing grotter—had caught a glimpse through the show-room curtains of *Stenheim* struggling with his beloved *Isabelle*, dashed to her rescue, laid *Stenheim* out and then have come into luck! Under those natural and desirable circumstances we should have come away contented and remember the story with pleasure. For, although it has some incredible things in it—such as the palatial apartment in Budapest in which the

two lovers starve, and the conduct of *Alex's* father, *Max von Thurzo* (ALEXEI BONDIREFF), in engaging a *cocotte* to be



J.W.D.

ANOTHER FIRE.

MORE FLAMES THAT DID NOT BURN.

offensive to *Isabelle*—it is exceedingly well played, and OLGA TSCHECOWA is a film actress of charm, a grave and striking beauty and perfect carriage. It has also admirable photography and such variety as only the screen can give, beginning with a hunting scene in Hungary, where they seem to employ bagged foxes, going on with an air-crash, and then exhibiting the smart shops and fashionable clubs of Budapest, culminating in the fire that gives to the film part at least of its title; for, although some of the flames in which poor *Isabelle* is involved are the flames of love, the rest are the real terrible thing.

At least they should be, but movie



J.W.D.

THE MANAGER'S FINISHING TOUCHES BEFORE THE MANNEQUINS' PARADE.

Isabelle . . . MISS OLGA TSCHECOWA.

Stenheim . . . MR. HANS ALBERS.

fires are seldom satisfactory, and this is one of the least convincing and the longest I have ever witnessed. Considering how fond of fires cinema pro-

ducers are, it is strange that they do them so badly. The spread of the flames is always too quick; walls totter and crash almost before they are warm; the escaping people run too often and in too many directions; the firemen have too little method; and in this particular case the only thing that is not overwhelmed is a wax model. But far more serious is the fact that, although heroines, heroes and intermediaries first fight the destroying element and then collapse in it, they are never burnt or even singed. The *Countess Isabelle*, for instance, in her grotesquely self-sacrificing effort to save *Lila Sechenyi* (INES MONLOSA), *Alex's* betrothed (a recent and bewildering acquisition), is able—in order that *Alex*, whose heart has suddenly reverted to her, shall mistakenly save the other—to take off her own cloak and hat and transfer them to her



FLAMES THAT FED LOVE'S BURNING GAZE.

Isabelle . . . MISS OLGA TSCHECOWA.

rival without herself receiving a scar or the ermine turning a hair; and this in spite of the fact that, compared with the position in which the two women find themselves, that of SHADRACH, MESHACH and ABEDNEGO might be called cold storage! If the Talkies are to put an end to such foolish improbabilities as this—and I suppose they will, for you can't carry on dialogue in a furnace—they may not be altogether in vain. E. V. L.

"Powerful electric shocking coil, 15/-, unbearable."—*Advt. in Magazine.*

It is as well to realise that from the start.

"Green grow the rashies O."

From a Wireless Programme.

We are told that this tint will be all the rage this year for nursery distempers.

"The large size, and imposing, dignified appearance of this Cake render it a fitting 'Pièce de Résistance' to the Wedding Breakfast."—*Cakemaker's Advertisement.*

On the whole we prefer our wedding-cake to be compliant.



HOPEFUL TROUPE OF TALKIE ARTISTS ON THEIR WAY TO HOLLYWOOD ENCOUNTER FALLEN MOVIE STAR.

BRIGHTER PHILATELY.

THE new stamps issued by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL seem to be devoid of inspiration, and philatelists are talking of refusing to collect them. One would have thought that, as they serve to celebrate the "Postal Union Congress, London, 1929," the POSTMASTER-GENERAL would have got out a series of designs with an appeal like a family joke to the delegates from foreign post-offices. For example, the set of stamps could easily have illustrated, on the lines of a comic strip, the career of a telegram from the time it is handed in until its delivery next morning.

Bad as the stamps are, they might have been worse in other hands. One of the readers of *The Daily Mail* thought that the stamps should have been used to advertise "our most famous memorials." The imagination recoils before the thought of a set of stamps beginning with a halfpenny Albert Memorial and a penny ERSTEIN "Rima."

If it had been left to me I should have used these stamps to give the world some of the high lights of our political situation. To begin with, the one-pound stamp, instead of illustrating the mythical story of ST. GEORGE slaying the dragon, would have shown the modern myth of another GEORGE curing unemployment free of charge. I am sure philatelists would have liked my charm-

ing ten-shilling stamp showing the Judgment of Paris with the sexes reversed—a flapper taking her rôle of Paris and about to bestow her voting apple on one or other of Messrs. BALDWIN, MACDONALD and GEORGE, all of whose draperies of course would have been passed by the Home Office. And then I should have found room in my set for the arbiters of our national destinies: Mr. J. L. GARVIN (on a tuppenny-halfpenny, I think) caught in his characteristic attitude of candid friend; on another, Lord BEAVERBROOK presenting an embarrassed statesman with yet another new *Daily Express* scheme; while a third might show a deputation of registered readers imploring Lord ROTHERMERE to tell them what exactly was to be their political faith for the current week.

Symbolically enough, my stamps would have been three-cornered. They would have been of all values, and some of the values would inevitably be associated with certain politicians. For instance, the twopenny, just the right stamp for a receipt, would appropriately enough bear the portrait of Mr. CHURCHILL. I should have got the artist to represent Mr. CHURCHILL with a grateful smile over the legend, "Thank you very much." To the fourpenny too Mr. CHURCHILL would seem to have a strong claim, for did he not knock off the fourpenny tax on tea? Therefore

would not a fitting design for this stamp be massed Bands of Hope in procession bearing aloft a garlanded WINSTON as a sort of teetotal Bacchus? The answer indubitably is in the affirmative. But here we come to one of those knotty points that may have driven the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to his stodgy non-controversial designs; for it is obvious that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has a prior right to this stamp with his long-established association with fourpence as well as with ninepence.

LE JURON JUSTE.

["I do not swear, but I want to know what the blank the Bolsheviks mean."] *THE HOME SECRETARY.*

I FEAR me much that "what the blank" 'Mongst classic "swears" can never rank,

So, since at oaths he rightly kicks,
A better phrase I've found for JIX;
For even Bolsheviks would pale
And, shivering with fright, turn tail
Were he to rap out, *sine mora*:

"What do you Bolshies mean, by Dora?"

"REFUSE TIP DANGER."

Daily Paper Headline.

Our barber defies this peril.

"Passengers Feed Seals on Bergs."

Shipping Paper.

Some of these creatures are very coarse eaters.

AT THE PLAY.

"KEEPERS OF YOUTH" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

THE schoolmaster as villain is seemingly to have an innings. I imagine, however, that the hot colouring of Mr. ARNOLD RIDLEY's *Keepers of Youth*, scenes from life in the Masters' Common-Room of a modern Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen, will by excess of zeal fail of its purpose if that be to take revenge for old wounds. There may be bad schoolmasters and ill-conducted schools, but not schoolmasters like the ineffable cad and bully, *Knox*, or schools quite like "Brentley in the south-west of England." Some fount of bitterness seems to have overflowed into this strange handiwork. Whether the author has suffered as boy or assistant-master or both we have no means of knowing. Perhaps indeed he merely saw an excellent subject for a robustious melodrama and set about it. And I am bound to say that, in spite of outraging our critical faculty and stretching our credulity beyond bounds in scene after scene of venom and hypocrisy and sex-disturbance, he does succeed in interesting us, and shows a very considerable ingenuity in the handling of his plot—not a too easy matter in so restricted a scene.

Melodrama is clearly the category. We have for villains Mr. Gordon-Duff, M.A., D.Litt., the Head, and Mr. *Knox*, who plays for Kent in the holidays and is a champion amateur boxer. In this day of ingenious comprehensive libelations we shouldn't be surprised if Kent issued a writ against Mr. RIDLEY, Mr. SIMON ORD, his entrepreneur (and perhaps Mr. GEORGE STREET, as accessory before the fact). For heroes we have (after *Young Woodley*) *Young Venner*, a precocious and resourceful Australian monitor, who uses the masters' common-room telephone to make assignations with the local grocer's assistant—for purposes innocent enough as these things are reckoned by worldly men, if eccentric and deplorable in the circumstances; and of course there is Mr. *Lake*, the new master, who alone of the poor-spirited common-room stands up to bully *Knox*, occasionally to the extent of fist-cuffs, regularly by exchanges of

abusive repartee, and finally by defence of the distressed heroine, Mr. *Knox*'s victim, young *Millie*, the much too pretty assistant matron.

For Mr. *Knox* has formed the unusual

Kent cricketer and boxer uses the worst kind of blackmailing threats, physical violence on the person and the breaking-in of locked doors.

How, you may well ask, can such a monster, who bullies his boys persistently, deliberately insults all his colleagues and openly defies the Head, be permitted to stay five minutes in any school? He happens to have been expelled from St. Andrew's. He happens also to know that the Head was also expelled, and why! But I should have thought he could have done better out of the knowledge by demanding a good round sum from the poor entangled Head than by leading a dog's life in such a bickering kennel as Brentley.

The clou of Mr. RIDLEY's sermon in half-bricks for schoolmasters is the expulsion of *Venner* in the name of the Sacred Duty of the Schoolmaster as Keeper of Youth, in the presence and with the cynical approval of Mr. *Knox* and the acquiescence of the sneak and toady, Mr. *Slade*, who has long known of *Knox*'s liaison but "for the honour of the school" has taken no steps to prevent or report it. As for Mr. *Lake*, he collapses in a fit of uncontrollable hysterical laughter.

Need I add that romantic Mr. *Lake*, in spite of the protests of the loving *Millie*, who will not handicap him in his career, insists on marrying her and carrying her off to a farm in Canada, first politely offering her to the egregious *Knox*, with what result in mocking laughter and bawdy insults you can guess.

The acting of the men was extraordinarily competent. The study of poor old tragic, loose-lipped, groove-bound, kindly Mr. *Sullivan*, by Mr. HERBERT ROSS, was a masterpiece of really subtle and convincing characterisation, without a touch of exaggerated emphasis. Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH (Mr. *Knox*) was positively transpontine, and I rather wonder if it would not have been possible for him to tone down this unpleasant portrait, though I admit the author gave him little choice. A quiet study by Mr. VAUGHAN POWELL of the helpless Mr. *Jarvis*, who had failed six times in matric, and was sedulously preparing for a seventh failure, was excellent; as also Mr. GEORGE ELTON's tedious Mr. *Slade* and



THE BREATH OF SCANDAL AT BRENTLEY.

Mr. *Slade* MR. GEORGE ELTON.
Mr. *Sullivan* . . . MR. HERBERT ROSS.

habit of visiting the girl's room at night, and when she essays to turn over a new leaf, mainly, I think, because she has discovered from contemplation of young handsome Mr. *Lake* that a schoolmaster may be a gentleman, this stout

known of *Knox*'s liaison but "for the honour of the school" has taken no steps to prevent or report it. As for Mr. *Lake*, he collapses in a fit of uncontrollable hysterical laughter.

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KEEPERS OF YOUTH BUT NOT OF THE PEACE.

Miss *Patricia Bradfield*.
Mr. *Lake* MR. JAMES RAGLAN.
Mr. *Knox* MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.

Mr. ST. BARBE WEST's tortured headmaster—a difficult part, the contradictions in which the actor skilfully reconciled. But we shall soon need a Schoolmasters' Defence Association if this sort of thing goes on. T.

"THE AUTOCRAT" (KINGSWAY).

It is quite possible that the story—a long-short magazine story one may hazard the guess—of Mr. FRANK STAY-

The Autocrat is the stupid ill-humoured Dowager Lady Ferring. The objects of her tyranny are her completely witless son, Sir Eustace Frederick Ferring, his low-spirited wife, Irene, and high-spirited daughter, Jill. It would appear that the old lady has discovered that Irene is interested in a certain soldier by the simple expedient of opening her letters. She even impounds the packet of compromising

Meanwhile poor overwhelmed Lady Ferring has heard by telephone that she is her lover's "sole legatee"—she repeats this proudly to anyone who will listen to her—and becomes quite bright; while the reading of some private diaries of one of the dowager's too candid friends reveals the fact that Lord Aldburgh is really the father of Eustace Frederick—a disquieting revelation which drives that philandering nobleman definitely



THE AUTOCRAT WAGERS.

Jillian Ferring . . . MISS PRUNELLA NORMAN PAGE.
Violet Garrow . . . MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY.
Irene Ferring . . . MISS STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL.
Lord Aldburgh . . . MR. FELIX AYLMEY.

Lady Ferring . . . MISS AIDA JENOURE.
Sir Eustace Ferring . . . MR. BLIGH CHESMOND.
Miss Binney . . . MISS FRANCES ROSS-CAMPBELL.
Stevens . . . MR. ERIC LUGG.

TON, which F. R. and C. H. PRYOR have done into a play, may have been quite tolerable in its class. The unlikely characters could perhaps be taken on faith, the abrupt and cumbersome machinery creaking towards the conventional happy ending have passed muster in the not very exacting mood in which one approaches such diversions. But nothing that the most zealous and competent of actors can do will make these queer humourless people live or conceal the awkward joints of an ineffective piece of rough carpentry.

love-letters which this unfortunate and imprudently sentimental gentleman, killed in a motor accident on his way to rescue his Andromeda, sends to his beloved—the indignant but unresourceful Major Frazer, who brings them, the kindly Lord Aldburgh, the dragon's friend, and the lively Lady Garrow, a young American widow, much too mildly protesting against this outrage.

Eustace Frederick is instructed by the Autocrat to institute proceedings for divorce, citing the dead man as co-respondent, and dutifully proceeds to do so.

into the arms of the vivacious Lady Garrow, blows up the Autocrat and unites young Lady Ferring to her imbecile husband. A happy ending with a vengeance.

MISS OLIVE BLAKENEY does her clever best with one of the only two characters that have been at all clearly defined by the authors—the breezy little American widow. MISS FRANCES ROSS-CAMPBELL skilfully handles the other—the old Scots secretary—and with her rich Doric makes the most ordinary remarks seem vastly amusing.

Mr. HOWARD COCHRAN played with sincerity and effect the short part of the battered and embarrassed *Major Frazer*. The rest of the cast had too intractable material, I am afraid, to handle with any serious effect. One must revise one's too optimistic forecast that the threat of a dreaded competition was going to frighten managements and *entrepreneurs* generally into a more prudent choice of plays. T.

CHAMELEON PICTURES.

[Mr. LLOYD A. JONES of the Eastman photographic laboratories of Rochester, U.S.A., finding that the present grey films produce boredom, has evolved a process for colouring them so as to stimulate in the audience emotions appropriate to the scenes depicted on the screen. He uses sixteen colours, e.g. fiery red for panic, turmoil and unrestrained passion, forest green for youthful ardour, purple for wild parties and great luxury, orange for repose and achievement.—See "The Times," May 8.]

WHEN at the films I seem to sleep

It is no indolent vagary,

No token that I reckon cheap

The scenic skill of DOUG or MARY;

When S.A. palls and sob-stuff bores

Nothing is further from my wishes

Than to express by public snores

Depreciation of the GISHES.

When CHAPLIN fails to make me gay

And HAROLD LLOYD has left me duller,

It is because they're done in grey,

Blame not the artists but the colour.

So Science, helped by Mr. JONES

Of Rochester across the ocean,

Has found the right chromatic tones

To indicate the right emotion.

And MONTE BLUE and HARRY GREEN

Henceforth, when parties prove exciting,

Will change to purple on the screen

To red for panicking or fighting.

Note too the Latin lover's gills

By turning green intend to tell us

The strength of youth's romantic thrills
(Not that he's in a funk or jealous).

Movies will shoot the heart of man

In sixteen tints, omitting fractions,

And we poor dumb-bells, if we can,

Must register correct reactions.

And when the screen is mauve in hue

Brown studies must be strictly hidden,

And "seeing red" or "feeling blue,"

When orange rules, will be forbidden.

One Way of Reducing Sea-Power.

"NORTH SEA GOD.

Tail 8d. Middle cut 10d."

Fishmonger's Board.

Not Neptune, we hope.

When Science Ceases to be a Boon.

"The Deaf Can Hear

ELECTION SPEECHES

by the use of —, the little marvel of modern science which brings natural hearing."

Glasgow Paper.

ADVICE TO TWENTY-ONE.

Letter to Miss Esmeralda Haynes, c/o Sir James Martingale, Surcingle House, Epsom, from Mrs. Smythe, Cawnpore Cottage, Hazel Road, Cheltenham.

May 29th.

MY DEAR ESMERALDA,—Your uncle and I thank you for your letter. I do wish, child, you would not sign yourself "Esme" in that vulgar way. Esmeralda was the name your dear parents gave you, and as far as I know you have no reason to be ashamed of it.

You write about the vote, and I am much gratified to learn that you are taking your political responsibilities seriously and realise that the Government has given you something *nicer* to think about than powder-puffs and silk stockings.

You must now cultivate a habit of *independent thinking for yourself*, and here is my advice about how to vote; and, if you are wise, dear, you will take it. I'm sure it's right because I asked your uncle what to say and he explained it all *most* clearly. At least he says he did.

Your uncle says everyone must *most certainly* vote Conservative, because they are the only party and they are really going to get rid of all the unemployed. But he said that too at the last General Election, and I did vote for the Conservatives, and they won and have now had four years, so I think perhaps it would be only *fair* if someone else was allowed a turn. Besides, there is that HOME SECRETARY, and really, my dear, though, as you know, I dislike modernity in all its forms, I do think he is *too* old-fashioned. Why, even I know now that legs are not nearly so wicked as they used to be when the dear QUEEN was alive, and that some really quite nice people use the word; but this HOME SECRETARY still seems to have what your uncle calls "the leg-mind" and has found other things equally as sinful and even makes laws about them. So perhaps, Esmeralda, after all, it would be better to *consider* voting for one of the other Parties, unless dear Mr. BALDWIN would promise not to have a Home Secretary at all, because, as we know, an Englishman's home should be his castle.

Mr. THOMAS is of *course* a Socialist, but then he hardly looks it, and I once saw photographs of him in evening-dress (with a white tie too), so he *must* be all right. And I'm sure that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is very clever because I once read one of his speeches proving something or other about Mr. SNOWDEN and some money that was owing, and I couldn't understand a word of it. And

then Mr. GRAHAM looks quite nice for a Socialist, even though he hasn't got a title and money like some of them who run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. And the Socialists of course are going to do away with unemployment.

But the trouble, dear, you will find as you grow older is that the most *harmless-looking* people have the *strangest* friends. I mean, there's that MAXTON and that Cook too, and the other man I'm not allowed to speak about because it makes your uncle so angry. I never can spell his name, but it always did seem so odd to me that there were not enough Englishmen in Battersea to send one to Parliament. On the other hand I suppose it does help the Empire having an Indian to help govern England; but for some reason your uncle doesn't seem to think so.

Dear me, I am quite forgetting the Liberals, who of course are going to find work for all the unemployed. They used to be very good once, but now somebody ought to tell them what to do. I'm sure your uncle would if he were asked nicely. He was saying only the other night that they were like a bad circus with a good clown. That reminds me, dear, I was thinking at Olympia that clowns are not what they were. They were *much* funnier when I was a girl.

Your uncle says I have mislaid yesterday's *Morning Post*, so I must go and find what he has done with it. I hope you will take my advice. Remember you have now a responsibility. I have not yet decided for whom to vote myself, but if it is a fine day your uncle will take me in the car and tell me what to do. Puggles sends love.

Your affectionate Aunt,

LAVINIA.

P.S.—Your uncle has just called out, will you ask Sir James Martingale who he thinks will win. He adds, the Derby, not the Election.

P.P.S.—On re-reading your letter I see that you ask what we think of the TOTE, not VOTE! My dear, I don't know *what* it is, but I will inquire of your uncle at the first opportunity. A. A.

Luncheon Fun in N.Z.

"There is something about New Zealand as a whole that is individual. Everyone speaks to everyone else whether you are fighting for a sandwich at a railway station or in a tramcar. This was a most delightful revelation."

New Zealand Paper.

Sandwich serums aren't revealed nearly often enough in our London tramcars.

"MISS GLEITZE TACKLES THE WASH."

Daily Paper.

This probably is more useful than tackling the Channel.



MANNERS AND MODES.

BACK TO LONGER HAIR AND OH! THE DOING OF IT.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

First Old Veteran. "CRICKET IS CRICKET TO-DAY. THESE YOUNGSTERS PLAY A MUCH FINER GAME THAN WE DID."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PERHAPS she deserves to be pilloried, but I am almost sorry for our old friend the typical mischief-making dowager of the typical Anglo-Italian colony as portrayed by Miss MARIE CHER in *Up at the Villa* (Howe). Told in that devastating first person whose revelations of a mean and pretentious character are so much more damaging than any outside insinuation, the legend of Miss CHER's anonymous *châtelaine* reminds me of "ELIZABETH'S" *Caravaners*. But "ELIZABETH'S" autobiographical *Otto*, you remember, merely displayed himself as the innocuous bore and braggart of a pleasant circle; whereas Miss CHER's diarist is as active as an influenza germ in a body already moribund. Dexterously perched on a hill above Rome—there would, I feel, have been too many claimants to her identity on a similar site near Florence—the dowager writes in a medley of purple patches and colloquialisms about her æsthetic reactions and the intrigues of her coterie. "Jasmine is rolling its scented waves," "Rose and Adela seem to be rather thick," and *Adela's* aunt pursues her "cerebral pokings and prying" into the "recessed souls" of her circle until the whole Round Table is tragically dissolved. Watch her providing scope for their aberrations; or flapping like a vulture over their heads to note the precise moment of a moral fall—or, as she primitively styles it,

"overstepping the line." See her niece *Adela*, her niece's suitor, *Rose*, *Silvio* a rapscallion sensualist, *Tatia* a Russian artist, *Woodman* an elderly compatriot, and *Henry* his effete stepson, played off one against the other until the player is left alone. Alone, but not for long; for there are new arrivals at *Woodman's* villa and the game will obviously begin again. Thus does this ingenious but unprepossessing book suggest the immortality of the harpy.

Despite the length of its title there is nothing formidable about *A Voyage to the Island of the Articleles* (CAFE); it is just an hour's highbrow-baiting by M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS, with Mr. DAVID GARNETT acting as interpreter. Two travellers are shipwrecked on the island of Maiana, which is inhabited jointly by the Articleles and the Beos. The Articleles are a superior race, living entirely for the sake of their art, while the Beos (the word is short for "Beotians") reverentially and almost rapturously support the Articleles and minister to their bodily needs. The travellers are examined by a commission and transferred to a "psycharium," where the Articleles, who are always desperately in need of copy, visit them daily and cross-examine them. It is very good fun, but there is always a hint of something deeper, and in the death of *Routchko*, one of the leading Articleles, it finds expression. The reader will laugh happily enough at *Routchko* winning the literary success of the year with a "Confession" of sixteen thousand nine hundred pages,

entitled "Why I Cannot Write." He will not laugh so happily at this same *Routchko* dictating particulars of his death-agony, minute by minute and hour by hour, to relays of typists. "It was then," says one of the travellers, "that I understood the grandeur there is in the standpoint of the *Articoles* in spite of all their weaknesses." And it was then that I, for my part, understood the extreme slimness of this little volume. M. MAUROIS discovered, when he sat down to it, that the joke was not quite as good as he thought.

An Angler's Paradise is about Fishing in Ireland for pike and trout; FABER AND Gwyer bring it out

For F. D. BARKER, an angler kindly, Who carries us off to—he won't tell where—

But the grey loughs roll in the western air

And, if the names are but pen-names—there,

We'll follow our angler blindly;

And we'll find a land where the soft rains sing

And the curlew pipe on the purple ling, Where a five-pound trout is a common thing

And it's five times five ere a pike's called "whacking."

Oh! the greenheart bends in a hoop divine,

And the great fish leap and the bright scales shine

Till the spindle's bare of the silken line, Yes, bare to an inch of backing.

And when you have read (at my behest)

You'll sigh for that Eden all unguessed By "Ballyportree," in the golden West,

And the musical brogue of a "Kerra" gillie,

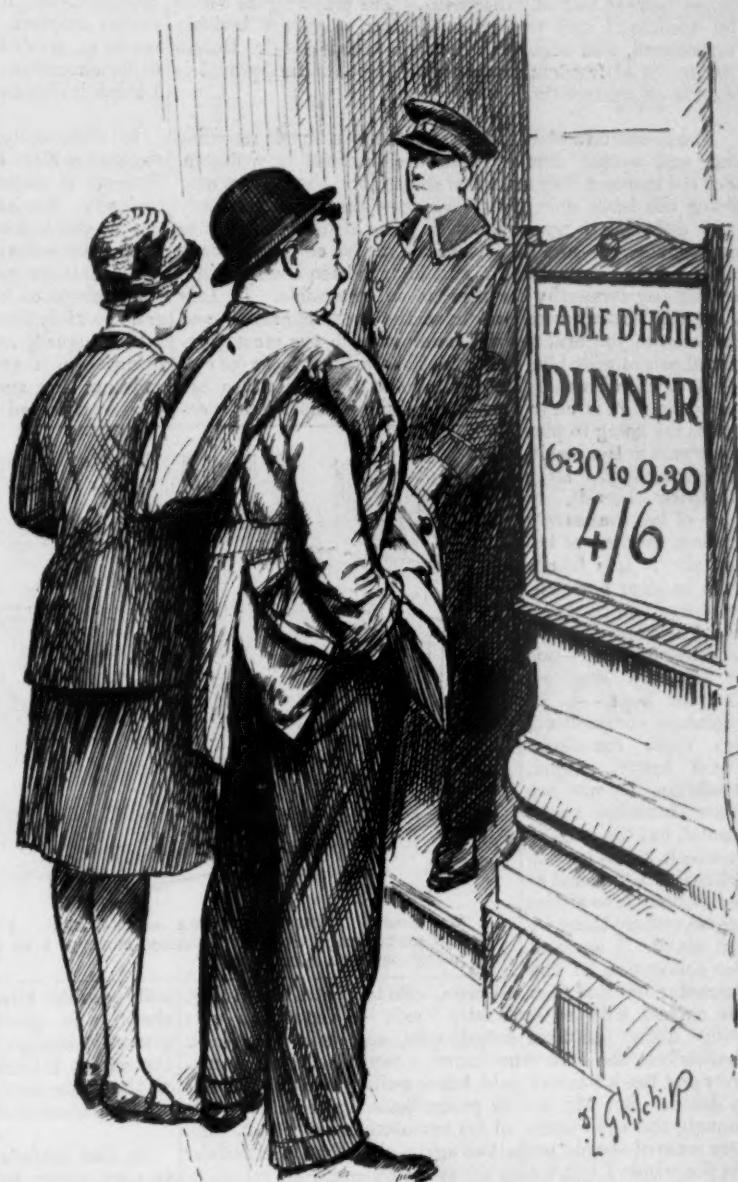
In the land of the golden trout that go Four pounds, six pounds, eight, and oh!

You'll sigh for the pike that grow and grow

In the loughs of the Irish lily.

The perspective of Mr. ANDREW MALONE's survey of *The Irish Drama* (CONSTABLE) reminds me of those excessively be-mirrored restaurants where the same convivial party is reduplicated to the *nth* from every possible angle.

This is a little, I feel, Mr. MALONE's fault. He is here, *inter alia*, to co-ordinate his material, and he has not made the most of his chances. But it is mainly due to the personnel of the Irish Dramatic Movement, who insist on doubling so many parts—producer, playwright, patron, manager and what-not—that every one of their chronicler's chapters under these and similar heads is bound to trespass on the subject-matter of its neighbour. Having said this I have said the worst of a broad-minded, thorough and equable piece of work, which, dealing with a movement not consistently remarkable for any of these attributes, gives every student of the stage a generous opportunity for appreciation and



Geordie. "BA GOOM, YOU CAN GET THINGS CHEAP IN LONDON! THREE SOLID HOURS OF EATIN' FOR FOUR-AN'-A-TANNER!"

judgment. Its writer displays a unique knowledge of Dublin productions, and his familiarity with European drama being equally enthusiastic if less intensive, he is just as fair to the cosmopolitan ideals of EDWARD MARTYN as to the folk-drama of Lady GREGORY and the ethereal romanticism of W. B. YEATS. How Ireland, "engrossed in famine and politics," exported playwrights to nineteenth-century England; how a curiously provincial brand of Catholicism—itsself, of course, largely satisfying the popular demand for drama—resented the new theatre's alliance with Continental free-thought and native paganism; how the divergent ideals of the pioneers made for original work

at first and disruptive working afterwards—all this and much more is tactfully discussed. The playwrights' views on technique and the plots of their plays are lavishly reproduced, and censorship being non-existent in Dublin the policy of freedom tempered by popular disapproval is seen in characteristic action.

The characters of Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN's novels resemble men and women seen by a feverish patient in a dream. For the moment they seem real enough, but they are for ever doing the most unexpected things—things that can only with difficulty be reconciled with their history, appearance and reputation—and at the end the reader closes the book with a sort of shame that he should have been betrayed into feeling any sympathy for persons so impossible. In *Lily Christine* (HUTCHINSON) we have the most charming and innocent of youthful married heroines with the most wonderful pair of wide blue eyes. But she will not wear (or else she is always breaking) the spectacles that might be her salvation. It is clear from the opening that these spec-

tacles are going to play their part in the inevitable tragedy. *Lily Christine* herself, in spite of her excessively modern freedom of behaviour, is less febrile than most of her companions. *Ivor Summerest*, for example, her cricketer-husband—one of Britain's brightest amateur hopes—is an ingenious composition, but quite incredible. These heavy, stupid, handsome fellows are often incurably sentimental, but the lengths to which he will go to get his wife to assist at his various love affairs are beyond anything we can stand. I applaud the conception of the character, but find it over-drawn. So too with *Mrs. Abbey*, the actress with so eminently "safe" a reputation who brings about the final catastrophe, and with the Greek *Ambatriadi*, the man who knows everything about everybody and has a heart of gold, but is swiftly drinking himself to death. But Mr. ARLEN poses these figures of his well enough, and the manner of his narrative is never dull. He uses some of the old properties again—but that is his affair. On the whole I think *Lily Christine* an improved variation on the theme of *The Green Hat*.

I understand that the author of *Mixed Bags* (CHRISTOPHERS) is a distinguished schoolmaster who prefers to cloak his real name behind the pseudonym of "S.C. WESTERHAM." I think that I should have spotted his profession from his opening chapters without being told, for they are somewhat pompous and have a housemasterly smack about them. But later I must admit that the book brought many honest grins. It falls into the Wodehouse category (and this is intended to be flattering), and its motif is the complicated farce of mistaken identity in two country houses. Its hero is a sporting parson who on the eve of his preferment is brought face to face with his future bishop in the most embarrassing circumstances, and its sub-heroines are

quite good county caricatures. If anything the intricacies are overdone; I found myself referring too frequently to earlier chapters. For this reason I think that the story would go much better on the stage, where the manoeuvres of its characters could be more easily followed, and where I think it should be assured of success.

In elaborating, presumably from historical records, the story of a New England witch, *Bilby's Doll*, Miss ESTHER FORBES, it seems to me, has achieved at best a literary curiosity. For her purpose, in *A Mirror for Witches* (HEINEMANN), she has collected all the technical paraphernalia of witchcraft—exorcism, the complications of the evil eye, herbs, cats, poppets, warlocks, cockerow and all the rest of the business on both sides of the contest between the Devil and the Holy See. She avoids working to a climax (in the modern spirit) and even reveals in her chapter headings things which are coming two chapters ahead. Partly owing to this, and to some extent in spite of it, one reads on with a sustained though mild interest, not so much to see

what is going to happen as to see how she will describe it. On the whole one is disappointed. But perhaps the witch's point of view is not actually so thrilling as one imagines it ought to be. Here, at any rate, there seems to be too much petty spite about it.

The Bishop Murder Case (CASSELL) is the first of Mr. S. S. VAN DINE's *Philo Vance* detective stories that I have read, and both in construction and for exciting incident it is really remarkable. The scene is laid in New York, where a series of crimes of a gruesome

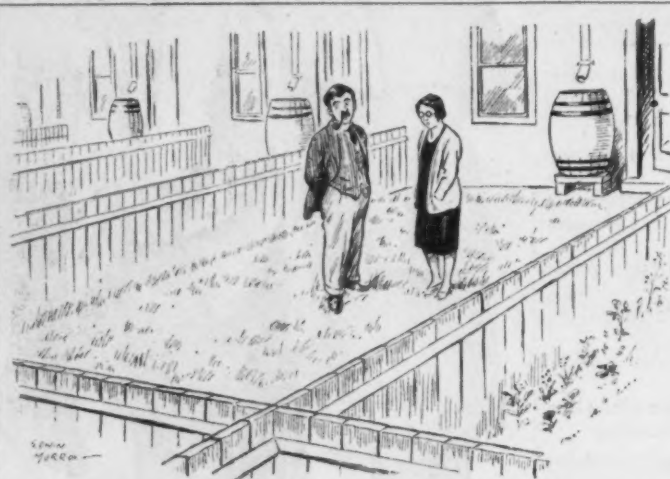
and peculiar kind were being committed, and *Vance*, a sleuth who, apart from a tedious clipping of his g's is attractive enough, set to work to catch the criminal. From the outset I found it possible to suspect the perpetrator of these murders, but not until he stood revealed were my suspicions confirmed.

In *The Major's Candlesticks* (METHUEN) we are given an opportunity to renew our acquaintance with *J. J.* and *Major Kent*, and I do not imagine that admirers of Mr. GEORGE BIRMINGHAM will miss it. The *Major*, whose Irish home was burnt down, is now living in England, but when *J. J.* heard that some valuable candlesticks were lying in the Shannon, nothing less than an expedition to search for them would satisfy him. So the *Major*, more to save himself from his friends' importunities than with any hope of finding the hidden treasure, allowed himself to be wafted back to Ireland. And having arrived, *J. J.* took charge, with results which even that dynamic parson has never surpassed. A most entertaining and amusing story.

"Wanted, man out of work to blow tally-ho horn."

Manchester Paper.

Another bright idea of the Wizard from Wales?



New Tenant. "NOW, ABOUT THE GARDEN, DEAR. I'VE JUST GOT A RIPPING LITTLE BOOK ON AFFORESTATION, AND NOW I'VE ABSOLUTELY GOT MY HEART SET ON A DENSE WOOD."

CHARIVARIA.

THE ambition of Japan, it seems, is to be head of the nations at lawn-tennis. We dread the day when it will be considered the duty of a defeated player to commit hara-kiri on the Centre Court at Wimbledon. * *

Whatever doubts there may be as to whether it is to be a stockingless Wimbledon or not, it is quite certain that many people intend to have a shirtless Epsom. * *

It is understood that, in the event of a ban being placed on the no-stockings vogue, arrangements will be made to form a subscription club at which games of tennis would be played without stockings on Sunday evenings. * *

Tired of the city life of New York a millionaire has built himself a one-floor bungalow of four rooms at Palm Beach. This is believed to be the lowest skyscraper in America. * *

The exhibition of a talking-film of a racing expert giving his views on the Derby is regarded as a big step towards enabling the public to see and hear intelligence issuing direct from the horse's mouth. * *

Mr. ANTHONY ASQUITH does not defend the "talkies" as they are at present, but thinks they have an increasingly rosy future, and intimates that he himself may be making one shortly. This more than justifies his sanguine expectations. * *

A correspondent writing to an evening paper says that at one American talking film he heard every word distinctly. We feel confident that if he visited the theatres and saw stage plays instead he would not make such a complaint. * *

A pair of red-faced Japanese apes arrived at Tilbury one day last week. It is only fair to say that they attribute their high colour purely to indigestion. * *

Mr. G. B. SHAW cannot understand why an artistic people like the Hungarians should be popular in a country like England. A contributory cause, in

our opinion, is the bond of reverence for Lord ROTHERMERE. * *

A distinguished professional golfer has impressed a gossip-writer as resembling *Brer Rabbit*. The resemblance is more usual in undistinguished amateurs. * *

The National Union of Welsh Societies have asked bank authorities to print cheques in the Welsh language. We should hate to hear our bank manager saying what he thought of our overdraft in Welsh. * *

A boy charged with house-breaking at St. John's Wood said that he had been bored by the dull cricket at Lord's and wanted to try what it was like to

departure from Afghanistan, but he is believed to have retained his Western ideals. * *

The glare of the recent factory fire at Southend is said to have been so intense that it was seen at sea. * *

The pigeon which has returned to Wigan after having been missing since it took part in a Continental race seven years ago is believed locally to have satisfied itself that there are worse places than Wigan. * *

A specially-constructed hammer which could be used on a steel chisel without making a noise was found on a man charged with breaking into a Hackney house. The thoughtfulness of burglars in not wanting to disturb the rest of householders is very well known. * *

According to a report of the Research Committee of the American Silk Association, women who buy silk dresses will soon be wearing a material that is composed of sixty per cent tin. Schoolboys have long prayed for a trousering containing one hundred per cent reinforced tin. * *

Twenty tons of stone from the Houses of Parliament are to be sold by auction in small pieces as souvenirs. We are asked to say that these have nothing to do with the seats which so many ex-M.P.'s have just lost. * *

A Hollywood film-star who is about to appear in a German "talkie" knows no English and is not interested in learning the language. His disability and indifference are shared by many who appear in American "talkies." * *

It is proposed to have a detective course at Chicago University. We understand that there will be a thorough grounding in professional etiquette, with emphasis on the necessity of not removing the bowler-hat in the presence of the body. * *

A golfer drives balls from the noses of caddies as they lie supine on the ground. We hope that, if he swung too low, he would respect the rule that requires divots to be replaced.



Motor Salesman. "THE ENGINE IN THIS CAR, SIR, IS PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL WITH THAT USED BY THE SCOTLAND YARD FLYING SQUAD."

Speed Fiend. "AH, YES—BUT HAVEN'T YOU SOMETHING LIKE THE CAR-BANDITS USE?"

be a burglar. The fear that they are driving spectators to crime is calculated to put batsmen off their game. * *

A Fiji Islander, bowling terrifically fast, is reported to have taken nine wickets in ten balls for no runs, and it is anticipated that he will be invited to qualify for Lancashire. * *

We learn from a beauty hint that eyebrows need an occasional tonic. Does Mr. GEORGE ROBEY know this? * *

Seats for pedestrians are being provided on certain arterial roads. Confidence is felt that motorists will consider it unsporting not to let sitters alone. * *

Some of ex-King AMANULLAH's impedimenta had to be left behind on his

A NEW ARISTOCRACY.

[No reference is here made either to the present or any past Patronage Secretary or other actual person.]

ONLY those whose privilege it has been to pass to leeward of a soap works in operation can realise the iron resolution of a man who can stay in the business long enough to make a fortune out of it.

Samuel Blodgers was such a man. In the rich atmosphere of his soap works he had grown wealthy. He was also one of your strong silent men. Men in soap factories seldom open their mouths. They try as far as possible to breathe through their pores. Strong silent men get their own way, usually; Blodgers got his, always.

Being a multi-millionaire, Blodgers naturally wanted a title, so he went to tell the Patronage Secretary.

The Patronage Secretary sat behind a carved table at the far end of a long dignified room—long enough to give the inferiority complex to everybody who had to walk down it. Blodgers did not get it, however, because his own office at the soap works was much longer and even more dignified.

"You're the Patronage Secretary, I believe," he said. "I'm Blodgers the soap man."

"Indeed," said the Patronage Secretary in frigid tones. "As it happens I am not at the moment requiring any soap. In any case the Kitchen Committee, I believe, deal with such matters."

"I'm not here to sell soap; I'm here to buy a peerage. 'Lathermore' is the name I've chosen. 'Lord Lathermore.'" He laid his cheque-book on the table. "How much?"

"Titles," replied the Patronage Secretary with dignity, "are not bought and sold like—er—soap. It is a popular but fallacious belief, which has frequently been contradicted by those who should know best, namely, our more recent creations."

"Bunkum," said Blodgers. "How much?"

"Your manners, Sir," said the Patronage Secretary, "entirely preclude the possibility of your ever being offered such a dignity. I do not see that any good purpose could be served by continuing this interview." He rose and bowed.

Blodgers took out his fountain-pen and gave it a preliminary shake.

"Let's get down to brass tacks," he said. "How much?"

"This interview is at an end," said the Patronage Secretary frigidly, reaching a finger towards a bell on the table.

Blodgers lifted the bell out of his reach.

"If I don't get a title," he said, "I'll found a peerage of my own that'll make yours look like fourpence."

"See this advertisement," he went on, holding out a piece of paper. "That'll appear in all the papers to-morrow. Read it." He threw it across and sat back, strong and silent.

The Patronage Secretary adjusted a pair of horn-rimmed glasses, picked up the paper and read:—

"To parents and expectant parents. Commencing from this date the sum of one pound will be paid to the parents of every child who shall be christened by them with the name of a title as one of his or her Christian names, placed in the proper sequence. Examples: Earl Smith, Lord John Jones, Viscount Williams, Lady Amelia Robinson, etc., etc."

"Furthermore, the sum of one pound will be paid to each such child upon each succeeding birthday throughout life, provided he/she has continued to use such title as his/her Christian name. A trust fund has been created sufficient to ensure the continuation of such payments to the first ten thousand applicants therefor."

"Got the idea?" asked Blodgers. "Ten thousand Lords and Ladies all in their own right. Slums crawling with 'em. Gaols, reformatories, workhouses full of marquises, countesses and what not. Police reports: Viscount Wilkins found in possession of burglarious instruments; Lady Mary Ann Jorkins fined for being drunk and disorderly in the East India Dock Road; Earl Muggins and Lord Juggins, charged with wandering without visible means of support, declared themselves to be in receipt of an annuity from the Blodgers' Trust. Wait till I publish *Blodgers' Peerage!* Why, your crowd will have to discard their titles and fight to get their names into *Debrett's Misterage.*"

"Joking apart," said the Patronage Secretary, speaking with his eyes shut as one in a trance, "there are certain channels through which recommendations for peerages must pass. Public service, of course, is the basic principle of such awards. I may say, I think I may say, that I think that in refraining from founding your fund you will be performing a public service worthy of the most distinguished recognition. Need I say more?"

"STAGGERING PROBLEM.
The Increasing Population of Heavitree Parish."

Headlines in Local Paper.

But as old Nanny used to say, "Give the childer time, Mum, and them as can walk will walk."

A LITTLE CONFUSING;

OR, HORSE-SENSE IN 1929.

"WHERE are we drifting, brothers?" I said to the rich and poor,
And the dining-man and the dancer
And the working-man made answer,
"It might be one of the others,
But probably Cragadour."

"What of the three great Parties?" I said (this time to the Sphinx),
And she said, "There have been inquiries
Now and again for Osiris,
But many there be whose heart is
Enamoured of Joynson-Jinks."

"Pity the poor elector!" I cried to the crimson may,
And the may (which is most peculiar)
Told me that nothing trulier
Flattered the eye than Reflector,
Kopi and Walter Gay.

"Pity the earnest striver!" I sobbed to the sun at noon,
"He is weary with too many voices,"
And the sun replied, "My choice is,
You cannot go wrong with a fiver
Both ways on Hunter's Moon."

Nobody seemed quite certain
What destiny meant to bring—
Stale Mate or Rattlin the Reefer;
Now as the time grew briefer
Peepers behind the curtain
Counted En Garde the thing.

I went to the totalisators—
Or were they the Council Schools?—
And timidly placed my money
On something extremely funny:
They may have been legislators,
They may have been merely mules.

But what is to happen to Britain
Remains for the wise to see;
For a blue day follows a grey day,
And a sad day follows a Gay Day,
And the end perhaps is written
For a dark Posterity! EVOE.

Sob-Stuff in Commerce.

"Wanted, Lady-Gardener with experience of forcing blubs, etc., for trade."
Daily Paper.

"Experienced Shorthand-Typist Bookkeeper required, for heating engineer's office."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We know these little rays of sunshine.

"In another branch of sport Skipton has an equal pride, for it claims—all visitors say with reason—to have one of the finest eight-hole Golf Courses in England."

Skipton Official Guide.

So far as we know its claims are unrivalled.



"THEN NONE WAS FOR A PARTY;
THEN ALL WERE FOR THE RACE."

(After MACAULAY.)

JOHN BULL (sated with the Election). "WELL, THAT'S THAT. NOW FOR A LITTLE SERIOUS RECREATION."



Hostess (to precious young man). "THE OTHERS ARE OFF TO TENNIS AND GOLF. I UNDERSTAND YOU DON'T CARE FOR GAMES, SO WILL YOU HELP ME TO ANNIHILATE THE APHIS?"

Precious Young Man. "SORRY; I DON'T SHOOT."

COMMUNICATION DRILL.

THERE is a menace of summer in the air, and preparations for manoeuvres are y-cumen in. That is why our Lieutenant Holster is now out on the parade-ground walking aimlessly up and down with a vacant but soldierly expression, while his men bawl at one another from fifty yards apart. Or, as he would put it, he is supervising his platoon at Communication Drill.

Communication Drill, which occupies the same place in the Training Manuals as the clown's turn in a circus, is a simple business. It consists in getting the front rank of a platoon extended at four paces' interval along one side of the parade-ground while the rear-rank, similarly spaced, are extended along the other. Each man of the front rank then treats his opposite number as a squad and puts him through any drill or rifle exercises he fancies—vociferously, simultaneously and *con molta espressione*. In theory Communication Drill is designed to develop initiative in the private soldier, in case, I suppose, some sudden epidemic carries off in a few hours a Colonel, a Major or so, half-a-dozen Captains, a score of Lieutenants

and innumerable non-commissioned officers, and leaves him unexpectedly in command of the battalion. In practice, of course, it only develops his sense of humour.

And now we will just walk out for a moment and watch our friend Private Pullthrough. Lieutenant Holster is this minute strolling in his direction and Sergeant Haversack has paused behind him, so there is great activity in Pullthrough's entourage. He is trying to drill Private Muzzle, about fifty yards away, but as Private Rifle twelve feet to his left and Private Sling twelve feet to his right are also drilling their rear rank number fifty yards away, and as Sergeant Haversack is passing a remark to Corporal Foresight seventy yards away, the general effect is like an I.L.P. Conference discussing Capitalism.

"SQUORD!" roars Pullthrough hopelessly.

Muzzle, standing at ease, continues to chew gum reflectively and comment in a caustic undertone on the antics of his neighbour on the left who is doing complicated things with his rifle at the instigation of his "officer," Private Sling.

"SQUORD!" An accompanying but

unspoken malediction fetches up telepathically on Muzzle's nerve-centres. He starts guiltily, transfers his gum to the foresight of his rifle and tries to recognise Pullthrough's voice in the medley of sound opposite. Suddenly he comes to attention and turns-about in answer to an order from Private Rifle intended for Private O'Jector on his right. O'Jector corrects him in a virulent aside just as Pullthrough's third "SQUORD!" comes thundering through the babel. Muzzle turns back and stands at ease again with the indignant air of a deceived child.

"Atten-n-n-SHUN—Slo-o-ope-HYP—Qui-i-ick-MUCH!" bellows Pullthrough rapidly, his main idea being to get Muzzle nearer where he can drill him so efficiently that both Sergeant Haversack and Lieutenant Holster will decide that he ought to be made a lance-corporal on the spot.

Muzzle tramps stolidly forward. While he is in motion Pullthrough, howling frantically amid the tumult, makes him trail arms, carry arms and finally slope arms. Unfortunately just as he is glancing aside at Lieutenant Holster to see if he has a promotion-on-the-field expression on his face Muzzle

again intercepts someone else's order in the clamour, this time from Private Sling. He turns right and is off down the line at the double, to his own bewilderment and the great annoyance of four other would-be lance-corporals, whose tenuous verbal link with their "squads" he has thus nearly severed.

Luckily Pullthrough has a powerful voice, in which respect he differs from Private Butt, whose immense frame supports a mere reedy pipe and who lost his opposite number, Private Barrel, one minute after the drill began and hasn't seen him since. Private Barrel, by the way, blissfully unconscious, is at the far end of the parade-ground marching and counter-marching in response to any order from among the babel that strikes him as being Private Butt's.

Private Muzzle however is saved this fate. He—and two others—are brought back to duty by a stentorian "ABEOWT TUR-R-R-N!" from Pullthrough, who, finding Holster and Sergeant Haversack have now moved on, relieves his feelings by bringing Muzzle up to within two paces and telling him what he thinks of him in an undertone for three minutes. When Muzzle starts to answer back Pullthrough gives him the order to present arms to him (Pullthrough), and, upon Muzzle's protesting, Pullthrough quite illegally makes him mark time as well, adding as an artistic touch several successive about-turns. This reduces Muzzle to the level of a humorous mechanical toy and effectively prevents any repartee till Pullthrough makes him trail arms and retire at the double by the right.

But Muzzle's revenge soon comes. Having been sent away fifty paces and stood at ease for a two-minute breather, he takes a further five minutes on his own by steadfastly refusing to hear Pullthrough's shrieks of "Atten-n-n-SHUN" in varying keys. When Pullthrough at last shows signs of rupturing a blood-vessel Muzzle puts a hand behind his ear and directs at him an inquiring and reproachful look, as of one who, while fond of a rest, really must condemn downright slackness. At this Pullthrough blows a hook off his tunic collar, whereupon Muzzle comes smartly to attention, slopes arms, turns about and marches swiftly towards the barrack-rooms. Deaf to all Pullthrough's "Abeowt TUR-R-R-NS" he nevertheless at intervals looks round with a hand to his ear with the noble gesture of one going to certain death while vainly awaiting the Order That Does Not Come. Reaching the barrack buildings he turns impeccably on the right heel and left toe and passes out of sight behind a corner. Here he sits down and rests for the remainder of the drill.



OUR SPORTING WICKETS.

Fond Wife. "HAROLD, DEAR, HAVE YOU TAKEN YOUR TEETH OUT?"

Private Pullthrough, resigning himself to the inevitable, takes it easy for a minute till Lieutenant Holster comes past, when he immediately begins to shout hoarse but masterful orders at an imaginary squad, even checking it severely for imaginary faults. This, however, is tiring work, so soon he turns his imaginary squad into an imaginary "officer" and proceeds to manœuvre to hypothetical words of command till he arrives near the corner which hides Private Muzzle. Here, still acting under the orders of a non-existent superior, he turns and presents arms to the scene of his late activities and passes off-stage

to join his comrade at rest with ceremonial slow march and arms reversed.
A. A.

The Importance of Being Thin.

"Ministers' Seaside Home, —, North Devon.—Now is the time for ministers of slender incomes (and wives) to apply for accommodation . . ."—*Religious Paper.*

"Lady, small car, wants post."

Manchester Paper.

She has only to drive.

"He left £2,000 to the Vicar and churchwardens to be used for any parochial purpose they may think fit."—*Manchester Paper.*
Even the printer was sympathetic.

MR. MAFFERTY CONSIDERS THE OPPRESSED SUBJECT RACES.

"I'm wonderin'," said Mr. Mafferty, "will I take ship to Jamaica an' settle down easy in the sun. There's too much talk about work in this island. I never speak to a man or woman without they'll be tellin' me what work they're at or what work they're seekin'. I'm sick of the word employment. A million citizens lookin' for work! There's somethin' wrong with the country surely."

"An' them politicians! When they're not complainin' there's too little work for the poor unfortunite Englishman it's tragical tears they're weepin' because there's too much work for the poor unfortunite black man. I've heard a ton of talk latterly about the oppressed subject races of the British Empire, an' they tramped under the brutal heel of the white gentlemen that do be lyin' in the shade with a lemon-drink while the poor unfortunite black feller is perspirin' in the open. I've seen men standin' on tubs in the West of London with the hot tears scourin' their cheeks on account of the miserable negroes three continents away. I've seen men rantin' an' ragin' concernin' the British Empire the way you'd think it was an instrument of torture, though they've seen no more of the British Empire than you can see from the Isle of Wight on a fine day."

"Well, I've seen parts of it only meself, but I've seen the oppressed subject races in Jamaica, an' a fine an' peaceful kind of an oppression it is. Them negroes—I beg your pardon, there's no negroes in Jamaica, nor black men nor white; them words is forbidden, for it's grand an' democratic the little Colony is—there's Jamaicans only an' British citizens, though, if you want the truth, by reason of long residence in a hot sun it's kind of sunburnt some of them are, you understand. An' there's reason in it; for no man thinks shame of a freckle or two, an' what's a negro but a man with one large freckle? Well, them Jamaicans, I'm tellin' you, is fine friendly fellers; they have the teeth of tigers an' the grace of gods, an' they walkin' the road with a wide smile, singin'. They're fond of laughin'

an' lovin' an' wearin' pink, an' talkin' nonsense at the market, an' singin' hymns, an' seein' the pictures in the moonlight. For they have no roofs to the cinemas there, Mr. Heather, an' that's one more piece of cruelty an' oppression. An' they have their own Parliament, an' that's another.

"Well, you'll be thinkin' there's points of likeness between them Jamaicans an'

beginnin' by reason of the Fall of Man? I never heard of ADAM and EVE searchin' for employment in the Garden of Eden, an' they not stirrin' themselves unless it would be for a change of scenery or to take the peel off a pomegranate. But what was the first thing came to them when they misbehaved? Work, Mr. Heather! There was no talk then of the joy of toil or the dignity of labour.

Work? It's not a natural occupation at all.

"An' them Jamaican peasants have the true philosophy in these matters. Indeed, why would they not, and they residin' in a little Eden of their own, where you've only to look hard at a piece of land an' wish, an' upcomest twenty-five banana-trees or a ship-load of sugar. An' every man has his own small little patch, with his palm-tree an' his mango-tree, an' his yams an' bread-fruit an' maybe an outlandish vegetable or two. It's fine an' happy he could pass his days, from the first of the year till the latter end, an' he layin' quiet in the shade of his own trees, or maybe another's, waitin' for the fruit to fall. But by reason of the great number of children he has, an' the great joy he has of wearin' fine coloured clothes an' dressin' his girls in pink cotton frocks, an' by reason of education an' the devil knows what misfortunes besides, he has to go against his nature an' his principles an' work. An' I'll tell you what kind of a week's work the poor unfortunite oppressed feller has to do under the cruel heel of the British Empire."

"Well, the week begins on Monday, the same as elsewhere. I tell you that because it's a quare strange little island, that one, an' things happen you'd not be expectin'. Ash Wednesday, now, is the first day of a time of fastin' an' self-denial, is it not, Mr. Heather, an' the whole civilised world, you'd say, thinkin' a sober thought or two, an' tightenin' the belt? Well, you'd be wrong; for in Jamaica Ash Wednesday's a public holiday. The shops shut an' the Public Offices, there's horse fairs an' cricket-matches an' eatin' an' drinkin' an' the girls walkin' abroad in their pink frocks an' powder. An' that's a lesson for us all, Mr. Heather, the way we'd not be takin' anythin' for granted."



Would-be Rescuer. "AND WHATEVER YOU DO, STOP TURNING ROUND AND ROUND LIKE THAT. YOU'RE UNRAVELLING THE ROPE."

me own poor countrymen, an' you'll be thinkin' the truth. An' there's one grand quality we have in common. They've no nonsense in their heads about the joy of work nor the dignity of labour, nor none of that Saxon tomfoolery at all. There's reason in work in a cold climate where a man has to keep warm, and there's reason in work in a hot climate if a man wants something to eat. But there's no sense in makin' a virtue of it the way you do in this place. Wasn't it designed as a curse an' punishment from the very

expectin'. Ash Wednesday, now, is the first day of a time of fastin' an' self-denial, is it not, Mr. Heather, an' the whole civilised world, you'd say, thinkin' a sober thought or two, an' tightenin' the belt? Well, you'd be wrong; for in Jamaica Ash Wednesday's a public holiday. The shops shut an' the Public Offices, there's horse fairs an' cricket-matches an' eatin' an' drinkin' an' the girls walkin' abroad in their pink frocks an' powder. An' that's a lesson for us all, Mr. Heather, the way we'd not be takin' anythin' for granted."

"But the Jamaica Monday begins the same as others, though it's quare an' different it continues. You'd say that Monday was the worst day in the English week, wouldn't you now, an' the whole nation crawlin' back to work reluctant, like sheep to the slaughter? Well, in Jamaica it's a day of quiet an' meditation for the down-trodden countryman. He begins the day talkin' about work, the same as yourselves, but that's as far as he goes. There's a great bargainin' an' argufyin' with the boss every Monday mornin' about the work he'll do in the week an' the wages he'll take; an' away he goes complainin' to his place of labour. An' he'll cut a couple of sugar-canes, or maybe one, or he'll make a small little hole with the harrow by the side of a banana-tree, so as to mark the job for his own, the way no man can come there on Tuesday mornin' an' take it from him. An' then he'll sit down a short space in the shade an' consider an' meditate upon the week to come, an' the great quantity of work he'll be doin' in that time. A kind of heaviness takes hold of him then, an' he mutterin' to his own self, 'Can't cut cane at a

shillin' a ton, Massa, can't cut cane at a shillin' a ton,' or the like of that; an' then maybe he'll have a burnin' sense of injustice an' wrong, an' away he goes to his own home. Nor no man says a word to the contrary, for it's the custom of the country. An' a fine custom it is itself.

"Well, that's Monday in Jamaica, a day of injustice an' oppression an' peaceful meditation. But on the Tuesday mornin' you'll see him at work, as cheerful as a cockroach, an' it flyin' the fields on a hot night in the month of June. All Tuesday he works an' all Wednesday he works an' all Thursday he works as well. But about noon on Thursday he'll be overcome by a burnin' sense of injustice an' wrong, to think of the great space of time he's been at work for a poor small pittance unworthy of his exertions. An' this same sensation grows worse instead of better, till about noon on Friday he can bear it no longer, an' he takes his wages an' goes to his own place; nor no man hinders him, for it's the custom of the country. But when he comes to his own place there's a grand new energy an' determination in his movements, an' he

makin' ready his yams an' mangoes an' bits of vegetables for the market on Saturday. On Saturday mornin' you'll see him marchin' into market with a great load balanced on his head, as straight an' easy as a tree walkin'. An' all Saturday he'll be talkin' nonsense at the market, an' laughin' an' arguin' an' sellin' his yams. An' on Sunday he'll be goin' to church an' meditatatin' in the shade an' maybe singin' a song. But on Monday it's time to be thinkin' about work again, an' he spends Monday thinkin' about work, as I told you before.

"Friday noon till Tuesday mornin'—it's the longest week-end in the world, Mr. Heather. An' it's meself could suffer gladly a little oppression an' tyranny of the same kind." A. P. H.

It has been pointed out that EPSTEIN's latest Night Mère could hardly be expected to be beautiful. After all she's only a Railway Sleeper.

"Cut scraper wanted: regular work."

Daily Paper.

A fine opportunity for those musicians whom the Talkies have ousted.



Customer. "IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY HOW I WANT IT DONE. NOT COMPLETELY SHINGLED, AND YET MORE THAN MERELY BINGLED; IN FACT—"

Hairdresser. "I UNDERSTAND, MADAM—JUST WANGLED."

BLACK TO MATE IN TWO.

Harris tipped the chess-men out of their box. "To it, my lad," he said, neatly extracting the White King and setting it in place.

"Are you aware," I inquired coldly, "that White, which you have apparently selected for yourself, has the privilege of first move?"

"Oh, have I taken White?" he asked with an air of surprise. "It's no advantage to have first move," and he dismissed the incident.

"I should much prefer to take White myself," I persisted. "As you are perfectly well aware, Black can't possibly win."

A peevish voice demanded to be told what kind of nonsense I was talking.

"If, my poor fellow, you read decent newspapers," I explained, "and studied the Chess Problems each day you would not argue about an accepted fact. Black never wins. Every single time White gets him into a fearful mess and says, 'Mate in two,' or if he's a little below form that day, 'Mate in three.' It's always a foregone conclusion. That," I added firmly, "is the reason I propose to be White."

"Rubbish," said Harris rudely. "However, we will tussle for it as you're so fussy."

We tossed, and with a feeling of gentle melancholy I erected the Black chess-men in front of me.

It is a fact, though, really. Look at a few Chess Problems and you will see that White simply can't go wrong. Why Black even bothers to play at all I can never understand.

This is the sort of thing that always happens: the Black King's surviving retainers are scattered over the board in amazingly futile positions. The poor monarch himself, the corse of his consort long since removed, stands despairingly in a perfect welter of White enemies. Bishops glare diagonally in his direction; Knights poise themselves ready to leap in their curious fashion round corners at him; even common Pawns hang about sneering openly. And then it always happens; the White Queen sweeps majestically across the board (with a merry cry of "Check!") and is promptly snapped up by an unsuspecting Black Pawn, who ought to know better. Whereupon a White Knight, concealing a grin with difficulty, slithers into the vacated square and murmurs, "Mate, I rather think." The poor old Black King's number is up once again!

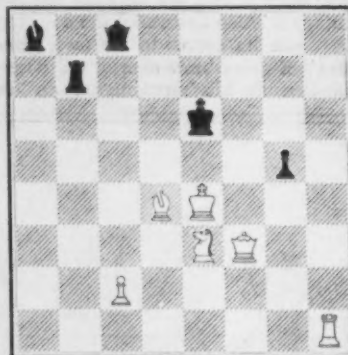
I mean—dash it!—what chance had I got in my game with Harris?

He led off, muttering something about "Queen's Pawn opening" (to impress

me), and we proceeded to "decimate" each other's army with as little delay as possible. We play a strictly rigid "pawn-for-a-pawn" game, Harris and I. Not for us the clever finesse which, by giving away a Rook or so for nothing, produces a brilliant opening ten moves later. A Pawn and a Bishop for a Knight, for example, or two Bishops for a Rook, are our unswerving terms of barter; and we cherish our Queen so far above rubies that we keep her securely guarded in the background, where she can come to no harm and, indeed, take very little part in the game at all.

Ten minutes' intensive warfare reduced the field to meagre proportions. Amongst the Pawns one lonely soul on either side remained to tell the tale. I still possessed my Queen, a Rook and a Bishop. Harris had the same pieces with, rather annoyingly, a Knight thrown in.

It is doubtful if the tactical disposition of the pieces would have won the



Black to play and mate in two moves.

admiration of Señor CAPABLANCA had he chanced to examine the board at this stage. Improbable too that he would have commented warmly on the skill with which White (or even Black) was building up his attack. More likely he would have given one low cry of pain and bewilderment and been removed in a fainting condition.

I had been eyeing Harris's last Pawn longingly for some time. It involved a bold raid into enemy country, as the Pawn had never been moved at all during the game; but it seemed an excellent idea to take it. With great daring I unleashed my Queen and sent her to get the fellow.

"That also puts me in 'Check,'" observed Harris. (This was news to me.) A horrible look of gloating spread over his face and my Queen was ignominiously removed by that infernal Knight; I had forgotten, as usual, the idiotic way which a Knight has of moving.

It was not only a serious blow, it

was a very dirty trick. In our Chess circle it is a point of honour in such circumstances to give a warning by saying, "You're quite sure you mean to leave your Queen *there*, are you?" Or at any rate (and more usual perhaps) to look sympathetic and pretend to be very sorry about the whole thing. Gloating isn't done.

I said as much to Harris.

"My dear fellow," he argued, "what could I do? I was forced to take your Queen—there was no other way out of 'Check.' My King couldn't move; it's tied up completely, as you see. I naturally thought," he added (and I knew he lied), "that it was part of your game to put me in 'Check' and sacrifice your Queen."

"Do you imagine," I asked bitterly, "that I would think it worth while losing my Queen for the pleasure of putting you in 'Check' for five seconds?"

"I don't pretend," said Harris unpleasantly, "to be able to read your mind."

I busied myself with lighting a pipe to cover my disgust.

Not having many pieces left to choose from, I was moving my Rook, tentatively trying each square in turn, when the match burnt my fingers and I let go the piece without thinking. Harris at once claimed that my move was made.

In vain I protested that quite obviously it was a mistake; that it was unthinkable that I would leave my Rook knowingly on that square where it was an easy prey for his Queen. Harris maintained stoutly that the move was completed and quoted the rules on the subject.

"Very well," I said with hauteur.

"Watch me closely," invited the fellow, quite unabashed. "The game is practically over now. I shall just take that Rook of yours and then—"

"One moment," I interposed. "It's hardly worth mentioning, I know, but aren't you in 'Check' again?"

Harris glared at the board. It appeared that the movement of the Rook had exposed my Bishop, and there it was, sanctimoniously threatening the White King from the north-west corner.

Harris studied the board closely; then very closely indeed. He could neither take the Bishop nor get any piece in between. Nor could the miserable King move on to either of the other squares to the north; my own King was seeing to that. To the west his own Bishop foolishly blocked the way; the east was guarded by my Pawn. Two open squares to the south alone seemed to offer sanctuary to the poor wretch.

Then the true beauty of the thing



"EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU SWALLOW THAT SMOKE?"
 "SURE."
 "THEN PLEASE DO."

dawned on me. These two squares, the only safe squares, were cleverly guarded by my Rook. And Harris had insisted on its being left there!

He saw it too; one single rude word issued from his lips.

Harris had remarked that the game was practically over. He understated the case; it was over. And Black had—

"Replace the board," I commanded, "exactly as it was two moves ago—before I took your Pawn with my Queen."

Harris, utterly crushed, obeyed in silence.

"And now," I cried in ringing tones, "summon the Press photographers of the world. Let them photograph this historic board from all conceivable angles. Then let them scurry back to their dens and thrust these pictures into their printing-presses!"

"To-morrow," I thundered, "teeming millions will know the great news and marvel at it. For underneath this chess-board will be printed, boldly and fearlessly, *Black vindicated, Black*

the scorned and derided, Black (after years of patient endeavour) MATES IN TWO.

"Good old Black," I concluded with emotion.

Key to Problem.

BLACK.	WHITE.
Q x P	Kn x Q
R - QKn6	
(mate).	

From red-leader to Red Leader.

"Mr. Maxton became a shipyard worker in the small yard of Messrs. —, Polmadie, first as labourer, then as red-leader, plater's helper, and carpenter's mate."—*Scots Paper.*

The Spread of Bare Legs.

"To-morrow (Sunday) at 8.15

GATEWAY OF THE MOON.

Dolores Del Rio.

With Attractive Shorts."

Jersey Cinema Poster.

"While Mr. — was not motoring with his wife and friends last evening his shop was gutted by fire."—*Daily Paper.*

The lapses of these inveterate motorists often have very serious consequences.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

PIRATE BUSES.

A PIRATE BUS must surely be A most exciting thing to see, With pirates clinging to the sides And snatching people up for rides. I don't suppose they really look Like pirates in a story-book, Nor ever dare to carry guns, Not even very little ones. But still they must be fierce and bold, With dangly earrings made of gold, And coloured shirts and stripy caps And pistols in their belts perhaps.

I do so wish that we could meet A Pirate Bus in Baker Street, Or dashing through the Park, you know,

Where buses aren't allowed to go, While brave policemen rushed about And did their best to chase it out; For Joan and I have never met With any kind of pirate yet. And don't you think it's hard on us Never to see a Pirate Bus? R. F.

A STATE OF BLISS.

THE Arampur State has a railway of its own. It connects with the British India system at Dhuligaum Junction, where one is in touch with the great and bitter world. Everybody passes through Dhuligaum—viceroys, governors, globe-trotters, soldiers, railway officials and worse.

Now and then one of these leaves the through train to the North and tries to take the branch-line to Arampur. But the mere sight of a European stranger puts our men and ourselves on their and our mettle. We don't want strangers in this paradise or the good thing will get about. Fortunately it is one hundred-and-seventy miles from Dhuligaum to Arampur, and during a run of that distance on the Arampur State Railway quite a number of things may happen. The trains are not very fast, even when they are laying themselves out. The unfortunate traveller may be two days on the journey, and there is no food available by the way. The Political Resident and the Assistant P.R. (myself) see to that. The identity and description of any visitor is telegraphed to us and we issue orders accordingly.

If he is somebody important from Simla, we have him delayed long enough to enable us to do some window-dressing and prepare for inspection. For this eunucatory purpose we usually rely on Balu, our spot engine-driver. Other drivers may boast that they can drive safely at high speed or guide crazy engines over doubtful permanent-ways or do other things that excite wonder in the layman, but none can equal Balu at derailling a train. We have only to tell Balu what delay is required; he takes charge of the train, and with the aid of his brother, a platelayer, a derailment of the required seriousness takes place. Nothing could be simpler. The High Official, unable to obtain any other means of transport, is compelled to wait six or seven hours on the spot, leaving us ample time to despatch the State cavalry upon distant manoeuvres and to decide which official documents have been eaten by rats.

We can only delay a High Official; we cannot stop his advance altogether; that would create suspicion. But lesser

men, such as travelling M.P.'s, are warned by station-masters that the line is blocked and that no food is obtainable. This is usually enough; they alight and take the first train back to Dhuligaum, having acquired material for an article and several speeches on Backward India.

Now and then a stubborn traveller, who has brought provisions with him, sets his teeth and decides to see the thing out. Then the local station-master, on the pretext of an alleged fault in the axle, induces the passenger to change carriages, himself personally superintending the transfer of the luggage. Settled in his new quarters, the traveller discovers, after an interval, that the new carriage is as motionless as the old, that his tiffin-basket has

us, Balu waited until he had got the saloon sixty miles over the border. He then, at night, moved the saloon and its sleeping occupant to a siding close up to the buffers, and behind it achieved one of his very finest derailments. In the morning the Traffic Manager could see for himself eight or ten heavy trucks piled up at artistic angles; Balu does this kind of thing perfectly. Glad to escape with his life, the T.M. scuttled back to Dhuligaum and civilisation on a pump-trolley, leaving us the saloon.

Our shooting is very enjoyable nowadays. No more rising at midnight and riding out to a jheel. We saloon it on the spot. And how luxury grows on one! Yesterday the Resident was complaining that, though we had electric light, we still needed an electric cheroot-lighter.

Once a month we write a formal and polite letter to the T.M., informing him that his saloon is still in State territory and requesting him either to make arrangements for its removal, better, to come and fetch it personally. We are confident that, after what he imagines to have been a providential escape from a severe mangling, he will be content to let bygones be bygones and take no action in the matter.

We send the letter, not to rub in our victory, but to put ourselves right at inspections. Any H.O. would sit up at finding a saloon which was not entered in the dead-stock register. He would be unduly elated by the discovery of some discrepancy to report and, having among his connections in Simla many candidates for our jobs, he would spin out the affair to several pages of condemnation of us and our methods. Or, worse still, he would take away the saloon for his own use. E. P. W.

A Political Apology which Should be Demanded.

"At the last election Captain — won the seat from the Liberals with 14,434 votes against £10,524 polled by Mr. —."—*Evening Paper*.

"ELECTION NIGHT JOYS."

At one famous restaurant in the Strand a cocktail party will begin at 11.30 on Friday morning, and the results will continue to be shown throughout the morning, lunch-time and the afternoon."—*Sunday Paper*.

The results of these cocktail-parties appear pretty quickly as a rule.



"WELL, A NICE LONG TALK LIFTS YER TROUBLES A BIT, DON'T IT, MRS. DOWTY?"

"YOU'RE RIGHT, MRS. WILKINS; AND IF WE DIDN'T 'AVE NO TROUBLES WE SHOULDN'T 'AVE NO CONVERSATION NEITHER."

disappeared, and that the station-master cannot be found. He is thus starved out, and it is only when in despair he has boarded the return train that his provision store comes to light again.

One day we heard that the Traffic Manager of a British-India line had invaded the State, being ordered from Simla to pass judgment on the Arampur State Railway system. We learned further that he had come in his own saloon, a bogey of the latest type, fitted with every modern convenience.

Now the Resident and I coveted that saloon. We had long wanted a saloon of that very kind. It could be slung on to any train which happened to pass and detached on any siding near a snipe jheel. We could then sleep overnight in the saloon, surrounded by the modern conveniences, and tumble out at early morn right among the birds.

So, after personal instructions from



FIELDING IN THE DEEP CAN BE VERY DULL—



BUT SUDDENLY—



ONE MAY—



GET—



A CHANCE—



TO DISTINGUISH ONESELF!

Frank Reynolds

GOOD-BYE TO EVERYTHING!

I HAVE come to a great decision. I am going to say good-bye to the world. I shall live henceforward entirely among shadows and dreams. Why endure any longer these crude encounters with warm-faced humanity when in the cool sweet two-dimensional world there is rest, there is calm?

Photography, that siren, has lured me since I was a child. Always that lure has been increasing. Never was I so comfortable in the presence of Clarissa as when gazing at her portrait in a frame. Still more was that true of Uncle Edward. Now, with the latest developments of photography, photography both moving and still, I see no reason why our life should be burdened by meeting in flesh and blood all those persons whose simulacra are so much more beautiful than themselves.

My own rooms, my own company, my own little home cinema and occasional visits to some great darkened picture-house in the Metropolis—these shall now suffice me for the rest of my days. I shall be like the hero of *The Princess* :—

“On a sudden, in the midst of men and day,
And while I walked and talked as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.”

Of a very good photograph in the old days we used to say untruthfully, “What a speaking likeness!”

We can now say it (merciful heavens! can we not?) with truth. There is no stentorian murmur of passion, no shrill shriek of maiden avowal that cannot be mechanically fitted to the ghostly semblance of lovers. There is no brazen bellow of a politician that need be heard from the actual throat of a living man. You can get them, and far louder, on the screen.

There is also the silent company of images that moves through the pages of the daily Press.

I have decided therefore to retire from reality and live amongst these beautiful amphibisbæne for evermore.

I shall not go to the theatre. This is obvious and needs no elaboration.

I shall not attend any ceremonial, any public dinner or any multitudinous gathering again. Why should I? These

things are so much more enjoyable when witnessed in the shadow world of the moving pictures or the back page—the only page I ever look at—of the daily paper that I read.

I shall not go to church. Surrounded by photographs of eminent divines—how young too!—I shall listen to their discourses floated to me magically upon the air.

I shall not go to the Zoological Gardens. The captivity of animals, especially those of the dog and cat tribe, has always seemed to me a little cruel. Happily I can now witness the behaviour of the ocelot and the timber wolf in their own native haunts. Lions and antelopes are brought every morning to my breakfast-table. And when I go to the cinema I am as likely to see the giant sloth wooing his mate to a

I shall not have anyone to stay in this house. Especially not the Blistertons. Here on my private cinema I have made a record of the Blistertons on their last visit, with all their comings-out and goings-in. And whenever I want the Blistertons to stay here again I have only to darken the drawing-room and turn the Blistertons on to my own little silver screen. Lovely and pleasant in their lives are the Blistertons, no doubt, but I like them better in their living photographs. One does not have to get up and fetch them things or ask them what they want to do to-day. Cousin Frederick I have also with me. Cousin Frederick is in Persia, but he is also here. You can see him any night that you will. If the reel on which he is shown were but fitted with a talki-

phone attachment, you could not only see Cousin Frederick taking a whisky-and-soda in the mysterious land of roses and nightingales; you could even hear him saying “When?” I shall make an exception in his favour when he returns to England, a concession that I would not make to others; I shall meet him in the flesh, for he has given me a great many good dinners and he may give me some more. Meanwhile I can watch him at Ispahan. In one portion of the reel he is lighting a cigarette, and in another he is looking at the tyre of a



“IT’S ALL RIGHT, MUM—IT’S ‘ARD-BOILED.”

motor-car. In the course of time I hope to have a kind of funerary vault of films, labelled and carefully arranged, so that at a moment's notice, by fitting them to the projector, I can be transported to a delightful intimacy with any of my friends. Delightful, and how very un-exacting!

And if the Carruthers really want to buy my dog I wonder whether it would not be more restful to have a few barki-phone close-ups. But no. Perish the disloyalty!

I shall not myself travel to any foreign places. That plainly would be absurd. To have all this trouble of passports and luggage and language when photographs, static or mobilised, undertake the labour so much more efficiently and leave the mind untroubled and the body without dust!

I shall give up—put down, I believe, is the word—the motor-car. Ample for me will be the pictures of accidents on

phonographic accompaniment as a flirtation between two Hungarian lovers in “The Fires of Hell.”

I shall not smoke much. I shall find it better to draw closely around me the semblances of all the greatest and best men of the age enjoying cigarettes with a heartiness I cannot myself hope to attain. It has troubled me a little lately to see that they so often wear bandages over their eyes, for I prefer to look closely at the mesmeric features of these authors, these noblemen, these athletes when they are in that Nirvana which comes to them so immediately and surely as they take their first puff at a new cigarette. But I shall like to have them round me when I want a quiet weed, or even when I don't. I shall like to feel how happy they are, these good fellows, who have found cigarette-perfection in the publicity columns. How much happier are they than any three-dimensional faces that I know!

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the back page, and the rapid motor chases on the comic or sensational reels.

I shall not read. It is not necessary any longer to tire the eyes with books. History, biography, drama, romance—they have all become the property of the camera. Nor do I understand why at this moment living records of history are not being made for posterity and stored in stone vases at the British Museum. Why should the historian of the future be asked to struggle with musty documents and old letters when we can give him ocular facts?

I foresee no future for print. Master WILLIAM CAXTON had his brief day, but it is over, or very nearly so. He is pounding with the steam-engine to his doom. Except for this article I can think of nothing that is likely to survive until 1979. . . .

How pleasant to be an anchorite, surrounded by every familiar and unfamiliar presence, listening to every known and unknown voice in the world, yet owing no obligation to any gross corporeal frame!

I pass then into the arms of my enchantment . . . Reality, adieu! *EVOE.*

SOLE CAPRICE.

THERE lingers romance, of a sort.

The other night I picked up my telephone-receiver to make a call, and instantly became an avid listener.

" . . . and it's a lovely bit of wood," came the voice of a man; "he can't fail to be stung by it. When do you propose to bring him?"

"To lunch to-morrow," a girl replied. "How much are you going to ask him for it?"

"Twelve hundred, I thought," said the man. "Do you think he'll rise to that?"

"If you're careful. He's mad keen to pick up some good stuff while he's over. But everything depends on what you give him for lunch."

"Oh, he's that kind, is he? Well, suppose we have caviare—whitebait—spring chicken—and a bombe. And I've got a really prize—"

I couldn't resist it.

"My dear fellow," I shouted, "don't make any mistake. Knock out the whitebait and give him a carefully-done Sole Caprice and you'll have him cold. You'll be able to make it guineas. There are no better fish in the sea—"

I had spoken only just in time. There was a buzz and a click that made my ears sing. Then the prim voice of the operator—

"Number, please."

"There's too much baiting on this line," I said coldly, and rang off.



Owner-driver (happily). "I ALWAYS THINK THE GREAT ADVANTAGE OF A MOTORING HOLIDAY IS THAT IT AUTOMATICALLY SOLVES THE LUGGAGE PROBLEM."

TO A YOUNG PHEASANT.

ATOM of innocence
In the long grass,
Never a pin o' sense
Babyhood has,
Taking such chances—
Men's boots are so thick,
And even St. FRANCIS,
Besandalled St. FRANCIS,
For all his fond fancies
Might tread on a chick.
Life is so pretty too—
Lilac and that—
It would be a pity to
Quit it, squashed flat,
A small cocky-olly
Spread-eagled in June;
And June is so jolly,
So pretty and jolly,
And death is such folly
And life such a boon.

And keeper's a dutiful
Sort of a soul,
And ant-eggs are beautiful,
Simply top-hole;
And if there's a teaching,
A moral to weigh,
In shells that lie bleaching
(Twelve-bore) that lie bleaching,
Lie bleaching, lie bleaching
Beneath the white may,
Why, bother such preaching
On such a fine day
Is all I can say,
And let ant-eggs be ant-eggs,
And long may ants lay!

P. R. C.

"Part of the huge crowd that watched the great fire in High-street, Oxford, on Saturday, when 50,000 records were destroyed."

Caption in Daily Paper.

This leaves even Sir HENRY SEGRAVE well behind.



Slightly spoiled but kind-hearted Film-star (on receiving costly birthday gift). "AFTER ALL, IT'S THE KINDLY THOUGHT THAT COUNTS."

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

THE proud new owner, cook and captain bold, etc. (hereinafter called "I"), of the twenty-eight-foot *Nancy* motor-boat, burst into the drawing-room, where the bosun, midshipmite and so forth (better known as Jane) was busily sewing something totally unconnected with seafaring matters.

"Who says romance is dead?" I exclaimed.

"I never," said Jane indignantly and with a certain lack of style.

"Just look at this," I said, waving a large and important-looking document.

"Can't; too busy," she said, and then with a sigh, "You may read it to me if you m—, if you like."

I took a deep breath and began. "In the Name of God, Amen."

"Well, it's nice and short anyway," said Jane hopefully.

"That's only the beginning," I said. Jane remarked less hopefully, "It seemed kind of final to me."

I took another deep breath and went on hurriedly, "McBoodle, McBoodle, Strathspey & Co. as well in their own name as for and in the name and names of all and every other person or persons

to whom the same doth may or shall appertain in part or in all Doth make assurance and causeth themselves and them and every of them to be assured lost or not lost at and from—"

"I don't quite get that," said Jane. "What about taking it over again a little more *legato*?"

I breathed even more deeply and took it over again.

Jane shook her head. "If it wasn't for the language I should think it was one of these modern poets. By the way, what is it?"

"Well," said I, "it seems to be connected with the *Nancy's* insurance. But listen to this: 'Touching the Adventures and Perils which the said Corporation are contented to bear and do take upon them in this Voyage, they are of the Seas Men of War Fire Enemies Pirates Rovers Thieves Jettizons Letters of Mart and Countermart Surprisals Takings at Sea Arrests Restraints and Detainments of all Kings Princes and People of what nation condition or quality soever Barratry of the Master and Mariners and of all other Perils Losses and Misfortunes—'"

I broke off here. It is so difficult to render adequately a fine prose passage like this when it contains no stops ex-

cept one lonely comma. Besides here was matter for discussion.

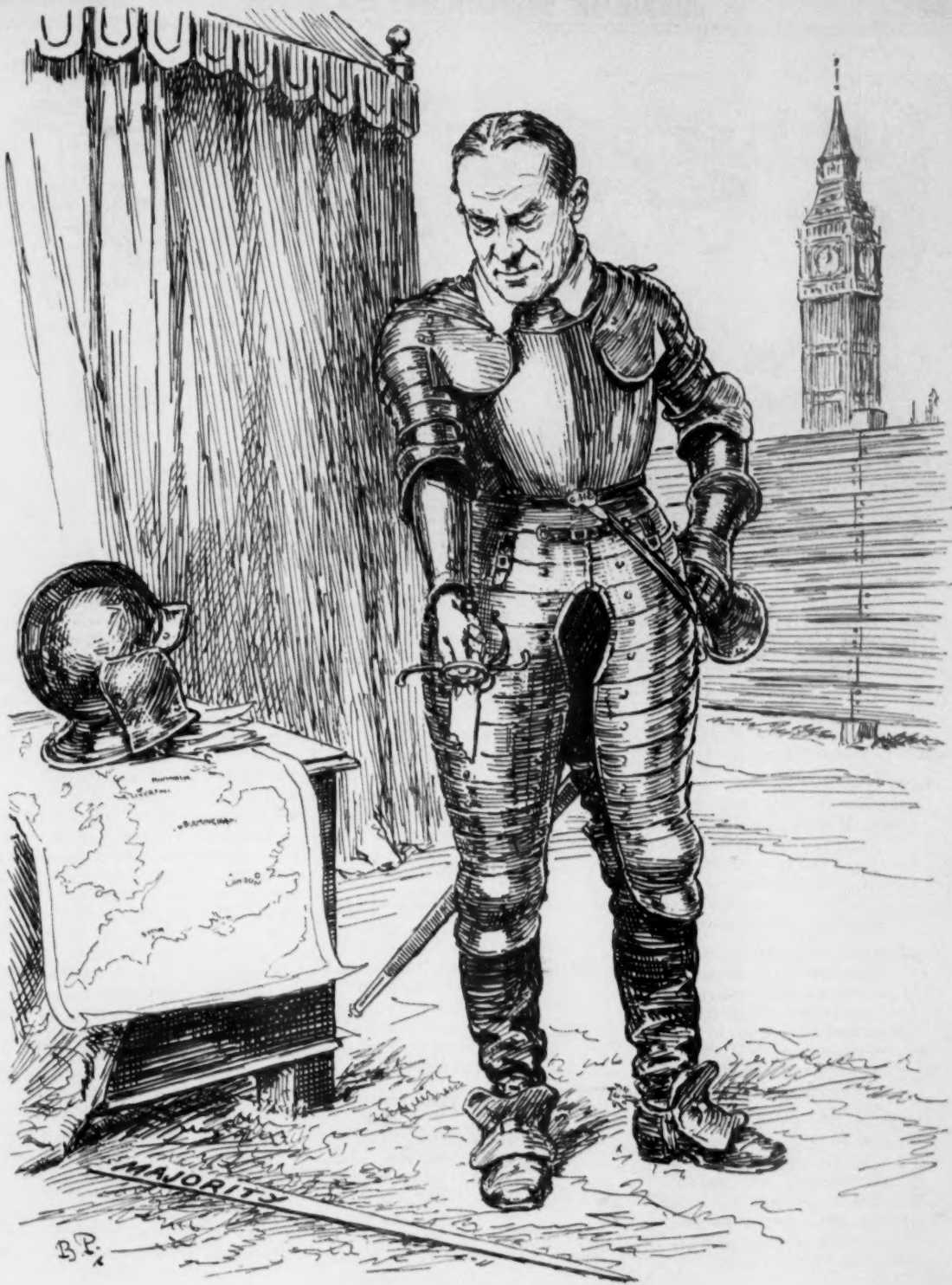
"Do you fully realise the possibilities of the *Nancy*?" I asked. "Thrills beyond the dreams of WALLACE. Suppose we met a pirate—"

"Or a jettizon?" interrupted Jane.

"And what would you do with a letter of mart or, still worse, counter-mart? And supposing we got the chance of arresting, restraining or detaining a king or prince—"

"Rather tiresome to have to detain him in the cabin, seeing it's only a day-cabin," said Jane. "Where would the master and mariners go if it rained? They couldn't very well share the cabin with an infuriated king or prince, unless of course he was in irons, and even then there might be a certain lack of geniality—"

"Perhaps a pirate or rover would come along and we could throw him to them or make him walk the boat-hook or something," I suggested. "By the way, I'm just wondering what the other 'Perils Losses and Misfortunes' are likely to be. It strikes me that things are looking dangerous; I'm beginning to regret buying this ship. However," I said, glancing further down the page, "this looks a bit better; it



AFTER THE FIGHT.

MR. BALDWIN. "A BIT SHORT IN THE BLADE; BUT STILL——"



Stranger. "I'VE BEEN IN THIS PLACE FOR AN HOUR, AND I HAVEN'T YET SEEN THE OLDEST INHABITANT OR THE VILLAGE IDIOT. HAVE YOU GOT SUCH THINGS?"

Aged Native. "WELL, SIR, IT BE LIKE THIS. THE RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL 'AD TO ECONOMISE, AND AS I AM THE CLERK OF THE COUNCIL THEY 'AVE COMBINED ALL THREE OFFICES IN ME."

seems we are to be 'Free from all Average on Corn Flour Fish Salt Fruit and Seed unless General or the Ship be stranded."

"I didn't know there was to be a general," said Jane. "One of those amphibious admiral-generals they used to have in the good old days, I suppose; or a general of marines perhaps. How sad if he were stranded without a ship! But it's nice to think we are free from Average. I should hate to be saddled with a thing like that."

"Yes," said I, "and what's more we are 'free from Average on Sugar Rum Hides Skins Hemp Flax Rice and Tobacco under 5 per cent.' What about trying some rice-running? I see that we are insured with all our Ordnance, also with our 'Tackle Apparel Etc.'"

"That's lucky," said Jane, holding up her sewing. "I can take this on board without a qualm."

She looked out of the window at the small motor-boat peacefully anchored at our little pier and sighed. "It does seem a pity," she mused, "that the *Nancy* is safely reposing on an inland loch six hundred feet above the sea."

Things which could have been Expressed More Kindly.

"Miss — was nearly poisoned at one time. So she said at the meeting of the — Guardians on Tuesday. When she stated that she had been nearly poisoned the features of the members expressed regret."—*Irish Paper.*

THE LIDO ON THE LIDO.

THE Lido is a happy isle;
Its banks are smooth and sunny;
It always does the thing in style
And costs a lot of money;
For there Earth's beautiful and rich
(Or both) combine to jostle;
The hills attain their highest pitch,
The taxes are colossal.

They would not all of them, one hears,
Do much in beauty prizes;
You'd find them various in years
And equally in sizes;
Not thus the Lido stands alone
In Europe's panoramas,
But for the wide-flung passion shown
For feminine pyjamas.

They wear them, though I'm told the heat
Is moderate in Venice,
On all occasions, when at meat,
For dancing, or at tennis;
Those garments in their myriad hues
Compose a glorious bouquet
Which fairly gives Palm Beach the blues
And simply knocks Le Touquet.

A scene so radiant in its charm
Should thaw the very sternest,
And in sheer opulence disarm
Reform, however earnest;

So glad a galaxy, a sight
So unreserved and beany,
Ought somehow to elude a bite
From Signor MUSSOLINI.

But no. 'Tis said his ducal hand
Intends to come down heavy
On that alluring strip of land
And all its festive bevy;
That, be their wishes what they may,
Those maidens and their ma-mas,
When open to the light of day,
Are not to wear pyjamas.

O DUKE, pause before you strike!
I beg you, don't be hasty;
The articles that you dislike
Are really rather tasty;
Think of the hotel-keepers too;
Think of the high-class drapers;
And ponder on the harm you'd do
To our Society papers.

Or, ere you stubbornly consign
Those garments to effacement,
Couldn't you somehow draw a line
At age, or at displacement?
Spare, I entreat, the slim and straight,
Whose charms should not be hidden;
For those above a certain weight
They well might be forbidden.

DUM-DUM.

"The following University payers have been awarded full flues at Oxford . . ."

Daily Paper.

Pay or no pay, the blues seem inevitable after this.



Hawker. "ERE Y'ARE—THREE A PENNY—ME LAST TWO."

LIONS AT TEA.

THE London lion he shook his head;
"I'm getting fearfully tired," he said,
"Of all these people seeing us fed.
What is there about the way we eat
That makes it a kind of public treat?
How would it be, my dear, if we,
You and I and the cub," said he;
"Borrowed," he said, "the keeper's key
And went and watched Them having
their tea?"

Out of the Zoo you might have seen
them

Stalk next day with the cub between
them

And hail a bus in Camden Town.

Quietly and without a fuss
All the people inside the bus
Recollected that very minute
That was where they meant to get down!
And the bus went on with the lions in it.

"A teashop, please," said the lion
briefly.

The conductor, he said nothing, chiefly.
He stepped and tapped on the driver's
pane;

"Lions, mate," the conductor said;

"Set of lions," he said; "go steady."
The driver, he never turned his head.

"Lions, Bill," the conductor said,
And so at Lyons' the bus stopped dead.

"Now," said the cub, "shall we see
them eat?"

Look at them waiting—aren't they
sweet?

Each at his feeding-place sits ready;
Now they're beginning—oh, what fun!
The keepers are feeding them one by one.

"That man there's been given a bun;
Why don't they snatch it from his
table?"

Are they afraid, or aren't they able?

Oh, what a little each one gets!

(Father, beware of pickpockets.)

Why do they all eat different things?

Must they eat what their keeper brings?

There's one pouring another's tea;

Is she his mate, or will she be?

Look at the pile of cakes they share;

They must be a most important pair.

One's got nothing—how unkind!

None of the keepers seems to mind!

"Let's go inside the door now, Dad. . .

The one near you has dropped his cake.

Father, why do his fingers shake?

Why does he suddenly sit so still?

Is it because he's had his fill?

Why do they scream and all stop
eating,

And jump about and upset the seating?

Is it because the food is bad?

Why do they rush towards the door?

Are they going to be given more?

Or is it the end of the feed, I wonder?"

Then the lion spoke, with a roar like
thunder;

"Feed," he said—"do they call *that*
feeding?"

Sitting about at tables reading!

Fiddling with a piece of bun!

And before their feed is well begun

Rushing away and leaving—look!—

More than half the stuff untasted?

Did you ever see such a good chance
wasted?"

And he roared till the very teacups
shook.

"Come on back to the Zoo," he said,

"We shall have to let them see us
fed;

We must show them again, poor things,
I see,

The proper way to enjoy their tea."

AT THE PICTURES.

EMIL JANNINGS THE GREAT.

WHEN a cinema theatre such as the comfortable Plaza (where one walks on velvet and is shown to one's seat by trousered nymphs) has both a talking and a silent film in the programme and is full to overflowing, both parties may, I suppose, claim a victory. But as a matter of fact I feel sure that the real magnet last week was not *The Dummy*, which talks, but EMIL JANNINGS, who in *The Sins of the Fathers* relies upon his own genius and a few captions. For genius he truly has; the cinema was made for JANNINGS and JANNINGS was made for the cinema.

I am so convinced that it was JANNINGS who filled the house that I here beseech one of London's managers to chance his luck with a series of JANNINGS' revivals.



PLAT DU JOUR.

THE WAITER BECOMES A PROUD FATHER.
Spengler (First style) . MR. EMIL JANNINGS.

There is some wonderful material to call upon—*The Last Command*, *The Last Laugh*, *The Patriot*, to name those only—and I am confident that there would be plenty of support, for one never discusses the movies in company without hearing the regret expressed that films change so often. Such is the embarrassment of riches in this feverish and wasteful industry that only very rarely is there a long run, and if one misses the first representation months may pass before the opportunity comes again.

It is JANNINGS' destiny as an actor to be in adversity, or, at any rate, to be doomed; and in *The Sins of the Fathers* this sombre tradition holds good. As the Father, however, or Wilhelm Spengler, an American citizen of Teutonic origin, he is not so very sinful, being—first as waiter and then as restaurant

proprietor—an exemplary character until on a festive night, after a little too much to drink, he kisses the wrong girl. Left a widower, he is foolish enough—but still not sinful—to marry her and



A GENTLEMAN OF PARTS.

Spengler (Second style).

to allow one of her followers to lure him into the bootlegging business, at which he quickly amasses a gigantic fortune. Still no positive sin; nothing more than a little law-breaking. But then in his weakness he loses control of affairs and permits a synthetic whisky to take the place of the old honest smuggled Scotch, and one of its first victims is his own



Spengler (Third style—to too obvious villain).
"YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THAT, OUTSIDE THIS FILM, YOU WOULD HAVE INVOLVED ME IN THIS BOOTLEGGING BUSINESS?"

son, whom he has worshipped ever since he was born and who is now twenty.

All in one night the boy is blinded.

Spengler is arrested and his wife and her confederate steal his money and abscond. It is terrible to sit there in the comfortable Plaza seats and see these two rifling the good man's safe and no one to slug them! I say "good man" because he so emphatically is good. More than good, he is admirable, and we love him. Such a trifling misdemeanour as defying the Volstead Amendment could call for no censure from us, and we know that the introduction of wood-alcohol was due to his nefarious partner. By "*Sins of the Fathers*" the author means either the poor dear fellow's one lapse from sobriety or his passion for and pride in his son *Tom*: emotions which as a matter of fact turned him to rum-running in order that *Tom* might be educated as a gentleman.



THE EMPTY CHAIR STUNT AGAIN.

The story may not be too credible—the eight years passed "OFF," during which *Spengler* rises from a small mortgaged restaurant to the splendour of Park Drive, still living with the same utterly worthless wife, need a good deal of explanation—but it holds the attention and its metal is worthy enough for JANNINGS to turn it to gold. And this he does. It is an epic of loving paternity. *Spengler* may not be a sinner, but he is a father to the core. Whether as the simple ecstatic father of a first-born son, dancing round the room; or the solicitous father of that same son a few years later when his arithmetic lesson is too much for him; or the excited father of the youth fresh from success at college, he is perfect. There is no milder word for it. And everything that he does has dignity and an attention to detail that is charming. The culminat-



Mistress (to new Cook, who has sent in uneatable dinner and breakfast). "HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE IN COOKING?"

Cook. "No, MA'AM."

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Both photography and acting are good throughout, and Miss RUTH CHATTERTON as the second *Mrs. Spengler*, and BARRY NORTON as the victim of wood alcohol, are particularly excellent. Miss CHATTERTON we had just seen before in a very different and speaking part in *The Dummy*, and she was excellent there too, but I cannot endorse the management's claim that it is a "100 percent all-talking picture." Barely 33-and-a-third. The voices were sometimes not to be heard at all, and sometimes they beat upon the ear until one winced, so that a notice printed twice on the programme seemed to be almost too appropriate: "Silence is requested for the complete enjoyment of Talking Pictures."

After *The Dummy*—so that the com-

pletest division or cleavage between the new and the old might be secured—a couple of dozen of the most agile dancing girls I ever saw performed evolutions with flawless unanimity. They are called Mangan Tillerettes; and I was amused to think that on the next day, the historic Thursday, the legs of such of them as were over twenty-one would be conveying their owners by leaps and bounds to the poll. E. V. L.

HUMPS v. PUMPS.

[“Means of communication have been improved and Western methods have been introduced, so that whereas formerly people rode on camels and donkeys, they now drive in motor-cars.”—Article in *Sunday Paper* on “Progress in the Hedjaz.”]

THE foregoing statement has, one gathers, the authority of His Excellency the Sheikh HAFEZ WAHBA, the Hedjaz Minister of Education. In any event one need not question the accuracy of the facts; but whether the petrolising of the desert represents essential progress may perhaps be a matter of controversy.

Personally I am no lover of the donkey—his kind have played me too many a scurvy trick in the past—and I am prepared to admit at once its inferiority as a means of transit to almost anything at all on wheels. With regard to the camel the position is less clear. It may be true that the animal has failed to keep abreast of the latest developments in modern locomotion, but it still nevertheless has its points.

For sheer comfort of course one would choose a car every time. And probably, from the point of view of general smartness of appearance, the body-line of the latest saloon cars must be considered definitely more graceful than that of the camel. But at the same time the practical traveller should not overlook that camel-hair is capable of resisting the effects of the Eastern sun much better than cellulose or even the newer fabric car-coverings, and that it does not show the dust to the same extent.

It may be conceded that a big objection to the camel is that it is difficult to start up from cold. Ignition is by the old-fashioned stick or lash method

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Both photography and acting are good throughout, and Miss RUTH CHATTERTON as the second *Mrs. Spengler*, and BARRY NORTON as the victim of wood alcohol, are particularly excellent. Miss CHATTERTON we had just seen before in a very different and speaking part in *The Dummy*, and she was excellent there too, but I cannot endorse the management's claim that it is a "100 percent all-talking picture." Barely 33-and-a-third. The voices were sometimes not to be heard at all, and sometimes they beat upon the ear until one winced, so that a notice printed twice on the programme seemed to be almost too appropriate: "Silence is requested for the complete enjoyment of Talking Pictures."

After *The Dummy*—so that the com-

pletest division or cleavage between the new and the old might be secured—a couple of dozen of the most agile dancing girls I ever saw performed evolutions with flawless unanimity. They are called Mangan Tillerettes; and I was amused to think that on the next day, the historic Thursday, the legs of such of them as were over twenty-one would be conveying their owners by leaps and bounds to the poll. E. V. L.

HUMPS v. PUMPS.

[“Means of communication have been improved and Western methods have been introduced, so that whereas formerly people rode on camels and donkeys, they now drive in motor-cars.”—Article in *Sunday Paper* on “Progress in the Hedjaz.”]

THE foregoing statement has, one gathers, the authority of His Excellency the Sheikh HAFEZ WAHBA, the Hedjaz Minister of Education. In any event one need not question the accuracy of the facts; but whether the petrolising of the desert represents essential progress may perhaps be a matter of controversy.

Personally I am no lover of the donkey—his kind have played me too many a scurvy trick in the past—and I am prepared to admit at once its inferiority as a means of transit to almost anything at all on wheels. With regard to the camel the position is less clear. It may be true that the animal has failed to keep abreast of the latest developments in modern locomotion, but it still nevertheless has its points.

For sheer comfort of course one would choose a car every time. And probably, from the point of view of general smartness of appearance, the body-line of the latest saloon cars must be considered definitely more graceful than that of the camel. But at the same time the practical traveller should not overlook that camel-hair is capable of resisting the effects of the Eastern sun much better than cellulose or even the newer fabric car-coverings, and that it does not show the dust to the same extent.

It may be conceded that a big objection to the camel is that it is difficult to start up from cold. Ignition is by the old-fashioned stick or lash method

and is very uncertain. In the matter of gear-changing too the motorist has distinct advantages over the camel-driver. Perfectly smooth gear-changing on the modern car is (so I am told; I am still trying to prove it) entirely a matter of practice. But the camel's gear-box, while soundly enough constructed, is extraordinarily difficult to control from the driving seat.

As to running costs there can be no question that the camel comes out on top. Even the 7-h.p. petrol engine will not give more than fifty m.p.g. under the most favourable conditions, whereas my recollection, based on my own experience in Egypt and Palestine, fortified by a recent re-reading of *Revolt in the Desert*, is that the light touring camel can do considerably more than that with no apparent effort. Even the heavier commercial models can be relied upon to exceed fifty to the gallon. Besides, one has to bear in mind the relative availability of the two types of fuel. Water-filling stations have for long been established at suitable points on the desert highways, and there is a more or less regular if restricted supply. Petrol, on the other hand, has to be imported and stored, and it is rumoured that the erection of petrol-pumps is calling forth a vigorous protest from the Society for the Preservation of Hedjaz Beauty Spots, who consider that the pumps compare unfavourably with the old-fashioned oases.

But perhaps it is when one comes to consider the question of general reliability that one finds the superiority of the camel over the motor-car most marked. The camel requires little attention beyond an adequate supply of fuel and a very occasional wash-down; engine, carburettor and tyre troubles are practically unknown; and there is of course no necessity to carry spares. Finally there is the fact, a most important consideration for the man of moderate means, that camels of all types command very much higher second-hand values.

"To-night at 8 p.m.,

FRANK WOOLLEY in 'YOUNG WOOLLEY.'
Provincial Theatre Advt.

Not to be confused, of course, with the well-known Kent cricketer, FRANK LAWTON.

AT THE PLAY.

"JANE CLEGG AND THE MEDEA"
(WYNDHAM'S).

In these days of theatrical perform-



DOMESTIC SCENE AT THE CLEGG'S.

Jane Clegg	MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.
Jennie Clegg	MISS MARY CASSON.
Mrs. Clegg	MISS CLARE GREET.
Johnnie Clegg	MISS ANN CASSON.



ANOTHER DOMESTIC SCENE AT THE CLEGG'S.

Mr. Munce	MR. PETER RIDGEWAY.
Henry Clegg	MR. LEWIS CASSON.

ances truncated to meet the claims of diners and dancers, the management at Wyndham's give us good measure: three-and-a-quarter hours of tonic gloom—Gloom Exalted and Gloom

Squalid, the *Medea* of EURIPIDES and the *Jane Clegg* of Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

I wonder if Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE is to be convicted of deliberate and vindictive feminist propaganda timed

for the stiffening of the resolution of the flapper about to vote. Certainly in both these plays woman is overwhelmingly the masterful force; both end, if not exactly happily, at least triumphantly for the woman: uncompromising *Jane*, after having ruthlessly exposed the meanness, lying and unfaithfulness of her most unsatisfactory little commercial traveller, dismisses him to Canada, not even permitting him to kiss his children or his mother, or, incidentally, even pack his bag; *Medea*, savagely revenged upon her faithless lover, her supplanting rival and the rival's kingly father, and reeking with the blood of her just butchered babes, taunts, from the safe cover of the chariot of the Sun, the unlucky *Jason* as he lies a-dying upon the steps of her Corinthian villa. I think *Medea's* impassioned speeches to the entirely conscienceless young ladies of the Chorus on the woes of women and the way they are put upon generally may be fairly regarded as one of the earliest meetings in the equal suffrage campaign, now happily closed. Perhaps Miss THORNDIKE's purpose indeed was commemorative, not provocative.

Jane Clegg wears well and dates hardly at all. It is nearly twenty years since it was first presented, and no doubt the recognition of the more or less equal rights of women and men has advanced less among the *Cleggs* of our day than among those who are socially above or below them. Miss THORNDIKE interprets with conviction the quiet hard bitterness, the common-sense and inevitable self-righteousness of the advanced *Jane*. Mr. LEWIS CASSON succeeds essentially, if with difficulty, because the part is not naturally suited to his gifts and methods, in conveying the shifty meanness of this unlikeable little drifter, and at the same time, and in accordance with the author's intention, winning for him at the end some sympathy because of the too complete worthiness and heartlessness of the sorely-tried and unyielding *Jane*. The Misses MARY and ANN CASSON effectively present the



THE CATTLE-SHOW SEASON.

"WHAT'S UP WITH YOU, JOE?"

"FEELIN' A BIT ROUGH, OI BE. OI WERE A-SLEEPIN' 'LONGSIDE O' THE OLD BULL SAME'S OI ALLUS DOES, AND 'E OVERLAID OI."

whining little *Cleggs*, making altogether a pleasant and competent family party

senior), Mr. PETER RIDGEWAY (the hysterical bookie, *Mr. Munce*) and Mr. WILLIAM FAZAN (the perturbed accountant, *Mr. Morrison*)—an excellent piece of work.

The *Medea*—honesty compels the degrading confession—was spoilt for me by unsympathetic handling in early sensitive years, beyond hope of repair by Professor GILBERT MURRAY's universally-admired verse-translation or by Miss THORNDIKE's fire and barbaric vehemence of pose and gesture. I do also think that since I last saw this actress in Euripidean mood she has exaggerated the compass of her voice, and her long-drawn wailing notes now tend to irritate rather than move. Nor do I think that the company generally found the true mean in the speaking of verse between the freedom which shatters the rhythm and the rigidity which contracts the sense. The well-drilled young ladies of the Chorus did indeed capably perform their difficult and (to me) unreasonable task of speaking their lines in unison with carefully modulated voices of a pleasing tone and making their studied and varied gestures into a significant pattern—a distracting business when

done. They looked of course much too innocent for the astonishing attitude im-



Aegeus. "WOMAN, THOU HAST INDEED MUCH CAUSE FOR GRIEF."

Medea . . . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.

Aegeus . . . MR. PETER RIDGEWAY.

of the affair, with the skilled assistance of Miss CLARE GREET (*Mrs. Clegg*,



USE JASON'S FATE-DEFYING BRACES.

Jason . . . MR. LEWIS CASSON.

posed upon them by their prematurely Shavian author—an attitude which

roughly amounted to: "We quite approve in the circumstances your poisoning your faithless lover, the young person who has supplanted you, and the King her father, for we women have much to put up with and must assert ourselves on occasion. We do however put it to you with diffidence that it is going a little too far to kill your two children, however unattractive. True, they are Jason's also and you must of course decide for yourself; you can in any case count upon our discretion."

And indeed these imperturbable Corinthian virgins only abandoned their choral detachment when the baleful mother, having disregarded her infants' rather matter-of-fact protests (heard off) had well begun the killing. Then they beat upon the doors of the villa in unavailing because deliberately belated protest.

I liked Mr. LEWIS CASSON's crass blonde, Jason. He always speaks fine lines with distinction and clarity. But what an easy proposition the poor man was for a person of Medea's forthright methods; as also the credulous Kings, Creon (Mr. CARLETON HOBBS) and Aegeus (Mr. PETER RIDGEWAY). T.

THE FOOL'S ANSWER.

"The man in the street is a fool, and I don't care a whit about his opinions. . . . I find that the heaviness and flatulence of my figure is exactly what I wanted in order to suggest sleep."—Mr. EPSTEIN in "The Sunday Times," May 26th.]

THOUGH a fool, in his view,
Let me point out that Er.
(Partly Pole—see *Who's Who*—
Part a son of the Steppe)
In the use of our tongue
May be guilty of slips
Less frequently flung
From a Britisher's lips;
And means of offence
To the foes of his statue lent
By confounding the sense
Of the flat with the flatulent.

"THE TOTNES CAMPAIGN.

Hamlet's First Political Meeting."

Headlines in *West-Country Paper*.

"What imports the nomination of this gentleman?"—*Hamlet*, V. 2.

"Exeter II., who were behind Wadham II., were caught near the University Boathouse by Exeter II."—*Oxford Paper*.

Mr. Punch suggests that a whiting circumvolant should be incorporated in the Exeter arms.

"Miss Helen Wills, the American lawn tennis star, set a new fashion in France when she appeared on the Auteuil courts in ankle-high socks and with the rest of her limbs bare." *Daily Paper*.

We prefer to believe that the compositor has made a double fault.

LIFTING THE FACE OF FICTION.

THE beginning of my story is pre-war, if you can bear it—but only just. Daphne and Gerald had emerged, wreathed in smiles, from an archway of shepherds' crooks, the bells of St. Chad's-under-Lime were still a-clank, and there was yet a wheeze of MENDELSSOHN on the summer air, when a telegraph-boy arrived hot-faced upon the scene, bearing a request for my presence at the dépôt of our local Yeomanry.

The parting from my young friends was a bitter one, for had I not created them both and led them chapter by chapter to their journey's end on page 373? Into my desk-drawer they must needs go, the ink scarcely dry on their wedding breakfast, for such are the fortunes of war.

My warm pen exchanged for a chilly sword, I had little time to think of Daphne and Gerald, but it so befell that, home on leave a year later, I shook the dust from their pages and, finding them faintly pre-war in flavour, set about bringing them up to date. Gerald donned his khaki as if he had worn it from page 1; it seemed unkind to rob him of an arm, but it had to be done. Warm gules shone on Daphne's fair breast—or rather her apron—for she became the most fetching of Red Cross nurses. *The Bugle's Blare* was now ready to meet its publishers.

Unfortunately at this juncture the War Office saw fit to summon me back hastily to the most unsavoury farm in Flanders, shattering my literary plans and once more closing the drawer on Daphne and Gerald.

But even wars have a way of ending, and one day I snuggled into my old tweed jacket, pungent with five years' naphtha, and pen in hand sought again my young friends. It was obvious at a glance that poor Daphne was in need of an overhaul. Her "raven plaits which well-nigh swept the ground" in the chapter entitled "Venice—and a Serenade," were no longer a wonder but a menace. Ruthless shears made short work of Daphne's now superfluous glory, and her "boyish head stood cameo-clear against the Lido skies." Her skirts, which hitherto had "swung about her well-turned ankle," now revealed the calf. Altogether it was a trim little Daph who would have set off to her publishers in the pages of *The Missing Beat* (the bugle having yielded place to the saxophone), but who could have foreseen that a collision in Piccadilly with a former subaltern of mine would have led to a drink, and my hasty resolve to help him rear tobacco in a place no decent map ever mentions? It was with a guilty backward look

at my desk-drawer that I tiptoed away, registering all the feelings of a bad father in the Sunday Press.

My return, a year ago, bronzed and repentant, found me firmly resolved to give the young things their chance. The very night I reached home I changed Gerald's socks, not because they were damp, but the colour was wrong. To my dismay I began to detect age in my hero and heroine. They were using the wrong words—"priceless" for "marvellous" and dating little tricks like that. In a panic I shaved Gerald's moustache. I don't think he ever forgave me, although I gave him back his arm. I felt they were both losing patience with me.

"Find us a publisher," hissed Gerald.

"Don't try to come that PIRANDELLO stuff on me. Have patience," I answered, hardly caring to admit that I had neglected them too long and that the shadow of the "Mistletoe Bough" had fallen about them unless I could extricate them from a living death. This was no moment for scruples. Putting aside my finer feelings I gave Daph a suit of Chinese pyjamas and sanctioned lipstick. From that page she seemed to take her head, and I chased her breathlessly to chapter vi., where she singed her reputation badly, much to Gerald's amusement. I grew alarmed, but a new wisdom appeared to guide their dance down the pages. The pre-war Daphne had never heard of a cocktail. The new Daph never sat down to dinner under three. What Gerald mixed into these cocktails I shall never know, but from the first sip I could see my authority was at an end.

I washed my hands of them completely. Nobody would recognise them now. Daphne's looks have gone, but Gerald sees "a strange beauty in her lovely tired bones." He is no longer the man who emerged from under the shepherds' crooks at St. Chad's-under-Lime that pre-war August morning. "Haggard but interesting" is how his friends describe him now; he breathes little but the blue smoke of the more raidable night-clubs.

But it is only fair to admit that between them Daph and Gerry have won through, for to-day's mail informs me that they have found their publisher.

I confess, however, to a certain nervousness as I await the public verdict on *The Cuffless Quest*.

Prudery by the Nile.

"Decent arrivals at the Luxor Winter Palace Hotel include . . ."—*Egyptian Paper*.

"SPECIAL BATH SELECTIONS."

Evening Paper.

We adhere to our morning repertoire.



SIR H. WALFORD DAVIES, MUS.DOC.

Honoured in choirs and places where they sing;
Chief organ-player to our Court and KING;
Each Tuesday, when he talks at the Savoy,
He fills ten million listeners-in with joy,
And proves the song of nightingale or mavis
Less winning than the voice of WALFORD DAVIES.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCVI.



The Genius. "OF COURSE THEY'RE ONLY SYMBOLS, YOU KNOW."

The Disciple. "YES, YES, OF COURSE. I CAN ALMOST HEAR THEM CLANGING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE annalist of the small town, whether English or American, is up against such distinguished precedents that I feel it would take a story-teller of more than common ability to make much of a stir in this quarter. *Cranford* has been laid by in the well-deserved lavender of Mrs. GASKELL's reminiscence; *Main Street* has been treated (with equal fitness) to the rod so usefully kept in pickle by Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS. Now appears Mr. WILDER BUELL, aiming at the application of the manner of *Cranford* to the matter of *Main Street*. *The Other Side of Main Street* (LONGMANS) is the side he looks at, an aspect embodied in Pudding Center, a New England village of to-day. Here the garage has replaced the colonial store and post-colonial saloon as the hub of civic life, but character (Mr. BUELL would have us believe) is just as exquisitely differentiated and nobly inspired as it was in a pre-mechanic age. There is unfortunately no doubt that Pudding Center's chronicler lacks the subtlety of his New England forbears, not to mention their English models. His humour is ingenuous, and a comic intellectual in moccasins and a divine who swallows a doily with a lump of cake represent the limits of its range. But his world, in so far as it is a new world, is every whit as stereotyped as its counterpart over here, and

what graces and charities it possesses are even more obviously of the past. His infrequent social criticism is interesting, but most of it is directed against the second generation of alien immigrants who have lost their parents' native virtues without acquiring Transatlantic substitutes. One of these unfortunates is responsible for a note of tragedy, but the book ends with formidable complacency over a hundred-per-cent American cradle.

Mr. P. MORTON SHAND's *A Book of Other Wines Than French* (KNOPF) is positively encyclopædic in its range; the head reels with the mere reading of their names, and if the author has tasted everything of which he writes he is to be envied. He is, however, no mere catalogue-compiler. He writes with a lively malicious pen and quotes with discretion and point. The chapter on Port gives him the chance of unburdening himself again of his well-known subversive views on "the English Wine." Perhaps his feelings betray him into certain injustices—into talking, for instance, as if the known malpractices of the past could still be charged against the select company of recognised English shippers. The author gives the usual and useful cellar tips; is a passionate "decantist"; would be ready to shoot at sight the ruffian who smokes at wine, and will be forgiven his vehemences because of his genuine love of his subject. The honest publisher wishes it to be known that much of the

material of this book is taken from the author's *A Book of Wine*, published some years ago by Mr. GUY CHAPMAN.

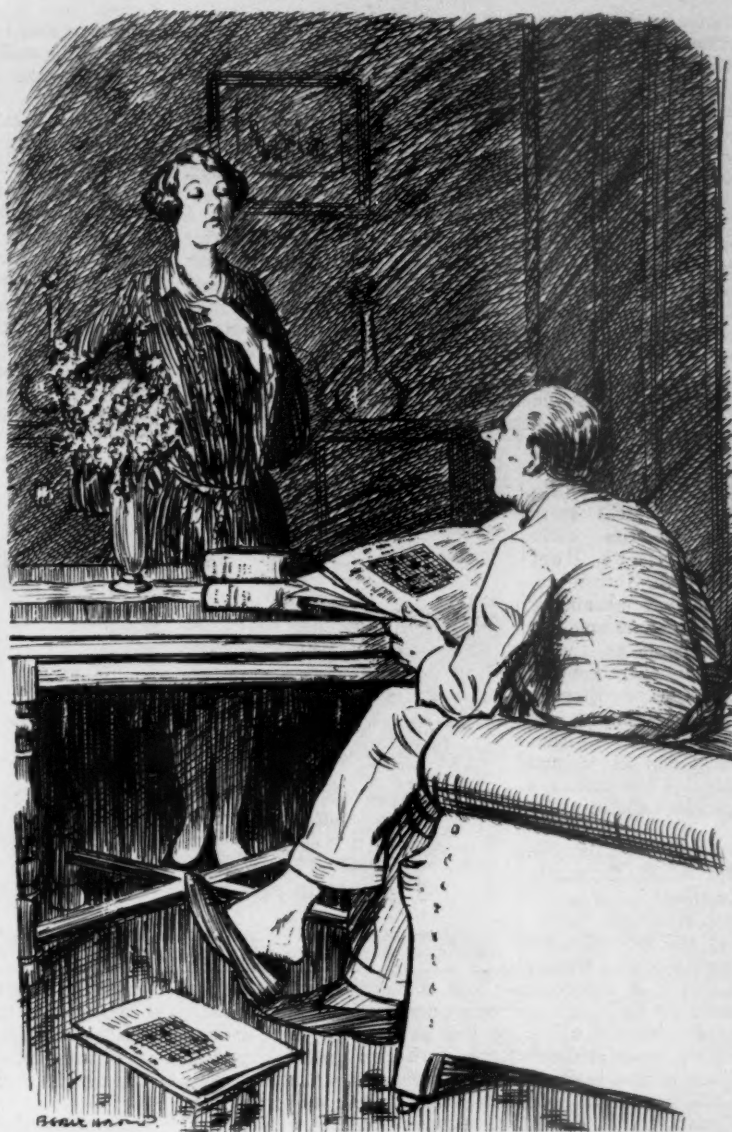
E. M. BUTLER, I think, was right
To bring (with the aid of LONGMANS,
GREEN)
Out of oblivion into the light
Prince PÜCKLER-MUSKAU, that serene
And passably brilliant might-have-
been.

Born in seventeen-eighty-five,
He had a pretty respectable run,
For he managed somehow to keep alive,
With much attempted and not much
done,
Till eighteen-hundred-and-seventy-
one.

Thousands of letters and several books
Flowed from him—writing was one of
his games;
He planted parks and travelled *de luxe*
But I fancy his soundest claim to
fame's
His life-long work as a squire of
dames.

He made in his day some stir, but since
History seems to have passed him
by,
Miss BUTLER's book, *The Tempestuous
Prince*,
Fishes him up for another try;
And the best of luck to them both,
say I.

It would seem that the justice or injustice of the execution of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, must now finally give place in scores of earnest debating societies to another, more modern but no less unfinishable topic. In the volume of the Official History of the War, which re-tells the immortal story of the capture of the beaches in the Dardanelles campaign—*Military Operations, Gallipoli* (HEINEMANN)—Brigadier-General C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER, calling in Admiral VON TIRPITZ as an ally, marshals the arguments of the Easterners with so much skill and authority that a humble reader may well need to re-study the case for the Westerners, powerfully reinforced from the writings of General LUDENDORFF, before he can recover his normal state of indecision. This volume, which closes at the point where Sir IAN HAMILTON's advance had definitely degenerated into siege warfare, is such a fortunate blend of precise statement and romantic narrative as almost to convince one from page to page that the findings of history may be reversed, so that in some happy new chapter one half expects to learn that the last small barrier has eventually broken down. But the lesson taught to Moslem opponents at the Atbara and Omdurman, that courage alone will not carry men through modern fire, had not yet been learnt in reverse order, and even this first volume necessarily foreshadows final failure. The heart-breaking refrain through all these pages is the narrowness of the margin, now more than ever



Crossword-Puzzle Expert. "I MISSED FOUR SHAKESPEARE CLUES IN LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE. I REALLY MUST TAKE TO READING HIM."

clearly realised, for, if Anzacs and Englishmen alike never knew when they were beaten, such ignorance was matched by a calamitous failure to know when they were victorious, the writer having to detail a remorseless sequence of omissions to seize magic opportunities marvellously won simply through lack of knowledge that the chance was there. There is a Turkish word, the author says, which by a striking coincidence means "Almost"—the word "Anjac." This one word comes very near to epitomising the entire campaign.

A Mecklenburg schoolmaster of peasant birth with several novels to his credit yet still in his thirties, the author of *Winter* (LONGMANS) strikes me as first and foremost a poet.

His pictures of natural scenery and the shifting moods of simple people are the finest evidence of his bent; a certain extraneous pattern imposed upon his world—a pattern which seems to issue partly from his own mind and partly from the mind of his race—is, I think, its weakest symptom. A little group of eight farms in the wilds of North Germany is the scene of his story. Three stand out from among the rest: the farm of *Jona*, the noble savage; the farm of *Schnaars*, who wanted to marry *Jona's* mother but, failing, wishes to wed his daughter *Grita* to *Jona*; the farm of *Thord*, drunkard and poor white, who wins *Grita* by a violent ruse from the taciturn *Jona*. The tale reads after its fashion like a sort of peasant *Volsunga Saga*, with *Jona* for *Sigurd*, *Grita* for *Brynhild* and *Thord* for *Gunnar*; and a noble hound, rescued by *Jona* from a plague of rats, instead of the good horse, *Grani*. In place of the Norse gods you have an implacable and treacherous nature dealing out drought, flood and pestilence. The cattle die, the human stock of the eight farms becomes impoverished and rotten; only *Grita* and *Jona*, more wayward and less rational than the rest, have vitality in themselves and the instinct to foster life. How this will serve them in the wider world which Herr FRIEDRICH GRIESE suggests they ultimately reach I cannot imagine. I doubt if he knows himself. His scheme strikes me as a thought too grandiose for his powers, which within the limits of normal human contacts are admirably sufficient.

The man who, like Mr. E. D. CUMING, compiles in prose *A Fox-Hunting Anthology* and gets (like Mr. CUMING again) Messrs.

CASSSELL or some other bold underwriter of books to publish it for him, is a venturesome fellow, because, though he will interest many, he will satisfy few. For in fox-hunting prose, as distinct from fox-hunting verse, where the choice is more limited, to decide upon any particular purple patch is rendered a difficult matter by the very multitude of such patches. And the result of this lavishness is that everybody has his own pet patches and his own private opinion that he himself could make a jolly sight better hunting anthology than anyone else could. And yet Mr. CUMING displays himself expertly and comes out with a very nice book indeed. Following, then, his own capital introduction, Mr. CUMING shows us the Chase in a series of selections (fact and fiction) from writers of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries. And these selections are for the most part old friends; but for Fact new to me is "The Great Cleveland Run," taken from Sir ALFRED PEASE and *The Northern Echo*—an epic indeed. And for Fiction I must confess to not having met Lady OXFORD's *Octavia* before to-day. Now, to my mind, the principal articles (there is a score or so of items) in this companionable book are too long for the purpose they would serve, indeed many of them must run to two thousand or three thousand words each. Surely an anthology should be a thing of polished thumbnails—the dozen or two of diamond

lines from here and there? *Game Pie* and *An Angler's Garland* give us, on shooting and fishing, the gallery of miniatures that I demand; on fox-hunting such a collection has yet to be made, and (unless of course we do it ourselves) who could make a better one for us than Mr. CUMING?

A Village Match and After (NASH AND GRAYSON), with Mr. M. D. LYON as its author and Mr. W. R. HAMMOND contributing a preface, led me to hope that I had found a story in which the king of games had been sovereignly treated. I was, however, doomed to disappointment. Mr. LYON, it is true, begins the tale with a farcical cricket-match, but the game was scarcely finished when news came that a horse owned by the home-captain and backed for large sums to win the Derby had been stolen, and from this point lovers of burlesque will find a feast in store for them. Mr. LYON, although he does not invariably avoid facetiousness, is often successful in his efforts to amuse, and his vivacity is inexhaustible. Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND's apt illustrations convince me that the quality of the story has been thoroughly appreciated.



Optimistic Husband. "JUST WAIT A MOMENT, ALICE, WHILST I LOOK AROUND A BIT. I'VE DROPPED ONE OF MY ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS."

Murder by the Clock (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is so ably constructed and so crisply written that readers of sensational fiction will, I prophesy, accord it a friendly welcome. Herbert Endicott may be esteemed a little unlucky, for after an injection of adrenalin had brought him back from the point of death he was almost immediately murdered. The scene of Mr. RUFUS KING's story is laid in New York, and the methods of Lieutenant Valcour, whose task it was to

discover the murderer, are as American as they are efficient. On one or two minor points I should like to argue with Mr. KING, but his story as a whole is such an excellent piece of work that to draw attention to trifling faults would be the act of a curmudgeon.

The Murder on the "Enriqueta," by Miss MOLLY THYNNE, is a book I don't advise you, if you're busy, to begin; It opens very nicely with the strangling in a liner Of a shady sort of passenger—an out-bound Argentinian, And, unless I'm much mistaken, you will find yourself unwilling

To lay aside a yarn so crammed with situations thrilling (To say nothing of a villain with a gruesome taste in killing), Till you've followed up the tortuous proceedings to their end Of Dalberry's doubtful widow and her doubtful Dago friend, Who together are intriguing for possession of the money Of a heroine, who, though modern, is as good and sweet as honey.

If a trifle too obtuse, perhaps, at spotting something funny. On the whole, a first-class thriller, well-written and narrated, With a plot which, though ingenious, is not too complicated; In fact the phrase which fits it is "shipshape from truck to kelson."

Since its title's somewhat salty and its publisher is NELSON.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been blamed for the Socialist majority, but in our opinion considerable responsibility for it rests upon Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

It was unfortunate that a change of Ministers occurred at a time when, as we learn, the Foreign Office cat was expecting kittens, but it is understood that these cases are dealt with by the Permanent Staff.

One difficulty created by the change of Government seems to have been overlooked. It is that of filling Lieut. Commander KENWORTHY's place at Question-time.

MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE is observed to be growing more like MR. LLOYD GEORGE in appearance. Another view is that MR. LLOYD GEORGE is growing more like MR. SELFRIDGE.

Business men in Belfast are reported to have been going to their offices bare-legged. Still, Belfast isn't Wimbledon.

In ordering Turks to wear trousers that are not baggy MUSTAPHA KEMAL is understood to have been actuated by a desire to preserve the distinction between the Bosphorus and Oxford.

A troupe of red-haired girls has been performing on a London variety-stage, and ardent feminists advocate the formation of a women's "ginger group" at Westminster.

It is recalled that, when Mr. CLYNES gave a concert at 11, Downing Street, in 1924, the building had to be propped up by the Office of Works. We deprecate these attempts to shake confidence in the newly-formed Cabinet.

It is understood that President HOOVER's decision to dispense with official handshakes does not necessarily involve the total disappearance of the glad mitt from American public life.

The tendency with British cars, according to a motoring expert, is to sacrifice refinement to speed. This is evident in the increasing number of cars with no road-manners.

We are reminded that a famous film-star began life as a gardener. Our gardener would be an interesting subject for accelerated motion.

With reference to the recent production of *Medea* in a London theatre, a critic complained that *Jason* appeared in a ridiculous fair curly wig. The Golden Fleece is indicated.

On reading of chronometers and watches which are tested at the Royal Observatory by being baked and frozen, we are reminded that the average watch is not even guaranteed to stand being boiled for three-and-a-half minutes while its absent-minded owner holds an egg in his hand.

TROTSKY is said to spend his spare

Soldiers have complained that the Navy representatives at the Royal Tournament had much better food than they did. Still, sailors don't care.

SIR WILLIAM TOWLE says the English hotel industry will never progress because it is identified with the public-house industry. Nevertheless we should hesitate to ask for a dart-board at the Ritz.

MR. ERIC DUNSTAN is reported to have walked out of Savoy Hill after a difference with Sir JOHN REITH a few days ago. No doubt from force of habit he said, "Good-night, everybody!"

Shells that spurt coloured water have been used in U.S. naval target practice. Comes the dawn of a Brighter Wars movement?

A naturalist says that it is not generally known that a bear can climb a tree as quickly as a squirrel. This is very embarrassing for the squirrel if the bear selects the same tree.

Phrenological reasons for unhappy marriages have been discussed. A large bump on the side of a man's head, for instance, may be a symptom that he has a combative wife.

According to a reviewer, novelists, like doctors, are divided into those with good bedside manners and those

addicted to clinical research. He doesn't say if an apple a day will keep the best-seller away.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN is said to have written a volume of verses. They may be good, but it must be remembered that he has always had difficulty in controlling his feet.

"CALCUTTA SWEEP LUCK."

"It is quite true I have drawn Reflector," said Mr. ——. "Of course, I am quite drabby about it." —*Newcastle Paper*.

That's always the danger of these sudden elations, unless you're a testototaler.

"BOWLERS ON TOP."

FOSTER'S HAT-TRICK FOR WARWICK.

Headlines in *Sunday Paper*.

We don't see anything very tricky in this. Where else could he have worn his bowler?



AFTER ALL, WHY WASTE A PERFECTLY GOOD PROFILE?

time on the island of Prinkipo in fishing, and it is rumoured that fish regard him with more than ordinary suspicion.

"Walking is safe up to almost any age," writes a doctor; but his view is not supported by the experience of modern pedestrians.

Health specialists agree that it is unwise to eat a hearty meal just before going to sleep. Cricket spectators should therefore lunch lightly.

When fielding, a cricket instructor points out, intelligent anticipation of the batsman's stroke is necessary. This is also advisable when batting.

"What amateur golfers lose on their swings," was the heading of a recent article. It said nothing about what they get back on their roundabouts.

OUR TURF PROPHETS.

[An evening paper gave credit to the prophetic genius of its Racing Authority in the following terms:—"In his article on 'The Best Outsider in the Derby' he wrote: 'Trigo and Tom Peartree will appeal to those who dreamed that the winner's name started with a T.'"]

WHEN on the Derby Stakes I bet
(Out of respect for Institutions),
I trust to others more expert
To show me where to put my shirt,
People whose life-work is to get
An inkling of the right solutions.

*But nobody mentioned the winner before the race;
Nobody even fancied the brute for a place;
Merely we gathered the information (free)
That Trigo began with a T.*

For weeks they'd studied every horse,
Dodged in the dark their stable sentries,
Marked their digestions, making notes
About the way they took their oats,
Wondered if they would stay the course,
And felt the shins of all the entries.

*But nobody mentioned the winner before the race,
Even to say he had got a kindly face;
And this was their only hint for a mug like me,
That Trigo began with a T.*

You might suppose they're eating mud
Because they overlooked his chances?
Serenely they ignore their shame
And keep on napping just the same,
And still the thing they deemed a dud
Will canter past their special fancies.

*None of them mentioned the winner (at 33)
Except to tell us his name began with a T;
But the bookies found, though nobody told them so,
That it ends with a cheery O.* O. S.

THE CLEAN CUT.

THE Mayfields were at what is known as the cross-roads. After seven years of marriage they had decided to separate. Not a divorce: just an amicable but definite separation. He would resume his bachelor ways in a London flat and she would take a little cottage in the country. No rancour; the clean cut. It was a pity, said their friends, but not unexpected; they had not enough in common and they were both too independent. They did not really need marriage, either of them. Some people don't.

The house had enough furniture for both and they had arranged how to divide it. Everything that Mrs. Mayfield—Alice—wanted was marked with a single piece of stamp-paper; everything that Leo wanted was marked with two pieces. The pantechmicon people couldn't go wrong: the single marks were to go to Chalfont St. Giles; the doubles to Cragadour Mansions, W.2.

The allotment completed, they sat down in the dining-room and drank tea.

"Well," said Alice, "that's that."

"Yes," said Leo.

There was a pause.

"I little thought, seven years ago, it would come to this," said Leo.

"When did you begin to think it?" Alice asked. "Pretty soon after, I fancy."

"Yes," he said. "I found many things irksome, and you never made a home for me—not what I call a home."

"You weren't in it very much," said Alice.

"No," he said; "perhaps that's why. It wasn't the kind of place to ask my friends to. You—you never liked them."

"I tried to," said Alice.

"Yes," he said, "I know. I could see you trying, and that's what hurt."

"One doesn't naturally like one's husband's old friends," said Alice.

"Nor one's wife's," said Leo. "Probably the perfect way is to give them up at the altar. But it's not a way that suits me."

"Nor me," said Alice. "Besides, it's absurd to suppose that a husband, however charming, can take the place of all one's earlier friends; comprise them all in himself, so to speak. But that's what so many men seem to think right."

"Don't let's talk about it any more," said Leo. "The great thing is that we now understand each other and are behaving so sensibly. The clean cut. Other people would go on getting on each other's nerves."

Alice shuddered.

"Tell me one thing," said Leo. "There's no one else you care for?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Alice fervently. "Nor you?"

"Most certainly not," said Leo. "I shall now live my own life in the solitude that I most enjoy, and in rooms that correspond to my taste and to my taste alone. And you," he added, "will be equally well placed, I hope."

"Yes," said Alice.

"Are you going to write to me?" asked Leo.

"I hope not," said Alice. "Why?"

"I thought perhaps you might," said Leo.

"No," said Alice; "the clean cut is best. And all our financial affairs are in order."

"How do you propose to behave if we happen to run into each other in public?" Leo asked. "At a restaurant, for example?"

"I shan't throw any vitriol, if that's what you mean," said Alice. "I suppose we should act like any other civilised couple who realised that they were happier apart."

"I only wanted to know," said Leo, rising. "And what are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I'm going to stay with Eva for a few days," said Alice, "and then she'll come down and help me move in. And you?"

"I've got a room at the club," said Leo. "I think I'd better be going there now. Can I give you a lift?"

"No," said Alice. "I've not quite done yet."

"I hope none of the stamp-paper will come off," said Leo as he left. "Well, good-bye and good luck!"

"Don't forget your gargling," Alice cried after the retreating taxi.

Three days later, as Alice was sitting with her sister, she was told she was wanted on the phone.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Mr. Mayfield," said the maid.

Alice looked inquiringly at Eva. "Shall I go?" her eyes asked.

Eva nodded.

"Very well," said Alice, and she left the room.

"What is it?" she asked as she put the receiver to her ear. "Alice Mayfield speaking."

"Oh, is that you?" said Leo. "I'm awfully sorry to bother you, but things at the flat are in a shocking mess. I wondered if you'd come round and arrange the furniture for me."

E. V. L.

"GOD-QUALITY Fat Eulls wanted."—Bristol Paper.

We think these must be of the Golden Calf variety.



“PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW.”

Romeo Jix.

Juliet D.O.R.A.



Village Shopkeeper. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'VE GOT A CUSTOMER AND SHE WANTS SOME SOAP. WILL IT SPOIL YOUR PICTURE IF I TAKE A BAR OUT OF THE WINDOW?"

PRIVATE BARREL'S VOCATION.

FOR some while past Private Barrel has been going round with such a lofty and superior look that, as Private Pull-through says, "e might be mistaken for a Lieutenant o' the Yewsars." The reason is that Private Barrel has completed five-and-a-half out of his six years' service with the colours and is beginning to fancy himself as a civilian. Though Captain Bayonet has distinctly intimated to him that, should he desire to extend to complete twelve years with the colours, his application would be favourably recommended, Private Barrel has said, "No, Sir, thanking you kindly, Sir," inside the Company office and "Not — likely!" just outside. He has further explained to those friends who can still bear with him that he's finally done with the Army and is going to lead a life of leisure for a change (in every case the friends have made the obvious remark, and Barrel has looked hurt). And then the other day he set off on a Vocational Training Course.

Officially the function of the Army Vocational Training Centre at Haver-shot is to teach a trade to the soldier about to leave the colours, before he

blossoms out into the new world of money-earning, soft caps and no hair-cut. This process, the War Office estimates, takes six months. Actually the chief business of the Centre is that of shock-absorber. By laying a good deal of emphasis upon the Necessity and Dignity of Labour, it gently prepares the mind of the average soldier for an existence where men actually *look* for work. This process, the Commandant of the Centre estimates, takes five out of the six months. The remaining month is generally spent by the man in buying and losing his tools, in finding a job from advertisement columns, and in exchanging extensive farewell promises that if Joe, Darkie and Jock will come and paint, plaster and brick-lay for him without charge, he will stand them a free plumb.

Into this hive of industry came our Private Barrel, sucking his teeth and asking where the cookhouse was. During his service Barrel had only learnt two things, the first being of course an ability to detect and avoid work in all its forms, the other being cookery. So naturally Barrel's idea in his new environment was that for the first week or so he would lounge about

the cookhouse while he looked round for the best sinecure in the place—other of course than that of Commandant.

Instead he found himself almost immediately in the Plasterers' Shop being forcibly turned into a plasterer by an instructor so wrong-minded as to uncover reverently when anyone mentioned the word "work."

For three days Private Barrel was very unhappy; then he discovered that wet plaster was not unlike dough, and spent a blissful morning making an array of puddings, cakes and tarts—with jam from the Painters' Shop. Unfortunately the Commandant himself interrupted Barrel's *pièce de résistance*, a magnificent game-pasty containing two owls and a squirrel made of concrete and originally destined to ornament a garden. When the Commandant, who could express himself so beautifully that he might almost have been a sergeant-major in a previous incarnation, was at last returning to the firm earth of normal speech Private Barrel found himself being a plumber in the Plumbers' Shop.

Within two days, however, his early training reasserted itself and he was once more passed on. The Plumbing Instructor had definitely refused to

have him in the shop because he made such realistic sausages out of lengths of lead waste-pipe flanked by portions of tripe in jointing-solder that the other pupils could not keep their minds on their work and off their dinner.

Thence followed a brief excursion into the Bricklaying Shop, where he was much worried by subversive slogans on the walls, such as "THINK" and "THE MAN WHO WORKS WINS OUT," till he found a brick-saw and made a lifelike sirloin out of red and white bricks. After which he gravitated by natural laws to that well-known haven of rest—even in a Vocational Training Centre—the Shoemakers' Shop.

Here for five days Private Barrel sat about happily holding a boot—the same boot—between his knees and reminiscing with other lotus-eaters about jobs he had avoided in his day. Occasionally, if the Commandant entered, he filled his mouth with nails and hammered busily at a heel, only to resume conversation after the danger had passed and he had carefully checked the nails to make certain he hadn't swallowed any.

Then he received a shock. He learnt to his inexpressible horror that he was expected to *pay* for this Vocational Course at the rate of seven-and-sixpence per week. . . .

Exactly one day later Private Barrel stood in front of Captain Bayonet in the orderly-room and expressed his fervent desire to extend, re-engage and continue in the Service for as long as there was an Army Cookhouse standing. Civilian life, he intimated sadly to Bayonet, was not what he had been led to believe.

A. A.

THE TEAM SPIRIT.

WHEN on the morning of our first engagement

I woke to find (and oh! I felt half-dead)
A cold that would admit of no assuage-
ment

In full possession of my aching head,
I told myself, "I shall not be a ruffler
Of any scoring box, but simply yield
My wicket quickly and resume the
muffler

In which I mean to field."

The first ball came; a ball so near per-
fection

Would normally suffice for my eclipse;
I blew a sneeze in cover point's direction
And edged it for a couple through
the slips;

Followed a skier that I watched mid-
off drop,

A priceless four I hooked clean off
the sticks,

Then, pausing only to insert a cough-
drop,

I drove the next for six.



"MY DEAR, THEY SAY HER WEDDING WILL TAKE PLACE IN A BLAZE OF SECRECY!"

In short, where I expected to make
quick room

For my successor (as I've done before)
With thoughts turned longingly to-
wards a sick-room

I made (for me) a monumental score;
A form of which I'd given no suggestion
In previous seasons suddenly was
mine,

But now I'm fronted by a moral question,
At which I do not shine.

I hold it true that he who plays a team
game

Must sacrifice himself to serve the
side,

And thrice already since that one
supreme game

My form has given scanty cause for
pride;

In view of what apparently supplies a
Touch that I lack, does Honour bid
me catch

A common cold or (swankier) coryza
Before each single match?

Elfland, my Elfland!

"In this twentieth century it is thought
degrading for men to turn from the thunder
and blare of the city streets to listen to 'the
horns of England faintly blowing.' . . ."

Evening Paper.

MR. PUNCH'S TALKS. MUSIC.

THE DEPUTY SYSTEM.

In response to numerous requests I propose to-day to deal with the orchestral "deputy" system, though this may slightly interrupt the design and rhythm of these Talks.

The deputy system is one of the most remarkable things in English artistic life. I may say at once that I know nothing whatever about it at first hand, but I have known many conductors in my time, and there is no subject upon which conductors express themselves so frequently and so intemperately. If you see two mild-looking men walking along High Street, Kensington, in an excited manner, waving their walking-sticks, groaning, swearing and from time to time thumping each other on the chest, you may be fairly sure that they are two theatrical conductors discussing the deputy system.

I was once having a quiet lunch with seven conductors; the proceedings were orderly and even tame; the conversation rippled smoothly on, the usual small-talk about arpeggio, rubato, sostenuto and so forth; and the musicians, who do not, as is commonly supposed, wolfishly tear their meat to pieces with their hands, were enjoying their food in the ordinary civilised fashion. But some imp of mischief prompted me to whisper to my neighbour the single word "Deputy," and instantly the scene was transformed. Harsh laughter rang through the room and all began to talk at once, gesticulating with their knives and forks; some threw the bread about and others in their excitement dashed down great quantities of ginger-wine. By comparison a red rag shown to a bull acts as a powerful sedative.

And what is the cause of it all? Well, let us imagine a good bassoon-player called Smith. Mr. Smith is engaged to play the bassoon for the run of *The Gay Girl*. But Mr. Smith, being a good bassoon-player (and how rare they are!—bassoon-playing is not what it was in my day)—Mr. Smith, I say, has also important concert-engagements, and during the Covent Garden season he has been engaged to play particular bassoon-bits in particular

operas. And of course he may be ill or feel that he needs a rest. On these occasions he is compelled to absent himself from *The Gay Girl*, and he sends as his deputy Mr. Brown, another bassoon-player, though possibly not so good.

"A very reasonable arrangement," I said to my friends, but they only rolled their eyes and shouted strange musical oaths, while one and all began to relate their various adventures with deputies. In theory, it seems, Mr. Brown has studied the score before he takes his place in the orchestra, but in practice, said these violent men, this does not always happen. "And what," they yelled, "if the bassoon plays *con amore* when it should be *non troppo molto*?" (or words to that effect).

reasonable if you had selected Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE to play a leading part and she sent Miss JESSIE MATTHEWS to be her deputy at the dress rehearsal, while Miss NELLIE WALLACE did duty for her on the first night without any previous acquaintance with the part? "Reasonable!" they cried, foaming at the mouth. "If you had contracted for a series of six articles by Mr. EDGAR WALLACE and he arranged for the last three to be written by Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, would you call it *reasonable*? Is there another trade in the world which could stand it?"

There was once a celebrated Continental conductor, they said, who came over to England and spent half a morning going over and over some tricky double-bass passages in a piece to be

performed that evening. These being perfect at last, the orchestra adjourned for lunch. After lunch he noted with chagrin that the double-bass passages were as imperfect as before, and he found that a different set of double-basses were present.

"As you weren't here this morning," he said, "we'd better rehearse these passages again." "Ah!" they replied, "but we shan't be here to-night."

Such are the uncharitable and, I have no doubt, fantastic assertions which conductors make upon this matter. To me, as a member of the public, it seems



"NANNIE SLAPPED ME, MUMMIE!"
"WHAT WERE YOU DOING?"
"TRYING TO SLAP NANNIE."

"The answer to that," I said, "is, Why have a bassoon?"

"Well, what," they cried, "if one night there is not only a deputy-bassoon but a deputy-trombone, a deputy-trumpet, a deputy-double-bass and two deputy-clarinets?"

As these ill-balanced men painted the picture to me (I have no doubt that it is a shameful exaggeration) it is possible for a conductor to take his place for the one-hundredth performance, raise his baton and look about him at a troupe of instrumentalists none of whom he has seen before. Watch the orchestra, they said, at a musical play, and, if you see the French horn closely following the dialogue, the first violin laughing heartily at the jokes and the oboe gazing with admiration at the leading lady, you may know that these are deputies visiting the play for the first time. "Reasonable!" they shouted bitterly. "Would you call it

an excellent system and one which many of us would be glad to employ in our own work and lives. In future I shall examine orchestras with a new interest and try to determine from the demeanour of the bassoon whether he is Mr. Smith the real bassoon, or Mr. Jones, a mouth-organist whom Mr. Smith has sent to represent him. Also I shall listen with a new charity, for the conductors would have us believe that, whenever we hear some strange displeasing sound, not they or the composers are responsible, but the deputies.

As for you, my friends, if ever you meet a conductor who seems off-colour or dull just go quietly up to him and whisper in his ear the one word "deputy."

But you had better not do it when ladies are about.

A. P. H.

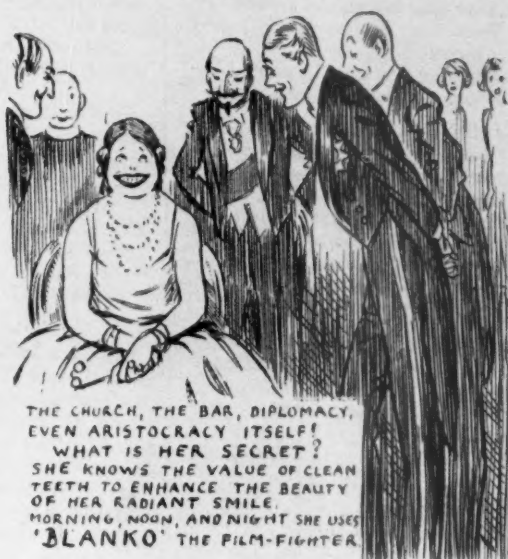
(Next week—THE ORGAN.)

THE SECRETS OF ALLURE.

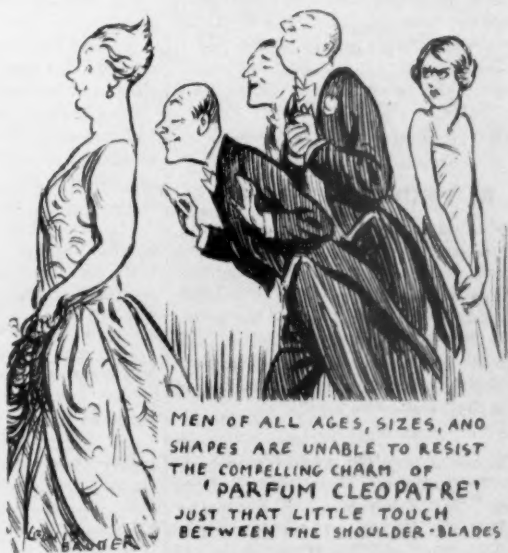
(By Our Beauty Specialist.)

WHAT DOES A MAN LOOK AT
FIRST?

HOW THEY ALL FLOCK ROUND HER!



SHE USED TO BE NEGLECTED.

JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH ON THE
FIFTH CERVICAL VERTEBRA.

THE PARLIAMENT OF MOTHERS.

A PHANTASY OF 1949.

["Parliament has never before had so many family connections."—*Sunday Paper*.]

SOUND the fife, and trumpets tootle!
Strike the loud harmonium!
Aunt Matilda's in for Bootle,
Enid's been returned for Brum!
Mother likes her chicks around her
When the House of Commons
meets;
Polling-day this time has found her
Mourning very few defeats.

We shall be a lively party—
Clara with her elfish brain;
Uncle Rupert, always hearty,
Sits for Totnes once again.
Sound the fife and beat the tabor!
All the younger girls survive:
Joyce the Liberal, Joan for Labour,
Jocelyn the Conservative!

Uncle Henry's children? Willie
Did quite well, they say, at Bow,
Save that people asked him silly
Questions and perplexed him so;
Dearest boy! he lost by thirty.
And I feel he might have won
Had he talked as loud as Bertie
Or possessed dear Clara's fun.

John defended Broadstairs nicely,
And no doubt your Uncle Jim
Only lost at Bath when Cicely
Would go down and heckle him;
Charles's wife we always reckoned
Safe for Little Pedlinghurst;
So she was—but not his second—
Most unhappily, his first.

Still, there's loss in every battle,
And at least I have the noise
Round me and the cheerful prattle
Of my own dear girls and boys;
Joan was always flighty, rather;
Jocelyn too was apt to roam;
Now they're both so close to
father

Westminster is just like home!

EVOK.

ON WRITING YOUR MEMOIRS.

In a day when, broadly speaking, everybody is writing about himself, it is not sufficiently realised that, not only is Autobiography a distinct art, but that, so far, nobody has come forward with any handbook upon the subject. So, when next you contemplate writing your Memoirs, the following hints may not come amiss:—

(1) THE TITLE.

Choose, if possible, something arresting. Such titles as *Fifty Years in Fleet Street*, *The Jog-Trot of a Journalist*, *A Humble Hermit of the Unknown*, *Looking Back*, and *My Mortal Span* are *passés* and boring. But there is the

Shakespearean method; and herewith some hitherto unused suggestions:—

IN MY MEMORY LOCKED (*Hamlet*).

SILKEN DALLIANCE (*Henry V.*).

(N.B.—Excellent for Memoir of retired Judge.)

Or there is the intimate manner of title. As:—

MY COTSWOLD COTTAGE.

FROM MY BOX-ROOM WINDOW.

SOMETHING ALWAYS SINGS. . . .

FROM THE SICK-BED OF AN OPTIMIST.

FROM STEERAGE TO PEERAGE.

FROM TOFFEE TO TAFFRAIL. (By "ANANIAS.")

Finally, there is the Impertinent-Bumptious title (very popular, especially if you intend to be slightly libellous about living people):—

HERE'S RUE FOR YOU!

AND ONE FOR HIS NOB.

NIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.

SAGES AND ONIONS.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT.

(2) NAMING CHAPTERS.

Steer a middle course between the old-world sort of chapter, entitled "In which my Family Speaks Out and my Future is Decided," and the ultra-modern, which is commonly indicated merely by "IV." or "§."

The ideal chapter is prefaced with a pleasantly suggestive *précis* of what is to come. It also enables readers to skip the bits they feel sure they are not going to be able to weather. As—

CHAPTER VI.

A sensational first night—The Old Mo—
Gas-lit London—Bloomers and Bikes
—The South Sea Bubble—The Tichborne Case.

(3) YOUR OPENING SENTENCE.

(a) *The Statement of Fact*—"I was born at — in —."

(b) *The Deliberately Whimsical*—"All my life I have loathed caviare, problem-plays and bananas."

(c) *The Conscientious-Chronological*—"It was while I was walking down the Strand in 18— with dear old Z. that he suggested I should give the world the story of —," etc.

(d) *The Rambling-Academic*—"The autobiographer, in dealing with his more private experiences, lays himself open to the charge of . . ."

(4) YOUR PARENTS.

Two useful types of father, either of which you are almost sure to have had in one form or another, can be introduced as follows:—

(a) "My father was of a harsh and unforgiving nature." (*Here insert daguerreotype of father being unforgiving in pegtop trousers and Dundreary whiskers.*)

(b) "My father was lovable, improvident, boyish, sanguine and always ready

for a joke. (*And here, if possible, recount a practical joke that he played on genial old X. in the 'sixties.*)

State without hesitation who your mother was, and what, if anything, before her marriage. If she was off the top shelf, publish with complete absence of comment, as from one who does not need to underline these things, portraits of her parents. As—

My Grandfather

(Envoy-Extraordinary in 1829 to the Court of Peru); or,

James Brandish MacNeil

(When Vice-Chancellor of Oxbridge and Warden of the Duchy).

If your mother's people were of sensationally humble origin, try to secure silhouette of her in the mob-cap of service, and reserve the latter-day studio-portrait of her in evening dress by Chanel et Cie for end pages of book.

(5) YOUR BIRTHPLACE.

(See Hints on Mother.) If you cannot produce a family mansion, deer park and historic avenue, don't be afraid to publish a snapshot of the truth, if your career has been really successful. As—
No. 10, Cranwell Street, Lambeth, S.E., where I was born.

But, as with Mother, publish on last page but six an interior of your study in Great Cumberland Place, showing the best of your acquired Chippendale and porcelain, together with the scarf-pin or brooch, if any, presented to you by KING EDWARD VII.

(6) YOUR INDEX.

Don't omit this or you will madden your readers, who expect to be able to discover at any given moment not only what GLADSTONE said but on what page he said it. Titles of books, plays, songs and pictures should also be given and in italics. As—

Ay, Ta-ra-ra-boom de.

Bay, The Stag At.

Lavender. Sweet.

London, Lights of.

Satan, Sorrows of.

Uncle, Tommy Make Room for Your.

If your life has been rather barren of celebrities, it is not a bad thing to say, here and there: "HOLMAN HUNT and I were never destined to meet," or "It must have been at about this time that LEIGHTON—that grand and picturesque old man—took up residence at the wonder-house in Melbury Road." In the Index these remarks will give you, "Hunt, Holman," and "Leighton, Sir F."

And, given these hints, if your *Life* still isn't interesting, it's your fault.

RACHEL.

Cabinet Rank for Mr. Edgar Wallace.

"The Crime Minister was a solitary figure sitting at the back of his closed car."

North-Country Paper.



Mistress (returning from theatre). "HAS THERE BEEN A TELEPHONE MESSAGE FOR ME, JANE?"
New Maid. "I NEVER ANSWERS THE TELEPHONE AFTER DARK, MUM, IN CASE IT'S A BURGLAR."

THE GREEN PARK.

Cold Autumn evenings with a dun mist creeping,
 Creeping down the Mall like a phantom of despair,
 Hope faint and dying, where the Palace looms unsleeping,
 As the last leaves flutter on the lifeless sodden air;
 Sad hearts sinking with a dread foreseen—
 How could one remember that the Park was ever green?

Cold Winter nights, with the fierce stars gleaming,
 Watchful in the blackness like a wild beast's eyes,
 Bleak winter days with the ground iron-seeming
 And the twigs' stark tracery against the skies;
 In the grim grey nakedness, when winds blew keen,
 How could one remember that the Park was ever green?

Soft Spring mornings, with a pale sun gilding
 The grey of the Palace through the dreamy haze,
 Spring in the trees where the birds are at their building,
 Spring at our feet where the tulip fire's ablaze,
 Thanks in all hearts at the thought of what has been,
 And the Park giving thanks in a robe of Hope's own green.

The Widow Again.

"TELECINEMATOGRAPHY.

... Mr. Baird, whose fecundity of resource seems to be like the widow's cruise, is juggling with light waves."—*Glasgow Paper*.
 And we had dared to hope that the "widow's cruise" joke was permanently exhausted.

"SEAT HELD BY 4."—*Daily Paper*.

They must have sat very familiar.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE FANCY-DRESS DANCE.

THEY were going to have a fancy-dress dance at the Hedgeside Tennis Club, and Mrs. Boomer said she would go as Katharine of Aragon. She wasn't at all like her and was much too fat, but she thought she looked regal, so Mr. Boomer said oh all right have it your own way, I shall go as *Jack Point*.

Well Mr. Boomer was good at private theatricals, and when they had done *The Yeoman of the Guard* at the Hedgeside Dramatic Club he had been *Jack Point*, and he had the dress, so he thought Mrs. Boomer would be pleased at saving money for a new one, especially as hers was going to be rather expensive with all the pearls.

But she only said the idea of such a thing! you will come as my husband Henry VIII., but if I catch you playing the fool with any Ann Boleyns you will hear of it.

Well anybody might have known that a man as little as Mr. Boomer was would look simply silly dressed up as Henry VIII., but as long as Mrs. Boomer thought she didn't look silly herself she didn't mind that, so Mr. Boomer had to give way which he generally did when Mrs. Boomer put her foot down so as to save trouble. And he found a costume of Henry VIII. and had it cut down for him and he really didn't look half bad though not like Henry VIII. except for the hat and whiskers.

And when Mr. and Mrs. Boomer went into the hall everybody started clapping and then laughing because they looked so silly, one very large and one very small, and Mr. Boomer pretended to be sillier than he was because he was used to doing that on the stage but Mrs. Boomer looked very offended.

Well Mr. Boomer's silliness didn't last long because something had been coming over him ever since he had put on the costume. And directly he came into the hall and saw the Vicar dressed up as Cardinal Wolsey it came over him altogether and he thought he was really Henry VIII. and Mrs. Boomer was Katharine of Aragon.

So he stuck his legs out and said as loud as he could what is this woman doing here take her away to the Tower and cut off her head.

Well everybody thought he was just trying to be funny but was carrying it a little too far and would catch it after-

wards from Mrs. Boomer. And the Vicar said to him I think that is enough Boomer a joke can go too far.

But Mr. Boomer struck another attitude and said how now Sir Priest! By my halidome I shall call on you to-morrow evening on my way from the station for a divorce from this woman. See that you have it ready or you go to the block.

Well Mrs. Boomer was so furious with him that she very nearly took him by the scruff of the neck and shook him, but she thought it wouldn't be like Katharine of Aragon to do that so she put on an expression of frozen grief instead and kept that up when anybody came and asked her to dance which she

Well most of the younger people enjoyed this and some of the young men wished that Anne Patry would treat them like that instead of Mr. Boomer. But the older ladies said it was a perfect scandal and Mrs. Crow who lived in the largest house in Hedgeside said she should certainly not buy any more cakes at Patry's shop. And she said it was time Mr. Boomer was spoken to and she would do it herself. So she sent her husband to fetch him.

Well Mr. Crow didn't much like doing that but he went up to Mr. Boomer and said look here old man it is very funny but give it a rest for a bit my wife would like to have a word with you.

But Mr. Boomer who was just going to ask Anne Patry to come out and sit on the stairs with him frowned and said how now sirrah! your wife dares to send for me! which is she?

And Mr. Crow said oh come now Boomer you know perfectly well, there she is sitting at the top of the room.

And Mr. Boomer said what that woman with a face like a horse! take her into the stable and give her a feed of hay she looks hungry.

Well Mrs. Crow was hungry because nobody had asked her to go in to supper yet, and Mr. Boomer generally did that because he was very kind-hearted and he used to say that if he had put up with twenty years of Mrs. Boomer he could stand half-an-hour of Mrs. Crow. And if he had been behaving like himself he would never have said that about her being like a horse which she was and everybody knew it. But because he thought he was Henry VIII. he was thinking of

Anne of Cleves, and of course she was like a horse and Henry VIII. said so, so Mr. Boomer didn't see why he shouldn't say it about Mrs. Crow.

But it made Mr. Crow angry, especially as Anne Patry laughed at it, and Mr. Crow thought she ought not to have done that as he lived in the biggest house in the place and her father was only a confectioner. But directly she laughed Mr. Boomer frowned at her too, and he said how now wench, would you cackle at my trusty Thomas Crow? Take her to the Tower. I will now turn my attention to Jane Seymour.

So some of the young men took off Anne Patry, and she was rather tired of Mr. Boomer by this time and was glad to go with them.

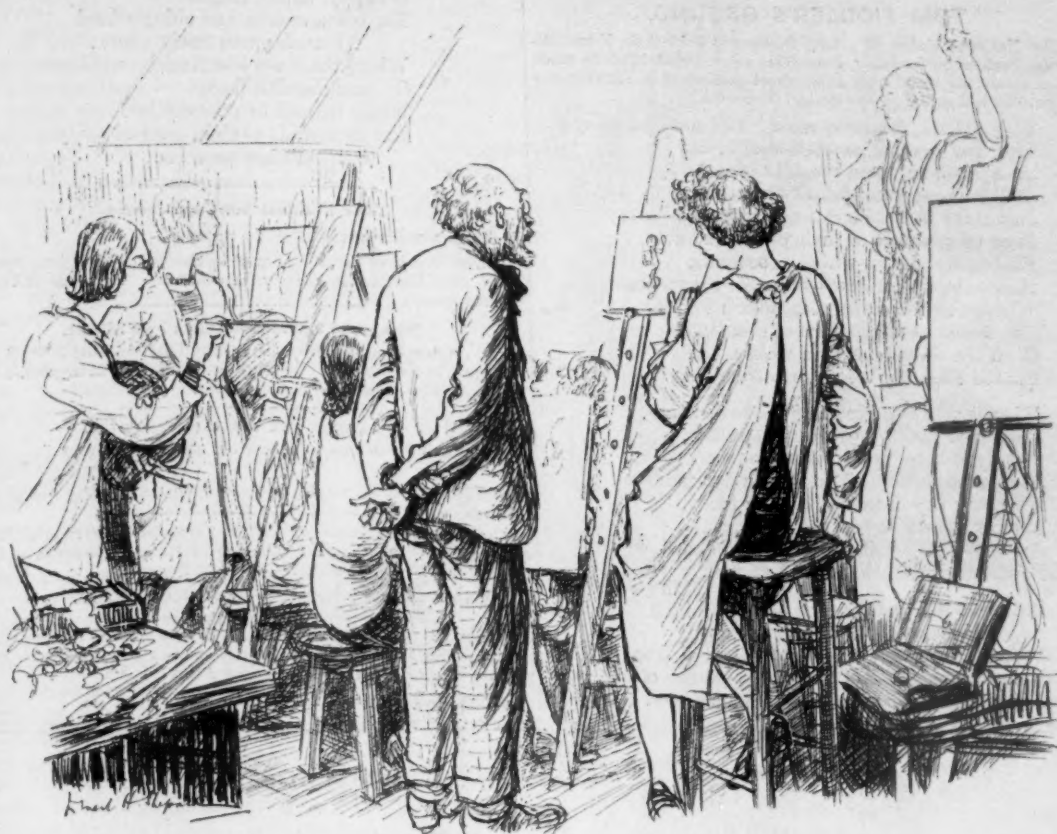
And then Mr. Boomer went up to



"HOW NOW SIR PRIEST!"

wasn't good at and didn't care about, but when somebody asked her to go down to supper she thawed and went.

And in the meantime Mr. Boomer was the life and soul of the dance because everybody wanted to hear what he would say next and by this time they didn't mind how far he went, and they said really if he was as clever as that he ought to go on the regular stage. And there was a young lady there called Anne Patry the daughter of the confectioner of Hedgeside who was on the regular stage, and she was merry in her nature and didn't care much what she did as long as people would notice her. So she said she was Ann Boleyn, although she was dressed as a Pierrette, and she got Mr. Boomer to make love to her before everybody.



Art Master. "HAVE YOU EVER PAINTED FROM THE LIFE BEFORE?"
 Hopeless Student. "OH, YES; I'VE OFTEN PAINTED A FLOWER."

Jane Sort who was the Vicar's daughter just as a foxtrot was beginning, and he said how now wench, wilt tread a measure?

Well she looked rather frightened because she was only eighteen, and the Vicar happened to be standing there and he said that's enough of it now Boomer leave the girls alone.

Well Mr. Boomer was just going to order somebody to cut off the Vicar's head when Mrs. Boomer came up, and she had pulled herself together and she smiled and said my liege it is time we wended homewards.

Well that seemed to bring Mr. Boomer to his senses. So he said let us wend and Mrs. Boomer took him by the arm above the elbow so as to have no mistake about it and marched him out of the room.

And everybody laughed at that and they said now he will catch it and I wouldn't be in his shoes but he has really been very amusing though perhaps he has gone a little too far.

Well Mr. Boomer didn't catch it so much as people expected because Mrs.

Boomer was rather proud of him for what he had done especially for saying that about Mrs. Crow because she didn't like Mrs. Crow and thought she gave herself airs. And she knew there was really nothing in the way Mr. Boomer had gone on with Anne Patry but it was only fun and besides she had never let them out of her sight.

So as they were going home in the taxi she said well I think you looked very nice as Henry VIII. considering you are almost a dwarf, but I knew that when I married you so I suppose I can't grumble.

And Mr. Boomer said well I don't think you looked so bad as Katharine though of course you are much too fat for it. And I really didn't mean that about a divorce, I don't want one.

And Mrs. Boomer said well you wouldn't get it if you did, mind you lock up everything before you go to bed.

A. M.

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Mr. Amery: My total poll was not as high as I wished, otherwise I think the result would have been a larger majority."—Local Paper.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

THE MEN UPON THE SCAFFOLDINGS.

The men upon the scaffoldings
 Go running here and there
 And push at things and pull at things
 (I don't know how they dare);
 But when they have their dinner-hour,
 From twelve o'clock till one,
 They sit high up above the street
 And rest a while and talk and eat
 And have a little fun.

They look so kind and pleasant;
 I'm sure they're very brave;
 But Nannie says I mustn't smile
 And certain'y not wave;
 Yet still I can't help thinking
 How jolly it would be
 If they could nod and shout "Hullo!"
 To people walking down below
 Or on a bus, like me. R. F.

"BIRKENHEAD STILL EXPANDING.
 IMPORTANCE OF ORIENTAL TRADE.
 IMPORTANCE OF ORIENTAL TRADE."

Birkenhead Paper.

Thanks; we guessed it the first time.

TOM FIDDLER'S GROUND.

[The National Union of School Orchestras hold their Twentieth Annual Festival on Saturday, June 15th, at the Crystal Palace, when four thousand boys and girls from school orchestras in London and the vicinity will gather on the Handel Orchestra.]

HAIL, Music, heavenly maid! Thy growing sway
Over the younger generation of to-day
At Sydenham, upon the 15th inst.,
Will be most unmistakably evinced.
Just think of it! Four thousand tuneful tots,
Bred up to music in their prams and cots,
Playing not penny-whistles, ocarinas,
Mouth-organs, or Jew's-harps, or concertinas;
Wherewith the coster serenades his donah,
But fiddles of the pattern of Cremona,
Or, if the word be vulgar, violins,
Tucked elegantly underneath their chins!

'Tis not as if the female or the male lists
Contained the names of any ukelelists,
Or any of these enterprising youngers
Were saxophone-"addicts" or banjo-plunkers;
No, every boy of them, however teeny,
Aspires in time to be a PAGANINI,
And every girl, with kindred zeal imbued, a
Potential rival of the great NERUDA.

But, even if I had the skill of POPE,
Th' heroic couplet wholly fails to cope
With the achievements of this Band of Hope,
Whose change of soul demands a change of metre
To something more exuberant and sweeter.

O happy, happy England!
The bob and crop and shingle-land
Where flappers freely vote;
Where there are few thumb-twiddlers
Or Jeremiah Diddlers,
Where infants fish for tiddlers
And thousands of child-fiddlers
Our harmony promote!

The Political Song-and-Dance.

From a schoolgirl's history paper:—

"From this time the King began to choose his Ministers from the party that had the majority in Parliament. This was called the Cabaret system."

Where the Composer Gets Full Marks.

"... voters awakened from the apathy that appeared to beset them in regard to the Election. In Bury St. Edmund's at all events there was a general brickness."—*Suffolk Paper*.

"SENTENCE FOR THE CONSERVATIVES.

LOSS OF OFFICE AND RETURN TO WILDERNESS."

Provincial Paper.

Some other Party seems to have been carousing about it.

"A Court circular mentions that the Prince of Wales received Audax at St. James' Palace. . . . The use of Ham-de-plume in a Court circular is without precedent."—*Hankow Paper*.

A pig that flies is without precedent anywhere.

"When the door had closed behind him they got into their own comment. The platform was deserted but for the guard, a solitary porter, and an invisible paper boy."—*Sunday Paper*.

We reprint this without compartment.



Leader of Pier Concert-Party (reading S.O.S. just brought in). "ER—WILL THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE LARGE BROWN MOUSTACHE RETURN TO HIS ROD AT ONCE, AS IT IS THOUGHT THAT HE HAS HAD A BITE."

THE THREE MODERN BROTHERS.

A FABLE.

AN old-fashioned father had three modern sons. The first said he wanted to be a painter, and his father agreed. The second said he wanted to be a musician, and his father submitted. But he didn't wait to be told what his third son wanted to be.

"Tertius, my lad," he said firmly, "you've got to go into business so that your silly brothers may have someone to borrow from later on."

Now the son who wanted to be a painter studied hard at first, as his old-fashioned father suggested, but he soon grew weary of old-fashioned things like line and perspective. And besides the dealers assured him that purchasers were just as tired of them as he was, so he learned to paint without them and found it much easier.

"But which way up is it?" old-fashioned folk asked. "Any way," Primus answered. "When you've had enough of it one way you still have three other ways of hanging it. You're really getting four pictures for the price of one."

The dealers agreed with him, and so Primus became immensely rich.

Secundus started in much the same old-fashioned way until he became almost as weary of scales as his neighbours; so he ceased to bother about them and began to compose, letting the black notes fall from his pen quite spontaneously just where they thought best.

"I've never heard anything like that," his father complained; "it sounds like a nightmare to me."

"But that's just why it's true to modern life," Secundus answered.

The critics agreed with him, and he became even richer than Primus.

Poor little Tertius! He needn't have been sent into business at all. But there it was; he began like the others to do what his old-fashioned father bade him until he saw the absurdity of book-keeping and arithmetic and became a successful financier.

He might have become even richer than either of his brothers, but an old-fashioned shareholder asked a lot of stupid questions.

Poor little Tertius! His elder brothers had to bail him out.

At the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, there is being held an Exhibition of original drawings by "FOUGASSE," presenting the humorous side of Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Golf and other games. It will remain open till June 29th.



Visitor (admiring home-made wireless set). "IT SAYS A LOT FOR YOUR HUSBAND'S INGENUITY."

Wife. "IT MIGHT IF IT COULD SAY ANYTHING."

WEATHER-WISE.

["Mr. A. GIBBLETT is Director of Airship Meteorological Services."—*Weekly Paper*.

THE old rulers of Rome, when they wanted to know

If the weather and time were auspicious,

Set the augurs to study the entrails of birds

For signs either good or malicious.

But our Meteorological Service to-day
Strives to tickle a risible riblet
By leaving the forecasts of weather and waves

In the capable hands of A. GIBBLETT.

"Le Vetchernye Moskva raconte que les condamnés 'se sont ingénies à ébranler la confiance des voyageurs dans le pouvoir soviétique, en inventant des wagons dont l'usage donnait le mal de mer' (sic)."—*French Paper*.

"Sic" seems to be the proper word.



Visitor to Vicar (just recovered from appendicitis). "SO GLAD TO SEE YOU HAVE MADE SUCH AN EXCELLENT RECOVERY. ONE HEARS OF SUCH TERRIFYING CASES OF DOCTORS LEAVING THEIR BICEPS IN THE PATIENT."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

LONDON is a queer place. Many people suppose that the whole of it has been deeply stirred by the recent elections. That is not quite true. In the strange wild life of the Northern suburbs political activities have scarcely counted at all.

I was leaning on the parapet of a high bridge which spans a large pond within the four-mile radius. It is a dirty pond, but plated with the leaves of water-lilies and surrounded by the most delightful shrubs and trees. I was watching two swans which had brought three tiny stone-grey cygnets out for a trial swim. It was a very pleasant ceremony. My dog had been down to the water to bark at the swans, but not for long. The male swan said things to him which would have discouraged a braver dog than mine.

Suddenly there arrived, walking swiftly and carrying a large blue bag, an elderly red-cheeked man with spectacles. He said no word at first, but began to draw from the bag and cast on the water rapidly and with an air of great indignation handfuls of green grass. The swans, young and old, which appeared to have

been feeding on fallen may-petals strewn like confetti on the brown water, paddled eagerly after the new food. The elderly man then began to pelt them with a fusillade of Indian corn. Most of it was lost amongst the water-lily leaves, but the senior swans, with beautiful arching movements of their necks, got the rest as it sank.

I guessed immediately that the swan-feeder was one of those Londoners who like talking to strangers. I was right.

He edged a little nearer to me and said suddenly and loudly, "They mutilate them, and they won't sterilise the eggs, and then they let them starve."

I had not expected him to say this.

"Who do?" I inquired.

"L.C.C."

I had said things about the L.C.C. myself, but I had never said anything so anti-municipal as that.

"I've been writing to them for years about their swans and telling them not to mutilate them," went on the elderly man. "Letter after letter I've written, and all I get is 'The matter's going to be inquired into.' And is it?" he asked scornfully. "No! The way I look at it is that we pay the L.C.C. and they're our servants, and when we write a letter

to them they ought to do something about it and not keep putting you off and off."

I agreed.

"But what exactly do you mean by mutilating the swans?" I said.

"Cut off their flying-feathers. Pinion them," he replied. "That's to keep them from going away. But, if a swan's put on the right piece of water and given the right kind of food, what I say is it *doesn't* go away. That's what I keep telling them, but they won't listen to me."

"You understand swans?" I hazarded.

"Understand them?" he said. "I kept PAVLOVA's swans. She wasn't at home and I saw they weren't being properly looked after, so I asked if I could go and feed them. They didn't go away, and *they* didn't die."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was the glorious privilege of PAVLOVA's swans to die. However, I refrained.

"There was a big swan on one of these ponds that I knew very well," he continued. "Swan named Bill, that used to feed from my hand. One time someone put a dab of grey paint on its



NOTHING DOING.



WILLIAM HARTON



Rescuer. "AND DON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH LIKE THAT. PEOPLE GO MAD SWALLOWING SALT WATER."

head. Well, I told the L.C.C. about that, but they wouldn't do anything. The keeper said it wasn't paint, but only mud. But you could see it was paint by the way the lead damaged the plumage. So I got a scrape of the paint off on my fingers when I was feeding the swan, and I could see it was paint sure enough, so I wrote to the L.C.C. again and sent them the scrape I had taken off. And what do you think they did about that?"

"I don't know," I very truly confessed.

"They told me," he said in triumph, "that they'd had it analysed and found it was only dirt. That's the way they look after their swans!"

This seemed to me to be a climax, and I prepared to go. But the elderly man restrained me.

"There's lime, again," he said. "They want lime for their eggs. I've often come up with a lot of lime and they go for it at once. Many people don't know about lime. I've found snails in my garden with defective shells, and put down some lime for them, and you'd see there'd be snails on it at once. But what does the L.C.C. know about lime?"

I looked at the grey cygnets, the white swans, the dark-brown water and the green trees. I could not imagine what the L.C.C. knew about lime.

"But I thought," I said eventually, "that you didn't want the swans to have eggs?"

"What I say is that they ought to sterilise them," he said. "But if they do let them hatch they ought to feed them properly. There was a young cob swan and an old hen last year that lost nine. All starved, I reckon. I wrote to the L.C.C. about that, but they wouldn't believe me. And then they shot the young cob. Said a dog had bitten him. A likely story! But some day the truth will get known. They're always shooting things."

"I knew they'd shot off some of the grey squirrels," I said.

"Yes," he answered. "And why? They say they take the birds' eggs. But they don't; or if they do it's only one here and there. I've watched them for hours, so I ought to know. I brought that before the Parks Committee of the L.C.C. and tried to have it passed on to the General Committee, but it was no good. There was a squirrel I knew called George. Used to sit on my shoulder. They say the squirrels bite the young shoots off the trees as well, but I've watched a chestnut where that happened carefully all the year, and the blossom wasn't damaged in the least, nor yet the nuts. I wrote the L.C.C. another letter about that. Always shooting things," he repeated mourn-

fully; "and they won't sterilise the eggs."

"Squirrels——" I began, but he stopped me.

"It's what we'll have to do to human beings very soon," he said. "Everybody knows it. Over-populated. Too many children in this country by far."

"Do you really think that?"

"I do," he said; "I understand these things."

At this point my dog, which had been roaming around on his private affairs, reappeared looking guilty and confused. I regarded him without pleasure. He was plastered with filth.

"A well-bred one, isn't he?" said the elderly man, surveying him.

"Fairly," I confessed.

"I said that," he went on, "because he's covered himself with muck. It's a sign of a well-bred dog to roll in muck like that. I expect you'd better throw him in the pond now and clean him a bit."

"I will," I said meekly (I had meant to), and, saying farewell to the swan-fan, I left the bridge. I chose the end of the pond which was farthest away from the swans and, taking my dog by the scruff of the neck, launched him carefully on to the tide, the elderly man watching me from above. My dog swam back and pranced gaily about

with the air of one who by his own cleverness has shrived his soul from sin.

Suddenly, from the far side of the pond there arose the shrill yelling of a small boy who was torturing tiddlers (I suppose) by collecting them in a jam-jar.

"Yah!" he shouted at me. "Yah! Croo-il! Croo-il! Throwing yer dog in the water! I saw yer, throwing it in like that! I'll report yer to the L.C.C.,

BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE.

EAVESDROPPERS may never hear good of themselves, but they sometimes hear very surprising and interesting things; besides, when one has been invited to sit in the nursery and does so gladly, there being a fine fire there, surely one is entitled to listen to any conversation that goes on, even if one's presence seems to have been forgotten.

Hester had been invited to spend

"Your funny old Cousin Tabitha? I know her," Hester responded.

"No, 'course not! My awfully rich cousin. I never told you about her before, but she's just awfully rich and lives in a house forty thousand years old with three hundred rooms in it."

She paused long enough to allow these facts to sink in while I sat up and took notice.

"She has hundreds and hundreds of servants," Barbara went on, "house-



THE DOLER OF MANY PLUMS.

(After "The Boy with many Friends," by the late THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A.)

From left to right: MR. SNOWDEN, COMMANDER KENWORTHY, MR. CLYNES, MR. THOMAS, MR. TOM SHAW, MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MR. HENDERSON, MR. ADAMSON, SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, BART., AND CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN.

that I will. I saw yer! Croo-il! Croo-il!"

His cries pursued me as I fled ashamed.

London, I repeat it, is a queer place.

EOVE.

"Education in the laws of health was the subject of the presidential address of Dr. R. M. Leith at the Congress of the South African Medical Association at Port Elizabeth. . . . Doctors had, he said, helped to explode the idea that health could be bought."

South African Paper.

We await the views of Harley Street.

the afternoon with Barbara and had excitedly embarked upon an account of a visit she was about to pay to an aunt who lived in a castle five hundred years old, possessed two cars and many other advantages, to all of which Barbara listened in a possibly envious silence. A little later, guest and hostess being engaged in undressing and dressing the latest additions to the doll family, I heard Barbara remark in a casual tone of unconcern:—

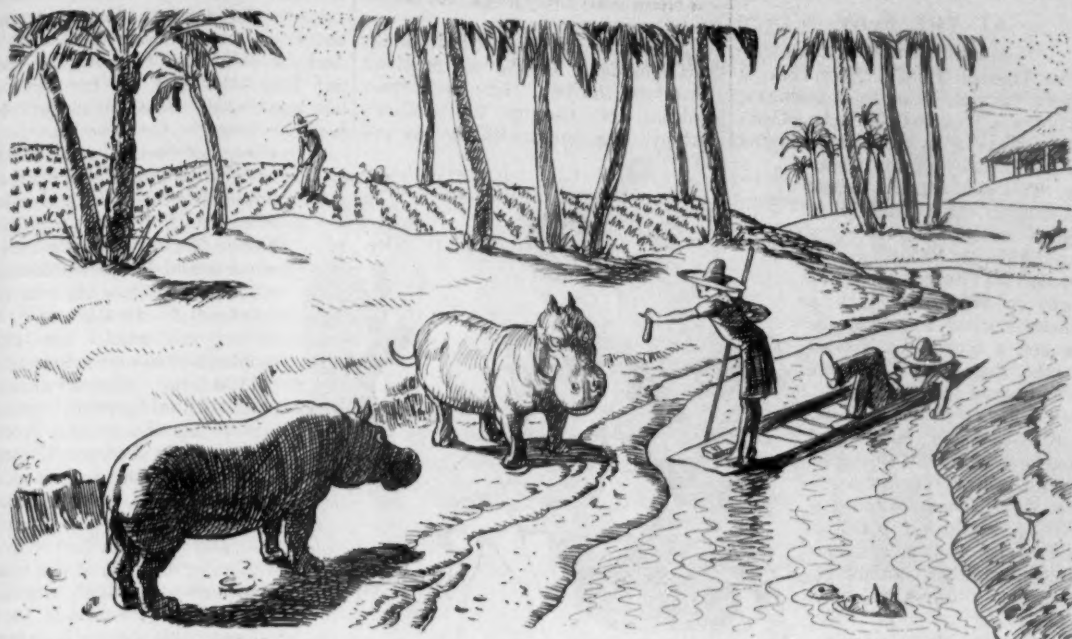
"I'll tell you about my cousin if you like, now."

maids and cooks and chauffeurs and everybody."

Here I felt obliged to enter the conversation. "So many servants must be a nuisance," I commented; "they probably quarrel a lot."

"No, they don't; they love being there. And there are lovely things to eat—chocolates in all the rooms, boxes full of them, and you jus' take a few and then there are more boxes put."

She waved her hands in a lordly manner. Hester was silent but obviously impressed.



Planter (to young bride lately arrived). "DARLING, I KNOW IT'S VERY CHARMING OF YOU AND ALL THAT, BUT CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIRS ARE SIMPLY THROWN AWAY ON THESE BEASTS."

"Her name's Rosy," Barbara continued.

"Rosy what?"

For perhaps half-a-second Rosy's cousin was at a loss, but she recovered so quickly that it is hardly fair to mention it.

"Howard," she said firmly, "but not any relation of our Dr. Howard. It's a beautiful house; all the rooms smell of scent—Rosy has bottles and bottles of it, cellarsful. And there are nine footmen, all tall. When I go there to stay, three of them come to the station to get my luggage to carry it to the car. It's got beautiful cushions in it, and you sit in big armchairs—not ordinary motor seats; and she has a 'normous larnakin rug lined with pairpul silk."

"My Aunt Nancy has a very big fur rug too," Hester observed.

"Forty-three men were killed getting the larns for Rosy's rug," Barbara informed us. "Oh, we've had some beautiful drives in that car!"

She sighed—a sigh reminiscent of delights beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. Then she continued with fresh enthusiasm:—

"Do you know what? Once Rosy had a party, and after it we wanted to do something exciting, so we got into the big car and drove all about the garden, all over the lawns and the flower-beds, smashing everything. But we didn't mind. It was fun!"

The buccanalian scene called up by

this description confirmed me in my opinion that Rosy, of whom I had been doubtful from the first, was no fit companion for Barbara.

"Do you have lots of parties?" Hester asked.

"Oh, not all the time, but of course it gen'rally looks like a party, 'cos Rosy has such lovely clothes, velvet and satin nearly all of them. And she always wears evening-dress, even when she goes shopping."

"Does that look—er—suitable?" I inquired.

"Looks lovely," Barbara replied shortly. "And when I go to stay with her I have as many dresses as I want myself, and shoes to match. And when Rosy and I go for walks in the country we still wear our best satin shoes—all the time."

"But don't they get spoilt very soon? The soles are so thin."

"Yes, but when they wear out we jus' throw them over a hedge, 'cos there's always a motor coming along jus' behind us with lots of new shoes in it, and so we get in and put on another pair. Stockings too, if we want to."

"I see. Miss Howard does prepare for all emergencies, doesn't she?" I said.

"Yes, everything like that," Barbara agreed.

"What letters you must write home!"

"No, I never bother to write when I'm at Rosy's," said Barbara coolly; "I jus' send telegrams. Ten or twelve

a day sometimes me and Rosy send. We don't mind the money."

I glanced at Hester; she bore a distinct resemblance to the Queen of SHEBA on her way home, and I felt a little feeble myself.

"I had no idea people were ever as rich as that," was all I could find to say.

Barbara smiled kindly upon us.

"Oh, but there isn't many people as rich as what Rosy is," she told us with a sigh of complete satisfaction.

THE GOOFUS.

[Another instrument has been added to the jazz orchestra. It is said to be the elder brother of the saxophone, and it is called the goofus.]

SWEET Saint Cecilia, hear my song,
Nor turn your outraged ear away;
'Tis not my fault that I belong
To this most unmelodious day;
A tribute may be worse than queer
Yet, with its oddity, sincere.

For stately harmonies inept,
How shall I fitly sound your praise?
The harp's grave string I've never swept;
The organ's stodgy nowadays;
But let my gulping goofus claim
Your smile—if only for its name.

W. K. H.

An Impending Apology.

"MEMBERS WHO WILL NOT RETURN.

Guest, Capt. F. E.—Borstal N."

Daily Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAPRICE" (ST. JAMES'S).

THE Theatre Guild of New York, in association with CHARLES B. COCHRAN, presents the Theatre Guild Acting Company in *Caprice*, by SIL VERA, adapted and produced by PHILIP MOELLER. This seems to be the best presentation of a comedy in English on the English stage since the Barker-Vedrenne association at the Court Theatre, and tempts to dithyrambs on a brilliant method and performance and a lament for glories departed. But first to the matter and manner of the comedy.

Counsellor Albert Von Echardt, resolute bachelor, impenitent philanderer and distinguished advocate, is living in free association with *Ilsa Von Ilsen*, a brilliant, variable, exasperating beauty. The woman has her principles and her method of holding her difficult partner. The *Counsellor* is one of those sedulously unfaithful persons who are at the same time inordinately possessive, and for every flirtation entered into by him *Ilsa* feigns to be seriously interested in some pursuing cavalier—merely feigns, one supposes, for, though she is too astute to let her lover know the truth and affects the airs of a heartless wanton, one guesses her to be fundamentally faithful and genuinely and understandingly in love.

And suddenly there appears that comely intense clergyman's daughter, with whom he had had his first serious liaison seventeen years ago.

The two have never met since those impetuous days. He has never seen his son, *Robert*—has indeed all but forgotten his existence. And *Amalia*, with a grave air of patient long-suffering and complete detachment, making no personal claim upon him and no complaint, begs him to take his son into his house and complete the training she has till now so faithfully conducted. He now needs his father's brilliant example as a stimulus to his awakening mind. The boy has brains, wishes to be a poet, will be a credit to him. As for *Ilsa*, whom the embarrassed *Counsellor* mentions as an objection to this arrangement, why, let him marry her and so regularise his household that no harm shall come to the impressionable boy. As for herself she will

just fade quietly away and efface herself as she has always done.

A generous unexpected attitude, thinks the *Counsellor*. Yes, he will on those terms take the boy. *Ilsa*, with truer intuition, sees through the mother's strategy. She comes with her boy and

she means to stay. *Robert* naturally assumes that his father means to right the wrong he has done to his mother. And he falls in love with the shining lady—the first of her type he has ever seen. *Ilsa* encourages him just far enough to force *Amalia* to show her hand; says good-bye to her distracted *Counsellor*, and having left the house a vivacious brunette returns as a brilliant blonde to cure by shock her boy admirer and delight her lover, to whom she reveals his own true mind—that *Amalia* and her *Robert* are much too high-minded and romantic to be tolerable to him. After another apparently final farewell, to punish him for his distracted suspicion that she has deceived him with his own son, she steals back as, head on hands, he is gloomily surveying his wrecked happiness, and mixes for him an overwhelming draught of the bicarbonate of soda which this mild hypochondriac assumes to be indispensable for his imaginary ailments.

A cynically happy ending? But the skill of the author's and players' characterisation takes the unpleasantness out of it. Here are two people, neither fit for marriage but both genuinely in love and open-eyed sympathy with each other, and congenitally incapable of the self-deceptions of the ethical *Amalia* and the romantic *Robert* or of suffering them gladly in others. The ending is in the given circumstances dramatically inevitable.

A presentation and performance distinguished in its parts and even more distinguished as a whole. It has, in a word, the rare quality of style and exquisite balance. If Miss LYNN FONTANNE (*Ilsa*) stands out from the others, dominates the scene, it seems only because *Ilsa*, the brilliant woman, would have so dominated her environment. I cannot see how Mr. ALFRED LUNT's *Von Echardt* could have been better played. Miss LILY CAHILL's *Amalia*, Miss CAROLINE NEWCOMB's old housekeeper, Mr. DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY's ardent uncomfortable adolescent were fitted with equal skill into the picture.

The New York Guild (with Mr. COCHRAN, that discerning importer) have laid us under a deep debt of gratitude, and those lovers of the theatre who have eyes to see can read a lesson in this performance. This finish, this balance, this style



IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

Robert MR. DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY.
Ilsa Von Ilsen MISS LYNN FONTANNE.
Amalia MISS LILY CAHILL.



TRYING THE EFFECT OF A CHANGE OF HAIR.

Ilsa Von Ilsen MISS LYNN FONTANNE.
Counsellor Albert Von Echardt. MR. ALFRED LUNT.

are the result of hard work by a patiently organised, stable group of actors, producers and (not less important) theatre-goers inspired by an artistic ideal. The New York Theatre Guild has twenty-four thousand subscribing members, which is to say that New York theatre-goers of intelligence have determined to back their best players and producers instead of leaving them to the mercies of the gambling entrepreneurs and rack-renters who have the London theatre in their grip and who more than any other cause are responsible for its present unhappy condition. Meanwhile let us brace ourselves with the tonic reflection that we have the theatre we deserve, and are steadily breaking the spirit of the many sincere and competent players who would be so ready to give us worthy and stimulating entertainment if we would make it possible for them to do so. T.

"THE DEVIL IN THE CHEESE"
(COMEDY).

Father Petros, Superior of the Monastery of Meteora, in Northern Greece, an exceedingly picturesque ruin of a place perched on a high crag, which Messrs. LOVEDAY, HIGSON and ALICK JOHNSTONE have reproduced for us with elaborate craft, has sent to the American millionaire and amateur archaeologist, Joseph Quigley, a sample of the treasures which, he asserts, lie buried in the monks' garden. Young Goldina Quigley having fallen in love with a handsome ineligible, the stubborn hot-tempered father brings the maid and her mother, together with his own choice for his daughter, a tiresome young doctor, and proposes keeping them all out of mischief in this uncomfortable eyrie while the excavations go forward. The handsome young man, solicitous for his Goldina's safety and suspicious of the Meteora monks, who indeed turned out to be bandits of the most unscrupulous kind, arrives by airplane, crashing on the monastery roof. The lovers are resolute: the father, a hasty man, furious and vindictive. He has a passion for cheese. And eating, rather rashly, a piece of goat-cheese many centuries old, attached to a copper bottle unearthed by his workmen, he releases the imprisoned Egyptian god, Min, who at his request takes him inside the mind of his daughter as an act of gratitude for his escape.

And this vision of the romantic young woman's mind—the honeymoon on the odiously found yacht, the wreck upon the desert island, the illness of her handsome husband and her devoted nursing, the arrival of the cannibals, the routing of them by her hero, the Presidential elections, in which, owing to her astute-



Very Young Housewife. "WHAT KIND OF JOINT DO YOU THINK WOULD GO BEST WITH A BLUE-AND-GOLD DINNER-SERVICE?"

ness, her young husband triumphs over his old rival the doctor—all this is amusingly shown to us and is the kernel of a play to which there was rather an abnormal allowance of shell. Acts I. and III. were indeed all shell.

I hazard the opinion that *The Devil in the Cheese* was designed by Mr. TOM CUSHING for the screen: it has all the air of being hurriedly and carelessly made over for the stage. A few captions would have told us all that was contained in the first and third Acts and saved Mr. WILFRED SHINE (*Mr. Quigley*) and Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER (*Mrs. Quigley*) from an arduous struggle with inadequate material and an inordinate amount of vain repetition. Moreover there are admirable opportunities for the camera, which could have presented what was picturesque in the general situation and scene and what was fan-

tastic in the vision with much more effect than the three-dimensional mediums, except for those naïve souls who prefer to see everything in the round and can take their pleasure in the best parts of this show without being irritated by the clumsy rest of it.

Miss MAISIE DARRELL played the young heroine in and out of her dream with spirit and intelligence. And Mr. BRAMWELL FLETCHER was all that a noble impecunious young hero should be. I ought to add that the most popular characters were the four anonymous cannibals whose ritual dance by way of grace before meals was happily contrived.

As it stands, however, I am afraid this affair cannot be seriously recommended to the discerning. It seems a pity that the author had not the patience to make more of a promising idea.

T.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE PERFECT ALIBI."

AFTER seeing and (to a considerable extent) hearing *The Perfect Alibi* at the Carlton Theatre, again commandeered by the cinema from the stage proper, I have decided that, if I set out upon a career of crime, it shall be confined to England, where the police are less vindictive than in New York, less formidably armed (one of these cops actually carries a machine-gun), and where they mourn the death of their comrades with less ceremony and faster music. For *The Perfect Alibi* is a crook-play from start to finish: everyone is either black or white: that is to say, everyone is either a law-breaker or a guardian of the law, with the single exception of Miss ELEANOR GRIFFITH as Joan Manning, who belongs to both camps, having married a gunman (though ignorant of his turpitude), and being the daughter



J.H.D.

First Crook. "THAT MCGANN'S A FLY COP."

Second Crook. "YEP, AND WE'D HAVE SPOTTED HIM BEFORE THIS IN REAL LIFE."

of the inspector who has vowed to bring him to the chair. I felt myself to be peculiarly drawn to Joan because I too thought of her husband as innocent; I too thought he had come out of Sing Sing, where the play opens, to go on the level, and in the darkness and confusion of the actual murder I was not sure that it was he—Chick Williams—who fired the fatal shot. It is one of the defects of the films that in outdoor night-scenes so many of the characters look alike. Moreover had I not heard Chick swear reformation and had I not heard Joan swear to clear him? By all the laws of melodrama, before the Talkies came in, Chick should turn out to be misunderstood and straight. You may imagine that when he disclosed himself in his true gunman's baseness I was as astonished as Joan herself.

Chick's reversion to type makes the story. First we have his departure from prison and apparent decision to

give up crooked ways; then his presence with his newly-married wife at the opera; then his absence from the



J.H.D.

Chick Williams (Mr. CHESTER MORRIS). "I KILLED O'BRIEN AND YOU'RE GOING THROUGH FOR ME. I'M A CROOK AND YOU'RE A CROOK'S WIFE. KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT."

Wife (Miss ELEANOR GRIFFITH). "IT W-WON'T SHUT!"

opera for five minutes, all emphasised in the good old silent movie way (for the Talkies and the silent movies are not in the least enemies in the studio) by close-ups of clocks; then the great fur robbery during these five minutes, involving the shooting of Officer O'Brien; and then Chick's return to his unsuspecting wife. When the police come to investigate his movements, the opera-tickets are put forward by his wife as



J.H.D.

WHAT THE FILMS TELL US.
THAT THE POLICE KEEP NOISY CANARIES
CLOSE TO THEIR TELEPHONES.

proof that he was in the theatre: the perfect alibi. The rest I refuse to reveal; you must see it. In a few weeks the film will be generally released.

The actual drama, which is swift and exciting and convincing enough, is immensely fortified by the camera and the sound-accompaniment. We not only see the Sing Sing warders marching to duty; we hear their tread. When the plain-clothes cop, Danny McGann, pretending to be a drunken man-about-town, pours himself another drink, we hear the liquid dropping. The photographic scenes, having done their work—provided the needed atmosphere or a salient fact—melt swiftly into other scenes until the moment for more talk arrives. The partnership of the old method and the new is complete; and how any optimist, seeing this film, can still maintain that the Talkie is not a menace to the stage proper I fail to understand.

The acting could hardly be better;



J.H.D.

A 200-PER-CENT DEATH SCENE.

Fond Fan. "DOESN'T HE DIE NICELY?"

the only flaw, to my thinking, was in the long-drawn-out demise of Danny McGann, when one could not be sure whether his otherwise capable impersonator, Mr. REGIS TOOMEY, was registering mirth or painfully composing his features for eternity. Mr. CHESTER MORRIS as Chick was almost too like life towards the end, and I thought Mr. PAT O'MALLEY as Tommy Glennon, one of the gang, particularly effective, although I still have no notion as to what was actually happening during his very uncomfortable interview with the police. Here a caption would have helped greatly. Indeed, the Talkies, when silent, will have to work far harder if there are to be no captions whatever.

The voice-production improved as the play proceeded, but whether that was because the actors and the machinery were upon better terms, or because our



*Scientist (to Old Lady). "THERE ARE TWENTY MILLION STARS IN THE HEAVENS."
Old Lady (brightly). "So I SEE."*

ears became accustomed to the novelty, I am not sure. Since, however, we could never hear Miss MAE BUSCH, as *Daisy Thomas*, at all, I am inclined to think that we had nothing to do with it, and that, as Miss BUSCH is too good an actress to be blamed for inaudibility, it means that not all voices are fitted for the films and that the female voice is less likely to have the right timbre than the male. All the actors I have yet heard have been strong booming men. I can see also that Mr. LONSDALE and the other dramatists who, we are told, at this moment are so feverishly writing for the Talkies, will have to choose their words with a double care; not only for their dramatic value but for their adaptability to the machine. They may be spend-thrift with the labials, but they must be miserly with the sibilants. E. V. L.

Where the Word is Mightier than the Willow.

"Surrey, unless some new bowlers are found, will again be relying on the strength of their chatting."—*Indian Paper*.

"CRICKET RESULTS.

Cambridge tie with Knotts at Cambridge."
Japanese Paper.

Quite the best thing to tie with.

DRAGONS.

BLUE as the sea,
Sir Dragon, he
Right dreadfully
Was held;
His coils out-rolled
When Knights of old
At being bold
Excelled.

Armed to the spurs,
These splendid Sirs
The barriers
Would ride,
Or, errant hight,
Would forth bedight
To meet what might
Betide.

When, say, Sir Claud
Thus rode abroad
The Lady Maud,
Sweet prize,
Would pray him do
A derring to
Exalt her true
Bright eyes.

And so, sans stint,
Those coils that glint
The blade's stern dint
Must feel;

Scales blue as sparks
Would fly like larks
'Neath whirling arcs
Of steel.

And all (I wis)
Through Knights like this,
Tough-thewed as is
The oak,
No Dragon champs
To-day and ramps
Or breathes like lamps
That smoke.

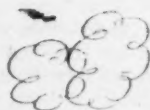
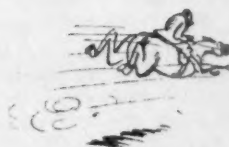
Yet dragonwise
Blue dragon-flies,
Blue as June's skies,
June's crown,
Where fat trout sup
By gold kingcap,
Speed fiercely up
And down;

Until I think
(So blue they blink),
How clankum clink
Sir Claud
Sailed in—one, two—
Till blue sparks flew
To win his true
Love, Maud.

P. R. C.



SHY.



J. M. BATHMAN

SHY.



"I SAY, BROWN, COULD YOU RECOMMEND A GOOD HARDY PLANT THAT WILL STAND SALMON-TINS AND THINGS BEING THROWN AT IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WHOLE-HEARTEDLY welcome Major HOME's gallant little quarto on *The Charm of Surrey* (BLACK) because, while so much of that once delectable county lies (as he says) under sentence of death, there is just the chance that such championship as his may issue here and there in a reprieve. It is harrowing to think what fate has overtaken Surrey and at what speed. Cut off from town by a sparsely-bridged Thames, the shyest and wildest of the home counties, she eluded the sedate and normal domestication of Georgian days only to fall a prey to "development," which is not domestication at all. Major HOME's volume is, however, rather a panegyric of still existing beauty than an elegy or an indictment. He touches on the gracious and robust that are gone, hints at the gross and flimsy that have arrived, and, avoiding railways and main roads, pursues as far as possible on foot the loveliness that remains. He traces the quieter reaches of Mole and Wey, where the Surrey of timber bridges and wooden causeys still lingers. He climbs highlands as yet immune from bungalows and bunkers, and notes that the "Privacy for Lovers" which AUBREY ascribed to Box Hill is still available. He praises the remaining amenities of Guildford, Farnham, Godalming, Reigate and Haslemere, with a good word to Leatherhead (for he is no foe to honest progress) for a hopeful example of town-planning. Among the villages he awards the palm to Limpsfield; but Witley is "entirely pleasing," and the colour of Betchingley inspires a memorable passage. With a chapter on "Great Houses"—so many, alas! have gone the way of Richmond and Nonsuch—the record ends. The sincerity and grace of its

twenty-four pencil drawings are the happiest reinforcement of the text of this delightful volume.

Sir PHILIP SASCOON, lucky man, contrived to be Under-Secretary for Air at the moment when it was decided that the first general inspection of British overseas air stations should be undertaken by air transport alone. Stern duty accordingly took him some seventeen thousand miles through the air in a space of about six weeks, and he enjoyed himself, I think, more than any other Government servant has ever done before in a similar working period. On the whole it seems only reasonable that the proceeds from the sale of his story of the trip, *The Third Route* (HEINEMANN), should be given to the R.A.F. Memorial Fund. He flew from Plymouth to Delhi and home again, turning aside as far as Khartoum and Mosul and Peshawar, packing into the space of hardly more than a few hours all the thrill of the familiar journey to the East, while from the superior vantage-point of his flying-boat the bare bones of strange countries showed up stark and clear and the outlines of ancient cities lost in sand could be traced like barnacled victims of the War beneath a veil of sea. VASCO DA GAMA toiled round the Cape of Good Hope to find the track the racing East-Indiamen were to follow; and DE LESSEPS cut the ditch through which the Indian Army came to France; and to-day the writer can point to the immediate recognition of a third way between East and West, which must gradually become more familiar and frequented until the windings of the twin rivers of Mesopotamia and the ridges of arid mountains that border the Persian Gulf are as familiar as the sands of Suez or the outlines of Table Mountain. Sir PHILIP left England an enthusiast for air travel. He

returned more than ever convinced that there is only one perfect way to move long distances over earth's surface, and one ideal angle from which to see her coloured countries.

In *The Fighting Fantastic*, YVONNE MOYSE

(No battle-ship here but her heroine find),

A perfectly healthy pen employs In a tale of the "costume" kind; LONGMANS publish it, and its oaths ("Death and damnation") they match its clothes.

Now the *Lady Juliana Vaux*

Is a maiden of frightfully high degree With "a proud little face" and some "curly locks"—

But a mistress of fence is she, And her step-papa is anxious to get Her off with a lord whom she hasn't met.

The *Lady J.* puts by her frocks—

No chattel she is to be sold for a crown—

And, dressed as a *Mr. Julian Vaux*, She flies to London Town, And fights some duels—and falls in love With the aristocrat that I've mentioned above.

And so our narrative, quite *sans guile*, Works out to a wedding, as love-tales should;

YVONNE's is rather a stilted style, Her dolls are rather of wood; But if her story has left me cold There's lots that will like it, young and old.

I cannot imagine a more sympathetic offering at the shrine of *Joan of Arc* (CASSELL) than the little *legenda aurea* of her life which is Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC's contribution to her quincentenary. The art of the mediæval miniaturist, "the art which," as DANTE says, "is called 'alluminare' in Paris," has transferred its careful outline, clear simple colours and serene perspectives to that tangled and terrible history; and while I can imagine a certain type of reader—the reader who cannot read *The Well at the World's End* for its "affectations"—boggling at the simplicity of Mr. BELLOC's style, I cannot imagine anyone ungrateful for being allowed to cut the cackle about *THE MAID* and come to the story. Accretions both of dubious legend and illiberal controversy have been ruthlessly shed; yet you are not allowed, any more than, or only just so much, as *THE MAID* was, to anticipate the halo that so belatedly crowned the agonies and exultations of her life. Her passion is perhaps unduly condensed for so long-winded a process, but you have a clearer view than usual of its prelude. A preliminary examination by a mixed tribunal at Poitiers, which took place before *JOAN* was allowed to deliver Orleans, is particularly well described; and Mr. BELLOC is not without hopes that the "Book of Poitiers," which the saint vainly appealed for during her last trial, may yet be recovered. Having so highly com-



THE BROTHERS BIFFSKI GO THROUGH THIS SORT OF THING EVERY NIGHT AND NEVER COMPLAIN.



BUT, IF A SMALL ACCIDENT LIKE THIS HAPPENS AT HOME, IT'S QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

mended the exquisite restraint and suitability of the book's handling, I must protest against one small exception. The QUEEN OF FRANCE, ISABEL OF BAVARIA, curiously alluded to as "that German harlot," should not have been allowed to accuse a Germany which did not in her day exist of manners more typical perhaps of her husband's country than her own.

"Tales of Mystery and Imagination" our grandfathers would have called them, these three stories that Mr. OLIVER ONIONS has collected under the name of *The Painted Face* (HEINEMANN). The best of the trio is the first, which provides the book's title. It is, in fact, a short novel, whereas the other two are no more than short stories rather above the average length, and I do not think Mr. ONIONS has ever done anything better in this style, which is also the style of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD—with a difference. *Xena Francavilla*, modern child of a Sicilian millionaire, with her strange memories that reach backwards to the ancient gods, is a real creation; and her tragic love-story has real pathos in it. The minor characters, *Verney Arden*, the young English lover, late a Winchester prefect, now knocking

about the Levant on behalf of a business firm; Mrs. Van Necker, American chaperon with her party of girls, ready for a consideration to undertake the responsibility of another at any moment; even the guests they meet at the Tunis hotel—they are all excellently touched in. The second story is perhaps not so successful. Here Mr. ONIONS seems to be attempting a similar theme again, changing merely the sex of the chief character. But "The Rosewood Door" has many good points. Once more the minor characters give a sense of solidity to the strange happenings. Finally we have "The Master of the House," with Eastern black magic that can change men into the likeness of an Alsatian dog. The publisher lays stress on "the delicious spirit of fear" that haunts this book. I did not experience any qualms when reading it late at night, but I admit to an increased admiration for the author's art. He can write, as most of us knew; but we did not all realise the quality of his imagination.

A very interesting point about Miss E. M. DELAFIELD'S new book of short stories is that, though she calls it *Women Are Like That* (MACMILLAN), she has made it extremely difficult to say in fewer words than she uses herself exactly what it is that in her opinion women are like. There are seventeen women, and more, in the seventeen stories in the volume, and they range from the callous Mrs. Rydall, in "We're All Alike at Heart," to the sympathetic step-mother in "Terms of Reference"; from the devouring egotism of the elder sister in that painful story, "Oil Painting: Circa 1890," to the ineffective tenderness of the mother in "Compensation." Love and marriage play a considerable part in most of their lives, but their views on these matters are as diverse as their personalities. Susan, in "If it had been a Fine Day—?" quite cynically appreciates the fact that she owes her husband to the boredom of a wet afternoon! Eve, in "The Gesture," turns to her poor Irish lover because he has considered her in small things; Mrs. Ambrey—the most tragic figure in the book—goes into hysterics when her husband comes to take her home after her illness; and Irma, in "The Obstacle," is agonised when she finds that the attractive companion of a long journey is not of her own social standing. On the whole her women seem to be unhappy if they have no prospect of marriage, but a great deal unhappier when the prospect has become a reality. One or two of the stories are the author at her best—and very good Miss DELAFIELD'S best can be; and her title, cleverly chosen, gives the book a unity which adds immensely to its interest. But I should like to register my own personal conviction that, though women may be like that, even Miss DELAFIELD has not exhausted their infinite variety, and they are just as much like a great many other things.

Mr. PAUL DE KETCHIVA, in his *Confessions of a Croupier* (HURST AND BLACKETT), has no shady record of his own doings to confess, but he provides enough about the doings of others to keep the writer of thrillers well supplied with plots. He reveals a good many of the tricks of the various crooks who haunt Monte Carlo and other Continental casinos, and he has numerous interesting reminiscences of royal personages, millionaires and other notable gamblers. He even offers a system which will be found fairly safe by those who wish only for mild amusement and do not hope to put the bank in mourning, but he is full of warnings against the disasters which inevitably follow success. I do not know whether to congratulate him as a foreigner on his English, which, if this is the original version, may be regarded as remarkably good, or to blame his publishers for not correcting for him in translation a number of curiosities of idiom. This doubt on my part, however, need not deter either those readers who want to be frightened away from the evils of gambling or those who want to know about the seamy side of high life. In both veins he is equally lavish, but the second makes the better reading.



Enterprising Parson (to very sporting new tenant). "WHY DON'T YOU RUN OVER TO OUR LITTLE CHURCH NOW AND THEN? IT'S ONLY FIVE FURLONGS AWAY."

No sooner had *Forrest Ord* arrived in London from the "back-blocks" of Africa than he was entangled in the meshes of *The Web of Destiny* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Returning home late at night he heard screams of hysterical terror and, rushing to the aid of the screamer, he was at once involved in a remarkable series of crimes. No knight-errant was ever more chivalrous than *Ord*, no villains could be more ingenious and ruthless than those created by "SEAMARK" in his thrilling and well-told story. From the moment when *Ord* responded to those terrible cries his life became a succession of alarms and excursions, and "SEAMARK," whose recent death deprived us of a novelist justly distinguished,

has in his conduct of the chase after the malefactors maintained a swinging pace from start to finish.

Although my respect for Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG'S abilities is so great that I wish he would be a little more ambitious in his novels, I readily admit that his light-hearted story, *No Dragon: No Damsel* (STANLEY PAUL), will provide holiday-makers with most opportune entertainment. *Jonah Knight*, not too quick in the uptake but a sound youth withal, is an amusing creation, and his experiences as he headed towards matrimony are related gaily and with real touches of humour. In fact Mr. ARMSTRONG has done thoroughly well what he set out to do, and, if I am more ambitious for him than he seems to be for himself, I hope he will forgive my zeal. Let me add that the price of this story is three-and-sixpence, and that you can easily pay more than double that amount without finding a tale half so diverting.

CHARIVARIA.

EX-KING AMANULLAH is said to intend settling down in Italy, but there is no confirmation of the rumour that Signor MUSSOLINI talks of making him an honorary Fascist.

Americans are said to be doing European holidays on the instalment system. The promoters undertake to deliver them in plain liners.

A gossip-writer asks if Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD will wear a cocked hat on State occasions. One suggestion is that Mr. S. SAKLATVALA might lend her the one he got knocked into at the General Election.

Mr. J. L. GARVIN describes the new Cabinet as one of oak and deal. Poplar is also discernible.

We are asked to contradict the rumour that a number of ex-B.B.C. officials have been approached with a view to the dramatisation of their resignation-scenes for the talkies.

Instead of music, a contemporary reminds us, CALIGULA dined to the screams of tortured men. But then that was before jazz-bands were invented.

A retired detective suggests that the best method of scaring burglars away is to smash a window-pane or heave some crockery on to the pavement. They will then conclude that the householder is annoyed.

That men are what women make them is the contention of a novelist in a daily paper. Women have recently made many men M.P.'s.

Competitors in holiday tournaments are advised not to talk about tennis in the evening, as it is conducive to staleness. Staleness is the bane of holiday conversation.

On seeing it stated that the new ATTORNEY-GENERAL is a ping-pong player we cannot wholly repress the suspicion that this malicious disclosure emanates from a Liberal source.

Lawyers, a political writer reminds us, are the Swiss of politics. Their

yodelling is of course a notable feature of Parliament.

Village postmasters are said to be reluctant to fall in with the scheme to provide greater telephone facilities in rural districts. They don't seem to realise that a craving for amusement is a powerful factor in the drift to the towns.

According to the Sultan of ZANZIBAR Englishwomen are the best in the world. How easy it is to understand our visitors when they cut out the

to prison and ordered eighteen strokes with the cat. He should have known that it's very rude to snatch.

A tie-pin worth thirty-five pounds lost ten years ago by a Wickford upholsterer was found in an armchair. As it was not found embedded in a potato on the man's allotment the report should be accepted with reserve.

A writer points out that with the coming of the talkies audiences won't hear any more jazz music by cinema orchestras. But their troubles are not over; there will still be the talkies to hear.

"The next war will begin with the wholesale slaughter of the civilian population," says a writer. Recruiting for the services should be brisk.

A writer says that Chinese generals cannot be trusted. That sort of thing of course is apt to spoil any war.

LEON TROTSKY is asking permission to come to England for medical reasons. It will be recalled that he had originally to leave his own country for the benefit of its health.

It is suggested that instructions on filling-in income-tax returns should be broadcast. But surely this comes under the heading of controversial subjects.

A further decrease in the number of doctors registered as resident in Scotland is believed to indicate that the southerly migration is still in progress. Yet nothing is done about planting the Border with apple-trees.

In *The Lost Leader*, we are reminded, BROWNING referred to WORDSWORTH's defection from Liberalism. So far no Liberal poet of to-day has been moved to immortalise *The Lost Followers*.

A new device makes it possible to read newspaper cuttings glued to an aeroplane propeller rotating at six thousand revolutions a minute. It should be a boon to sub-editors.

The wife of a former lawn-tennis champion has given birth to a daughter. It is significant that the child was born with bare legs.



Animal-Dealer (with bitter sarcasm). "WOT CAN YOU 'AVE IN THE WAY OF A PET FOR THREEPENCE? 'OW ABOUT A PACKET OF ANTS' EGGS AND 'OPE FOR THE BEST?"

a good flattery and get down to good honest facts like this.

The forthcoming production of the first bi-lingual talkie in English and German will be a big step towards the production of one in English and American.

According to a news message, Miss POLA NEGRI, the film actress, has filed a divorce petition in the Paris Courts. We understand that the affair will be a quiet one.

A man charged at the Old Bailey for snatching a woman's handbag was sent

MORE "COMFORT OF SOUL."

A Nice Letter to the Attorney-General.

DEAR MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL,—Unkind persons, many of them belonging to that cynical profession, the lawyer's, have whispered unkind things to me concerning your easy passage from the Party of Individualism, Liberty and Free Trade to the Party of Nationalisation, Regimentation and Trade Unionism. I therefore hasten to come to your defence; for we poor writers and journalists are frequently accused by politicians, barristers and other respectable persons of being insufficiently attached to principle in political affairs; and we owe our sympathy to one who has shown that, in the Temple as in Fleet Street, political theory is subordinate to Conscience. It is often said admiringly of some of us that we know which side our bread is buttered; and a double tribute will surely be paid to a Candidate for Parliament who knows that his bread is buttered on both sides.

The suggestion that you have obtained money on false pretences from the Liberals of Preston is demonstrably false (the suggestion, I am sorry to say, was made by a barrister); for, as you have convincingly replied, there was never any secret at Preston of your profound sympathy with the cause which your Party happened to be opposing at the polls. And even if you had not made the position so clear the supporters of Liberal Candidates have long ago lost the capacity for surprise. They are ready for anything, and nearly always get it. Not even the Liberal leader is entitled to complain, for has he not consistently set an example of broadmindedness?

Personally, I am satisfied that your decision would have been the same if by some miracle it had fallen to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to form a Ministry. We all know by what strange accidents opinion is changed. One day a man is devoted to caviare; the next, for no apparent reason, he craves for sausage and mashed. One day he believes that industry and banking are best conducted by private enterprise; the next he believes in the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange. This trivial readjustment has happened to many men; and it was only an unfortunate accident that it happened to you within a week of your being returned to Parliament as a member of the Liberal Party. The fortunate thing, of course, was that Mr. MACDONALD, immersed in the cares of Cabinet-making, should hear of the accident so soon.

It has all happened very quickly; but to call you a turn-coat is for that reason fantastic; for, as one of the nicer lawyers

remarked to me, you have scarcely tried the coat on. A man who crosses the floor of the House after months of co-operation with the Party which he has undertaken to serve may merit the obloquy of those he leaves behind him; but a man who crosses the floor before he gets there deserves nothing but congratulation for an unusual feat of agility. Indeed, I regard you as the perfect warrior; for while in the battle you gave your moral support to the Christian, when all is settled your practical assistance is sensibly placed at the disposal of the tiger.

I see no difficulty in your situation at all. Mr. MACDONALD is not at present able to do any of the things most hotly objected to by the Party which you have, up to this fruitful fortnight, adorned. And meanwhile you are agreed, like most men, on the desirability of peace, economy and the diminution of unemployment. There may, of course, come a time when, by one of the incalculable twists of the political wheel, the PRIME MINISTER will feel himself able, or compelled, to introduce a measure for the nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange (or some of them). It has been suggested to me that this may be a perplexing moment for one who, on May 30th, 1929, shared the profound antipathy of the Liberal Party to the nationalisation of anything. But I believe that Conscience will take you triumphantly over (or under) that obstacle. On the other hand, you have never in so many words publicly declared that you believe in the nationalisation of etc., etc., so that, if Mr. MACDONALD should go too far in this direction and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE should succeed him, there will be nothing in conscience to prevent you from adhering again to the true faith—or rather, the last true faith but one.

After all, the King's Government must be carried on, and it is most appropriately carried on by King's Counsel. It is a tradition of the Bar that an advocate should not as a rule usurp the functions of the judge by refusing to argue a bad case; it is his duty to secure a fair hearing for every man's case and to make the best of it he can. For, after all, who can say who is right? It is good to see this honourable tradition imported into politics by distinguished advocates; and I think myself that the thing should be carried further. Surely the Law Officers should be permanently appointed, and thus enabled to give their services to any Government without exposing themselves to the censures of the cynical. You, Sir, for example, are equally well acquainted with the arguments for and against the nationalisation of the means

of production, distribution and exchange; and who could expound them in the House with such freshness and independence?

No one, anyhow, will after this have difficulty in believing in the transmigration of souls.

A. P. H.

DURIANS.

[The durian is a fruit highly esteemed as a delicacy in the Malayan Archipelago, but owing to the offensive odour of its rind a taste for it cannot easily be acquired.]

"The best place ever I see for fruits," said Jake, "was Singapore:

Pineapples, pummeloes, mangosteens, mangoes and thousands more; And that's where I pinched some durians once when I'd been for a run ashore.

"But the mate he sees me coming aboard and he looks at me and, 'Ho, This ain't no perishing garbage-tank,' says he, 'I'd have you know; You take and heave those overside before you go below!

"For I'll stand a lot,' the mate he says, 'short pay and watered beer, And blisterin' heat and blastin' cold and grub that 'ud turn you queer, And every sort of pest and stench; but durians—no fear!

"I've had my share of smelly freights—jelutong's one,' said he, 'All full of those sleepy crawly flies that get into your tea; And copra's sickly sort of stuff, but they don't worry me.

"Green hides from Buenos too, they're fierce, and phosphates can be gay; Or a party of Mecca pilgrims, now, they aren't no new-mown hay, No more ain't the rottin' oyster-shells down Thursday Island way.

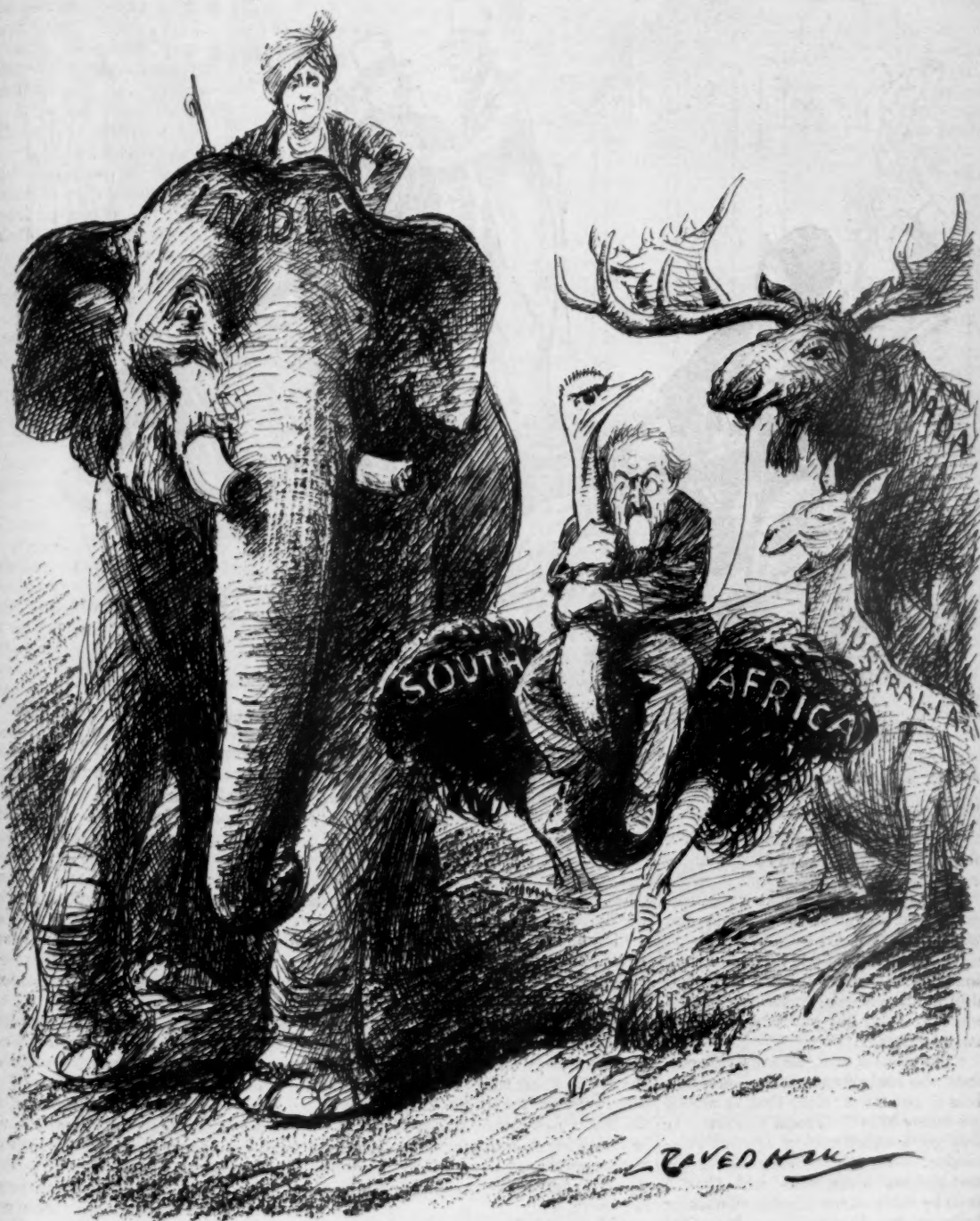
"Then I worked in a sago-factory once—I can smell that sago still; And once in a Swatow pig-junk where the lice was fit to kill; But them there prickly fruits of yours, why, they'd make a buzzard ill!

"So don't think I'm pernickety, Jake, or go to faze a man; I'll share my best and I'll stand the worst as well as any can; But a bloke must draw the blinkin' line, and I draws it at durian!"

Religious Harmony in India at Last.

"Anon comes a turbaned Mussulman, clearly from the Ganges or the Himalayas, wondering at everything as he walks. Ten centuries of Hindu ancestry are in his face, and more than that of Sanskrit dialect in his speech. You hear him talk, and the peculiar soft accent of the Brahmin reveals the deposit."

Scots Paper.



EMPIRE PRACTICE AT THE ZOO.

SECRETARY FOR INDIA. "HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, SIDNEY?"

SECRETARY FOR THE DOMINIONS. "NOTHING IN MY PREVIOUS CAREER HAD PREPARED ME FOR THIS; I HAVE NO STATISTICS ABOUT THESE IMPERIAL FAUNA."



Baronet (post-war creation). "I'M DASHED IF I CAN UNDERSTAND LORD HUNTERDALE'S FAMILIARITY WITH THESE COMMON PEOPLE—SUCH LOSS OF PRESTIGE."

Lady. "OH, WELL, YOU SEE, HIS PEERAGE DATES FROM ELIZABETH, NOT RECENT ENOUGH FOR DIGNITY."

"OH, WHO WILL O'ER . . . P"

"The Downs!" said Panter with a reverent moisture in his eyes. "Think of them now, man, and then look at this."

From the club window he waved disgustedly at a simmering Piccadilly and its crowds of passers-by. One of them, a newly-enfranchised voter who had no doubt had her head turned by the courtship of Candidates, waved back quite encouragingly, but Panter's mind was away in Sussex.

"The noble curves, the satisfying outlines, the cool green turf, the—er—how does it go?—the 'sleep that is among the lonely hills'! Thank Heaven I've only got another week of London's discomfort"—he stirred miserably in the well-padded armchair—"and then I shall be down at my bungalow, walking daily on the Downs. . . . Man, just think of the summer sun overhead and the springy turf under-foot as you tramp along doing your ten, twelve, even fifteen miles in the day." He lay back on his shoulder-blades and contemplated this vision for a while. "And in the evening the village inn, a pipe and a

well-earned pint of good old Sussex beer. . . . Which reminds me—let's have another glass of this port."

We had it. As you've guessed, all this was after luncheon. It is only after a heavy club luncheon that one does talk like this.

"I'll tell you what," continued Panter, "you must come and stay a week-end with me. You're getting too civilised." He held his port up to the light. "Civilisation!" he burst out, almost as heatedly as he had reproved the waiter for not filling his glass to the surface-tension line. "To think that there are vandals who want to cover the Downs with electric cable standards. My Downs!" he added indignantly, for no one can be more possessively Sussex than the man who has just acquired a summer bungalow there.

"Oh, well," I said non-committally and departed into the blaze of Piccadilly. I left Panter to the discomforts of the club smoking-room and the contemplation of the noble curves and satisfying outlines of other recumbent members. . . .

That was a fortnight ago, and last

week-end I went down to Panter's. Panter himself met me on the station platform with a pipe, a stick and enormous walking brogues, but outside we got into a blatantly large and shining car. Panter explained its presence by saying his wife had asked him to do some shopping, and tossed my knapsack into the back on top of two new orange cushions, a box of chocolates and three library books.

We drove out to Panter's bungalow in very good time, even though the car seemed almost too broad for some of the lanes we used.

"Ah, the Downs!" I murmured as the green slopes met and hung over us. I peered at them through the windows, closed because of the dust.

"They ought to have these lanes widened," growled Panter, "then one could get a decent-sized car along. . . . What did you say? Oh, yes, these are the Downs."

"Shall we go for a long tramp this afternoon? The summer sun overhead, the . . ."

"Ah, yes" (Panter stopped to swear at a farm-labourer for walking in the

middle of a lane that was a lane before JULIUS CÆSAR'S advent)—"I agree with you, it *will* be far too hot then. Say after tea."

Panter slept till tea. He explained that the healthy outdoor life necessitated more sleep.

After tea I got my stick and pipe. Panter got the car.

"I thought we were going to walk."

"So we are, old boy. But there's no sense in walking on roads. I mean we'll take the car to the foot of the Downs and walk on from there."

"The springy turf . . ."

"Yes, it is too springy for a car. I tried it last week."

At the last minute Mrs. Panter came too. She brought the orange cushions, the chocolates and the library books.

We found a main road that went up to the edge of the Downs. Then we found a side road not too steep that went over a shoulder of the Downs. And then to Panter's delight we found a smooth grass-track which would take the car and which went up to a summit of the Downs.

At the top we got out, and Mrs. Panter, after pointing out the view, or rather their bungalow, established herself on a hummock of turf. The car, a monstrous thing flashing in the sun like a beacon, displayed its noble curves and satisfying outlines to all Downs-lovers for miles around.

Panter was at last showing definite indications of being about to walk at any moment when two more cars appeared to add their contours to the outlines of the Downs. In one of them was a neighbour who rallied Panter on having found the track.

"Thought I was the only one who knew of it," he said, with the air of a true countryman discussing a short cut through the fields. "And how is London?" he continued, to put me at my ease.

We strolled back and forth discussing London till Panter felt tired. Sarcastically I said he had earned his pint of good old Sussex beer. He agreed—and produced it from the car. . . .

I went home early next day in order to get in a good Sunday afternoon tramp in Piccadilly. I left Panter in a deck-chair, to "the sleep that is among the lonely hills." He urged me to come again, promising me that by my next visit he would have electric light installed. They were, he said, at last bringing it over the Downs from Southampton. A. A.

"Found, lady's nightdress: Longsight."
Manchester Paper.

Even a short-sighted man might see a thing like that.



Sleep-walker (who has come through greenhouse roof). "THANK HEAVEN IT ISN'T TRUE. I DREAMT I WAS FALLING OFF A HORSE."

EGGARDON HILL.

LEGIONS tramp on Eggardon Hill,
And a road of the Roman's making;
Dust, and the clarion sounding shrill
As Rome the road is taking;
And over the dust and the marching feet
A lark in the blue pours music sweet.

Armada guns off Portland Bill,
And creeds and thrones contending;
Their thunder rolls o'er Eggardon Hill,
With the song of the skylark blending;

Thunder of strife on the sea-wind's
wings—
Death, and a hope that soars and
sings.

The guns of Spain are under the surf;
Quelled they lie, and still;
Where the legions marched is turf,
sweet turf,

And thyme on Eggardon Hill;
And over the hill a Spring day long
Peace and the sound of skylarks'
song.



ALDERSHOT SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.

I.—RETURN OF THE CRUSADERS.

UNKNOWN KNIGHT (ON OUTSIDER) WINS THE 10.23 P.M.

A STATE OF BLISS.

We have had another visit from an Eminent Personage. Having heard from some of our ill-wishers in Simla that Arampur State, owing to the ineptitude of the Political Resident and his Assistant (me), was going from bad to worse, he was coming to see things for himself, to overhaul the mechanism of administration, to probe to the root of the canker and to perform other unpleasant operations.

We met him at the railway-station and gave him a high-class reception, but we saw at once that we were up against something special. A lean sombre man, his sunken eyes and pickled complexion betrayed the passing of many hot weathers in the East. He was clearly no Home politician who had been inflicted on Simla against its will. It would be impossible to talk him off the point of every subject with a few random generalisations, or to reduce him to a state of reminiscence with a reference to his political career. No, this was a hard-baked Kwi Hai, with a good many

years' advantage even over that fruity old campaigner, the P.R.

This E.P. seemed to have no weak-



II.—HIGHLAND EPISODE, 1314.
BONNIE SCOT (FRA BANNOCKBUR-R-N).

nesses. Our shikaris made themselves hoarse describing the glories of numerous imaginary tiger in the vicinity, and the E.P. began personally to ransack the files of the Forest Department. Polo was played at 4 p.m. daily and E.P. sat in a room in which the clicks and gallopings were plainly audible, poring over the previous year's Report of Finances. The female half of the station exercised all their blandishments, but the E.P. remained sunk in silent thought over Budgets and Grants. You could almost see his lips framing the fatal question: "From what source is it proposed to raise the one-and-a-quarter lakhs needed to cover the deficit which has been revealed in the following Departments: (1) Public Works; (2) Justice?" and so on.

On the second day the Dewan took to his bed with some curious ailment of the eyes which prevented him from reading any official document however boldly typed or printed. The Director of Public Works suffered a family bereavement which compelled him to mourn in solitude for fifteen days and

to shave off his moustache—a device which made it quite certain that at any subsequent meeting the E.P. would fail to recognise him. The Conservator of Forests, while going his rounds, encountered a falling tree and was so severely damaged that it was dangerous to move him back to Arampur while the E.P. was busy scarifying his office. A really artistic accident this—"disabled while on duty": besides, it must have needed a thorough search to find in the alleged forests a tree large enough to hurt even a beetle in its fall.

The P.R. began to show signs of anxiety. "Another day or two of the E.P. among the offices," he observed, "and we can pack our trunks."

We went round to see the Raja, who, on receiving reports of the E.P.'s character, had discovered that he could no longer put off the thanksgiving ceremony which he had impiously postponed for several years. The Raja stood by us and emptied his cellars of all the choicer vintages for the E.P.'s entertainment. We hoped again, for the heel of Achilles is often found to have been diverted to his stomach.

The E.P. was flattered by the attention and became absorbed in a wistful contemplation of the labels and the cobwebs on the bottles. For the first time we caught that gleam in the eye which distinguishes the human being from the inspecting officer. We were beginning to cheer up again when with a look of agony the E.P. drew himself away, ejaculating the one word "liver."

Our hopes crashed to the ground. We lost no time in removing the temptation. It was really rather decent of him to warn us. If he had succumbed, the morning after would have sealed our fates. We have as much dislike as an Insurance Company has of incipient cirrhosis.

But the word "liver" gave us a cue. We still had one weapon to use, the Civil Surgeon. A previous E.P. had been got rid of overnight by a feel of the pulse and a shake of the head. But that sort of thing was too simple for an old soldier like this.

"I could mix him up a dope," said the Civil Surgeon thoughtfully, "which might alter his state of mind."

"Afraid it won't do," said the P.R. "It isn't enough to get him away; he must be got away in a good mood. We

have seen his eye gleam once, so we know that it can gleam. We must make it gleam again."

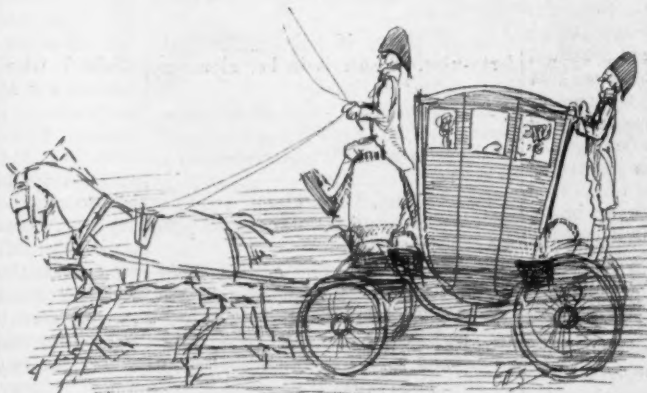
We renewed our activities. We tried the State Band, but the E.P. didn't care for music. He disliked racing. He found bridge too intellectual. He was too old



III.—DRILL (PERIOD 1800) BY 3RD BN. GRENADIER GUARDS.

Shade of Royal Tournament Marine.
"STEADY, THE GUARDS; I DROPPED SOMETHING TOO."

for pig-sticking. He couldn't eat curry, and all our hair-raising chutneys were wasted on him. His only interest seemed to be the office-table and every hour he spent there seemed to tighten the screws in our coffins.



IV.—DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S BALL BEFORE QUATRE BRAS. CARRIAGES MARK I. BALL-GOERS, FOR THE USE OF.

Then, one evening on the verandah, the P.R. had finished all his stories. We juniors had laughed up heartily, though we had heard them all before, without awakening the faintest echo of mirth from the bored E.P. Hope was

at its lowest ebb and complete inertia threatened when suddenly our young policeman exclaimed with the impetuosity of youth, "Let's play Chasing the Chinaman."

This not very abstruse game creates thrills of pleasure and pain at the turn of every card, until the appearance of the seven of hearts produces the final gasp of ecstasy and despair. We quickly seconded the lad in his project—at that moment we would have seconded a proposal to cut our throats in unison—and piled up our rupees on the cards. A sidelong glance at the E.P. revealed once more the veritable gleam. We were saved.

The game concluded at 4 A.M. The E.P. rose very late and the next session began at 4 P.M. He never visited the offices again. He devoted all his tissue to the winning of piles of our hard-earned rupees. We got rid of him finally on the pretext that at Pagalgam, four hundred miles away in another State, they ran a roulette-wheel.

The moral of this is that in the treatment of E.P.'s one needs a full diplomatic equipment. Big game is not enough; one should have also a Crown and Anchor board. E. P. W.

A Blinding Glimpse of the Obvious.

"What was the meaning of all that apparatus? Racks of test-tubes, most of them half-full; the glass bench at which someone evidently worked; the microscopes on stands, apparently of tremendous power; the Bunsen burners; the white-painted box, on which was the word 'incubator'—what were these things? In a flash of intuition Creighton realised the truth. He was in a laboratory."—*Extract from Novel.*

Charity Begins at Home.

"The following contributions were made by the party in a generous spirit of celebration of Mrs. Alperovich-Gold's wedding. Mrs. Alperovich-Gold \$100.00." *Tientsin Paper.*

"... Mr. Roberts has never before come into the full limelight of publicity. ... He is a thin, grey-haired man, with a habit of carrying his head, Napoleon-like, in his coat."

Daily Paper.

Hamilton Tighe, in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, preferred to carry his under his arm.

"SMALLER NAVY TALKS."

Headline in Morning Paper.

The larger, of course, is still the Silent Service.

A NEW PLAY IN 1929.

WE have long been accustomed to the kind of novel dealing with the public schools. The novel, I mean, in which the small boy grows in spiritual grace and athletic prowess until at the end of the book, having cast aside folly and evil companions, he makes a hundred or a hundred-and-fifty not out (the figures vary according to the author's taste) on the old school field, and is ready to pass on to the university, either with or without a scholarship, but applauded by fags, monitors and masters alike, and even faintly regretted by the old school horse that pulls the roller on the old school cricket-pitch.

From the point of view of realism there is considerable difference, I admit, between some of these novels and others. But one and all are agreed on the absence of any decisive feminine influence in the boy's career. The only notable exception I can recall occurs in Mr. ANSTAY'S *Vice Versa*. It was almost unbearably tragic to me that *Dick*, when he returned to the care of Dr. Grimthorpe, never quite hit it off with *Dulcie* again.

Recent drama, however, shows us that we are on the verge of a new era in the romance of the public and preparatory schools, and I am happy to be able to suggest the lines on which any young author who wishes to write a popular school story or a popular school play should now construct his plot.

We will call it, if you like, a play.

Act I. opens quite certainly in a study. We are hampered a little in dialogue by the fact that the phraseologies of our great public schools differ a little, and it is no use, for instance, speaking of a thing as a "snog" when a snog at Bamford means a kind of boy, and a snog at Harbury means a towel, whereas at Melchester College a snog means a kind of bun. But we have to do our best.

Anyhow, Smith minor is discovered talking to Brown in a room full of torn books, cricket-stumps, footballs, boots, biscuits and toffee, with a large hunting-picture hanging on the wall. There is a third boy in the room called Jenkins, a junior fag. Nobody is talking to Jenkins. He is simply being used as a chair for Smith minor to sit on, because the only chair in the room is broken.

Smith minor. I say, Goggles.

Brown. Yes, Face-ache.

Smith minor. Lend me your pen, there's a good chap. Mine's bust.

Brown. What for?

Smith minor. To brush my hair with, of course. I mean I want to write a letter with it.

Brown. Who to?

Smith minor. Ma Wiggy.

Brown (astonished). Ma Wiggy! The Head Beak's wife! What ever for?

Smith minor (rising off Jenkins and walking about the room). Shall I tell you, Goggles? Are you exactly worthy? I don't know whether I will. (He looks for a while out of the window.) You remember, Goggles, that impot old Wiggy set me the other day for getting the dative of *domus* wrong? It wasn't fair, was it?

Brown (after reflection). No, it wasn't fair.

(He takes a piece of toffee and sucks it thoughtfully.)

Smith minor. Has it ever occurred to you, Goggles— Get out, you little swine!

(He says this to Jenkins, the junior fag, who dashes hurriedly out of the room.)

Brown. Has what ever occurred to me?

Smith minor. That old Wiggy—that, well—I say, Goggles, have you ever been in love?

Brown (after thinking for a few minutes). Not since I was seven.

Smith minor (contemptuously). Seven! A mere boy's passion. Brown, I want to tell you this. Ever since half-term I've been in love with Ma Wiggy. On the day of the Old Boys' Match her beauty burst on me like a glorious flame. Existence was transfigured for me, Goggles, and I can rest neither day nor night.

Brown (wonderingly). Golly! Is that why you wanted to write a letter to her?

Smith minor. Yes, you fat-headed owl! Why else? I was going to ask her to elope with me.

Brown. But she must be fifty if she's a day.

Smith minor. No, she isn't. Only forty-nine. I saw it in her album at jam stodge on Sunday.

Brown (after a big whistle). Heavens, you will get into a row if you're copped! D'you suppose old Wiggy suspects anything?

Smith minor. I do indeed. I believe he's jealous, and that's why he gave me that impot to do.

Brown (handing him a pen). Well, Face-ache, here's my fountain. Don't muck up the bally nib.

(Smith minor kneels at the table and begins to write. There is silence in the room except for the cries that come from the playing-fields through the open window. Brown practises cricket-shots with a preoccupied air.)

Smith minor (looking up suddenly). How do you spell "devoted"? "Di," or "de?"

* This is the name given by the school to Sunday supper in the Headmaster's house.

Brown. I'm dashed if I know. I say— (Suddenly the loud clangour of a bell is heard.) Gosh! that's afternoon school!

(Both snatch up books hurriedly and exeunt. Enter Mr. Dawkins, a malevolent bully, brought up as a racing tipster but employed at the school as an under-master. He looks round the room.)

Dawkins. Ha, untidy as usual, the little hogs!

(He notices Smith minor's letter on the table, picks it up, reads it aloud carefully to the audience, smiles diabolically and the curtain falls.)

I admit the improbability of the entrance of Mr. Dawkins, since no doubt he would have been taking a form, say, the Shell, or the Middle Remove, or the Chrysalis XB 6, or whatever the local phrase may be. I admit also the unlikelihood of Smith minor's leaving his letter to Ma Wiggy lying about for Mr. Dawkins to read. But we must use these little coincidences in drama. The great difficulty now is to decide how to go on. Probably we had better do it like this.

At the beginning of Act II. Mr. Dawkins tells Smith minor to stay behind after a Latin lesson and be caned on the coward pretext that he has got the second person singular of the future indicative passive of *amo* wrong. (This is dramatic irony.) Mr. Dawkins, be it known, has long nursed an unhalloved passion for Miss Marjoribanks, known to the boys as "Marge," the matron of Smith minor's house. The girl does not, however, care for him in the least. She has a pure love for one of the house prefects called Smelton (but nicknamed Stinker), who made forty-two not out against the M.C.C. (Popular prefects never get out in these games. At Radborough, which is the name of our present school, the M.C.C. cannot bowl them at all.) The idyll between Marge and Stinker is well-known and approved by all the boys. Mr. Dawkins has devised a characteristically foul scheme for destroying it. He guesses that Smith minor can forge Stinker's handwriting, and, under the threat of revealing Smith minor's avowal of love for the Headmaster's wife, he causes the boy to write a sham letter signed "Your affectionate Stinker," addressed to Veronica, a vampire, the gym sergeant's adopted niece. This letter Dawkins proposes to use, and does use, in order to win over Miss Marjoribanks to his wicked will, even to the extent of making her promise to visit a low London night-club with him after lights-out in the dormitories.

But the scene between Dawkins and Miss Marjoribanks when this promise



Artist (to old lady who had promised to sit for him). "WHY DID YOU PRETEND YOU'D NEVER SEEN ME BEFORE WHEN I CALLED AT THE WORKHOUSE THE OTHER DAY?"

Old Workhouse Inmate. "I REMEMBERED YER ORLRIGHT, BUT YER GOT TO BE SO JOLLY CAREFUL WHO YER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE IN THAT PLACE."

was made is overheard by Smith minor, who has been hiding in the cupboard where the blackboard is kept. It is a fine passage in the play when Smith minor emerges from the cupboard after they have left the room and goes through a crisis of spiritual agony—indignation at the villainess of the master, repentance for his own rotten-eggish deed in forging the letter, and fear lest his incipient romance with Ma Wiggy may be shattered being all amazingly inter-fused and wonderfully portrayed by the young actor whom we shall get to do the part—most probably a girl of nine-

teen. Smith minor will walk about the room, pick up books and throw them down, look tense, say a few words about home, quote some snatches of poetry, stroke lovingly the white mouse that he keeps in his desk and finally, clapping his mortar-board on his head, stride resolutely to the exit R., outside which a friend who has no heart-worries will cry shrilly as the Act closes, "Come on, Smith, you lazy seug!"* The house-match has begun!"

As for the *dénouement*, we have a

* Or "tout" or "snoop" or "wart-hog" or "hound."

choice of several modes. It will be well, I think, for Smith minor to go sick. The fact that he does this in the middle of a house-match against Bottleby's when he is thirty-two (not out) will add a poignant note of tragedy to his decision. His idea is to confess the affair of the forged letter to the house-matron, Marge, and to let Dawkins do his worst. Feverish anxiety and a surfeit of toffee do, however, cause him to be seriously ill, so that Ma Wiggy herself, the Head-master's wife, comes to visit him in the sick-room (or "san," as the case may be).

We can vary the ending now accord-

ing to the amount of pathos which the producer thinks the audience is likely to stand. Here are these two women and here is this sick boy. But we can make it more affecting still. I mean to say that the old school horse might come and look in at the window of the sick-room or the sanatorium and have its nose stroked, but I do not insist upon this. Ma Wiggy in any case must act as the *dea ex machina*. She may put matters right between Stinker and the house-matron and at the same time demand of her husband that the abominable Dawkins be ejected from his post of undermaster. She may also make a passionate declaration that she really loves Smith minor better than Old Wiggy, but for the boy's sake and the boy's sake alone she is determined not to jeopardise his future by eloping to Brighton with him, although in twenty years of married life she has never found, what now she finds, a true and selfless love. Or she may hush this all up and merely see to it that the boy has an extra pill. There are any number of good finales.

But in any case the play should end (in the changing-room) with Smith minor, his face ravaged by emotion but smiling wanly, about to draw on his batting-gloves and go forth to resume his uncompleted innings against Bottleby's.

"'Tis better," he murmurs, "'to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'"

"Come on, Face-ache," cry the boys, "come on!"

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From a report of a speech on "Literary Criticism" in Daily Paper:—

"Most novelists are too concerned to make their characters speak in a grammatical manner. Why? None of us do that."

We know one who don't.

"Mr. Winston Churchill arrived soon after 11 o'clock, dressed in a black waistcoat, a white tie, and tail coat."—*Evening Paper*.

After this can't people please themselves about stockings at Wimbledon?

"En el hipódromo de Longchamps se ha corrido el gran premio Derby, ganándolo el caballo 'Trigo,' propiedad del suizo Walter Gay."—*Las Palmas Paper*.

We are very glad we asked a Spanish friend to translate this for us.

"THE BLOWN FROTH."

A SHORT time ago I decided to buy a fountain-pen, not so much because I needed one as because I had learned that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE always uses one, and I hoped that this association might help to increase my own literary output. Needless to say I did not buy the same make of pen as Mr. WALLACE's, since I should not like him to think that I copy his style too slavishly.

I had used the pen for only four days when something went wrong with its circulation. Acting on impulse I took the thing to pieces and was surprised to find that its organs consisted of little save bits of limp rubber tubing.

I looked at this entanglement for some time and then shook my head and

At that moment my cousin Ursula entered the shop.

"I'm so glad I met you," she said to me; "I want to buy a fountain-pen. What sort am I to get?"

With a glance of cold disdain in the direction of the shopkeeper I led her outside.

"Ursula," I said, "I have been robbed of twenty-two-and-six by that thieving fellow in there. He is, I believe, merely a tool in the hands of"—here I glanced at the barrel of my pen—"the Bungcho Pen, Pencil and Stylo Corporation of Idaho."

Quickly I told her of my purchase and its consequences.

"I want you to help me to get my money back," I said. "We must find a plan."

"Oh, yes, let's," said Ursula. "Let's go somewhere and have coffee and cakes and hatch a plot."

As I entered the palatial main showroom of the Bungcho Pen, Pencil and Stylo Corporation I noticed that there was only one other customer in the shop, a lady who was trying various nibs at one of the tables.

I approached an assistant.

"I bought this pen from one of your branches four days ago," I said. "It will not function, but the people at the branch refuse to change it."

"I am afraid—," began the acolyte, when the other customer interrupted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Crow," she said to me; "I haven't seen you since your new book was published. I simply loved it!"

"Too kind of you, Lady Mary," I replied.

"I'm told," she went on, "that it's having an enormous success. And such marvellous reviews!"

"I've been very lucky," I said modestly.

Out of the tail of my eye I saw that the acolyte was in earnest conversation with a sort of High Priest of Pendom. Occasional gestures in our direction showed that we were the subject of their conversation.

"Try to look more like a successful author," said Ursula in a fierce undertone; "at the moment you look more like an inspiration for a comic strip."



Literary Adviser. "WHY DO YOU MAKE YOUR CHARACTERS CONSTANTLY 'DON' THEIR HATS, COATS, ET-CETERA?"

Author. "BECAUSE LATER ON IN EACH CASE YOU WILL SEE I MAKE THEM 'DOFF' THEM."

started to replace the tubing in the outer barrel. Half-an-hour later I shook my head again and decided to leave the accomplishment of this feat to the man from whom I had bought the pen. With this object in view I went to the shop and told the man of my trouble, showing him the *débris*. To my horror he refused to accept any responsibility.

"There is no guarantee with these pens," he said.

"Four days ago," I replied, "I paid you twenty-two shillings and sixpence for this pen. I have not yet reached the stage in my profession when I can consider an overhead charge of nearly six shillings per diem for pens with equanimity, and, to be frank, I doubt whether I ever shall. What are you going to do about it?"

"I can do nothing," he said; "the manufacturers of these pens do not guarantee them."



"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW COAT, AUNTIE?"

"VERY NICE, MY DEAR, BUT IT WOULD BE MUCH SMARTER WITHOUT THAT BIT OF MANGY RABBIT FUR ON THE COLLAR."

"SORRY, BUT THAT'S NOT PART OF THE COAT—IT'S PART OF ME."

The High Priest was approaching us. "You are kind, Lady Mary," I said. "Oh!" she cried, raising her voice, "your poor pen is broken."

"May I see the pen, Sir?" asked the High Priest. "Ah, yes, it is faulty. You will, I hope, allow us to replace it entirely free of charge. Mr. Simonds, a number eighty-one pen, please, with a P.Q. nib, for this gentleman. Pardon me, Sir, but I seem to know your face."

"But of course," cried the other customer, "this is Mr. Crow—the Mr. James Crow, the author of *The Blown Froth*, a wonderful piece of work. Have you read it?"

"Who," asked the High Priest tactfully, "has not? Ah! your pen, Mr. Crow. I hope that you will find this one quite satisfactory. If so, perhaps you will allow us to mention the matter in our advertisements?"

"With pleasure," I said, putting the new pen in my pocket.

"And you, my lady—do you wish to purchase a pen?"

"I do," replied Ursula, "but I'm afraid I haven't time to choose one now, so I must come back later. Are you coming my way, Mr. Crow?"

Together we left the showroom. When we were safely out of the High Priest's hearing—

"Now I shall have to write something called 'The Blown Froth,'" I said, "otherwise he might think you were exaggerating."

"BRITISH FILMS MOVE."
Evening Paper Poster.

That's why they're not called The Stoppies.

"Very few of us film artists in America have studied elocution."—Miss Pola Negri as reported in *Daily Paper*.

They spend all their time on grammar.

"BRIDE FOR 'VARSITY ROWING 'BLUE.'"

Miss Margot Gulliland will be married to-morrow to Mr. Henry Enthoven, the Cambridge rowing 'blue'. . . —*Daily Paper*. Famous, of course, as the man who drove the Oxford cox for six over Hammersmith Bridge.

"Miss Anna May Wong, the Chinese film actress, paid a visit to the Law Courts to-day, with a barrister friend. Miss Wong enquired of an attendant how English juries were packed."—*Evening Paper*.

We await an official statement which we hope will prove ANNA MAY Wrong.

THE FRENCH PLAYERS.

No slender store of meagre laurel boughs Would furnish wreaths for such an artist's brows;

To make a tribute fit for SACHA GUITRY There almost would be need of a complete tree.

And, if our English spring was not all kind

And summer lags—as usual—far behind, What need for us to grumble or to fuss, Since Paris sends her PRINTEMPS on to us? R. F.

Colonial Piety.

"Although there are estimated to be over 500,000 different kinds of living insects, only 60 species are definitely known to be disease-carriers. Enormous quantities of these are exported by New Zealand and her trade is still increasing. During one season she sent to Britain 85,000 tons."—*Malay Paper*.

A contemporary, writing in praise of the study of the Classics, says that the modern boy in our secondary schools acquires more Latinity than the doctor's "*tridie post citum*" (*sic*). We ourselves always insist on taking our medicine after food rather than after a fast.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

GEORGE'S MENAGERIE.

LIFE at Nukuku has been a much brighter thing since George arrived to help me maintain British prestige with the half-company, but there are occasions when I yearn for the peace which prevailed before his advent.

George is too energetic for Central Africa. He might do well in America, where hustle is essential, but at Nukuku we prefer that atmosphere of reflective calm induced by a daily temperature of anything up to one hundred-and-twelve degrees. No thermometer, however, can subdue George, but until recently his devotion to what he mistakenly terms big-game hunting has provided an adequate outlet for his superfluous energy, and has had the added advantage of taking him out of camp and leaving the rest of us in quietude.

But that is over. There are no more days of respite with George well lost in the bush and primal peace enveloping the station. George believes he has found his *métier* as a tamer of wild animals, and the entire station is in danger of becoming an amateur menagerie.

At the moment our collection embraces three mongeese (or should it be mongooses?), two blue monkeys, one squirrel, a young zebra and a koodoo bull-calf, whilst negotiations are proceeding with Van Blerk, our local big-game expert, for the supply of a live lion cub. If it materialises I shall apply for a transfer.

All the trouble began when George captured the koodoo calf. Details are vague, and there are wide discrepancies between George's own account of the incident and that of his batman, Private Ali, who was the sole witness. George says he rescued the calf from a pack of wild dogs, and alone stood between it and a painful death. Private Ali, on the other hand, told me that George and the calf were running neck-and-neck for safety, and that it was his (Ali's) shot that put the wild dogs to flight, whereupon George fell bodily upon the exhausted koodoo and nearly smothered it. I should mention in justice to Private Ali as a good batman that he has since amended his version so that it now corroborates George's.

Anyhow, George and Private Ali and

the koodoo calf reached Nukuku together, the calf, with a rifle-sling round its neck, being pulled and pushed unwillingly into captivity. It has settled down only too well. Within a week the intelligent animal was feeding out of George's hand and had appreciably affected the discipline of the half-company. It is difficult for even a good soldier to regard stolidly the appearance of an officer who is followed on parade by a leggy parody of a goat, which on at least one occasion has taken advantage of George's stooping to illustrate the operation of "grounding arms" and butted him playfully into the arms of an astonished private.

I took the trouble to draw up a complete set of Army Regulations for koodoos on the strength, and in defer-

the ground represented dinner to Sergeant Karoga? George became obsessed with the idea that he was born to be an animal-tamer. He argued that if he could so educate a koodoo in a week that it followed him about and ate other people's rations, there was nothing he could not achieve in a few months. People, he said, gave big prices for performing animals; they used them on the pictures, and it seemed to him that he was wasting his natural gifts in performing the commonplace functions of a subaltern.

Then Chief Mogoro, hearing of his delight in the koodoo calf, sent George an extremely lively young zebra foal and my cup was almost full. Scarcely had George entered whole-heartedly into the task of bending the zebra to his will when a cousin of Private Ali's arrived with two blue monkeys, and a defaulter of Number Four Platoon, as a sufficient reason for overstayng his leave, produced three mongeese (or mongooses?), which, he explained, had taken him a whole day to catch and had alone prevented his getting back to duty at the appointed time.

The squirrel came as a surprise peace-offering from the Mess cook, whose cuisine had been the subject of some pointed remarks by George.

At the moment the entire menagerie resides in and around George's hut and makes

day and night hideous. George says he has perfect control over it and talks of breaking in the zebra to the saddle. In the meantime the beast has pulled half the thatch off my hut-roof, and the mongeese (?) have seen to it that our egg-supply has ceased. The monkeys, I am glad to say, have attached themselves devotedly to George, with whom I imagine they have much in common.

When Van Blerk produces the lion cub I may yet be spared the necessity of applying for a transfer, if (a) the monkeys get away into the bush, the mongeese eat the squirrel, the zebra tramples on the mongeese, the koodoo's horns grow long enough for him to gore the zebra, and the lion cub eats the koodoo; or (b) any one of them eats Sergeant Karoga's rations.

Of course they may all turn round and eat George. No one will stop them.



"GEORGE AND PRIVATE ALI AND THE KOODOO CALF REACHED NUKUKU TOGETHER."

ence to this George tied the thing up. Unfortunately he tied it to the orderly-room table, and on coming off parade we found the floor thick with crumpled Army forms and books, the whole liberally smeared with the contents of my red and blue inkpots. It took us hours to restore order, and while we were so occupied the engaging animal consumed Sergeant Karoga's rations, which he had thoughtlessly left on the ground when we summoned assistance. I saw a gleam in the Sergeant's eye when he discovered his loss that tells me I shall have an efficient ally if and when I am driven to desperate measures in dealing with George's koodoo.

George himself was unperturbed. He pointed out that anyone tied to an orderly-room table would be sure to kick it over—he had often longed to do it himself—and how was the poor brute to know that the rice in a bundle on

STRENGTH OF MIND:

OR, THE STORY OF HELENA GAY.

Helena Gay,
Of Baglands, Kent,
Decided to wear no stockings,
In spite of her father's mockings
And the attitudes
Of a set of prudes,
On the opening day
Of the Dumpshire Tournament.
Her mother was much annoyed
With Helena Gay, because
She said that her daughter was quite
devoid

Of a sense of decency
(A Puritan mother was she)—
Greatly annoyed she was.
But Helena Gay
Referred to the Greeks,
Who wore no stockings nor skirts nor
breeks

On their lithe and active limbs
When they used to play
Or wrestle in gyms
(Though, if tales be true,
They covered their legs with oil,
Which Helena Gay didn't mean to do,
Because it would all come off and spoil
The look of her skirt and shoe)—
That was the way she spoke.

And she also declared
That unless one's legs were bared
One could hardly strike a stroke;
But her mother replied, "Pooh, pooh!"

And the day came round
Of the Dumpshire Tournament
On the Dumpshire Tennis Ground,
A bitter and terrible day,
Skies dark and gray
And a wind that was pestilent;
A typical summer's day
In a northern land;
On the top of a hill one could hardly
stand;

The umpires shivered and frowned
And the players began to play.
Without any stockings
Stood Helena Gay;
And without any mockings,
For the prudes had stayed away.
Her legs were purple and blue,
The chill winds cut them through,
They were numb to the bone.
She caught influenza, catarrh
And all the diseases there are
To the doctors known,
And her feet were as heavy as stone.
In a storm of physical troubles,
With her jockey's cap unfixed,
But without a moan,

She lost in the singles and the doubles
And also the mixed.

Yes, Helena Gay,
Because she decided to play
In the Dumpshire Tournament,
And not to wear any stockings
In spite of her father's mockings
And the attitudes
Of a set of prudes,
And be like the Greeks
Instead of a lot of Victorian freaks
Who put on clothes to cover the form
(But also to keep them warm),
Did play
That way
With both legs bare;
So there!
She has been in bed for weeks,
But she doesn't care,
Dear Helena Gay!
So that is the end of that affair.

EVOE.

The Revolution in Counter-Jumping.

"Girls in Colombo are gradually taking the
place of men as hop-assistants."

New Zealand Paper.

"... still and silent as the worm gnawing at
its prey."—*From short story in Weekly Paper.*
One of those strong silent worms that
keep still and never turn.



Youth. "LET'S RUN THE CAR ROUND TO THE 'HALCYON'; IT'S ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED YARDS—IN FACT ONE
COULD ALMOST WALK IT."

THE HALF-VOLLEY;



OR, WHAT OUR MEMBERS—



HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

AN Englishman's home, I have been given to understand is his castle, but it is not easy to keep out the invader.

Sellers of lavender, onions in ropes, shaving-soap and writing-blocks can be recognised at sight and driven off or bought off as the case may be with a slight loss of time, temper and small change. But the super-salesman who has won certificates of efficiency from a Correspondence College requires a wide and deep moat. I am not so sure that a wide and deep moat would stop him.

It was a wet afternoon. I had promised myself a quiet hour. Everybody was out. Nobody, I was assured, would call. My castle would be my very own until 5.30.

And then the bell rang—a loud confident peal. A pleasant-looking young man stood in the doorway. He had no bag, no portfolio, no bundle of pamphlets. He had shaved recently. A nice young man.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Richards?" he asked in a well-bred B.B.C. sort of voice.

What did I do? What would anyone do in such circumstances? I welcomed him in, drew up an armchair before the empty grate, pushed the cigarettes over to him and waited for him to begin.

"Very pleasant here," he said gratefully; "much more pleasant than out-of-doors. Not very seasonal, is it?"

He lit a cigarette and I waited patiently for him to begin. Probably he was a reporter who had come all the way from Fleet Street to interview me. Every paper had a discussion raging over its leader page on the burning topics of the day. Which discussion did he represent? Would he want my views on the Modern Girl, the Next War, or the Future of the Government?

"Are you by any chance interested in Economics?" he asked casually.

"Moderately," I said. "You mean overdrafts and mortgages and bank-rates and that sort of thing?"

"And the Gold Standard and the Balance of Trade. Suppose the question of Invisible Exports cropped up at your club—"

"It wouldn't," I said bluntly. "We should complain to the committee."

"But suppose it did," he insisted, "what would you say?"

"I don't know. Don't you think a dignified silence—"

"Exactly," he concluded. "And what do you know of Ricardo's *Theory of Rent*?"

"Nothing," I replied morosely. If this was an interview, it was not going according to plan. And I had the brightest views on the Modern Girl.

"You are keenly interested in International Finance?" he persisted.

"Not frightfully," I admitted. "You see I am a busy man; I can't pretend to be a specialist—"

"But you like to keep in touch?" he suggested brightly. "Exactly. Now I have the very thing to help you. This brochure will explain better than any words of mine the offer we make to our subscribers. Do you mind if I come over here and then you can follow what I am pointing out?"

He sat down beside me. I got up and took a stance on the hearthrug. He joined me. I moved to the French-



SINFONIA SOCIALISTICA.

THE CONDUCTOR. "NOW REMEMBER, PLEASE—*MOLTO MODERATO*; AT ANY RATE FOR THE FIRST MOVEMENT."



THE HISTORY OF THE

REFORMATION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY
BY JOHN CALVIN
WITH A PREFACE BY THE REV. J. H. W. L. ...



Mr. Jones. "FUNNY I SHOULD THINK OF IT SUDDENLY, BUT WE'VE LEFT THE CAMERA AT HOME."

window and looked out on the dripping lawn. He followed me, still talking volubly of the merits of his canned culture in twenty-six fortnightly instalments.

I moved towards the door and stood with my hand on the knob, but he did not follow me this time. He wasn't ready. How I longed for a nice handy moat at that moment!

After half-an-hour's speech he was still pounding along in top-gear with no signs of pinking and with no apparent pauses to take breath. I suppose he did take breath, but there was no pause sufficiently long for me to say "No." He swept on and on. I saw myself spending the evening of my days in studying the problems of European Finance, which did not seem to me a particularly jolly way of spending the evening of my days.

All sorts of bright ideas occurred to me. I knew now exactly how I should have dealt with the situation. I might have pretended to be merely a visitor, or the piano-tuner, or the doctor. Yes, I ought to have said I was the doctor attending a sad case of small-pox. That would have shifted him. Only I hadn't realised he was a salesman of canned culture. If he would only pause for breath I would tell him there was nothing doing. Really I wasn't master of my own castle.

And then the door-bell rang. I shot

along the hall like a torpedo and opened it impulsively. An alert young man stood on the doorstep carrying a contraption of nickel and leather.

"Excuse me," he said ingratiatingly, "have I the pleasure of addressing the master of the house?"

"I am not," I replied sadly. "You will find him in the study. Second door on the left. A very pleasant-spoken gentleman. Very chatty and well informed. Go straight in. Good luck."

I watched him safely inside, heard him immediately open a broadside on the other in his best salesmanship manner, and then I walked out, under what should have been my portcullis, into the street.

As for the old castle, they could have it. W. E. R.

Municipal Tiddling.

"If Mr. Marjoribanks had touched on this question it would have sharpened his axe; by so doing he would have caught more fish later on.—RATEPAYER UNDER BONDAGE." Local Paper.

"Plato, Moore, Robert Owen, Bellamy, Blatchford and Hyndman are a few of our English people who have advocated the change from private to State ownership. . . ." New Zealand Paper.

If PLATO admits this impeachment the least we expect from him is another Apology.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

THE TOWER.

THE Tower of London's big and grey
And very, very far away.
I never knew a place could be
So full of splendid things to see—
So full of wonders everywhere . . .
But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air.

Armour all in rows and rows,
Spears and pistols, swords and bows,
Dreadful dungeons, cold and bare,
And a stony winding stair
To the room (I nearly cried)
Where the little Princes died.

Diamonds square and long and round
Like the ones *Aladdin* found,
And all those things in solid gold
Kings and Queens and Mayors hold,
In a shiny case of glass
For you to look at as you pass.

A Beefeater in black and red
(The queerest hat upon his head)
Who kindly told us all he knew,
And where to go and what to do;
And oh! the things that happened
there . . .

But the Tower Bridge goes up in the air.

R. F.

Ready for the Last Lap.

"Two black Persian kittens, almost full; 5/- each."—Advt. in Irish Paper.

THE CROOKIES.

I HAVE just read a long article by Mr. J. L. GARVIN, imploring us to "get together" with the United States.

And I have just read that the British Ambassador in Washington, as an accommodating "gesture" to the ideals and statutes of the United States, has decided to forgo the diplomatic privilege of introducing port wine and *crème de menthe* into his Embassy.

And I have just read that the Bishop of London has condemned as "the most immoral play in London" the work of a famous British dramatist which he has not himself seen—his authority being the London Council of Public Morality.

And I have just read the "publicity stuff" of an impending American Talkie called X—— (it shall have no publicity from me); and I wish that the worthy public men (and bodies) I have named would read it also and do something about it.

It is no use telling me that a war between this country and America is "un-thinkable." It is going on. And America is winning. Every day we make a new concession to America's "ideals," and every day the American Film King leaps high in the air and jumps upon ours. And nothing is said by the Bishop of London or the London Council of Public Morality, or the British Ambassador, or even Mr. J. L. GARVIN.

Much depends, of course, upon what we mean by "ideals." But, as I have said before and shall constantly say again, in my opinion the language of England is a much more important matter than the sobriety of America—one being a world-wide and historical affair and the other a matter of parochial and temporary interest. Yet while we hold up our hands in horror at the thought of a Briton importing a bottle of pure Scotch whisky into New York, we make no protest against the mass-pollution of the English tongue by the poisonous lingo of the New York bootlegger as imported by the film. And, if I read many more pronouncements by Mr. J. V. BRYSON, Managing Director of the — Motion Picture Company, I shall travel to America and declare a little war of my own.

The vulgar, bombastic, illiterate and, to the educated Briton, really nauseating document which I have before me was distributed with the programme at the midnight "gala première performance" of X——, an American super-hyper-extra-ultra-talkie, mainly concerned with those twin products of Chicago "ideals"—bootlegging and murder. To this performance, with superb insolence, the stars and leaders of the London stage

were invited, as a cannibal king might invite the missionary to witness the preparation of the pot. Nor in vain in this case was the net spread in sight of the bird, for large numbers of the birds obediently attended, together with numbers of the best intellects of Mayfair, who would be ready to flock to any midnight gathering, if it were only to see an American baboon which was alleged to be singing in a high soprano. And all these English managers, dramatists, actresses and actors were presented with a copy of this contumacious sheet, in which that idealist, Mr. J. V. BRYSON, announces frankly his inten-



General Smuts (Captain of the South African Party XI., after bowling throughout the match): "I DID MY BEST, BUT I COULDN'T BOWL BOTH ENDS."

tion to destroy the "legitimate" stage (and with it no doubt Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE and others). Thus:—

"Good-bye 'LEGIT'; here comes X——.

"J. V. BRYSON utters Startling Prophecy.

"Last year I prophesied that the Talkies would sweep Great Britain . . . To-day I am going to make another prophesy. Here it is.

"When X—— is seen it is going to create such a furore that I will stake my reputation that it will give the speaking stage and variety a jolt the like of which they have never before received.

"I should not be at all surprised to see half of them close with a bang within six months, and certainly within a year. . . .

"It's a grand and glorious feeling to wake up all of a sudden to find ourselves not only on top of the film business but on top of the whole entertainment world as well. . . .

"... And as for the musicians—Gus Arahaim's Coconut Grove Orchestra just speaks for itself.

"Watch my prophecy and check up on it.

"X—— is going to shake the whole entertainment world."

Well, there's a nice, unassuming, reticent message from a visitor to Britain to the "prominent editors" and "smart throngs" of the capital of Great Britain! We need not much concern ourselves with the accuracy of his prophecy—or prophesy (the gentleman's spelling is the only thing about him which lacks confidence); though if we must make prophecies I will prophesy again that within a year some of the Noise-kings will be sorry they so expensively went noisy and will be slinking back to silence again.

However, the man may be right. But what does seem to me a little odd and unfortunate is that those who are about to sweep "the whole entertainment world" of Great Britain should apparently be vulgar persons, incapable of speaking or writing the King's English, as we have known it in England for a good many years.

The pretty story of X——, for example, is about American idealists who are "noted club-men but secretly undisputed Hooch kings." Somebody "pulls a gat" and shoots somebody; and he is "found dead with a slug in his back." A girl "spilled the beans on Y. when she averred that she saw Y. and a friend carry a drunk man from the club premises. Y. then declares to her to keep mum—the doped incapable was a noted politician."

"Then X. got sore and told B. when she got off, with the result that she gave him the air, and Y. showed him the gate."

"A hot party given by Y. to a lot of roughneck gunmen from Chicago opened up B.'s eyes some."

(The last two paragraphs are from a column headed "Here is a Pretty Little Romance.")

Terse vital stuff, is it not? The original play, on which the talkie is founded, was an entertaining affair, brilliantly produced. And even the repellent and lunatic mutilations of our tongue were an amusing curiosity once. But if the same stuff, magnified



Caddie (after magnificent drive by dud). "MY WORD, SIR, THAT'S CURED ME 'ICCUPS!"

a million-fold," is announced as the inevitable substitute for the civilised entertainments of this obsolete island; if the Haymarket Theatre is to "close with a bang" because Gus Arahaim's Coconut Grove Orchestra has been photographed playing six "mighty but musical hits" on a forty-acre stage, then it is surely time for Mr. GARVIN to write another article. And I really think that the British Ambassador in Washington might fairly take an occasional glass of port.

And what about morals? My Lords Bishops and other earnest people who are so alert to jump upon a British author who seriously treats a serious domestic problem, have you nothing to say about the wholesale importation of Chicago crook life into the towns and villages of this island? This Pretty Little Romance of Hooch kings and Hi-jacks.

* "I am absolutely at a loss for words," says CARL LAEMMLE in the programme, "when I attempt to describe the bigness, the vastness and the glory of X—."

Bootleggers and Cabaret-girls, "bumpings off" and Homicide Squads, is not to be shown in a single theatre to a sophisticated play-going audience, but is to travel the length and breadth of the land, and will no doubt everywhere draw the under-educated and young with its glittering attractions, its choice phrasing, cheap seats and sixty cabaret-girls. Is it really, my Lord Bishop, less "immoral" than *The Sacred Flame*? Is it not a million times more "dangerous"? And if so will you pray denounce it? And if you will not do that will you please leave our few surviving British dramatists alone? There is this at least to be said for a play by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, that it is fairly certain to be written in English.

I have no hopes of the Bishop; nor yet of Mr. GARVIN. But I have many scores of American friends, and I have some hopes of them. None of them bears the smallest resemblance to Mr. Bryson; they would detest his tone and his language as much as I do. They know

this country and love it, not as film-fodder, but for itself. They know, as I do, that their own country is not solely populated by Bootleggers and Homicide Squads. And they must know that this kind of garbage is as dangerous to the reputation of their own people as it is to the language and the minds of ours. Can they not constantly write to their papers and say so? Can they not take their Brysons aside and tell them that in the long run, in England, it will be better to adapt themselves to the English character; that we shall not always be impressed by bombast and the super-super; that there is still an English market for reticence, restraint and taste, and that we have an insular liking for our own language?

It has always taken the film-world four or five years to learn a lesson, but I hope that something may be done; for, frankly, if I thought that America was truly represented by the document before me, I should be ready for war to-morrow.

A. P. H.

HAY HARVEST.

WHERE on the fickle
Breeze silver cloud drifts,
Winged like the sickle,
Sail high-swinging swifts;
Bees hold awaking
The sweet-breathing limes;
Hay's all a-making
In hay-making times.

Grasses, grey grasses,
Below the larks' song,
How the team passes
And lays 'em along.
Ripe for the raking
Grey grasses and tall;
Hay's all a-making
And down they must fall.

Haycocks, the pretties,
How jolly be they,
Cocked little cities
Of sound meadow hay;
Gossips all taking
Their ease in a row,
Hay's all a-making
And up they must go.

Boys, be awaking;
'Tis fine to be young,
Hay all a-making
The meadows among;
And no day's adorning,
Be it ever so blythe,
Boasts more than one
morning
While Time swings a
scythe. P. R. C.

"The O.U.D.S. are going to produce Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Night of the Burning Pestle' during Commem. Week." *Oxford Paper.*

Are we awake or is this a "Mid-summer Knight's Dream"?

"It has been known for a long time that the railway to Gorey had been so badly hit by motor traffic as to be unable to make both ends meet."—*Jersey Paper.*

In spite of motor-traffic the Inner Circle continues to make ends meet.

"Further laurels were brought to the school by F. W. D. Hawkins, who won the high jump for boys with five feet."—*Sussex Paper.*

These are the stuff of which centre-forwards are made.

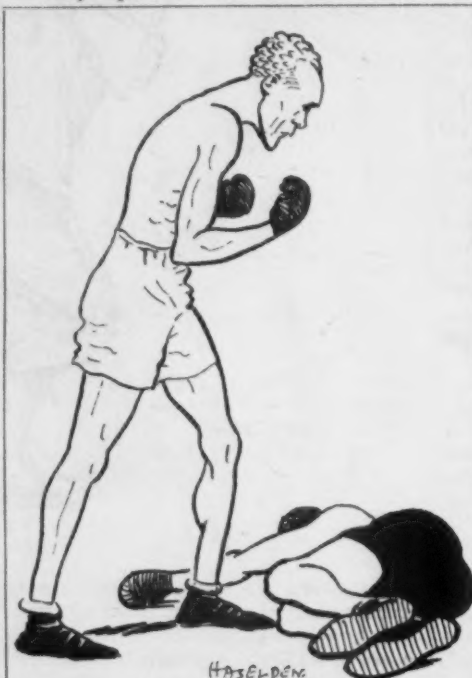
"Mr. W. A. Jowitt, K.C., who left the Liberals to become Attorney-General in the new Government, said to 'The Evening News' this afternoon: 'The new Government has come to stay, whether people like it or not. I joined it because I consider it to be the best thing for the country that this Government should have all the brains and men of experience that it can.' Mr. Jowitt, who is at Wittersham, spent this afternoon looking for rabbits." *Evening News.*

How different from the new Government, who are out for lions!

AT THE PLAY.

"HOLD EVERYTHING" (PALACE).

A SIMMER of subdued excitement, unusual even for a musical comedy first-night audience, with its sprinkling of resting stars of greater and lesser magnitude, seemed to promise something out of the ordinary in the way of entertainment. In fact Messrs. CLAYTON and WALLER have achieved perhaps the best expression of the dancing comedy which the town has yet seen. The music indeed seemed to me rather energetic than tuneful or "haunting" after the manner we naturally expect in this kind. There was but



THE COUP DE GRÂCE.

Jim Brooks MR. OWEN NARES.

one tune, "You are the Cream in my Coffee," which fixed itself by frequent repetition in the brain; and as for the lyrics they were even less lyrical than usual.

"To know you is to love you
And to love you is grand"

has indeed an artless simplicity and directness, but it does not precisely soar. And there was much more to the same bald effect. But the story of the young boxing hero in training for the championship and in love with his trainer's daughter, the machinations of the rival camp—bought referee, hired sandbagger and doper—the triumph of true love and virtue backed with brawn, is more than usually coherent, and the excellent clowning quite reasonably relevant. The American origin of the affair betrays

itself in the democratic freedom of manners and a certain preoccupation with home-brewing; but otherwise we might well be in England—or Utopia.

But it is the dancing commentary supplied by Mr. RALPH READER, with his troupe of four-and-twenty amazingly fit and comely girls and twelve young men looking much less ridiculous than young men generally do in these affairs, that lifts this piece out of the common groove; and the audience showed a sound instinct in clamouring for the ingenious choreographer that he might receive our thanks. With untiring muscles these thirty-six admirably-trained and cleverly manoeuvred marionettes wove the brisk patterns of their dances with a precision that Guardsmen might envy, while now and again Mr. JAMES FRENCH and Mr. GEORGE GILBERT in a brilliant grotesque *pas de deux* performed even more startling evolutions; and an American young lady, Miss SUNNY JARMANN, with an apparently quite casual technique, displayed an astonishing vitality and a pleasant gift of invention.

After the dancers the comedians gave us the best entertainment. Mr. JOHN KIRBY (the friendly cook and home-brewer, *Chubby*) has a quiet effortless method which is extremely diverting, and held the audience with a long monologue which seemed to me perfect in its restraint. Mr. GEORGE GEE (*Spike Skinner*, the ill-starred boxer) has a broader method, but used it without tiresome extravagance and was irresistibly funny at his best.

The singing took (with intention, one supposes) a minor place. Mr. OWEN NARES (the hero, *Jim Brooks*), in one of those uncomfortable after-play speeches, quietly made fun of his own voice and, slyly, of Miss SUNNY JARMANN'S. But he looked, except perhaps when actually in the Ring, the sort of man who might have won a championship if his training had been conducted in a place less full of temptations and distractions. The acting of the heroine (Miss MAMIE WATSON) was also more attractive than her singing. Miss JARMANN has a genuine sense of broad fun, and it is a rejuvenating experience to see so much vitality packed into one small body. The dresses, both of the principals and the ladies of the chorus, were by REVILLE and deserve a special word of commendation.

Beauty in a serious sense was not aimed at in this production, but beauty was achieved as an effect of the vivacious skilful movement of well-trained bodies. A more deliberate and pretentious quest is often less successful. T.

"LE COQ D'OR" (DALY'S).

Of this rooster, apparently a poor relation of the one that gives its title to RIMSKY-KORSAKOV's ballet, we were told that it was immortal and could sing songs both gay and solemn, but would leave to us the onus of deciding which were which. Let me say at once that the bird's intentions, though he sang in a language that I have never mastered, were always fairly clear, but that, while his gravity left me very grave, most of his mirth had much the same effect.

The description given above was supplied in sufficiently good English by a diminutive showman, who also furnished brief introductions to the various items. In form and voice he bore the semblance of a child-prodigy, but his sophistication betrayed his maturity; and, when once the imposition was recognised, whatever poor fun may be got out of precocity was gone, and his further activities, notably when he paid court, in one of the scenes, to a woman five times his size, tended to become distasteful.

It may be that the novelty of Russian tabloids has worn off, but frankly M. DOLINOFF's *Coq d'Or* seemed but a pale reflection of M. BALIEFF's *Chauv-souris*. No English management would have the courage to put on so tenuous an exhibition. The technique, as one expects of Russian artists, was always accomplished, and the concerted singing—though we had too many noisy peasant choruses and might have been spared the old Volga song, a close repetition, in its setting, of M. BALIEFF's production—was excellent. Also M. LEVSKY gave a very delicate rendering of a Hindu Melody by RIMSKY-KORSAKOV. But the material of most of the turns, and in particular the "gay" ones, was far too thin. I had looked for great things from "The Five Corpses (Parody on a Cinema)," but its humour went on very old and elementary lines.

Our memories of Russian ballet—of the days, that is, before it had grown tired of beauty—made us hopeful about the dances and we were the more depressed by their mediocrity. Mme. PAVLOVA sounded promising, but showed very little of the distinction of her namesake, though she contrived to gratify the audience with a rather unlovely exhibition of the potential developments of jazz, which had nothing to do with

Russia. On the other hand, much the best performance, a native dance, given charmingly by Mme. DOLGOVA, seemed to make very little appeal either to the



THE COW-RIDER—HAUTE ÉCOLE.

MME. KOLTCHESKAYA.

audience or to the management, which limited her turn to a few seconds.

The gay colours of the dresses did their best to keep up our spirits; the décor was not too obtrusively bizarre,

and the music of incident and accompaniment deserved better stuff to illustrate. No doubt we missed some humour in the songs (there was no spoken dialogue) through ignorance of the tongue in which it was conveyed, but in the matter of action, whose language should be universal, there appeared to be very little to miss. I hope I am not offending against the laws of hospitality, but I confess that the doodle-doo of our guest did not inspire me much with his own alleged exhilaration, and that I came away from his company without any strong inclination to crow. O. S.

A concert will be given at 25, Park Lane (lent by Sir PHILIP SASSOON), on Wednesday, June 26th, at 3 P.M., in aid of The Missions to Seamen (London Ladies' Association). Among the artists will be Mme. CARRIE TUBB, Miss HELEN HENSCHEL and Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW. Dame MADGE KENDAL, D.B.E., will make the appeal. Tickets at two guineas and one guinea may be obtained from Lady NEWNES, Hon. Sec., 55, Prince's Gate, S.W.7.

GOOD TIMES.

"WHENEVER," said Joe, "I think of a good time past
I never worry or want for it back,
because
I always say to myself, 'That time couldn't last—

Not as good as it was.'

"A good time past is a good time ended and done,
And no one need worry for times that ended good,
That stopped at their best, at the very height of the fun—
For that's how good times should.

"Not like good times that fizzle and fade away
And drag themselves out till it all turns sour and sad;
For there ain't much odds when it comes to judgment-day
Between these good times and bad.

"So I never worry for wonderful times that's ended;
They're mine for keeps—and, leaving that out, I know
There's new, different, Al, scrumptious, splendid
Good times coming!" said
Joe. H. B.

"She is an oil burner with tripe expansion engines."—*New York Paper*.
The age of the intestinal combustion engine is in view.



UNREQUITED LOVE.

MME. KOLTCHESKAYA AND M. ANDRÉ RATOUCHÉFF.

AT THE PICTURES.

"THE DIVINE LADY."

THE film with the title *The Divine Lady* at the Piccadilly Theatre belongs



Lady Hamilton (Miss CORINNE GRIFFITH).
"WHAT SHALL I SING?"

Hon. Charles Greville (Mr. IAN KEITH).
"WELL, THIS BEING HOLLYWOOD AND A DRY COUNTRY, LET'S HAVE 'DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.'"

to the old school and the new—both. It is in the tradition of lavishness, which the talkie proper does not require, two pages of the programme being occupied by a proud list of its profuse expenditure on 119 ships, 3,654 fighting men, 29,000 pounds of gunpowder, 8,700 pounds of dynamite, and so forth; while it is so far a talkie as to supply a background of voices and instruments throughout the story to give what might be called local melody. But, so far from there being any actual speaking, the use of captions and extracts from letters is excessive.

And why, you may well ask, does a film about a divine lady need so many explosives? Because the divine lady is none other than the wife of Sir William Hamilton, whom Romney painted so often, and it was at the battle of Trafalgar that her lover, Lord Nelson, was lost to her. Hence the gunpowder and the dynamite. For this film—"the greatest sensation of the age"—is more than spectacle: it is history; so much so that Mr. VICTOR VARCONI, as our great national hero, wears twelve different but accurate uniforms, and his mistress changes her costume no fewer than forty-eight times, thus establishing a movie record.

The story, while superficially following the facts, does not begin at the beginning. We see nothing of the youthful Emma Hart as a ministrant in the Temple of Health and Beauty in Pall Mall; when we have our first

glimpse of her she is alighting from a coach, with a comic mother, and even then, in sun-bonnet and simple dress (the first of the forty-eight), breaking hearts on sight. The comic mother is to be the cook of the Hon. Charles Greville and Emma is to live with her. Thus is the ball started.

Let it be said at once that Miss CORINNE GRIFFITH makes Emma a very attractive girl, and we are in no doubt as to how she appealed instantly to her Charles, to her William, to her Horatio and to her Romney, although the film lets go that painter far too soon. But she is more convincing as the young and captivating minx than as the *grande dame*, just as the Vauxhall scene is more convincing than the Court of Naples. Perhaps, when movie actors and actresses are aware that the Battle of Trafalgar, or any such cataclysm, is ahead of them, they gradually lose enthusiasm. Once Nelson establishes himself in the film it is no longer the divine lady's but his. In vain for her to get into all those wonderful clothes; the uniforms win. So good-bye to the courteous, anxious and perplexing Sir William, played as well as may be, considering his overplus of sawdust, by Mr. H. B. WARNER; to the exceedingly diffident King Ferdinand (Mr. MICHAEL VAVITCH); to his managing Queen (Miss DOROTHY CUMMING); and to the Hon.



Nelson (Mr. VICTOR VARCONI). "EMMA! WHAT EVER MADE YOU CUT YOUR NAILS IN THIS BARBAROUS EASTERN MANNER?"

Lady Hamilton. "MY DEAR, THAT'S GOING TO BE ALL THE RAGE—IN ABOUT A HUNDRED-AND-THIRTY YEARS FROM NOW."

Charles Greville (Mr. IAN KEITH), whose complaisance it is hard to understand; the rest of the play belongs to that romantic figure who dominates the column in Trafalgar Square, impersonated with

tact and emotion by Mr. VICTOR VARCONI, who is, however, too tall for perfection and not quite satisfying as to the blind eye; to Captain Hardy (Mr. MONTAGU LOVE); and to the 3,654 fight-



Overstrung Patron (having seen the same actor in "Bulldog Drummond" the previous evening). "DON'T LISTEN TO 'IM, 'ORATIO; 'E'S A WRONG 'UN. YOU SHOULD SEE WHAT 'E DID TO RONALD COLMAN!"

Captain Hardy . . . MR. MONTAGU LOVE.

ing men so well provided with the munitions of war. Together they make a terrible row and a reproduction of naval engagements which, while impressing the eye and confounding the ear, makes one wonder how the issue of a naval encounter was ever decided. Either all are winning or all are losing.

It is to be hoped, for the benefit of those who arrive before the film proper begins (the exact time of which might be stated without hurting anyone), that when *The Divine Lady* goes out into the world the preliminary entertainment will be more amusing than it is at the Piccadilly. The excellent old custom of providing a pictorial gazette is not respected there, and instead we had short sound-films, including two of the most trivial male pianists, the dreariest negro glee-singers, and the tallest and least Iberian Carmen I have yet encountered. Which reminds me that *The Divine Lady* and its associated pictures emphasise yet another of the menaces of the new departure: the supersession of the band. There is music the whole evening, but it is all machine-made. Even the National Anthem! E. V. L.

"WOMAN'S RIGHT TO BORE MEN."

Title of Article in Evening Paper.

Perhaps she is, but is it wise?

"MEN OUTSTRIPPED BY THE MODERN GIRL."

Heading in Morning Paper.

Notably in the matter of clothes.



AN AFRICAN POTENTATE ON A VISIT TO LONDON IS CHARMED WITH A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT—



AND ON HIS RETURN FINDS IT VERY EFFECTIVE AS AN ADDITION TO HIS PRIVATE ORCHESTRA.

OUR GYMKHANA.

LIKE many other great works of art our Gymkhana was the result of the Economic Stimulus. I refer to the deficit of two hundred pounds in the Hunt funds. It was our General who hit on the idea. Every self-respecting Irish town, village or rural district has its General, and we are very proud of ours, who is no mere Colonel Commandant, but a proper Brigadier (ret.).

We began with a survival of the Middle Ages, that ancient sport of "Tilting at the Ring." From four gibbets hang four rings; you gallop up, keeping a straight course and an even keel, and take off the rings with the General's lance, using it as a cook uses a skewer. But it was quite rightly felt that the sport must not be made too easy. Standards must be maintained. So, when the competitors lined up, the large white hoops we had practised with were replaced by small red rubber rings, whose invisibility proved that the General had not forgotten the days when he took a brilliant First in the School for Camouflage.

In the second place, a surprise-package was provided by the General, who stationed himself by the first gibbet, and in a voice usually reserved for Brigade parades, augmented by a cardboard megaphone, bellowed "Gallop" as each competitor rode up. The invariable result was a sharp shy to the left, with the rider suspended between heaven and earth. This swerve to port was enhanced by the delighted hollaos of the crowd and the spasmodic wiggles of the lance round the horse's starboard eye.

But horsemanship will out. With hand and heel applied, the competitor would make a determined dash at the final gibbet, which the horse, at last realising he was meant to jibe, would pass on the wrong side, scattering the crowd before the spear-point.

As ever, brains told. The competitor won who was cunning enough to bring a horse whose *bona-fide* gallop was several knots slower than its rivals'.

Event Number Two was the Bending Race, which consists of zigzagging down a line of posts. Here the knowing ones, remembering how often he has to slip along through a covert, placed their money on the Huntsman, who won by a neck from Our Bright Young Horsedealer on an unbacked four-year-old.

The Polo Ball Race was again theoretically simple. You are given a stick and ball, and you drive, dribble and delve with the stick till your ball is through a nice wide goal a hundred yards off. In well-informed circles,

however, it was the opinion that our performances were not up to the best Calcutta standards, for none of our hunters had ever had contact with stick or ball before. Secondly, the field added to its permanent waves the illegitimate hazards of the posts from the Bending Race; and, lastly, to distinguish them from their fellows and make them nearly invisible to their pursuers, some of the balls were painted a jolly grass-green.

The first heat drew forth our experts—retired, active and incipient Generals, who drove off briskly into the crowd in a soldier-like manner and set up a record which no subsequent heat could touch; nor were the efforts of their successors advanced by the popular delusion that a polo-stick is used in the same way as a croquet-mallet.

But the springs of popular enthusiasm were not really tapped until the Open Donkey Race, which quickly assumed an Inter-Institutional character. School hours were over, and a crowd of children, five times the size of the entire visible adult population of our town, had appeared, leading in their midst two well-trained donkeys, backed by their chosen champions, and ready to take on the representatives of such formidable institutions as Cambridge University, Sandhurst, Miss Mabel Cotton's Seminary and fourteen French governesses.

With difficulty the Civic Guards cleared a way, and the twenty starters swept forward, or rather were swept forward by their supporters. In the first stride the first string of the Council School was deposited among his fellows, while the two donkeys from over the way trotted quietly home, wrecking the hopes of Down House and North Foreland Lodge Girls' School respectively. The race was eventful, as the turns on the course were invariably ignored by the first flight of the moment. Finally the representative of Cambridge, fresh from winning the Inter-Varsity Steeplechase, beat his nearest rival (Education Unknown) by a length.

The Pig-Sticking contest was sporting but unfortunately quite impossible. When it was announced, some weeks before, that a live pig was offered, a protest was sent to the R.S.P.C.A., and the entire staff of the local bacon factory applied for leave to come to watch. The pig, however, turned out to be the inside of a football, practically impenetrable at the best of times, and entirely so when bouncing at the tail of a horse carefully ridden at full gallop by a rider unused to being pursued with lances.

The Lemon-Cutting event with swords on horseback was diversified by a simultaneous Lemon-Pinching event conducted by small boys on foot.

The General's notice at the gate,

"Motors 4/-, Cars 2/-," which seemed to present no problems of definition to the Civic Guards, reaped its harvest, and that most up-to-date of money-raisers, our Vicar, took the trouble to send the organist with a watching brief. This sportsman came in his ceremonial tail-coat and bowler hat. We now await with relish our Gymkhana's ecclesiastical counterpart.

A SONG OF SIDNEY.

[“We may yet live to see Mr. Sidney Webb acclaimed as the author of a best-seller.”—*The Headmaster of Eton in “The Evening Standard.”*]

IF SIDNEY abjured economics,

Refrained from compiling reports
And was “featured” each week in the
“comics”

Arrayed in a jumper and “shorts,”
What a fount of exuberant fancies
Immune from exhaustion or ebb
Might flow from the “strips” and
romances

Of wonderful WEBB!

Though the claims of our far-flung
Dominions

Each day must engage him till four,
In his leisure on fantasy's pinions
Uplifted he freely can soar,
And, quitting dull pamphlets and
papers

(No longer statistical SId),
Display in his fictional capers
The grace of a kid.

He may rival the glamour of
WALLACE,

Imperil the vogue that is DELL'S;
He may minister comfort and solace
To those who are weary of WELLS;
Anyhow, he would rake in the shekels
And sell like the hottest of cakes,
So sweet to the palate, that Eccles
Or Banbury bakes.

It is true that our booming best-
sellers

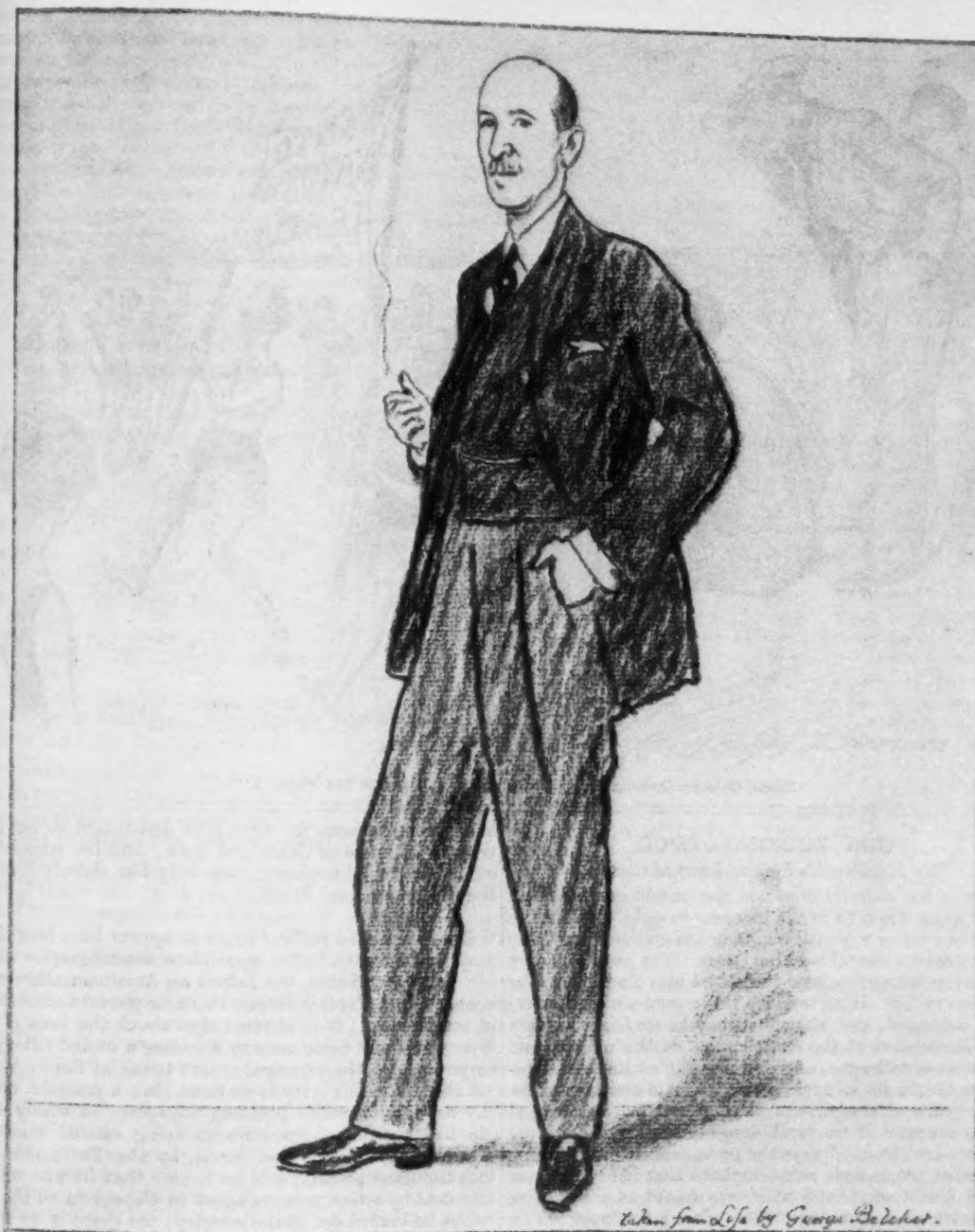
Command an extravagant fee,
But popular tales and their tellers
Too rarely conduce to our glee;
We are sated with sordid emotion,
With the wine of unbridled excess;
Oh, dispense us a sedative potion,
Ye WEBBS, B. and S.!

For, when SIDNEY is raised to the
peerage

And BEATRICE brightens *Debrett*,
Be it theirs to enliven our drear age,
Assuaging its fever and fret
With works so deliciously silly,
So teeming with piffulent tosh,
That the world will ejaculate shrilly,
“Oh, golly! (or gosh).”

Blasting Candour.

“Guilt Edge Security. Invest in Port—
Municipal 5 per cent. Loan.”
South African Paper.



THE EARL OF CROMER.

Behold the Drama's noble friend,
So wise to ban what might offend
The British parent's taste for virtue

That children to their elders say:
"If that old dear has passed a play,
You're safe; its morals cannot hurt you."

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XCVII.



Ribald Onlooker (as procession passes). "ERE! WHEN ARE YER GOING BACK?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the chief interests in the autobiography of an artist is the terms he or she manages to make with life, the conditions under which the gifts of the gods accommodate themselves to mortal wear and tear. The autobiography of YVETTE GUILBERT, now translated into English as *The Song of my Life* (HARRAP), is in this regard a most illuminating document, and, though it may be read for the sake of its atmosphere of the *café-chantant* of the 'nineties and its stories of colleagues and patrons, I think its chief significance lies in its struggle between ideals and actualities. "Ten years of a *répertoire* of boulevard indecencies and twenty-six years of the lovely songs of France. That is my balance-sheet to-day," says the great *diseuse*. Concerning the earlier programme, she complains that her "whip was turned into a spur," and what was meant as a corrective was taken as a stimulant. This plea, I feel, need not be taken very seriously. The best you can say is that the old YVETTE was no respecter of persons and sang extracts from *Pills to Purge Melancholy* to QUEEN ALEXANDRA and *Le Fiacre* to KING EDWARD with equal obligingness. Gifted and devoted as a child, she first looked on Paris through the tiny round windows of a down-at-heel eighteenth-century *sixième*. Her father gambled, her mother worked eighteen hours a day; and YVETTE, deliberately turning her native vein of tragedy into material for the Moulin Rouge and the Ambassadors, has a piety about her that is truly Gallic in its values. Her personal knowledge of poverty

and her enthusiasm for work give distinction to her subsequent estimate of riches and fame; and her friendships all reflect her charmingly, especially her sisterly love for the "incomparable" DUSE.

One of the most curious books to appear for a long time, *Umbala* (HARRAP), is the incomplete autobiography which Mr. STERLING NORTH has helped an American negro merchant skipper, Captain HARRY DEAN, to put into some shape of consistency. It is claimed that about the time of the Boer war DEAN came near to founding a united Ethiopian empire among the principal native tribes of South Africa, yet the bulk of his story is no more than a peaceful, not to say drowsy, record of pleasant voyagings in sunny seas. He has a wild-cat yarn about being offered Lourenço Marques, lock, stock and barrel, by the Portuguese, for fifty thousand pounds; and he is sure that he was tricked into debt by a Government agent in Capetown so that he might be bluffed out of the country; yet there is no sharp edge on either intrigue or adventure. He wanders about the pleasant African coasts and countryside in something of the spirit of a tourist who fain would be an explorer, and whether he is shooting a water-spout or beating off the attack of a pack of Scotch colliers run wild or throwing his illicitly-acquired diamonds into the sea his narrative still retains something of that sweet peacefulness in deadly peril that one remembers as having distinguished the members of the immortal *Swiss Family Robinson*. The truth seems to be that DEAN in South Africa was a dreaming, not a fighting. NAPOLEON, with an equipment quite inadequate for a task

that was infinitely bigger than he ever realised. His story, though strange, does not convince me that truth is stranger than fiction, for I am confident that Mr. JOHN BUCHAN could have done better than this with such a chance. Indeed its main interest is in DEAN's point of view rather than his actions, for one is not accustomed to find a writer starting quite honestly from the assumption that not only good faith and good manners, but culture, aristocratic birth and æsthetic instinct are the natural inheritance of the black rather than of the white races.

Seaward of Maine and of South Carolina

The Rogue's Moon (CASSELL) assembles a fleet

Of pirate vessels manned by as fine a Collection of toughs as you 'd care to meet.

There are HONEYGOLD, COCKLYN, LOW and BONNET,

Bold JOHN RACKHAM (or "Calico Jack"),

All—you can wager your slippers on it—Bursting with deeds that are black as black.

There's MARY REED, who, though quite the lady,

Chaste and generous, brave yet soft, Plays a part that is more than shady With the Jolly Roger flying aloft.

These are historical. Others as gracious ROBERT W. CHAMBERS flings, Fresh invented, into the spacious Medley of cross-bones, slaughter and things.

Most of it's frankly gory reading, But interwoven there's sentiment too;

And, if the mixture is what you're needing,

Take my word it's the genuine brew.

Making due allowance for the warning implied in the title—that the heroine of *A Background for Caroline* (BENN) must be regarded as a pretext for her setting, and not *vice versa*—I own I found the first few chapters of Miss HELEN ASHTON's new novel rather dangerously overloaded with "odds and ends of (mid-Victorian) ravage." I don't doubt for a moment that things were like that. The paraphernalia surrounding a motherless child brought up by a stuffy selfish aunt and a *distract* Museum parent in the Bloomsbury of the 'eighties must have been disastrously oppressive. But I do feel that a really impeccable narrative talent would have allowed them to oppress *Caroline* without oppressing me, an effect (or its equivalent) which Miss ASHTON will no doubt secure in her next book. Personally I found *Caroline* far more interesting than her background, not only because she has been portrayed with exquisite sincerity, sympathy and discretion, but because she represents fairly and squarely without sentimentality or innuendo the vague and confused status of the typical woman of her period. "I didn't know



Hawker. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY A NICE CANARY-CAGE, LADY?"

Lady. "MY GOOD MAN, I HAVEN'T A CANARY."

Hawker. "WELL, IT WOULDN'T MAKE A BAD PLACE FOR YOU TO HIDE YOUR VALUABLES, MUM. A BURGLAR WOULD 'ARDLY THINK OF LOOKING THERE."

what I wanted, and nobody told me I had got to make myself a life of my own"—it is this fundamental lack of orientation that underlies *Caroline's* tragedy. Whether the self-engrossed lives of her step-son *Matthew* and his wife *Harriet* are an improvement on the Victorian allegiance to fetishes her annalist does not decide. The exponents of both systems are left (as you commonly find them nowadays) precariously juxtaposed, like a "Happy Family" at a fair. A score of encounters, emotional, intellectual or—as is more characteristic of *Caroline*—mixed, enliven her legend. I should like to single out the sad little story of her marriage as the pick of a memorable basket.

Undeniably certain parts of this country have been more favoured by the novelist than others, and I do not know that Suffolk, since the far-off days of *Margaret Catchpole*, has ever shown signs of rivalling Sussex or the West Country. But Mr. H. W. FREEMAN should do something to redress

the balance. In *Joseph and his Brethren* he has written a story of a Suffolk farm that ought to be preserved as an historical document, apart from its considerable value as a work of art. I have seldom read a more satisfying book of its class. Your dialect novel is often rather tiresome; but this is different. (Perhaps it is because I happen to know the country.) For Crakenhill Farm lies in the Valley of the Alde—somewhere, let us say, between Woodbridge and Framlingham, which the natives call "Frannigan." And Crakenhill is the main character of the book. This stubborn farm, that has ruined so many hard-working tenants, is tamed at last by old Benjamin Geater and his stalwart sons; and the real interest of the story lies in the series of perfectly natural incidents by which the Geater family leave the old home, watch it relapse into ruin under other management, and at last come back to rescue it from destruction. These Geaters, and indeed all the inhabitants of Bruisyard, seem to me extraordinarily well portrayed. They are East Suffolk to the core. As Mr. FREEMAN might put it, "That do fare to me to be wholly right." A good piece of work, to which Mr. MOTTRAM, whose reputation was due to another sort of farm, prefixes a friendly and appreciative preface.

Twentieth Century Stage Decoration (KNOFF) is a book for professionals and serious amateurs of the theatre, not for the dilettante playgoer. The gathering of the illustrations, numbered but untitled, in the second volume—in the interests of economy for international publication, I take it—makes reading an arduous task, but patience is rewarded by finding in the text intelligent comment which makes the

four hundred miniatures of stage settings, not at first glance very illuminating, convey really valuable information. The authors, WALTER R. FUERST and SAMUEL J. HUME, both professional designers and producers, set out to summarise the history of the various experiments in stage décor of these past three decades of unexampled activity, from APPIA and CRAIG, that brilliant gadfly, to the vagaries of the German Expressionism and *Neue Sachlichkeit* and the Russian Constructivism. The book contains an unduly compressed but, so far as it goes, lucid account of new developments of stage mechanism and lighting, and a necessarily imperfect and rather queerly-balanced list of over three hundred producers with the briefest notes of their work. The book suffers from being planned on too large a scale; is valuable because the authors are not mere uncritical assemblers of facts. They dare to criticise great names and dominant theories.

The two girls, "green in judgment," with whom *Salad Days* (CAYME PRESS) is principally concerned, are real and charming, but in spite of that for more than half its length I wondered why Miss THEODORA BENSON, who obviously has brains, had bothered to write this novel. I realised then

that her air of cleverness had led me to expect too much of her, and that the pathetic silly history of a young girl's first foolish and futile love-affair was the sole and slender thread on which her dialogue and characters were to be strung. On the last page we see *Felicity*, the disappointed damsel, whose school-days we assisted at in the beginning, making up her mind to dry her tears and make the best of life; and that is all the story that we get. Her sister, *Viola*, who is a more interesting talker and a more marked character, strengthens the story a little by getting happily engaged. Let it be added that Miss BENSON has a most endearing habit of quoting Professor A. E. HOUSMAN; that her book is charmingly written and that its name is well-chosen, for there is something crisp and fresh about it, and, without being very sustaining fare, it is most pleasant and healthy stuff.

Vidocq (SELWYN AND BLOUNT) is in the main an incessant but rather dreary record of crime. *Vidocq* was the champion prison-breaker of his age, and in the early chapters of Mr. E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS' narrative we see this "Master of



Voice from the Crowd (as boxer hits low). "WHATCHER DOING? TRYING TO GET HIM L.B.W.?"

Crime" so often in trouble of his own making that I could not suppress a smile when I read, on page 73, that he was honest "within his lights." One can only imagine that these lights suffered at times from almost total eclipse. The latter part of the book deals with *Vidocq* after he had ceased to trouble the police and had passed into their service; but the story of his work as a detective is curiously lacking in thrills. Mr. HODGETTS, however, has done good service in drawing attention to the prison conditions in the France of the eighteenth century. *Vidocq*, who had

a full experience of them, must indeed have been abnormally strong to have survived such filth and brutality.

In *The Buffer* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), I think that Mrs. ALICE HEGAN RICE might justly be accused of putting too many burdens on the back of *Cynthia Freer*. A dominating aunt, who was a professional invalid, a charming and decidedly skittish mother, and a ne'er-do-well brother were, perhaps, the relations who relied mainly upon *Cynthia* for support and assistance; but these three by no means exhausted the stock of *Freers* who made use of her. If, however, *Cynthia* was over-burdened she was also capable and attractive, and Mrs. RICE, in her picture of this feckless family and their American home, has succeeded in blending sound common-sense with a considerable amount of quiet humour.

"POLICE SIGNAL DISOBEYED. FINE RESULTS."

Suffolk Paper.

The results in London are too horrible to mention.

"His condition, however, is not regarded as serious. His companion escaped with an injury to his once and minor bruises."—Harbin Paper.
An awkward place; we prefer to be hit on the never.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that an attempt will be made shortly to achieve publicity by flying the Atlantic without a stowaway on board.

It seems that when Sir W. A. JOWITT called at Churt to announce his defection from the Liberal Party, he stayed to dinner, but the meal was a frigid one. We understand that he had expected things to be made hot for him.

As the idea of an ordinary title is not particularly congenial to Mr. SIDNEY WEBB it might be better to make him a Poor-Law Lord.

"Looking to the future," says a political writer, "it is immaterial whether the Conservative Party be led by Brown, Jones or Robinson." We have seen no previous mention of these three gentlemen in connection with the leadership.

It is understood in lawn-tennis circles that the exhibition of drawings by Miss HELEN WILLS does not imperil her amateur status.

Taxi-drivers are eager readers of Society news during the Season, we learn. We had not suspected taxi-drivers of being so suburban.

Mr. HENRY FORD's theory, that wrong feeding is the cause of most forms of crime, is disputed by a physician, who does not, however, offer any other explanation of cases of attempted cook-murder.

A "Domestic Hint" informs us that, if a burnt cake is scraped, brushed with beaten white of egg, dusted with caster-sugar and put back in the oven for five minutes, all traces of burning will have disappeared. KING ALFRED didn't know this.

A new style of veiled hat is described as perfect for a very old lady or a very young one. But it won't suit the very middle-aged.

In a classified list of the occupations of Members of the newly-elected House

of Commons it is surprising to note that not one is described as a politician.

On examining a reproduction of one of Mr. H. G. WELLS' MSS., we observe with interest that the rows of dots which are so characteristic of his style are done by hand.

The emotional bowls-player, an expert points out, is at a disadvantage. He will never be a DRAKE.

A writer observes that the English Channel this year threatens to become a marine Piccadilly Circus. With the

world tour, says he tried hard to find a better country than the United States but couldn't. He must not become disheartened.

A well-known sculptor has stated that Signor MUSSOLINI is only human. It is felt that a little more reticence should be exercised by those who hold opinions that conflict so strongly with the general view.

A motorist has just married a girl whom his car knocked down eleven months ago. If this amende was made compulsory, it might put a stop to reckless driving.

An American points out that the distilling of illicit whisky in America is a very expensive business. Still waters run steep.

It was stated at Willesden Police Court that a defendant had never paid any rates and was in the habit of going to prison instead. We all have our hobbies.

A contemporary remarks that young men are taking up catch-as-catch-can wrestling. You can often see them practising it at dances.

Lovers of the talkies are said to be promoting an Anglo-American Conference to discuss Nasal Disarmament.

More housewifery, we are told, should be taught in girls' schools.

In view of modern housing conditions, flatwifery might be more useful.

An American filmactress has obtained her divorce after eight years of married life. In explanation of this long period her friends say that she has always been very unconventional.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has written to the Press to suggest that the new Government should restore the Penny Post. Editors, however, regard with aversion any additional encouragement of Mr. ASHTON's epistolary activities.

"A large field for tinned milk is now open in Britain," says a report. It is satisfactory to think that a field suggests cows.



FLORA AND FAUNA OBSERVED THIS MONTH IN GREAT QUANTITY ON THE NORFOLK BROADS. PLAINLY VISIBLE AND DETRIMENTAL TO THE BEAUTY OF THE LANDSCAPE.

difference that swimmers will not be confronted with notices of "Sea Up" or "One Way Only."

An official at Covent Garden is reported as saying that it has been noticeable this Season that the majority of those who attended the opera come from Hampstead and Golders Green. So much for any hope that this wouldn't be noticeable.

The runner-up for the Amateur Golf Championship at Sandwich, who is a carpenter, deserves credit for not having been upset by the sight of such quantities of sand.

Mr. WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA, of Chicago, who has just returned home after a

UNSEATED.

London—June—Saturday afternoon—Hyde Park. (This would also do for the beginning of a modern novel; and I am open to any reasonable offer.) I had dug out my oldest suit—three times refused by old-clothes-men and now mine to keep—and was strolling about amongst the children.

The Park was full of them—real little Londoners, not the luckier nurse-convoys kind, most of whom were now in the country or at the seaside. Beaming happily, I penetrated further and further into the child-area. I discovered in pockets long untouched three "cigaret pickshers." I was an oracle about the right time. I became a sort of social centre. I was miles from any other grown-up and knew exactly what a giant feels like; so I sat down on a green twopenny chair and watched the progress of an encampment near me.

The main part of the encampment was a tent. Not a large tent—nothing like a marquee—only a five-garment tent. It came to me that the housing problem must be acute indeed, because apparently no fewer than six people intended to occupy the dwelling after completion. Occupation date, however, seemed distant at the present rate of progress, for the girders and roof-trusses (tiddler-nets and walking-sticks) did not seem quite up to their work, apart from the fact that Young 'Erb, who for obvious reasons was the only member of the gang who had not contributed a garment, was evidently under the impression that there was to be a roof-garden.

Necessity is the mother of appropriation. One green chair and then another was pressed into service. The first time there were anxious and searching glances in my direction. Was it O.K. with me? Or would I be officious and reprove? Would I even tell the chair-man? The second time there was merely a conspiratorial smile, which made me feel guilty of vicarious larceny.

Thereafter the colony worked like beavers to cover up all traces of the illegal framework. Young 'Erb was placed on the roof-garden early on, and was surprised and a trifle disappointed to find it now supported him.

Completion at last. Occupation one second after. Like the house that was built for Wendy that tent miraculously absorbed one after another of its builders. Even Young 'Erb was dragged protesting from the house-top.

The sun no longer beat down on a scene of industry, but on a monstrous wart-like excrescence gently pulsing with internal activity. Then Nemesis came past on his lawful occasions and

spotted a betraying glimpse of green paint.

Nemesis obviously regarded children with a baleful eye, his days being presumably spent in their perpetual admonition.

"Now then, what you boys doing with them chairs?" he began.

Excited and guilty heads exuded at the tent's every pore.

"Please, Mister, may we 'ave——"

"No, you mayn't. They're for sitting on, them chairs. And they're tuppence each."

The dissolution of the home seemed imminent when I descended *ex machina*. Diving into my pocket I found four unexpected convenient pennies, by which the leasehold was assured for a term of one day. It is not often one can so cheaply share the feelings of the Good Old Man in Act IV. who prevents Sir Jasper from foreclosing the mortgage.

Nemesis was sniffy. He felt somehow he had been done—and by children too.

"Your kids?" he asked nastily and stood over me.

"No," I said, "and please go away!"

"Your tuppence first, please."

I dived again, with lordly air. But it had been an old suit hurriedly donned. Its resources were exhausted.

Nemesis refused to accept either my card or my protestations of good faith. He preferred to be crushingly sarcastic; and he had his full two-pennorth. He even suggested that if I wished to sit I might order an eviction of the home I had financed and use the north-west wing. I walked away all hot and bothered.

At the gate a small boy smiled at me.

"Please, Mister, give us a penny," he said.

I said "Tchah!" (or something like it) and strode off home to sit on a chair I had paid for—or, to be accurate, nearly paid for, for I still owe the last instalment.

A. A.

Coulé for Wimbledon.

Every day and in every way we are getting Bettier and Bettier.

The Duke of Marlborough M.P.

"A similar ceremony takes place on the anniversary of Blenheim, when the Duke of Marlborough commemorates his ancestor's great victories, for which he received the Morning Post."—Bristol Paper.

In those days, of course, it was worth more than one penny.

"In a cricket match at Stanton (Glos) a batsman hit a ball out of the ground for six and killed a duck in the next field."

Daily Paper.

We ourselves rarely get a six and a duck with the same stroke.

LET US BE BRAVE!

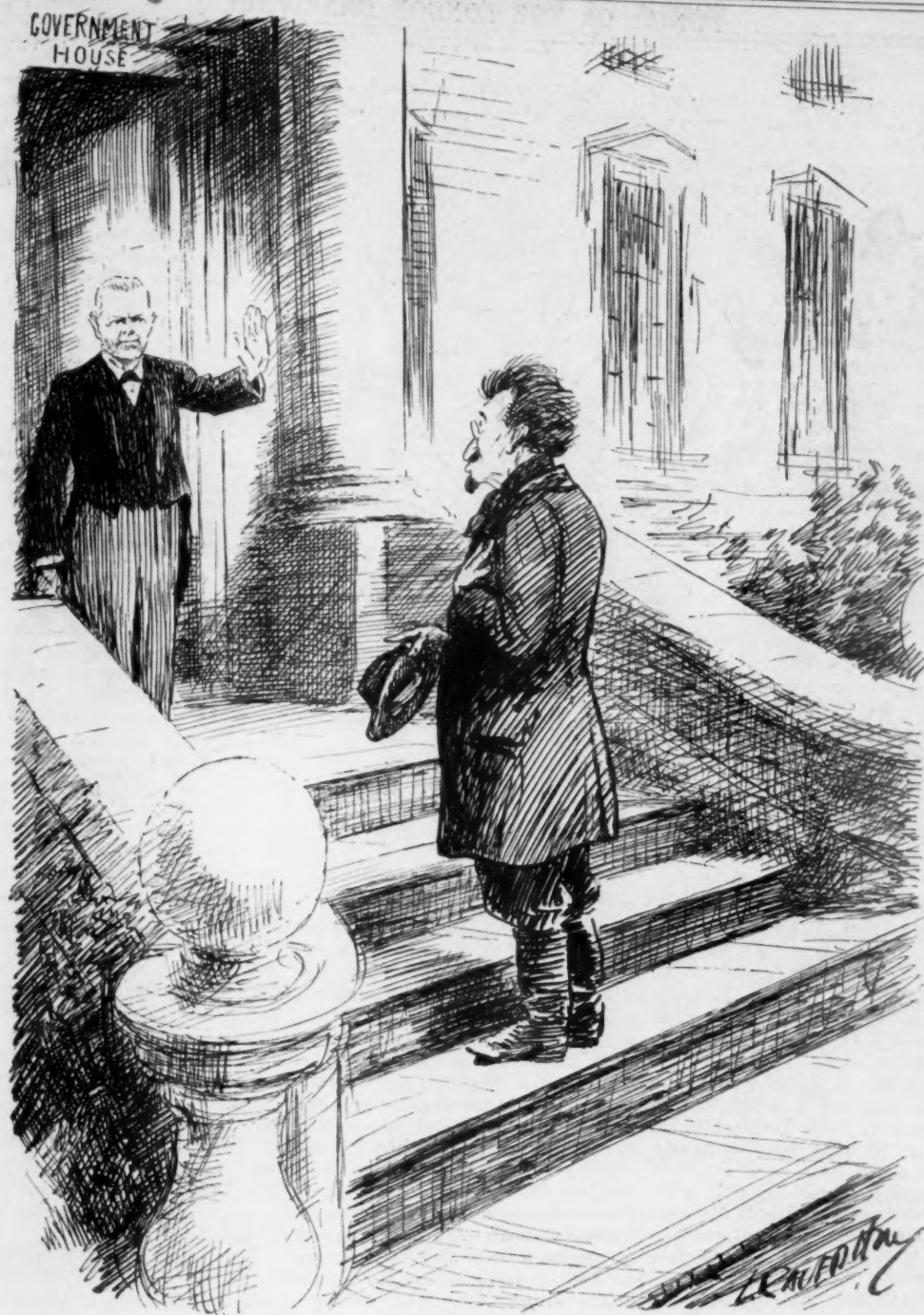
THEY have been telling us (again) that men's clothing is ridiculous. Unhygienic, inconvenient, ugly, it has been called.

They say so, and, so saying, they misunderstand entirely the fundamental meaning of dress.

Men do not dress for health, for beauty, or for comfort, though woman, weak thing, may do all of these. Dress is labour, dress is toil. One would suppose there was no such thing as discipline, as self-sacrifice, as martyrdom. The noblest male dressers in history wore a hair shirt, and far, far more, next to the skin. After these come the army. I gravely doubt the beauty of any full-dress military costumes. They are certainly made neither for health nor for ease. But they show what man, when he has an ideal at stake, can endure. Shall I rather say, *could* endure? For we live in degenerate days. Probably the best way of stopping war altogether would be to insist that it should be fought in full uniform. Heroism would then come back to its own; and I should be inclined to add whiskers, as in the Crimea. The civilian can only imitate humbly the soldier's self-sacrifice. But he wears a shirt in the evening which makes him remember that life is real, life is earnest. Putting on studs, especially those little ones that go in with a screw, he symbolises hope and faith. Putting on a tie, he nails his colours to the mast.

I admit frankly that if you are going to drag in the question of absurdity there is nothing quite so fatuous as a tie. Apart from symbolism it is useless; not even verifiable when the beard is worn. I remember a headmaster so decorated, and there was always a mystic doubt in the school as to what lay beneath. There were bets, however, and at those solemn moments when he would run his fingers through his beard and lift it a little, tension became extremely acute.

It might be argued, whilst we are upon this theme, that without the tie it would be impossible for a man to demonstrate to what club, academy or college, if any, he once, if ever, belonged; that, if a small circular or triangular space showing merely the shirt or the bare neck with beads were introduced, instead of the tie, old Borstalians would be unable to recognise each other when they met in the street. But the argument is a feeble one. Club colours could be worn round the left arm, as with vaccination, or, better still, tied rather tightly just below the knee, after the fashion once used for hoisting corduroys. It is better on the whole to consider the tie as a



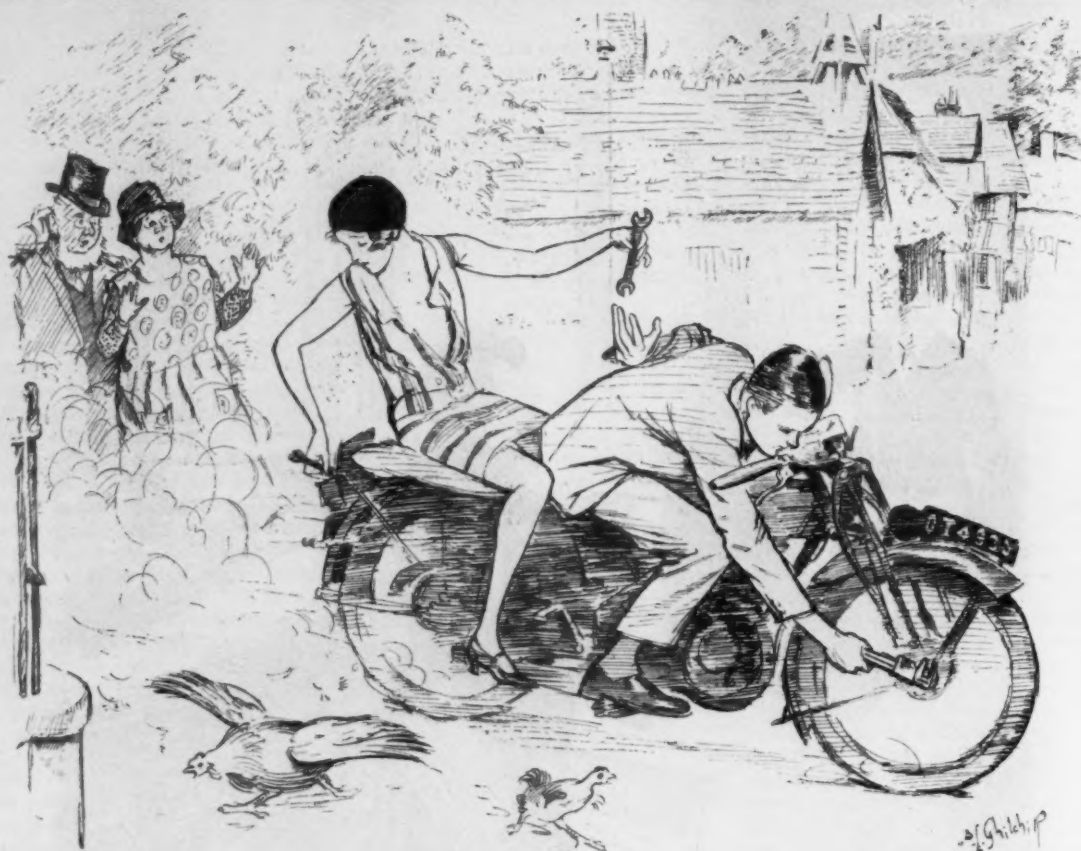
AN UNDESIRABLE.

HOME SECRETARY. "WE CAN'T HAVE YOU HERE."

TROTSKY. "BUT I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF THE HOUSE."

HOME SECRETARY. "YES, I KNOW. THAT'S WHY."

[During an interview in which he gave various reasons for his request to be permitted to visit England, Trotsky is reported to have said: "The party which for the second time assumes power in Great Britain believes that the difficulties created by private ownership can be surmounted. . . . I want to see how it will be done." Mr. Punch's cartoon expresses a speculative hope, not a prediction, that Trotsky's curiosity will be discouraged.]



RUNNING REPAIRS.

piece of solemn ritual and leave it at that. Men may seem to be proud, but they all have their necks in the noose. I had a friend, indeed, who until the age of twenty always removed his tie by slackening the slipknot a little and lifting the thing over his head.

But the tails of the coat, unless you adopt the true and ritualistic ideal of men's dress, are just as foolish as the tie. They have to be removed cautiously, one with either hand, on all occasions of temporary repose. Exactly what they symbolise I cannot for the moment recall. They may indicate that we are by so much better than the apes which have none; or they may symbolise wings, fallen slightly from their original position with the descent of man. There are two little buttons at the top of the tails. I do not know what these are for, but you cannot go to Ascot or Goodwood without them.

It is well, perhaps, to speak of the collar. This surely is the sign of our terrestrial bondage, in spite of all pomp and power, to higher things. For a long time there has been a neglect of the true discipline of the collar, which, though put on

the neck in a different manner, should be as irksome, I think, as that of the carriage-horse. On the day when soft collars are permitted for men at any important function Western civilisation will fall. Particularly should it be enjoined on collar-makers so to fashion the little holes that it is well-nigh impossible to force the stud through; nor should any type of stud be permitted to men which gives artificial aid in this ordeal. Soft collars are a sign of decadence. Double collars are bad. Wing collars are a concession to weakness. I doubt if we shall win trade supremacy or become a thoroughly moral people again until men's collars are of such height and such form that by a slight lateral movement of the head it is almost possible to sever the jugular vein.

There are those who would abolish the waistcoat. It is true that a man's waistcoat, except in the case of gourmands, does not noticeably mortify the flesh. But to discard it would mean that the coat would have to be kept permanently buttoned, the junction between the shirt and the top of the trousers being offensive to every decent

instinct of Western Christendom, the shirt also being liable to bulge. And to do away with the ceremony of perpetually buttoning and unbuttoning the coat for no particular reason would be yet one more sign of a slackening of moral fibre in the race. The ability to wear a waistcoat of whatever hue on the hottest day, and to have it fairly firmly buckled behind, is a not unimportant link with our ancestors who carried the flag to the uttermost seas. And in what receptacle but in a waistcoat pocket are you going to put your cloakroom ticket and your taxicab fare?

People who dispraise trousers show an ignorance almost beyond belief. The only real objection to trousers is that they are too comfortable and might tend to soften the soul. There is something to be said for the rigours of knee-breeches, or the still fiercer hardship of trunk hose. But this demerit of trousers is obviated by the necessity of keeping a crease and preventing the lower ends from hitching up anywhere over the shoes, an arduous necessity which gives that fine ascetic line to the face of our youth.

Plus-fours are not to be spurned. There is nothing, happily, that goes wrong so swiftly and so easily as the overhang or beetle, as it were, of plus-fours.

It has been freely suggested that men might wear shorts and stockings as their ordinary attire. They might. But not, I hope, without some sternly prescribed pattern for tattooing the knees.

In no way, I think, has woman proved herself the feebler sex so clearly as in failing to keep up the gallant self-immolation of yore. With high boots, with long skirts, with tight waists, English women were heroines and the mothers of heroes. I doubt if, dressed as FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, a modern woman could survive for a day, though hospital nurses do, by their uniform, seem to have some of the old fortitude left. Dress, rightly and tightly regarded, is probably nature's method of securing the survival of the fittest or the most perfect fit.

The great Duke of WELLINGTON was once asked by the then Bishop of LONDON if he might pay a visit to his grounds in order to see the magnificent beeches which were planted in commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo. Unfortunately the Bishop's handwriting was difficult to read, and he was informed that he was quite at liberty to see the breeches which the Duke wore at Waterloo, but that the Duke was not aware that they differed in any way from the breeches he wore at ordinary times.

Not different, I surmise, and no whit more uncomfortable.

The transcendental test of clothes is, Are they preposterous, are they painful? If so, all is well.

I forgot to mention hats. Hats should be hard, heavy and strong. . .

EVOE.

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

[The earliest known specimen of human hand-writing is said to be a bill—unreceipted.]

WHAT solemn thoughts, what broodings on Life's mystery

The poet feels within his bosom stir,

Viewing this brick, dropped ere the dawn of history

By some unthinking citizen of Ur!

How much romance may lie concealed beneath these

Rude scratches on an earthen tablet's face,

The earliest instance of that *cacoethes Scribendi* that has vexed the human race!

What fierce emotion prompted these incisions?

Despair or triumph, love or rage or scorn?



GARDEN PARTY MANNERS AND MODES.

TRIMMINGS FOR TWO.

They are—alas for such romantic visions!—

In point of fact a bill—I think, for corn.

Yet more than lover's sighs or warrior's pæans,

Than polished elegy or cynic sneer, This little bill, preserved through countless æons,

Evokes the silent sympathetic tear.

And, when long ages hence my humble dwelling

Rewards some patient excavator's spade,

He'll find—I'm safe, I fancy, in foretelling—

Whole heaps of bills, like this from Ur, unpaid!

Commerce in the After-Life.

"Our Widows convey but a limited idea of the goods we stock."

Advt. in Lancashire Paper.

Smart Applause.

"Standing with one leg in a bunker, Mr. Tolley played a miraculous shot to within a yard of the hole, a stroke that earned the well-dressed cheers of the crowd."—Daily Paper.

THE FIRST TEST.

CRICKET wants sun. I knew this long before the symbolic gates were set in their place at Lord's in honour of W. G.; and I know it now even more. To be spared rain is, in this island, a signal blessing, but, grateful as we are for it, that is no longer enough for me; the sun must actually shine; and at Birmingham—or must I say Edgbaston?—we had on the first day almost none, but in its place grey clouds and a bitter wind. Again and again I found myself envying little HARDSTAFF—whom years ago we used to call “Horse-stuff” as he cut the ball (there was cutting then!) to the boundary, but who now is one of our most honoured umpires—in such comfortable sweaters was he swathed. It needed all HAMMOND's grace and genius, all HENDREN's forcefulness and all TATE's care-free adventurousness to get warmth into our chilled systems. But for these three musketeers and the really glorious fielding and throwing of the South Africans we should have been cold indeed.

I must not suggest that the opening efforts of SUTCLIFFE and KILLICK were negligible, but they were sound rather than exciting, and what the day required was electricity. The two or three miraculous strokes by HAMMOND before he was bowled by QUINN began the cordial work. A parabolic six by the Sussex giant right into that part of the cheering crowd which had just been christened by a pavilion wit “The TATE Gallery,” completed it. The circumstance that not long afterwards the same insouciant smiter sent a ball vertically into the heavens, whence, after tarrying for a few minutes, it descended into the safe hands of MITCHELL, mattered little—central-heating had been installed. Meanwhile HENDREN had been playing like a hero, and I shall not soon forget a square-leg hook off a high bumping ball from OCHSE which, had he missed it, would assuredly have scattered his grey matter. This bowler's name, I may say, which some call Ox and some Oxy and some Oash, is rightly pronounced OOSH: an odd patronymic which at the font was softened by the addition of ARTHUR and LENNOX.

By one of cricket's dramatic chances the next ball sent down by MORKEL after the TATE catch bowled HENDREN, so that both these important—day, essential—wickets fell at 215. The

next thrill was supplied by the applause which greeted WHITE, England's captain of the day and one of the brightest stars of our victorious Australian tour, as he emerged from the pavilion to save the hat. MORKEL no doubt had his eye on a white one, such as they wear at

with a total of 59, when stumps were drawn.

Whatever evil intentions the weather had been cherishing were dispelled during the Sabbath peace, so that when the match was resumed on Monday morning it was under the beneficent rays. I wish the cricket had been as good as the day; but the South Africans were dogged rather than masterly, and the English bowling was rarely inspired. Some idea of the tenacity of the defence may be conveyed by the statement that it took MITCHELL more than seven hours to make 88—and MITCHELL was twenty last January. Youth is not often so patient or—shall I say?—so amenable to



SOUTH AFRICA FACES AN ENGLAND XI.

Ascot. But it was not to be; for England's captain, who cannot be ruffled, defended stolidly until VINCENT threw down his off stump during a short run. We had then made 245—not enough for such a side, but every man had played the game.

After England's effort to hit what-

THE TEST—FOR SPECTATORS.
SEVEN-AND-A-HALF HOURS OF THIS.

ever was hittable, South Africa's caution was depressing. In the two hours or so at the end of the first day all our bowlers were tried, but not a risk was taken, and CATTERALL and MITCHELL, the opening batsmen, were not out,

captain's orders. At present his most remarkable accomplishment, next to a fearless defence, is his perfection in placing the ball; but as he usually places it direct to a fieldman he must unlearn it. All England, however, could not get him out for seven hours, and that must always stand to his credit; and it must also be borne in mind that meanwhile his associates at the other end were gradually amassing a score which eventually surpassed ours by 5, so that, although the game was drawn, the honours are with the visitors. It was MITCHELL's match; but I hope that the advancing years will bring him a little rashness. It is well to play oneself in and to play for “keeps,” if that is the policy of the team; but even so, at the end, say, of the third hour, a liberty or two might be taken. So long as he did not get out there was no actual harm in runs.

The thrills of the second day were supplied by LARWOOD, who sent CHRISTY's leg-stump on a joyous fourteen-yards' journey north; and FENDER, who, after bowling a half-volley to the South African captain, extended his left arm to an incredible length and caught the return, which had come from the bat fully intending to reach the off-boundary. The innings of CATTERALL was sound but unenterprising. The only South Africans who went for the ball were DEANE and OWEN-SMITH. OWEN-SMITH, who is a month younger than MITCHELL—twenty last February—but less anxious to conceal the shameful fact, hits hard and often and bowls a puzzling ball; but where his genius at present is most noticeable is in the field. Here he is amazingly good, full of forethought,

nimble as a cat and throwing-in like a baseball. All the South Africans can throw, but CHRISTY and this boy are the most remarkable.



HENDREN'S PATHETIC APPEAL FOR TEA.

On the third day the skies were of the bluest, and the only moment when the sun failed to bathe me in bliss was when one of those aeroplanes without which no modern cricket-match is complete crossed it. From the start till lunch there was nothing to do but watch SUTCLIFFE and HAMMOND amass three figures each, and each in his own sweet way. If CAMERON, who is in the great tradition of wicket-keeping and normally misses nothing, had held a chance to leg when HAMMOND was in the singles, our eyes would be less rich; but the ball was an express from OCHSE and it was going away to leg, and CAMERON fell with it. To have held it would have been not cricket but wizardry. Towards the end of his 138 not out HAMMOND made strokes which have never been surpassed, among them, just for fun, a drive to long-on which actually left the turf. When CATTERALL and MITCHELL came in again it was to repeat their first innings' partnership, but with a difference. No definite issue being possible, they were less restrained. Their first partnership had practically made it impossible for their side to be beaten, and now we saw that MITCHELL can on occasion hit the ball where fieldsmen are not and that the boundary is not outside his range. But he still flattered the bowlers more than he punished them. Some day,

however, he will be a very dangerous bat.

Test matches that are not played out are unsatisfactory affairs, because in cricket you never can tell: the tables have been turned so often by late batsmen. All that can be said about this one is that it is a paradox. South Africa certainly won on the first innings and only one South African could be got out in the three hours left for the second; but as certainly South Africa is not so strong as England. Our 308 for four wickets in our second innings does not mean anything, because three of the wickets were deliberate sacrifices to force a game which on so perfect a pitch could not be finished in the time. But the next test match, which begins this Saturday at Bradford, should in consequence be the more interesting.

E. V. L.

Our Strong Men.

"... there was a gathering of staff and workmen to bid him farewell, and Mr. J. W. —, a director, handed to him a handsome oak writing bureau..."—*Lincoln Paper.*

"The concluding paragraphs from the talk in connection with the Sex-Centenary of Edinburgh, broadcast from all Scottish stations..."—*Wireless Paper.*

We quite thought that sex had been going on in Edinburgh for more than a century.

"Hunter's Moon hung on to take fourth place, with Engarde fifth and Posterity, one of the two American owned colts in the race, sixth."
uGI-ratter.. yso gn5'ooan m re 1Y-Cw."
—*Canadian Paper.*

Quite the best comment that we have seen on this year's Derby.



"OOSH!"



MR. FENDER ADOPTS A SHORTER BLOUSE.

JESSICA IN LONDON.

BIRDS.

THERE are birds in the country wherever one looks,
There are larks in the sky, there are finches and rooks,
Crows, blackbirds and cuckoos—no end of them there . . .
But the seagulls in London catch food in the air.

In the woods of the Manor the pheasants fly out,

And down in the gardens, all strutting about,
Are beautiful peacocks, so proud and so grand . . .
But the sparrows in London will feed from your hand.

There are geese on the common with feathers like snow,
There are turkeys with wattles that shake as they go,
There are doves in the dovecotes and hens at the farms . . .
But the pigeons in London will perch on your arms. R. F.

Hot Stuff.

"Of course," said Joyce. But her eyes burned into John's until he dropped them."

—*Serial in Weekly Paper.*

"Sacrificial Services offered by Matron; education normal; average health; forty-three."—*Scots Paper.*
Who says human sacrifices no longer occur?

MR. MAFFERTY GOES TO THE DOCTOR.

"Good mornin', Mr. Doctor," said Mr. Mafferty. "It's a great martyr I am to the hay-fever from the day of me birth to the present time. Sure, the first small sound me poor mother heard from me was a great sneeze an' not a cry at all, an' I born in the month of May. It's a quare hard thing, Mr. Doctor, for I'm a sun-fan as a man might say in the United States. There's no man yearns for the shinin' of the sun an' the burstin' of the flowers the way I do meself all the winter an' the cold springtime. But the moment the cruel frosts of May do be passin' at last and the whole world leapin' for joy to see the flowers, you'll find me sneezin' an' coughin' an' blowin' me fine nose, an' the sad tears wellin' from me eyes for the space of five weeks or maybe more. Isn't it a hard thing now that a young lady would be offerin' me the smell of a rich carnation for the sake of friendship an' the love of beauty, an' I turnin' away from it for fear of sneezin' in her face? But there's one thing, it's an intellectual complaint, Mr. Doctor, for you never saw a pork-butcher that had the hay-fever, nor a bricklayer neither. There's always a kind of a fragrance an' refinement in a man that sneezes all the summer, an' that's a consolation surely.

"Well, you've no cure for this disease, Mr. Doctor, I know that, an' that's the reason I've come to you this mornin', to speak a small piece of me mind. In time past I've spent the whole day triffin' with your foolish remedies. I'd be droppin' your infallible drops into the corners of me eyes, an' blowin' your infallible liquids into me nose with sprays, an' burnin' powders in a dark room, an' wearin' black glasses like an eclipse of the moon. I'd be risin' in the night-time to be smokin' your medical cigarettes, I've had hot irons poked up me nose, I've been injected an' inoculated an' intoxicated an' the devil knows what besides, an' at the latter end I'd be sneezin' as well as I did before, no less. I'd have had more sense droppin' keys down me back or chewin' pieces of brown paper, for that costs little. But them infallible remedies of yours is quare an' expensive, an' I

reckon in them days it cost me a guinea a sneeze. So in these days I do without your remedies an' sneeze for nothin'.

"It's a great profession the doctor's, Mr. Doctor. There's no other profession that I know of believes it's makin' progress every day of its life. You'll hear no man sayin' the novel an' the drama have made great strides since the antiquated time of DICKENS an' SHAKESPEARE; nor we don't go to the Royal Academy an' say there's been a big advance in paintin' since Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS; an' even them lawyers will not deny there was better men before them. But you, Mr. Doctor, an' all your fine profession believe you know more than your fathers did. Aren't you makin' a mock of their old-fashioned

fortune the like of that, an' it makin' havoc in the lives of great men in the time of summer. You'd think one of the Kings would have suffered that way, or Mr. WORDSWORTH or the Duke of WELLINGTON, or maybe somebody in Mr. DICKENS's romances. But no, there's devil a word about it that I know of. An' I'll tell you for why. I wouldn't wonder at all if the hay-fever was invented an' created by the doctors of the present time, the same as appendicitis. Didn't you make up a fine new hiccoughin' disease a year or two before this? An' why wouldn't you have made up a sneezin' disease as well? Sure, with all them germs you do be pumpin' into us, to be keepin' off the small-pox an' the typhoid an' this an' that, it's the wonder of the world there's not more new diseases than there are each day.

"For there's one thing you disremember, Mr. Doctor. It's well enough to be plantin' bugs in me poor body to keep off the small-pox an' the typhoid an' boils an' biliousness an' the like. Each of them complaints is thwarted separately, an' maybe I'll not have the small-pox or the typhoid or boils or biliousness again. But all them germs gets together, Mr. Doctor, in a kind of disagreeable state of mind, an' they thwarted; the way if you shut up a burglar an' an embezzler an' a poisoner in the same



THIS STRENUOUS GAME.

"CADDIE, 'No. 21'—AND JUMP TO IT!"

ways every day of your life, an' boastin' quietly of your new discoveries? It's a fine thing entirely to belong to a profession is always improvin' itself an' has everythin' to learn. An' I wonder now you wouldn't be thinkin' out a cure for the hay-fever, one of you. There's more money in it than vitamins, surely.

"Four hundred years has passed, Mr. Doctor, since your Mr. HARVEY invented the circulation of the blood, an' here's meself a martyr to the hay-fever still, an' sneezin' as bad as QUEEN ELIZABETH, or maybe worse. Maybe worse, I'm tellin' you, for there's no record in history that QUEEN ELIZABETH had the hay-fever, nor anyone else in them times. An' isn't it a quare thing, Mr. Doctor, speakin' of history, there's no mention of the hay-fever in literature at all that I remember. You'd think your Mr. SHAKESPEARE would have somethin' to say about a comical mis-

prison, they'll maybe not burgle nor embezzle nor poison no more for a parcel of time, but they'll be thinkin' of a new crime. An' then you have the hay-fever an' the hiccoughin'-disease and the new flu an' appendicitis an' the like. An' I wouldn't wonder, with all these injections, if one day the whole world took to standin' on one leg an' scratching the back of its head with the other; an' they'll call the disease by a new name an' say 'Praises be for medical science!'

"So why wouldn't you take your mind off them vitamins for a small space, Mr. Doctor, an' give a great thought to a great matter the like of this one? I always suspect the doctors when they discover an invisible organism I ought to take with me food. I'm old enough to remember the proteins, Mr. Doctor. In them days no man was a gentleman who didn't take a pound or two of the

proteins with every meal. An' before that there was great talk concernin' starchy food-stuffs an' sugary food-stuffs. An' then there was some little fellers called calories, an' it's a fine Press the calories had. An' then it was the carbohydrates, an' never a word about the proteins. An' now nothin's no good but a lightly-done vitamin; an' I believe them vitamins have a big future. At the present rate of increase we'll soon be at vitamins Z, an' our meals will be an alphabetical exercise, no less, an' it'll give a healthy man the indigestion to order a suitable dinner, an' we'll not teach the children their letters no more but the vitamins itself. An' meanwhile there's no man knows more about the hay-fever than we did before.

"There's no offence taken, I hope, Mr. Doctor, but I hope you take me meanin'. Maybe not, for I can't think for the sneezin' an' the tickle in me throat, an' the asthmatical cough I have at the dawnin' of the day. An' people sayin', 'It's a bad cold you have, Mr. Mafferty.' A cold! Mother of Moses, the worst cold in the world is a soothin' syrup by the side of me great sufferin'. No, you can't help me at all, Mr. Doctor. It's kind and generous you are to be makin' the suggestion, but it's well you know you know nothin' about it. But it's glad I am to have had this small piece of a talk. Here's two guineas for you, Mr. Doctor. An' good-mornin' to you."

A. P. H.

GETTING THERE IN ONE.

[MR. LEON E. EEMAN, of Haverstock Hill, has for several years worn a one-piece tennis-suit of his own design, made of twill, buttoning up in front with an open collar, which does not cost more than an ordinary suit and is, in his opinion, far more comfortable.

See "The Star," June 17th.]

FROM Venezuela to Venice

The puzzle of finding a guide
In the matter of dressing for tennis
Philosophers long has defied;
For the use of the bandeau and béret
Touch only the fringe and the frill
Of the crux that confronted the peripatetics of Haverstock Hill.

Some clung to the "pants and pull-over";

Some found their salvation in shorts,
And, garbed like the swimmers at Dover,
Desired to be seen on the courts;
But others this counsel rejected,
And all was confusion until
The Gordian knot was bisected
By EEMAN of Haverstock Hill.

It was hard to succeed in designing
A suit buttoned up at the breast,
Shirt and trousers in one piece combining,

But triumph attended his quest;
For the maximum outlay in dollars
Is small; the material is twill,



Intense and soulful Young Woman. "I SIMPLY ADORE THAT STRINDBERG LOOK IN YOUR EYES!"

With a belt and the widest of collars,
Like BYRON'S, on Haverstock Hill.

The hurricane driving of TOLLEY
Wins wonder from expert and dud;
And JOEL, the sumptuous SOLLY,
Is duly extolled for his stud;
But only the fiddle of NERO
Or GARVIN'S pontifical quill
Could render fit meed to the hero
Who glorifies Haverstock Hill.

Let others the Cave-man, the Tree-man,
The Sheikh of the desert revere,

Or venerate TWINING the tea-man
For cups of non-toxicant cheer,
Or honour the song-man or glee-man;
But greater and worthier still
Than the red-blooded He-man or
NELSON the seaman
Is EEMAN of Haverstock Hill.

"TRONDHJEM.—Motor drive by the Coast Road to Hell . . . returning to Trondhjem for lunch at one of the leading hotels. Fare, £1 7s. 6d."—Shipping Advt.
Literally between the devil and the deep blue sea.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE STRAWBERRY NOSE.

ONCE there was a married couple called Mr. and Mrs. Bundaby, and Mr. Bundaby was quite nice-looking when they were first married but after about ten years he began to grow a strawberry nose.

Well Mrs. Bundaby didn't think much of it at first and thought he had only been bitten by some gnats or fleas or something like that, but when it got worse she said you had better go and see a doctor about it.

So Mr. Bundaby did that, and the doctor said oh yes it is a strawberry nose all right there is no getting over that, you must have eaten something that disagreed with you, and I don't think it will get any better, in fact I should think it would get worse if anything.

Well Mr. Bundaby didn't like that much and he said can't you do anything for it?

And the doctor said well I might cut it off and make you another nose of wax or plaster of Paris, but I couldn't promise that you would smell as well with it because doctors haven't learnt to do that yet. Still they are so clever that I dare say it will come in time.

And Mr. Bundaby said well when do you think it will come, next week?

And the doctor said oh no, I should think not for fifty years about, and then you will be so old that you won't mind whether you have a strawberry nose or not, if I were you I shouldn't bother about it, nobody will notice it after a time.

So Mr. Bundaby went home and told his wife what the doctor had said, and she cried, and Mr. Bundaby felt rather inclined to cry too, but he couldn't do that because he was a man. And he said to his wife I suppose you can't possibly go on loving me when my strawberry nose gets worse can you? I should think the best thing I can do is to go and live by myself on a desert island.

And Mrs. Bundaby cried some more at that and kissed him, and she said of course I shall go on loving you as much as ever, and if you go and live on a desert island I shall come with you, but I would much rather go on living at Ealing because of the shops and all our friends.

Well then Mr. Bundaby didn't mind so much, and he said oh well we can try it for a bit anyhow, and I don't sup-

pose anybody will be really rude about it, because people are very kind-hearted in Ealing and they wouldn't want to hurt our feelings.

So they went on living in Ealing, but Mr. Bundaby's nose only grew worse till at last he was quite ashamed to go out of doors because of rude boys calling out things after him. But none of his friends ever said anything to him about it, and Mrs. Bundaby was so sorry for him because she knew how much he felt it that he loved her more than ever and was never cross to her as he had been sometimes before when he was worried about something in his business.



"MR. BUNDABY WAS IRRITATED AT THAT."

So he was beginning to get used to it and not to mind so much, and then one day his youngest child said something to him about his strawberry nose when he was building a house of cards for her, and he was so upset by this that he walked straight out of the house and went to Switzerland.

Well the reason why he went to Switzerland was because he had heard about a doctor there who knew more about strawberry noses than any other doctor and had cured some of them. So he went to him, and the doctor said well I wish you had come to see me before, because strawberry noses are stubborn things and if they get a thorough hold over you you can't do much with them. But I will do what I can for you and if I cure you I suppose you

won't mind it going in the newspapers so that I shall get more customers.

And Mr. Bundaby said oh no, anything to get cured.

Well the doctor did cure him, but it took a long time because it was a very stubborn case, and all the time Mr. Bundaby was in Switzerland he didn't write to his wife once but thought of his nose all the time. And she didn't know what had become of him and was upset about it and cried, and the children cried too because they missed him, and none of them had really minded about his strawberry nose because they had got quite used to it. And Mrs.

Bundaby put advertisements in the newspapers, because she thought he might be drowned or run over or anything might have happened to him, and when he saw one of the advertisements he was annoyed and sent her a telegram telling her not to fuss.

Well at last Mr. Bundaby's nose was cured, and he was just like he had been before. And by this time he was tired of living in Switzerland, and was glad that he could go back home and look after his business and see his wife and children again.

So he sent a telegram to say he was coming, but he didn't say anything about his nose being cured because he wanted that to be a surprise for them.

Well the first thing Mrs. Bundaby did when she saw him was to burst out crying, and Mr. Bundaby was irritated at that and he said you are always crying, there was some reason for it when I had a strawberry nose, but now I am cured there is no sense in it.

And Mrs. Bundaby said well I think you were much nicer when you had a strawberry nose, I didn't mind that at all, but I do mind it when you go away for six months and never write to me, still I am glad your nose is cured, and I suppose you would like to go up and see the children now.

So they went up to see the children, but the youngest one didn't know him any more because she had got used to him with his strawberry nose, and she wouldn't even let him kiss her until Mrs. Bundaby said she was to.

Well the next morning there was a long piece in the newspapers about the doctor curing Mr. Bundaby's strawberry nose in Switzerland, and it had two photographs of him, one with a strawberry nose and one without, and it gave his name and address and said



Man (at Modern Artists' show). "WELL, I'M DASHED IF I UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF ANY OF 'EM."
Lady. "I KNOW, MY DEAR—TOO OPTIONAL."

that anybody who didn't believe it could write and ask him.

Well Mr. Bundaby was perfectly furious about this, and what made it worse was that all his friends would keep on talking to him about his strawberry nose, because they weren't afraid of hurting his feelings now he had got rid of it, and presently he said well if you can't talk about anything but that I shan't talk to you at all. And he was so cross that most of them didn't want to have anything more to do with him, and Mrs. Bundaby said if she had known he was going to turn out like that she wouldn't have married him.

Well that went on for a long time, and then one evening Mr. Bundaby ate something that disagreed with him, and the next day there was a strawberry mark on his nose, and soon after that it began to be covered with them. And then he was more furious than ever, and he said I do believe my strawberry nose is growing again.

And Mrs. Bundaby clapped her hands and said I do believe it is, and this time I hope you won't have it cured.

Well that made Mr. Bundaby think, because he had really been quite happy with a strawberry nose before, except

for the rude boys, but since he had been cured he seemed to have been cross all the time. So this time he didn't go to Switzerland, and he wrote and told the doctor that he was to stop putting his photographs in the newspapers. And as his nose grew worse all his friends in Ealing began to be nice to him again because they were sorry for him, and his wife and children loved him more than ever.

So presently he didn't mind a bit, and his nose didn't get so very much worse this time, and he was quite happy.

A. M.

A FURTHER NOTE ON DRESS REFORM.

FROM a recent letter in *The Times* I learn that the Men's Dress Reform Party is tackling the anomalies of our dress with energy and imagination. June 29th is to be the Day of Days, when we are expected to turn out in shorts and shirts open at the neck. In fact—

Collar-studs must go.

Waistcoats must go.

Braces must go.

Trousers must go.

While sympathising with these laudable developments I would sound a

warning note. I would say to these reformers, "Go slowly. Remember Afghanistan."

There "a young man in a hurry" tried to persuade the population to reform their dress. I am aware that he was for introducing European dress, not always exactly the same thing as rational dress; but the warning is there for all who run to read. We do not want the excellent Secretary of the M.D.R.P. to find himself hemmed in on all sides by fanatical and infuriated tribesmen. We do not want to have to rescue him and his family by aeroplanes. A. W. B.

Our Socialist Saxophones.

"Mr. Lansbury is a newcomer in the cabinet. He belongs to the advanced wind of the labor movement."—*American Paper*.

GENEVA (Switzerland), Thursday.

At the International Labour Conference here to-day Mr. Forbes Watson, the British employers' delegate, declared that British employers were not in agreement with the announcement of the British Government regarding the ratification of the Washington Tight-hours Convention. . . .—*Daily Paper*.

British employers know only too well the disastrous effect these hours have upon output.



Art Master (to peculiarly ungifted member of sketching-class). "DON'T BE DISCOURAGED, MISS SEAMORE; AFTER ALL, YOU ARE GETTING THE FRESH AIR."

BY HARLEY BRIDGE.

"It was there," said the perfect stranger, looking at the dark-shaded pool just below the little bridge, "that I once caught a fish in the most unlikely way you could imagine."

I looked at him. His deerstalker was full of may-flies, his face without a shadow of guile. We had both drawn our cars aside from the road on to a plot of green grass beside the bridge. It was a glorious day. The fields were full of buttercups and mauve orchises, red campion and cuckoo-pint. There was an overpowering scent of may-blossom, which was later in that west-country valley than here. Not far off on the further bank frowned the old farmhouse which had once been a border keep against the fiery politicians of Wales. And on the banks of the stream, almost virginal in their uncut simplicity, there was a great business of birds and creeping life. If you liked to wait for the kingfisher or watch the water-wagtail there was no better place. If you were deeply interested in the drama of the life of the water-rat you could revel in sensations there. The fly was on the

water, but the trout, lazy and somnolent, rose, if at all, under the thickest arches of overgrown shade.

We were both of us eating sandwiches, the stranger and I. We both had our flasks. It seemed as good a day as any for telling lies.

"Oh, yes," I said weakly.

"I had been up here," he went on, "for some hours and was just proposing to motor down the road to the mill where the fishing begins. As I went slowly over the bridge I saw a good-looking rise just down there by that projecting stump, and stopped my car. The temptation came to me (my rod was ready) to play my line downstream from where I was, exactly as I sat at the steering-wheel. The place of course is quite impossible to reach from the bank."

"Quite," I said.

"You will scarcely believe it——"

"Oh, but I shall," I protested.

"You will scarcely believe it, but, sitting just where I was, I hooked him, more by luck than skill."

"Mayfly?" I said.

"A grey drake. I was now in something of a dilemma. I treated him

firmly, you may be sure, and I soon had him in below me and almost under the arch of the bridge. How to land him? It could only be done, of course, if I could find someone who would go down and push a net through the trees on one side or other of the stream; but there was no one about.

"It was just then that my handbrake gave and, as I was not precisely on the crown of the bridge, my car began to roll back. I made a swift snatch at the brake with my left hand and a tremendous heave at the same moment with my right."

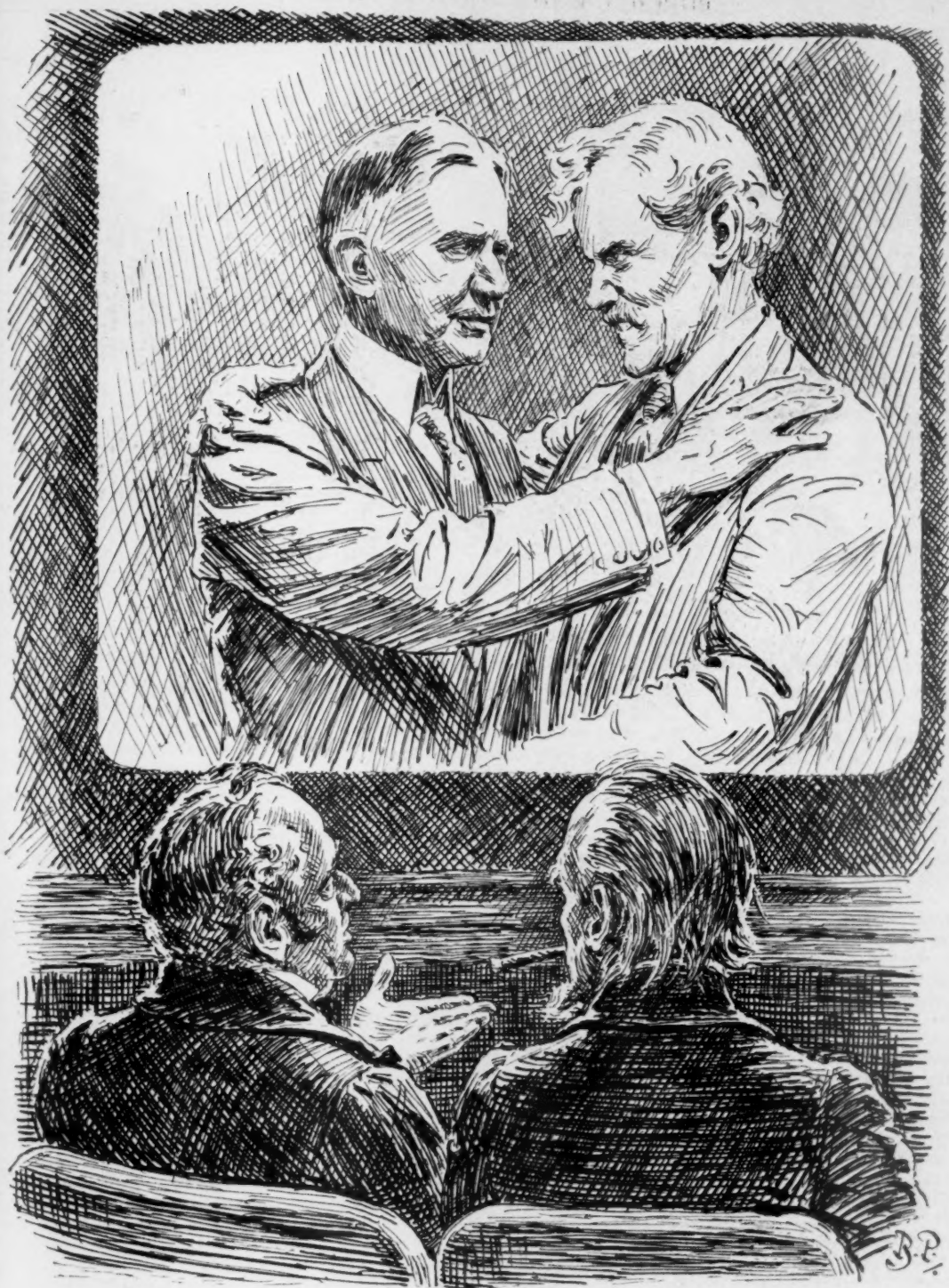
"And the cast held?" I said, looking at him sternly. "You jerked that fish on to this bridge?"

"Not on to the bridge," he said. "No. It was a good fish, too. Just under a pound."

"Just over, surely?" I protested.

"Say just over a pound."

"Perhaps a little bit over," he conceded. "But what happened was that I jerked it high and hard into the willows here on this bank of the stream. The line and cast became hopelessly entangled with the leaves and boughs, but the fish still hung beyond my reach from the

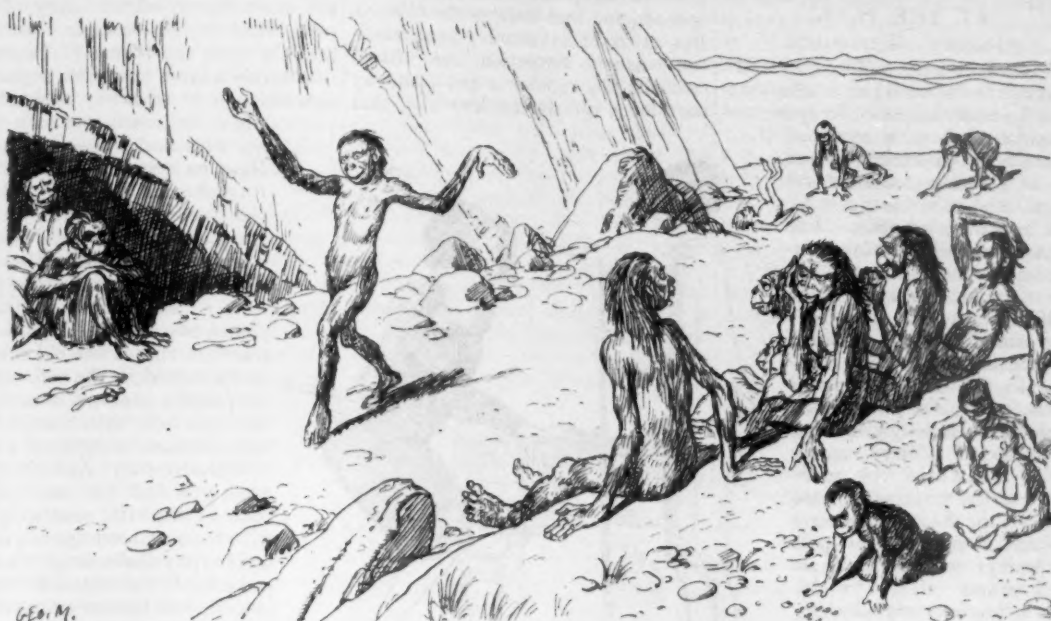


GETTING CLOSER UP.

UNCLE SAM } (assisting at film of interview between General DAWES and Mr. MACDONALD). "THAT'S
JOHN BULL }
ALL RIGHT FOR THE TALKIE PART; NOW IT'S TIME FOR OUR SILENT SERVICES
TO GET A MOVIE ON."



THE
LIFE OF
THE
LORD



AN EARLY PLIOCENE ENTERTAINMENT.

Tolerant spectator. "AFTER ALL, ONE SHOULD REMEMBER THAT THIS UPRIGHT WALKING BUSINESS IS STILL IN ITS INFANCY."

bank, beyond my reach from the bridge. I laid my rod down by the parapet—

"And climbed the tree," I hazarded, "with your landing-net in your teeth?"

"Useless," he said. "I could see that at once. I drove rapidly to the farm over there and fortunately found some men at work. They were sheep-shearing."

"I want to borrow a ladder," I told them, "to bring a fish down from a tree." It took them a little time to understand the exact position of affairs, but when they did they were very nice about it. Two of them came with a ladder. We set it against the willows and I went up with the net."

I poured a little more whisky into the cup of my flask and drank it thoughtfully.

"You were lucky," I said.

"Ah, but wait a minute; I haven't told you all. Standing on the ladder and stretching as far as I could reach, I could get the net about a yard below the fish, but no nearer than that. Nor, we decided, would it have been any easier to put the ladder in the stream and try to tackle the business from the water side of the tree. But I had a sudden inspiration. You know those long-handled pruning shears one uses for clipping trees or fruit-picking from high boughs?"

"I know them," I said, "but I never seem to have a pair with me when I want them most. I suppose you had them in your tool-box?"

"No," he answered gently. "And they hadn't any, it seemed, at the farm. But they told me of a place about six miles away where I could borrow a pair, so I left the chaps, one at the foot of the ladder and the other standing at the top holding out the landing-net in case the fish should fall. I made wonderful time, I can tell you, in fetching those shears, though I had to go right into the hills."

"What do you want them for?" asked the owner.

"To land a fish I am catching," I said, "just below Harley Bridge."

"I spoke rather tensely. My excitement was great. He seemed surprised, but he let me have the implement at once. By the time I returned, swift though I had been, there was quite a little crowd collected here, where we are now. There was a tramp, and a couple of girls from the farm, and two other fishermen and the people from the Wisperton market-bus, which had drawn up by the side of the road. Some of them were standing on the bridge, and some near the ladder, giving advice. When I finally went up the ladder, behind the man who was holding the net, and snipped off the cast so that the fish fell into it, they gave me a resounding cheer."

There was silence in the land for some time after he had spoken, except for the hum of insects and the bustle of birds.

"Just under a pound you said it was?" I remarked sorrowfully at last.

"Just over a pound," he corrected me "Eighteen ounces to be exact."

"On the grey drake?"

"On the grey drake."

I looked at the flies in his hat. I looked at his boots, which were yellow with the pollen of buttercups. I looked at the frowning border-farm and the distant hills. I felt that the word was with me.

"I had rather a remarkable experience of my own," I said. "Not precisely here, but a little further down, in the long deep pool above the weir. I was using the wet fly and, at the very moment when I had hooked rather a good one—not, I think, more than a pound—just under a pound if anything—thirteen ounces to be exact—with my tail fly, a swallow took the dropper (a red spinner it was), strangely enough without breaking the cast."

"And you landed both of them?" inquired the perfect stranger a little anxiously.

"No," I said, "I didn't. I should have, but in my excitement I slipped off the bank and was drowned."

He raised his left hand to his deer-stalker with a quiet gesture of approval and, taking up his rod, moved slowly away into the flower-starred meadow above the bridge.

EVOK.

"If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."—*Dental Paper.*
That'll larn the little beggar.

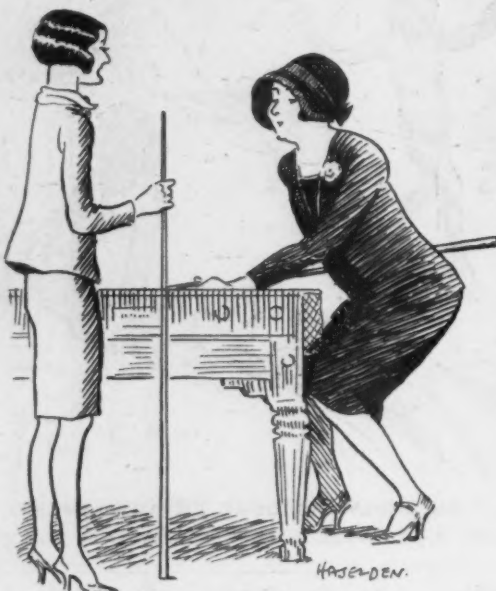
AT THE PLAY.

"EXILED" (WYNDHAM'S).

I THINK we may well look upon Mr. GALSWORTHY'S *Exiled* as a relaxation from the heavy labour of Forsytery and recognise that it is designed primarily for entertainment and not as a serious tract for the times. And none the worse for that, says the plain man. Here are opposed, indeed, certain familiar types—the hard-faced business man set up against the twelfth transmitter of an outworn social attitude, unfitted to compete with modern ruthlessness; the displaced miners and their displacer; the gentle humanitarian quietly prevailing where the stiff military manner of the squire and the crude bluster of the business magnate fail to soothe the savage breasts of miners baulked of their sport and tramps with their hands raised against all the world. There is the customary balancing of arguments, but they are not pressed on either side with much passion or with any thoroughness. We are, in fact, offered just a pleasantly complicated story, neatly unfolded, of sustained interest until towards the close, when the very seriousness of the one feeling that stands out, the author's love of country, seems to lead down to the pit of anti-climax.

Sir Charles Denbury has had to sell *Luxford Hall*. Farming has long been in a bad way; the rationalising methods of a new coal combine have closed the pits from which he drew his royalties. The purchaser of his old ancestral home is *Sir John Mazer*, the big man of the combine. *Sir Charles* is putting his shirt on his mare, *Flying Kite*, as a last throw to retrieve his broken fortunes (suggesting to us incidentally that perhaps it isn't only loss of royalties and rents that is responsible for his position). If he loses he must go into exile, to Africa. If he wins—but he will win, and he gives his horse as a dead cert to his miner friends, who put on all they can scrape together from their savings, doles and pensions. And then some dis-

gruntled tramp lames the mare with a spanner, and that finishes *Sir Charles*. But, as *Sir John* is running his symbolically named *Evolution*, the second favourite, the rumour is put about by the miners, who do not love him, that



PLAY-HOURS OF AN EX-M.P.

Joan Mazer MISS JEAN SHEPARD.
Miss Card MISS MABEL RUSSELL.

he has basely procured the laming of *Flying Kite*—a rumour, needless to say, not believed by *Sir Charles*, who, though he may not be drawn towards the New Men, knows them to be incapable of things like that.

But you will not readily suppose

Mr. GALSWORTHY'S main interest is in this little Nat Gouldish story of the turf. That is his frame. His embroidery is on the theme of England; how lovely a land, how dear a people, how staunch in adversity, what tragedy to be forced into exile from her hills and woods and fields. Here, he seems to be saying, are Englishmen. Look how admirable they all are. And what a muddle they are in. And nobody is really to blame. Even the ruthless business magnate, scrapping men as he scraps antiquated plants, has a case. What a fine tradition this of the old squirearchy, rooted in the soil and in the people's hearts, that can face ruin and exile with a smile and without mean thoughts of a successful adversary! And what fine souls you find here and there, such as this little photographer with the moral courage of a saint and the physical courage of a lion and a lovely tenderness for dumb animals and human outcasts!

And these miners suffering the pinch of poverty and the ignominy of enforced idleness, sometimes with fiery bitterness, a little unreasoning but natural, more often with a rare patience and tolerance and a readiness to meet the enemy in the gate and talk reason with him—if

given half a chance. This harlot and this drunken tramp—what a solid courage beneath the mean masks! And even this absurd, mincing, much too-refined secretary, how loyal and how competent at her job if not at billiards! And this young free-limbed, free-spoken

English girl of crude new-risen stock, how good a heart, how untrammelled in spirit (and here I am afraid we have to add, how frankly incredible a little minx and female cad), *Sir John's* only daughter and heiress, with her appallingly sudden and direct offers to *Sir Charles* of marriage with the reversion of his patrimony!

The author opens his commentary on England with some good fun round and on the billiard-table of a public-house, at which, first, an expansive gentleman of the road and a lively young journalist, better treated than most stage



LOOKING PLEASANT.

Sir John Mazer MR. EDMUND GWENN.
Mr. East MR. J. H. ROBERTS.

gentlemen of the Press, and next, *Sir John's* daughter and his private secretary disport themselves. Perhaps Mr. EDMUND GWENN, whose characterisation was superb when he was serious, makes his *Sir John* a little more of a grotesque than his author intended, and I should suppose that Miss MABEL RUSSELL overstressed the part of the refined lady-secretary.

Mr. LEWIS CASSON's quiet firm handling of *Sir Charles*, hiding his anxieties as a sportsman should, but never failing to hint that they were in the background, was an impressive performance. I thought it a pity that in the last scene, when the story was over and done with, he was given that soliloquy in the firelight of the inn—the miners making their not very audible comments on his England in the bar (OFF), and the strains of "John Peel," "John Brown's Body" and the haunting chanty, "Shenandoah" heightening the poignancy of his impending exile. (What an accommodating inn it was, by the way, opening earlier and closing later than our anxious laws allow!) The scene reminded me of an equally superfluous epilogue in *The Mob* with the memorial statue. I suppose we feel just a little hurt that the author should suppose us incapable of putting the dots on his i's.

I must not omit to praise the charming characteristic study of the serene little photographer by Mr. J. H. ROBERTS, Mr. BREMER WILLS' passionate tramp, Miss UNA O'CONNOR's consumptive harlot, cleverly restrained yet fully indicated, and, of the miners, the particularly sound and persuasive performance of Mr. EDWARD IRWIN. T.

"ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS" (COURT).

Mr. EUGENE O'NEILL has the gift of violence, and whatever of clumsiness, diffuseness and occasional unintelligibility appears in his work he gets under the guard of your emotions. *All God's Chillun got Wings*, which has already been produced by Mr. PETER GODFREY before his small select audiences of the Gate Theatre, is now presented by him at the Court, with the great advantage of his being able to include actors of ability from the cast of *Porgy*, and in particular Mr. FRANK H. WILSON, who plays with great tenderness and insight the part of the principal character, the negro *Jim Harris*.

The scene is set in lower New York. In a prologue we are shown the boy-

and-girl friendship between *Jim* the sensitive negro and *Ella* the white girl, nick-named "Painty-face" by precocious companions; we are shown too the instinctive racial hatreds which tempt these children to overwhelm the ill-matched pair with insulting taunts. Later, *Ella* lives under the protection of a boxer; is deserted by him and turns to the ever-faithful and understanding *Jim*, who rouses the resentment alike of his own people and of his white acquaintances by trying to "buy himself white" and, by hard study, against every discouragement of inadequate mental equipment and racial prejudice which undermines his self-confidence, to make himself a member



THE WIFE WITH NERVES; OR, THE BLACK MAN'S BURDEN.

Ella MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN.
Jim Harris MR. FRANK H. WILSON.

of the American Bar. *Ella* is at first content to be loved rather than loving and has little sympathy with these ambitions, does in fact fundamentally share her people's contempt for his race, but is gradually won over by her simple sensitive unselfish man, and the marriage, which was at first a marriage in name only, becomes a marriage in fact. Social ostracism breaks down not her loyalty or love but her mental balance; in a fit of mania she attempts to kill her husband and finally, her suppressed instinctive racial antipathy finding vent, wounds him almost beyond endurance by savagely taunting him in a vile phrase with the colour of his blood. Then with her lapse into the mentality of a child a queer kind of happy ending is contrived by the dramatist, with poor *Jim* content to use the little time that remains to him—

she is to die shortly, though I will not answer for the medical facts, which seem to me rather arbitrarily selected—by cherishing her as an unhappy child, as in those far-away days before the great mistake of their tabooed union.

All this is theatrically effective, though I imagine it might easily degenerate into fustian with poor playing. Naturally we in this country have little real appreciation of the poignancy of this situation compared with our cousins. Mr. FRANK H. WILSON, I gladly confess, moved me deeply, and Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN, in a part that could hardly fail to seem melodramatic, played with a cleverness and restraint which mitigated this effect of over-colouring.

Mr. PETER GODFREY, who is a producer of the atmospheric school, provided a significant background with simplified stylised scenery and sombre lighting, and in particular used effectively snatches of banjo-thrumming and low-sung spirituals. In the scene outside the church, when the doors were slammed angrily behind the newly-married pair (by, I suppose, the outraged church officials) and their friends, white and coloured, gathered round them and with threatening rhythmic steps closed in upon them, an effect was contrived indeed, but at the expense of artistic unity.

However, on balance, a distinctly interesting, moving and stimulating affair. Vitality even to the point of violence is too rare a gift to be ignored. One may not feel that here is any profound comment on an intensely difficult problem, but there is, for us Easterners at least, a plausible slice of a life only to be guessed at by us and capable of stirring us to pity. And Mr. PETER GODFREY is a man to be encouraged. T.

AT THE PICTURES.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND."

ONE of the principal differences between *Bulldog Drummond*, by the ingenious "SAPPER," as played by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER on the stage and by Mr. RONALD COLMAN on the talking screen is that the English actor hoped we might believe in it. The American cinema star (who seems to exert a kindred magnetism) takes the film version with a careless lightness which says that not only does he himself know it to be rubbish but he does not mind if we share his view. Even if we do not enter the theatre holding that opinion,

it is with that opinion that we leave. Little harm if it were not until we leave that we begin to suspect; the trouble is that the truth bursts upon us so soon.

The fact is that Mr. COLMAN has been to no pains to act at all. He said to himself at the outset, "It is their darling RONALD that they want, and they shall have him. He may be called in the cast a demobilised adventurous British officer, but that nonsense shall go no farther. He shall be the RONALD that they know and adore—but RONALD with a voice." With this resolve in mind he rattles through the escapade with all a popular movie-star's confidence that the end will find him on velvet. As it does. But he loses much on the way, and incidentally proves



Bulldog Drummond (Mr. RONALD COLMAN), to maid making bed, as metallic sound of beating is recorded. "HERE, I SAY, I DON'T WANT TIN PILLOWS!"

what an admirable actor in the silent films he used to be; for, now that he speaks, half his really remarkable quality has disappeared. No need any more for those subtle movements of the hands and shoulders; no need for the light and shade of facial expression which were among his greatest assets; the speaking-machine with its rasping discordances has made them unnecessary: it blurts what he used to suggest.

Mr. COLMAN is not alone in dimming the sacred flame of dramatic illusion; he is abundantly assisted by the producer, the scenic artists and certain of the other performers, notably a very mechanical funny man—of the amiable monocled ass type—whose intrusions at critical moments shattered whatever chances of realism "SAPPER" may have been hoping for. The result is that, what with Mr. COLMAN's fatalistic insouciance, the incredibility of the setting (a bewildering roadside inn where much

of the action occurs is at once four miles from London and four from Godalming) and the fantastic English architecture,



Algy (Mr. CLAUDE ALLISTER). "YOU'RE NOT GETTING COLMANITIS?"

Phyllis (Miss JOAN BENNETT). "WHY, OF COURSE. ISN'T THE WHOLE SHOW JUST AN EXCUSE TO GIVE THE FLAPPERS ANOTHER ATTACK OF IT?"

a perfectly sound crook play has been converted into a farce. I personally was never once subjected to the faintest thrill; whereas at Wyndham's Theatre one used to be in agonies of suspense.



Drummond. "IT'S ALL SO EASY THAT I FEEL LIKE DOING A BIT OF SONG-PLUGGING."

Peterson (Mr. MONTAGU LOVE). "WHY DIDN'T THEY BORROW THE NAME OF THE OTHER FILM IN THE BILL—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?"

Some exceptions must be made. Miss JOAN BENNETT as Phyllis does her best to appear in earnest, and Mr. LAWRENCE GRANT, in Mr. GILBERT HARE'S

old part of *Dr. Lakington*, toils to be sinister and even macabre; but the reasons for his infamy never quite "get over." It comes to this, that if you miss a word or two in a talkie you have far more difficulty in picking up the sense again than at the theatre proper. No one, however, seems to mind. Judging by the crowds that have been besieging the Tivoli's doors and the laughter with which every word and gesture of the fatuous *Algy* is received—laughter which filled me with a kind of stupor—this debased screen version



Algy. "WHAT ABOUT A WHISKY-AND-SODA, DEAR BOY, AND GIVING THE AUDIENCE ANOTHER TREAT TO HEAR IT TRICKLE?"

of "SAPPER'S" play is what the public want, and I am in the wilderness.

The only comfort I can derive is from the belief that it is of novelty rather than merit that they are so enamoured. They can't really set any value on such a travesty of drama; on this brawling or wheezy mechanism; on the confusion that always sets in directly a scene is enacted in the dark—and *Bulldog Drummond* as a talkie is rarely lighted in full and is always handicapped by a limited proscenium.

So much incident and such a rapid pace are unsuited to this new medium. I can believe that certain efforts of incisive cynicism can be rendered by the talkie, and that a kind of revue entertainment may be acceptably dealt with; but, when it comes to hectic crime with motor-cars and murderers, captions are the better way. E. V. L.

"Madame Sherry, the well-known physio of Victoria, is spending the day here . . ."

Canadian Paper.

This type of physic is always popular.

WINE IN THE WOOD.

THIS is an age in which everybody wants to have his cake and eat it too. Every day some busy and worthy person produces a tobacco without nicotine, a coffee without caffeine, or a tea free from tannin. I find it almost impossible in these days to buy a pipe which has not got some confounded "hygienic" device in it; and if I do secure an old-fashioned honest-to-goodness poisonous pipe the next man I meet persuades me to wrap my tobacco up in little wads of paper so that the dangerous juices may be kept out of my system and I can smoke without harm. But what is the good of smoking if it does you no harm? Where is the zest, the peril, the moral conflict? Who would bet if it were impossible to lose? Who would trouble to swim if there were nothing but shallow water?

And now my attention has been drawn to "The Order of Woodcraft Chivalry," which I have read about in the May number of a paper called *The Healthy Life*.

I like the sound of this Order. They are all for "the festival and carnival spirit," but in due moderation. They have heard about "alcohol" and suspect

that it is not everything it should be; but they are no bigots, and they discuss the subject temperately in woods and forests.

"Adult Members of the Order," I read, "assembled for their annual Folk-moot Camp at Godshill, on the edge of the New Forest," and, nesting, I imagine, in the tops of trees, exhausted the whole subject of alcohol. The question had been referred for a whole year to a committee of doctors, psycho-analysts, alienists, university professors, teachers, and men and women leaders of senior and junior groups, and the following general statement was unanimously adopted and approved by the Order:—

"INTERESTING CONCLUSIONS REGARDING ALCOHOLIC STIMULATION.

I.

"We are agreed that . . ."

Here follows some familiar stuff, the kind of thing that every Briton murmurs to himself as he puts his beer away:—"Alcohol is a poison. . . . It is not a true stimulant. . . . The person only feels more able to deal with the environment, while actual objective performance is not so good as when made under normal conditions." (That is, the idea that one can successfully hit a police-

man on Boat-Race Night is erroneous; one could do it much better on a wet Sunday afternoon.)

But paragraph (4) contains the reasonable conclusion that—

"Taken in small dilute doses and only occasionally it has no deleterious effects."

Section II, however is more entertaining and includes one of the best definitions in the language:—

"II.

We find some of the more important uses of alcohol have been and are:—

- (1) As a sociological anaesthetic in an intolerable environment.
- (2) As a means of dealing with mental pain.
- (3) As a means of overcoming 'self-criticism' in cases where the super-ego or conscience is over-developed.
- (4) As a means of promoting good-fellowship, sociability and conviviality.
- (5) As providing æsthetic enjoyment.
- (6) As a substitute for unsafe drinking-water.
- (7) As a valuable drug in therapeutics.
- (8) As a ritual drink."

Personally I should make a few additions to this list:—

- (9) As an inspiration to the poet.



Flapper (to abusive casualty). "TUT, TUT!"

Man. "HO, TUT, TUT, IS IT? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YER SOUND THAT ON YER 'ORN?"

- (10) As a weed-killer.
- (11) As a consolation for the literary man.
- (12) As a remedy for toothache.
- (13) As the weapon of diplomacy.
- (14) As a pickle (surgical).
- (15) As the colleague of Cupid.
- (16) To remove tar.

It will be seen from the original list that there is no bigotry in the Order and a good deal of quiet humour. Few reformers have gone so far as to admit that "alcohol" is capable of inducing "aesthetic enjoyment" (No. 5), and I maintain that No. 1 is one of the purest gems of English prose:—

"A sociological anæsthetic in an intolerable environment."

Look at it! Roll it over your tongue—

"A SOCIOLOGICAL AN-ÆSTHETIC IN AN INTOLERABLE ENVIRONMENT."

Superb! Think of a wedding-breakfast, think of a cocktail-party, think of a public dinner, think of a long wait at a railway-station, and tell me if the Order is not right in putting this blessed "use of alcohol" at the head of their list. What man in his senses would drink champagne at four o'clock in the afternoon except in the intolerable environment of a wedding? Why does that girl take so many cocktails? Because somehow or other she finds herself standing in a small room with a crowd of people whom she has never seen before and wishes never to see again, and she is bored and she can't bear it. And who in the world could sit between two perfect strangers and listen to seven speeches on the State of Trade without a sociological anæsthetic or two? These Woodcraft chaps have discovered a truth concealed from generations of earnest reformers—that Boredom, not Bacchus, is the father of excess. And that being so, it follows that all we have to do is to abolish boredom, public dinners and weddings.

And now for the practical conclusions of the Order:—

"III.

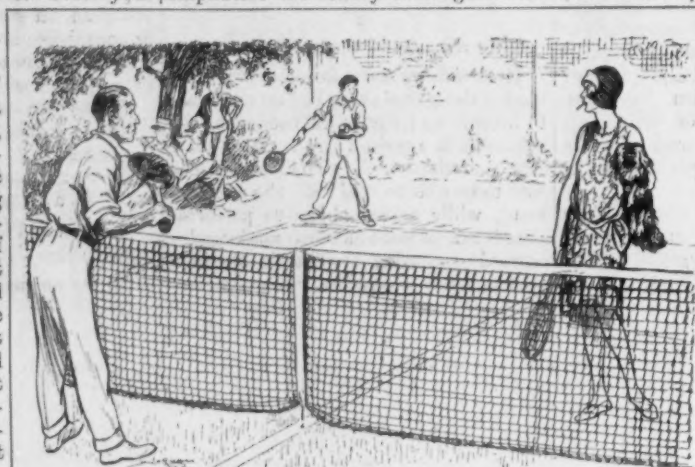
In view of the foregoing we recommend that:—

- (1) There should be no general alcoholic taboo in the Order.
- (2) Adult members should learn to distinguish between the use and abuse of alcohol, and, if necessary—

(a) Obtain personal experience and knowledge of its effects" (one Boat-Race Night per member, presumably), "but (b) should observe 'good sense' or temperance, following the Greek conception of moderation and balance . . ." (as practised by that wise old Greek, DIONYSUS, for example). . . .

"(4) (c) That as far as festivals are concerned the important point is to develop substitutes for alcohol and endeavour in every possible way to achieve the self-abandon which is usually only obtained under the influence of alcohol; the main aim being to find non-alcoholic means of being Dionysian on such occasions as intoxication or ecstasis is normal and beneficial."

The italics I have added myself to emphasize the beauty of the grammar.



Girl (just starting set with crack player). "GO ON! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?"

I wish I could also contribute an interpretation. However, to proceed:—

"(d) That in general it should definitely set out to find and develop substitutes for alcohol along the following lines, with a view to its eventual supersession, except for aesthetic and ritual purposes:—

- (i.) The provision of chemical and physical equivalents.
- (ii.) Psycho-analysis for those needing it.
- (iii.) A psychological social technique for overcoming excessive self-consciousness and self-criticism.
- (iv.) The encouragement of the festival and carnival spirit.
- (v.) A full woodcraft education."

Golly!

Do not suppose that I am attempting to poke fun at the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, for, I repeat, I believe they have the right spirit.

But—golly! "A non-alcoholic means

of being Dionysian!" As one might say, "Let us discover a method of falling in love which will not excite the passions," or "Let us have a steam-engine which will not require steam."

And, pray, what are the occasions on which "intoxication or ecstasis is normal and beneficial"? And what are the "aesthetic and ritual purposes" for which the use of alcohol (after its supersession) is still to be permitted? Are we to drink the health of His Majesty's Ministers in port, and toast the Opposition in "a chemical equivalent"? And what is a "physical equivalent" as opposed to a chemical one? Are we to do intoxicating exercises after dinner, or what? Shall we climb trees at the country wedding or "achieve self-abandon" with a pair of dumb-bells at the

cocktail-party, when the normal "sociological anæsthetic" is no more? Where indeed are we to look for a "chemical equivalent"? A good deal of water has flowed under the bridge since DIONYSUS first overcame his excessive self-consciousness with the aid of the grape; and a good many medical men have "set out to find and develop substitutes" since then. So, if the men and women leaders of the senior and junior groups of the Order of Woodcraft Chivalry, nesting carnivorally in the tree-tops, can go one better than the old-fashioned DIONYSUS, good luck to them!

But meanwhile I feel that it is bedtime, my super-ego is sadly over-developed, I am a mass of self-criticism, and, with all proper apologies to everyone, I propose to take a large sociological anæsthetic, and not much soda. Good-night.

A. P. H.

How to evade the Betting-Tax.

"NOTICE.

Take Notice that I have taken out a Boot-maker's Licence for Premises in Market Street, Ballyshannon (and I expect to open in a few days), where all commissions will be accepted confidentially under recognised Bookmaker's Rules. JOHN B.—"Irish Paper.

The Intruder.

Among the bluebells and the springing fern

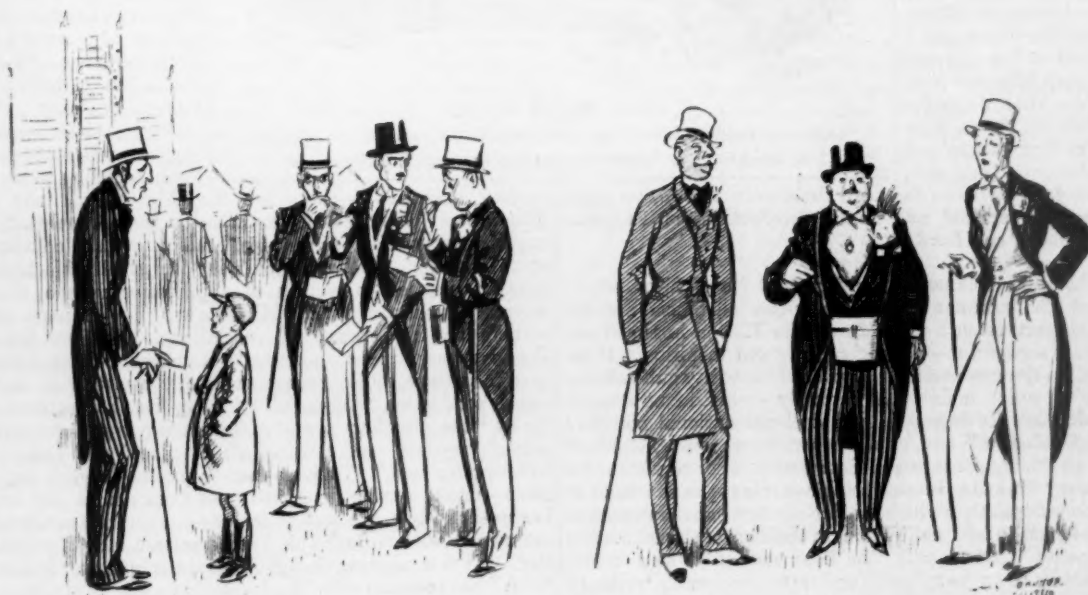
I fancied I was part of the Concern,
Till something whispered softly in my ear,

"We should feel better if you were not here."

ASCOT, 1929.



A FLUTTER IN THE PADDOCK: AN IMPRESSION OF THE LATEST MODE.



THE SERIOUS SIDE.

WHY TALK ABOUT DRESS REFORM?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

No enthusiast for a genial humanism characteristically English can afford to miss eleven papers on *The Eighteen-Seventies* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS), produced by eleven Fellows of the Royal Society of Literature. The period is already, as Mr. H. GRANVILLE-BARKER says in a discerning preface, just about to become historical; and from aspects of its culture handled here by representatives of succeeding generations we get not only "a hint of attack and defence" but the first and second breath of a critical estimate. Sensitively felt, dextrously reasoned and exquisitely dovetailed into the general scheme of things, Mr. HUGH WALPOLE's "Novelist" struck me as the best paper of the batch. His defence of the serial conditions under which so many of his giants groaned and throve is apt and unconventional; and he discovers at least one piece of buried treasure, an alleviation not denied to Miss SACKVILLE-WEST, who handles the dowdy "Women Poets," and Mr. DRINKWATER, who deals with their male counterparts. Mr. DE LA

MARE on the "Women Novelists" strikes me as a trifle rhapsodical, with repentant intervals of statistics. Sir ARTHUR PINERO on "The Theatre" displays the vision and courage he attributes to ROBERTSON and some of ROBERTSON's disciples; and for all his scorn of "closet-drama" Mr. GRANVILLE-BARKER is wisely appreciative of the theatrical aspirations of TENNYSON, SWINBURNE and MEREDITH. The "duodecimo" Oxford of the day and its light-blue companion are charmingly described by the ex-Master of UNIVERSITY and Professor HEITLAND; while ANDREW LANG and Lord HOUGHTON acquire new lustre from the personal and family recollections of Professor SAINTSBURY and Lord CREWE.

The third volume of *The Merchant Navy* (MURRAY), in which Sir ARCHIBALD HURD completes the official account of the part taken by the Mercantile Marine in the Great War, is a record at once melancholy and inspiring. It recalls, on the one hand, the depths of barbarity and callousness to which individuals normally civilised and decent-minded can be degraded by a declared national policy of "frightfulness;" and, on the other, the supreme heights of self-sacrificing courage and devotion to duty to which the ordinary workaday human being can rise at the summons of such a crisis as that which the British merchant-seaman was called upon to face, not in vain, in the days of the submarine campaign. Incidentally, the book may serve as a useful corrective to an inexplicable and rather deplorable tendency in some quarters even in this country to glorify as heroic the exploits of German commerce-raiders against shipping at most defensively armed, and more often not armed at all. The present volume covers the period from the beginning of intensive submarine warfare to the conclusion of hostilities.

It deals with the various methods and inventions adopted to cope with undersea attackers, such as paravanes, depth charges, smoke screens, the much-vaunted "dazzle painting" (which, it is interesting to note, many authorities consider of doubtful value), and the convoy system, which, thanks to the skill which the merchant-seaman displayed in adapting himself to entirely new conditions, "finally proved the undoing of the enemy." "The sight of the Red Ensign," says H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES in the course of the brief but felicitously-phrased foreword which he contributes to the volume in his capacity of Master of the Merchant Navy, "has in these later days given me a thrill of a very special kind," a thrill which cannot but be shared by anyone who reads this plain tale of the determination and endurance shown by all ranks and ratings under "that familiar piece of bunting" when to the daily risks of their calling were added the new and strange perils of war.

Out of countless suggestions contributed to my enlightenment by economists and Utopians, the neatest summary of what a human community needs occurs, I think, in one of

the later numbers of *Fors*. After enumerating the elementary labours that should go to produce "food, clothes, house or fire," RUSKIN briefly remarks that "all the rest is play or devotion," and leaves it at that. It is suggestive to compare the details of his scheme with those of the six "main-trunk activities" which, according to the American anthropologists, Mr. and Mrs. ROBERT S. LYND, monopolise the average American town. "Getting a living, making a home, training the young, using leisure, engaging in religious practices, engaging in com-



THE THREE FATES.

(After "A Golden Thread," by J. M. STRUDWICK, at the Tate Gallery)

MR. THOMAS, MR. LANSBURY AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, BART.

munity activities"—these are the chief occupations of *Middletown* (CONSTABLE), the *alias* of the representative north-easterly industrial centre, studied by the collaborators and their staff. Stated with the stark objectivity usually accorded to records of a primitive village, their intensive presentment of "*Middletown*" is the most absorbing and impressive of revelations. You encounter the advertiser "ramming home" a standard of living which even American wages cannot sustain, the victim of high-speed production "through" at forty-five, homes broken up by "the shuffling about of men's ways and women's ways," "movies" and criminal children, and "all business suffering for cars." I am no fanatic for the English bathroom—much can be done with the Continental jug and basin—but when it comes to twenty-one out of twenty-six car-owners with no bath-tub, I feel a certain lack of proportion. It is a sobering thought that the solutions "*Middletown*" has accepted with "an increasing sense of strain and perplexity" for its own problems have a horrid likelihood of being applied with even less warrant and success to ours.

My only complaint against *A Wild Bird* (MURRAY) is that Miss MAUD DIVER takes more than ample time in taming



Professor. "THIS IS MY NEW POPULAR WORK ON RELATIVITY. I HAVE TRIED TO MAKE IT AS INTERESTING AS A NOVEL, AND SOME SAY I HAVE SUCCEEDED."

Ingénue. "I'M SURE I SHOULD LOVE TO READ IT. MAY I JUST LOOK AT THE END?"

her. But if *Eve Challoner*, whose father's story was told in *Lonely Furrow*, might justifiably be accused of loitering on her voyage to India and was none too quick in finding her mate when she arrived there, she is nevertheless an attractive girl and very human. Needless to say Miss DIVER writes of India with understanding of its many problems, and, although her methods of telling a tale may be over-leisurely, she always has a real tale to tell.

In *Children of the Zodiac* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), MRS. ALICE M. WILLIAMSON has carried out with no little skill a suggestion that she should write a story based upon astrology. For her purpose she has created a party of twelve, including four servants, and has placed them in a Long Island country-house. To these people, whose affairs of the heart were in a state of considerable confusion, came a mysterious astrologer, and he, after a little persuasion, consented to cast a round dozen of horoscopes. No one ever cast with more effect. Intriguers were confounded; husbands and wives on the brink of disunion were re-united; all was well. It is an unusual tale, neatly and cleverly told.

Now whether you walk with a gun in the crook

O' your arm or go wanting the same,

Game Birds, I assert, is as charming a book

As ever was written on game;

DOUGLAS DEWAR'S the author and CHAPMAN AND HALL

Send it forth to a world that awaits it,

And supreme are the gravings on wood wherewithal

Mr. E. FITCH DAGLISH decorates it.

It's a book with two parts, and in Part No. 1

You may read about hybrids and hues,

Or of classes and characteristics that run

Through the genus called "game"—as you choose;

And Part No. 2 (with a chapter to each)

Names us fifteen fine birds, but I scunner

At some—is the pochard, that bird of the beach,

"Game" to anyone not a shore-gunner?

But who would be captious? Not I, for I take

The view that these *Game Birds* are such

As will sell on their merits and sell for the sake

Of their artist's most marvellous touch;

And, call this a cheap book or call it a dear,

I'd venture to offer a warning,

I'd say that it's just of the kind that, next year,

Will cost more than it costs you this morning.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Harking Back* (SIMPKIN, MARSHALL), a collection of verse and prose by A. A. SYKES, of which the greater part appeared long ago in these pages.

"The Roman Father: a Tragedy, 8vo., hf. cf. (rubbed, joints weak . . .), 4s. 1769."—From a Bookseller's List.
Poor old thing. Still, hf. a cf.'s better than nothing.

"I felt satisfied, however, that the cow would have taken that hill on top under normal conditions."—From article in *Yorkshire Paper*.

The owner of a Thousand-Gallon Sports Alderney writes to say that his cow's performance makes other designs kick the bucket with envy.



HOW TO RESTORE THE PENDULUM.

The Cynic. At our last meeting, six months ago, we touched on the prospects of the Election. Now that we have the result before us, I hope that, as a detached observer, aloof from party passions, you are satisfied with a verdict which shows the country to be opposed, by a considerable majority, to any form of Government whatever. Also I hope that the situation appeals to you, Mr. Punch, as a purveyor of humour.

The Sage. The answer in each case is in the affirmative. As to your first hope, let me remind you that the dispassionate impartiality with which you credit me dates from a period when there were only two Parties in the State. My indifference has never pretended to embrace Socialism. But, if I were an unmitigated Conservative, like you, I should still be satisfied with the verdict of the People's Voice. I should tell myself that, if my Party had been returned to power with an emaciated majority, a new and irresponsible electorate might soon tire of a continuance of sound legislation, and at the next Election might put in the Socialists with an absolute majority. But, as it is, after the present Government have been on their best behaviour for a year or two of tolerated office, the left wing of their supporters (so I should argue) will drive them to some indiscretion which will bring about their defeat in the House and throw the country once more into the arms of Conservatism. That is why, if I were you and took a long view of the prospects of my Party, I should regard the present situation with chastened satisfaction.

The Cynic. I notice that you have carefully ignored the possibility of collusion between the Liberal and Socialist parties. The reiterated repudiation, by each side, of any such idea makes me suspicious. Both have protested too much. As for the Liberal leader, I consider that a man who has accused Mr. BALDWIN of having conspired to put the Socialists into office is obviously capable of visualising just any sort of conspiracy. VOLTAIRE'S HABAKKUK is a child to him.

But you spoke of the present situation as appealing to your instinct for humour. I hope I am to understand that you propose to lose no time in holding up the Socialist Government to ridicule.

The Sage. You are to understand no such thing. I propose to do what I did before, as indeed the whole Press did when Mr. MACDONALD took office in 1923, and give them a fair hearing or, if you prefer it, a sufficiency of rope. After all, they constitute the KING'S Government, the country having declared that it takes a rather less unfavourable view of them than of the previous Ministry.

The Cynic. If the Press is to treat the new Government generously it will need some assistance from Mr. MACDONALD himself. Did you remark how he told the reporters the other day that he and Mr. THOMAS had

just come from setting in motion a scheme that represented "the first real handling of the unemployment problem." This is the kind of gratuitous sneer—thrown off, you will note, not in the bitterness of defeat, but in the hour of triumph, when men can afford to be generous—that might well alienate the most fair-minded Press. And it comes from a PRIME MINISTER (incidentally leader of the Party that promoted the General Strike), of whom the best that some of us hope is that he will not undo the good work of his predecessors—the Safeguarding, the Trade Unions and the De-rating Acts, to mention only a few of their efforts to solve the unemployment problem by the restoration and stabilization of our industries.

The Sage. I agree that the generosity must not be on one side only. But to return to my satisfaction with the humorous possibilities of the present change. Though I may reserve my criticism of the new Government, I hope to draw some permissible amusement from the openness of the situation. There was little enough to be got out of the massed battalions of the last régime. Mr. BALDWIN, though our caricaturists of the ex-Conservative Press worked hard at him, made a very poor figure of fun. There was LORD BIRKENHEAD, it is true, but he was lost to them when he moved—not a moment too soon for his commercial value—to another sphere of usefulness. In the general lack of humorous objects, Jix was regarded as a godsend. He will be badly missed by the Press when he is relegated to the Chamber of Honours.

The Cynic. Talking of the Press, I see you were right when you spoke last year of its impotence to affect the political opinions of the country. On the eve of the Election the chief proprietor of the most popular organ of the Syndicated Press published an authoritative pronouncement. On the one hand, the Socialists must be kept out; on the other Mr. BALDWIN's Party had proved itself impossible. To the more intelligent of his readers it was left to gather, by a simple process of exhaustion, what Party he desired them to support. And, now that the nation, disregarding his instructions, has shown a preference for the Socialists, he would like to see his hero, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, combine with the unthinkable Conservatives to throw them out.

The Sage. I confess that I should welcome a return to the two-party system, if only to restore the use of the pendulum, to whose activities the present three-cornered scheme is physically unfavourable. But I have a right horror lest our political creeds and our social strata should have the same dividing line.

The Cynic. I shouldn't let that apprehension scare you too much. The prospect of office under a Socialist Government will continue to produce noble exceptions who are prepared to cross the border-line for the benefit of their country's health. But far the best way out of the present *impasse* would be for you and me and all the other workers in the land—some 99.9 per cent of the population—to take the style of "Labour," a designation hitherto monopolised by those who represent for the most part only one type of worker. The practically universal Party thus formed could then divide itself, according to political and not social differences, into Moderate and Immoderate Labour, the latter comprising those who want Socialism In Our Time and the former comprising those who are content to contemplate Socialism In Somebody Else's Time (If Ever).

The Sage. There is something in what you say. I too, as I have before reminded you, am a bit of a toiler, and it would gratify me to be politically associated with those like myself who are, in a moderate way, the slaves of duty. If my claim to the style and dignity of "Labour" were ever questioned, I should call attention to the quantity—saying nothing immodest about the quality—of my output. Indeed at this very moment I am in train to put the finishing touches to another *magnum opus*, namely my

One Hundred and Seventy-Sixth Volume.

